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# Reading Soon Wilts Under Strain of Unequal Duel

Scene, as Parker Delivers Rapier-Like Thrusts, Reminds Onlooker of Last Stages of Bullfight

By RENA GARDNER

Atty.-Gen. Arthur K. Reading is no longer "telling the cock-eyed world." As he answered Herbert Parker's cross-examination yesterday, slumped over his table as though his shoulders could never straighten again, his leaden face set in a monotony of weariness, he looked like a man who had gone without sleep for a month. With half-closed eyes, watching his fingers as they played with an elastic band, he seemed to draw each reply by an immense effort from the depths of his being.

The scene resembled nothing so much as the last stages of a bull-fight. Mr. Parker, with his strong, aquiline, highly-colored face, his rough shock of white hair and ragged bushy eyebrows, his immaculate dark blue suit and white carnation, illumined the drab committee room with the most polite and brilliant flashes, flourished the keen sword of a mind polished in a thousand legal encounters, about the shoulders of a victim who, with his last reserve, could summon only the most perfunctory defence. If Mr. Reading has hitherto pawed the ground and breathed fire, today he could barely stand, shaking his head very like the exhausted bull.

## PATHETIC DUEL

This unequal and pathetic duel progressed against the usual courtroom background. High dull walls, embellished by photographic clusters of dead and gone metropolitan finance committees. A general aroma of ugliness and dinginess that seems to accompany the machinery of the law, giving rise to various subconscious musings on the introduction of a bill to hand all courtroom windows with flowered cretonnes. A long table stood in the upper middle of the room, with the unfortunate Mr. Reading and the white-haired court stenographer at its end, and on either side the array of opposing counsel.

Beside former Atty.-Gen. Parker sat Maj. Hammond of Northampton, the chief counsel for the investigating committee. Overcome by the moral issue, he appeared an unsophisticated foil to Mr. Parker's urbane worldliness. Beside Maj. Hammond could be seen the sunken cheeks of Joe Ferrari, the state detective. This is a quiet little trial for him, something on the order of a vacation. Facing Mr. Parker across the table red-haired Mr. Parsons, chief counsel for Reading, exhibited almost as bad a case of nerves as his principal.

Around this central focus stretched a long horseshoe table with gentlemen of the press at either end busily scribbling on their yellow papers. Along its centre beneath the windows sat the nine members of the committee. Yesterday afternoon they watched in silence without exercising their judicial privilege of interruption. Bulky Representative James, the chairman, swung back in his swivel chair. As he hooked his thumbs in his armpits or ran a hand over his curly red hair, diamonds flashed in the sunlight. Representative Davison looked like a schoolboy, much too smooth of face for a committee chair. Representative Rafter seemed to be constantly smoothing his jovial physiognomy into an expression of suitable gravity, and as the court adjourned could be heard relapsing into "call me Rawfter. I went to Harvard."

## ROOM CRAMMED

The back half of the room was crammed with spectators, with the front benches reserved for representatives of all types and sizes, conspicuous among them the intense and pointed face of Roland Sawyer the first instigator of this investigation. With his hair parted in the middle and his expression of a crusader he looked like the spirit of John Roach Straton. The last few rows were reserved for the general public. Their possessors had arrived at the State House at 8 in the morning, and clung to their chairs during the lunch hour. In fact, it is somewhat of a mystery how these gentlemen have kept their health for five weeks.

Through the glass windows of the court room doors pressed some 50 more faces. They might eat lunch, but they could not hear. Nevertheless they watched the dumb-show of the committee room, deeply interested in the drama of misfortune, every face, in-

side or out, intent. Even the reporters sat silent and absorbed. Only the messenger boys and court officials preserved their customary air of complete withdrawal from the affairs of the world in general and this court in particular. They moved about, lost in inner musings on questions of philosophy or Charlie Chaplin in "The Circus." There was a continual eddying in and out, a creaking of doors and tiptoeing among the representative caste, sure of their seats. Each representative had apparently three important errands per hour, and resumed his seat refreshed at the end of each trip, to be immediately drawn again into the general air of nervous strain.

Mr. Parker's examination started with

a sort of slow, deadly dexterity, a blighting suavity more frightening than bluster. He seemed to be thinking of nothing more important than a twirl of his black eyeglass ribbon or an engagement for tea, as he negligently and very politely threw out the most simple, deadly little questions, traps for the mind, starting with a soft "My dear sir." Mr. Reading, lawyer by training, saw the snares, but was unable to urge his overwheeled mind to any more subtle reply than "You are putting words in my mouth, Mr. Parker, that I never said," or "Is that a trick question?"

## CREATES STIR

Before half an hour of the cross-examination had passed, after a long question from Mr. Parker, Mr. Reading had paused and, nervously passing his hand over his small mustache and the deep lines from nose to mouth, said, thickly, "I did not understand the question. I am sorry; I am very tired."

A stir ran through the room, that low rustle of excitement that precedes a climax. The reporters, the committee, the representatives waited for Mr. Reading to sink face forward on his table. With Mr. Parker courteously suggesting an adjournment, Mr. Parsons barked, "No, we'll go on," while his client made a visible effort for control. And the examination went on, and Mr. Reading explained over and over again when and why he decided to become associated with the now famous Decimo Club. Each shred of thought and motive was minutely and delicately brought to light, turned this way and that.

As he spoke slowly and doggedly of his scruples or lack of them, the extreme strain of an exhausted man appeared. The glare from the window bothered his eyes, the noise of a particularly loud Ford in the street below, two lawyers whispering together, stopped him. The small mouth in the dead face would twitch, as he waited for the sound to cease, or moistened his lips with water.

## REFRESHED BY RECESS

At the 15-minute recess he walked down the stone stairs alone, leaning on the banrail, stepping slowly and deliberately, like an old man. The gossiping crowd, standing in the corridor outside the courtroom for a smoke and a stretch, watched him go. There was a confused murmur of "God, what a ruthless examination," "he won't last the afternoon," "that's a sick man"; from the old lady in the brown hat: "Poor Mr. Reading," and from the reporters, "what a cross-examiner; he's like the thrust of a rapier."

As though 15 minutes of solitude had in some way refreshed his spirit, the attorney-general showed a prior renewal of light after 3 o'clock. If he could not touch imperturbable old Mr. Parker as he was being touched, if he was unable to keep irritation from his voice and manner, he now not only answered questions, but insisted on answering them fully. There was a hush in the room as, to establish one date, he told of the birth of his son, calling him home from New York on May 20. In this history of meetings with officers of the Decimo Club at the McAlpin, of investigation and reports by Mr. Cutter, a "young man in my office," this bit of human experience sounded raw and quivering. Amid the infinitely complex and bloodless mazes of the law, to hear of a woman going to the hospital to bear a child, seemed somehow shocking.

The spurt of initiative was shortlived. Mr. Reading grew slower, more confused in his replies, until at one answer, with a general gasp from the onlookers Mr. Parker turned to the com-

mittee and said "In fairness to Mr. Reading, I think the court should adjourn." Mr. Reading's "No, no!" broke in on the sentence, the court dragged on for the remaining 10 minutes, and the audience trickled soberly from the room with a collective feeling of having drowned its first mouse.

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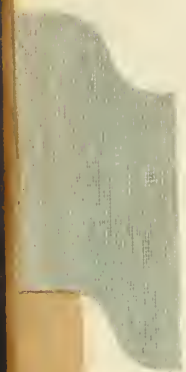






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That audiences in Boston enjoy "mystery" plays is shown by the rental of "No. 17" at the Copley, a play that keeps curiosity alive and baffles lecture. A list of plays whose title bears a street number might be drawn. There are English comedies or dramas as Nos. "1," "2," "6," "20," or "Bastille of Calvados," "49," "51, or Circumstantial Evidence," "72," "90," or "The Diamond Necklace," "204," "442." One might suppose that "At Number Fifteen," recently produced in London, is a mystery play, but it is not. We fail to find a "No 13" in the list, as in certain streets of Boston and many hotels there is no "No. 13."

Mr. Clive has been fortunate with his mysteries. "No. 17" had a good success; the success of "The Ghost Train" was phenomenal.

Might it not be well for those about to see a performance of "As You Like It" at the Repertory, or elsewhere in future, to read Gautier's description of the comedy in his "Mademoiselle de Maupin." Although he knew the play only through a French version, he understood the spirit and the charm. Fortunate are those who saw Adelaide Neilson as Rosalind. Some years ago there was a dramatic critic in Boston who prided himself on not knowing personally men and women of the stage whose performances he was called on to review. In this matter he was adamant, as was young Mr. Smallwood in the matter of gravy; but the friends of the critic knew that on the inside of his watch case was pasted a little photograph of Adelaide.

When "Oh Kay!" was performed in New York a year ago this month, the chief comedians were the thrice excellent Gertrude Lawrence as the heroine, Oscar Shaw (Jimmy Winter), Victor Moore ("Shorty" McGee), Harry T. Shannon (Jansen).

Miss Lawrence was the heroine when the comedy was brought out in London last September, and was applauded as "wistful and absurd, graceful and doltish, fascinating and elegantly grotesque just as the whim seemed to seize her."

One critic wrote: "It is perhaps unfortunate that the complicated divorce laws in that country" (the United States) "lead" (at any rate on the stage) "to situations that seem to us remote, and gain no charm from distance."

In this country, complications arising from the divorce laws in various states are an endless source of amusement in the theatre, especially to those who have been divorced or hope to be.

So Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing here, making her "positively last farewell." We were under the impression that her last tour was in the nature of a "positively last farewell." She is always a welcome visitor, but she should remember the fate of Adelina Patti.

Mme. Calve was wise in not appearing here as Carmen with the San Carlo company. Had she any idea of taking that role again? Or was the announcement merely an advertisement to draw attention to the company?

A letter from Maria Gay states that she and Mr. Zenatello expect to arrive in this country early in January in the hope of giving concerts or singing in opera.

Norman Wilks of London, a pianist who played here with the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1913, has been giving recitals. He has the habit of embellishing his program with his own analytical notes. Ernest Newman writes pleasantly in favor of the practice: "If the music or the performance does not greatly interest us, we can still find compensations; as the snowman said when he was trying to persuade people to come into the booth where the part of Ophelia was being played for the first time by the tattooed lady: 'If you don't like the play, you can look at the pictures.'"

Mr. Wilks also thoughtfully provided the hearer with a blank page expressly for the recording of one's own views on the music.

Apropos of "Bob" Sherwood's "Here We Are Again," which was reviewed in The Herald some months ago: The Observer finds Mr. Sherwood guilty of bunkum in stating that Capt. Costentenus, the tattooed Greek prince, was captured by the bloody Pasha of Yanina, and tattooed by way of punishment for being a Christian, until he was rescued by Barnum.

This has been and is the accepted story about the gallant Captain, but the Observer recalls a poster of the Westminster Aquarium—the poster is now in his possession—on which Costentenus is described as a rebel against the Emperor of China: "All the rescuing Barnum did was to pay him a higher salary."

T. P. O'Connor in the Sunday Times paid tribute to Cyril Maude on the occasion of his recent marriage. Of course Mr. O'Connor began by finding that Maude belongs to "a family which is essentially and primarily Irish," for "Maude is the surname of the Lord Hawardens, who have been in Ireland for generations."

Mr. O'Connor recalls the fact that when Maude went on the stage everybody prophesied he would be a failure. "Perhaps the impression that he was only an amateur was increased by the fact that he married Miss Winifred Emery, who was already at the height of her fame when her husband was only knocking at the door."

Maude made his first appearance on the stage, not in England, but at Denver, Col., as the servant in "East Lynne." This was in 1884. He was then a member of Daniel Bandmann's company. (Julia Arthur made her first appearance in Bandmann's company the year before.) Maude was not seen on a London stage until 1886.

We are sorry to say that a bit of snobbishness enters into Mr. O'Connor's eulogy.

Having spoken of the actor's modesty and good nature, he refers to "his heritage of the best characteristics of aristocratic birth—which always involves the entire absence of pretentiousness." It's a wonder that Mr. O'Connor did not trace Maude's descent from a king of Ireland.

A young Norwegian composer, Arne Eggen is going to turn a play of Ibsen's into an opera. Not "Ghosts"; not "Peer Gynt," but a play which is probably unknown to even the most furious Ibsenite, "Olav Liljekrans," which, planned as early 1849 or 1850, was performed at Bergen in 1857. Ibsen did not wish this play included in any definitive edition; William Archer thought it of inferior interest. The story was suggested by a tale in Vandstad's "Norwegian Folk Songs," and the story of "Justedalrypa."

It seems that though the play was never a success, Ibsen revised it, and having shown a wish to write a libretto for an opera, sent part of the manuscript to the composer, Udbye—but the idea was abandoned. Throughout the text of the play, song and folk lore are introduced. The play is distinctly lyrical.

This Udbye, who died in 1889, was an organist, who wrote the first Norwegian opera—which by the way, was not performed—stage and chamber music, cantatas, songs, cello pieces, etc.

Eggen, who purposes now to set music to Ibsen's play, is not so "young," for he was born in 1881. He, too, is an organist, who has written stage music, a symphony, violin sonatas, etc.

Beethoven is again to appear on the stage; this time at the Halle Theatre. Can't they let the poor old man alone?

"Abie's Irish Rose" is known in Vienna as "Three Weddings." "Broadway," performed in that city, led some of the critics to maintain that the play could not be a truthful representation of life on that great street, as it purported to be. They should visit New York. As John Phoenix sang of San Diego in the fifties:

"All night long in this sweet little village  
You hear the soft note of the pistol  
With the pleasant scream of the victim  
Whose been shot prehaps in his gizzard."

And it is in Vienna that Mme. Grosavescu, who, through jealousy shot her husband, an opera singer, and was discharged, is suing a theatre manager for allowing, in spite of her protest, the run of a play, "May One Kill?" in which an almost similar case is described. Her name is mentioned in the prologue. The manager refused to withdraw the play, saying the dramatist wrote it long ago, and merely "touched it up to make it more up to date."

And so the play now running at the Hollis Street Theatre is based on a comparatively recent murder case. P. H.

## MEN, BOOKS AND A TRAGEDY

### A Wild Adventure in Symphony Hall; Einstein, Stravinsky and White

The celebrated Mr. Einstein has been lifting up his voice regarding life. He believes in motion pictures "because they give the great mass of mankind, those who lead a one-sided and monotonous life, color and realization of a greater beauty." He had this to say about music: "Man is surrounded by life as he who jumps into the sea is surrounded by water. Man cannot see life because it is too close about him. Music raises him to the surface so that he is enabled to perceive more clearly."

Our old friend Stravinsky making a number of rolls in London and writing his "life story" for the pianola has also been talking. "I have written my life story in French, and I have also described the base, both aesthetic and technical, on which I placed my compositions." He said he had many engagements on the Continent. "Ah, if you only knew what an artist's life is like, it is worse than that of a Chicago millionaire. The world doesn't realize the artist's lot. It doesn't realize that the only way to appease it would be to cut oneself in little bits for distribution to every corner of the earth."

"But let us talk of my work—of the work I am doing now. "For days I have worked at it. Then I sit down at the piano and play extracts from my pieces. They are recorded so that when the rolls are complete the player will first read my story printed in type and then hear what I have been talking about. Is it not a good idea? Then when people come to me and say 'Stravinsky, we have not heard you for years,' I will reply 'But haven't you a pianola or duo-art piano?' That will be sufficient."

#### 'TIS A SAD STORY, MATES

To the Editor of The Herald:  
In Symphony hall the other evening a man sitting near me had a sudden thought, as though the last suspender button had given way, or as though he felt a compelling urge of flight for home, the family at home needing another quarter in the gas meter; or as though he had become possessed by an intuition that the hall was about to collapse. It may be he had dined on canned salmon, or had left the furnace draughts open. Anyway, the calamitous had happened, and out he went.

The difficulty was that in flight from his seat he would negotiate rather an obscure path, one in which obstructions would make the going somewhat laborious. The going would be hard, over a number of neighbors, through sundry impedimenta and in spite of hall furnishings. But the man asked no favors as he set himself to it, and in high compliment he chose our direction as a path of less resistance, as a highway offering the smaller number of detours above the floor level. It was unfortunate that we were in his way; we regret it. In a certain sense we were innocent; blissfully absorbed in the concert. Too, however generously minded, we hadn't time in which to come out of our bliss and remove the seats for his benefit, neither in our bashfulness did we feel like asking the concert to wait a minute.



And on he came, the aisle an inviting perspective, but meanwhile a strong pull, the pull continuing as quite an occupation. Had I known his purpose in advance I might have obtained permission to wear an iron hat, on which he might have rested. Also, I might have checked my shins at the cloakroom, out of his way. I am quite aware, blushing admitted, that my feet are of immodest size, that I hadn't paid extra for the privilege of having them with me at the concert, and that my legs cannot fold up conveniently under a seat, but I do maintain that a consuming concert is no time or place for illustrative argumentation concerning my failings in this regard.

The man's knee collapsed as he stepped on my favorite foot—as a result of which one of his arms reached for support unto my immaculate bosom, the other arm cupping a gray coiffure in the next row front, creating something of consternation throughout the region. A fuss started and vocabularies were irritated—by the annoyances to which he was put. I could donate my foot, but I seem to recall an objection I had to the mouthful of program or programme which came to me as this human tractor made his passage. Besides, I had a program or programme of my own, nor had we been instructed to use this brochure as a family dentifrice or swab.

And on he went, eyes glued to his sweet perspective, passing over several Missourians who were considerably mussed up in the process and who, highly entertained, would have contributed gladly to the expense of a new suit, of asbestos, for use at his ultimate destination.

At heart men are generous. They do admire success. And this man, it was agreed, made an effectual exit. Arrived at his precious aisle he had lost some of his bloom, he had left cases of distemper and a collection of bilious dispositions in his wake, but the point is, he had succeeded in what he had undertaken to do. He was out, and with him we rejoiced.

The incident brings to mind again the wish that the Symphony hall management would provide an aisle beside each pair of seats. If that idea is wholly too fantastic, could not each seat be dropped individually to the floor beneath, a button to be pressed either by the occupant or by offended neighbors? Then there is the derrick route, as yet untried, a quick exit for the departing guest and a gratifying optical diversion for the rest of us. After all, the real solution may be a squad of marines, the realistic added to the evening's entertainment, soothing counsel, an effective lid.

Meanwhile we can do something ourselves toward quieting the situation. We can do it, let me suggest, by leaving all superfluous baggage at home—all physical promontories, stuffed vocabularies and susceptibilities—when setting forth to attend august concerts. Then, speed it on, we can smile when concert violators pick on us, for there will be nothing to pick. H. C. P. Fitchburg

#### WHITE'S "NEGRO SPIRITUALS"

The Herald has received a copy of "Forty Negro Spirituals," compiled and arranged for solo voice with pianoforte accompaniment by Clarence Cameron White. The book is published by Theodore Presser Company, Philadelphia.

Mr. White, whose ability as violinist and musician in Boston has been fully recognized, has for some time been connected with the West Virginia Collegiate Institute at Charleston. After studying at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music he went to Europe to receive further instruction from the Russian violinist Zacharewitsch, and in composition from Coleridge-Taylor. On his return to this country he appeared in public as a virtuoso and has been busy as a teacher. Some of his compositions have been added to the repertory of Kreisler and other celebrated violinists.

In the interesting preface to this edition of negro spirituals, some of which are not included in earlier collections nor are they generally known, Mr. White says that to the authentic texts and melodies harmonizations are now added which are "adapted from actual traditional harmonizations as heard by the compiler in choral performances by Negroes . . . Unusualness of harmony is no objection where it comes about naturally or the emotion cries out for it; there routine harmonization would falsify the real expression—the Spirituals are themselves unusual, not of scholastic lineage. They contain a musical grammar of their own which only by partial coincidence is parallel with Continental and English harmonic customs. All that, tonally, is effortful (felt as either forcedly restricted or needlessly expanded) is foreign to these songs. The harmonic policy that is sure to be wrong in these accompaniments is one of neutrality—routine, part-writing that would answer about as well in one situation as in another; for the situations are always different, in some way or ways, in what belongs to them." . . . The Negro dialect, as sung, should not be an exaggeration of the written form of the words, whose spelling is only an approximation to the actual sound in genuine Negro dialect; nor should the element of syncopation "lose its nature as a secondary offshoot of the rhythm of words and syllables, and be misrepresented as mere musical surprise."

Bertha Shultz, who will play the violin in Jordan hall this afternoon, was born in New York, but she spent her early years in Boston. At the age of 10 she played publicly in New York. After that she was a scholarship pupil at the New England Conservatory of Music. When she was 12 she toured New England. In 1921 she began to take lessons of Franz Kneisel, later with Borissoff.

Apropos of the long and interesting article about the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" published not long ago in the Saturday Evening Post a correspondent has sent us a program of the Boston Museum dated November, 1852. Eva, Miss H. Western; Cassy, Mrs. Vincent; Little Polly, Miss Clark; Eliza, Mrs. W. Fries; St. Clare, J. A. Smith; George Harris, Mr. Keach; Penetrate Partyside, Mr. Warren.

The first volume of Sir Henry Wood's "The Gentle Art of Singing" has been published. There are to be three more volumes. The first contains 937 exercises for the student to practise. Sir Henry says that having heard from 50 to 250 singers of all nationalities and schools in the last 30 years he is bound to say that the modern singing schools are in a bad way. Moral: Buy these four volumes.

He has harsh words for half and quarter baked singers striving after engagements, harsher words about methods of "voice producing teachers," and has no patience with the public satisfied with inferiority. P. H.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Jordan hall, 2:15 P. M. Bertha Shultz, violinist; Boris Jivoff, pianist. Handel, Sonata in D. d'Ambrosio, Concerto, B minor. Bass. Chansonette. Wieniawski-Kreisler, Caprice. Bloch, Baal Shem (Nigunc.) Borissoff, Humoresque Orientale. Wieniawski, Polonaise.

Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Josef Hofmann, pianist. See special notice.

Boston public library, 3:30 P. M. folk music of many lands; 8 P. M., Margaret Anderson, pianist, with interpretative talk.

Monday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Raymond Putnam, pianist. Sarabande, Rameau-Godowsky. Gluck-Saint-Saens, Caprice on airs from "Alceste." Mozart, Fantasia, C minor. Beethoven, Sonata, F minor, op. 57. Henselt, Si J'étais oiseau. Ravel, Noble and Sentimental Waltzes. Szalitz, Intermezzo. Strauss-Tausig Valse Caprice "Man lebt nur einmal."

Tuesday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Dorothy George, mezzo-soprano; Reginald Boardman, pianist. Balakirev, Nocturne. Peterson-Berger, Titania. Sinding, There Cried a Bird. Sibelius, The Silent City. Sachnovsky, Spring. Schubert, An die Musik. Händel, Roeslein, Der Erlkönig. Stravinsky, Three Little Songs: La petite Pie, Le Coq au, Tchitcher-Jatcher. Chausson, Le Temps des lilas, Les Papillons. G. Faure, Clair de lune, Fleur jectee. Fisher, I Heard a Cry. Anson, Full Moon. Warlock, When as the Rye. Poston, The Billman's Song. Watts, Joy.

Wednesday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Emma Roberts. Songs from Schumann's "Woman's Love and Life," songs by Bungert, Pfizner, De Falla, Balakirev, Sachnovsky, and Italian and Mexican folk songs.

Thursday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Harold Samuel, pianist. Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Partita in B flat, Three Preludes and Fugues. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 31 No. 2. Albeniz, Evocation. Ravel, Ondine. Debussy, Clair de lune, Jardins sous la pluie.

Friday—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Frederic Tillotson, pianist. Searlatti, Sonatas. C minor, D minor, C major. Gluck - Sgambatti, Melodie. Bach, Toccata and Fugue, C minor. Debussy, Children's Corner: (Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum, Jumbo's Lullaby, Serenade of the Doll, The Snow is Dancing, The Little Shepherd, Gooliwogg's Cake Walk.) Liszt, Concert Etude, F minor. Leo Livens, Insects. Guion, Turkey in the Straw. Scriabin, Etude in E major. Paganini-Liszt, La Campanella.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony Concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

#### BRUCE SIMONDS

Bruce Simonds, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall before an appreciative audience of excellent size: Toccata in G major, Bach; Prelude, Aria et Finale, Franck; Obkroak, Smetana; Valse fausse, Stepan; Allegretto, Bartok; Rurulia Hungarica, No. 2, Dohnanyi; Sur l'étang, le soir, de Severac; Variations on a theme by Paganini, Book 2, Brahms; Impromptu in F sharp major, three études, Fantasie, Chopin.

Mr. Simonds grouped his composers oddly. Bach together with Cesar Franck! But that did not matter: neither master hurt the other. In more whimsical mood still he must have been when he sat down Brahms in a circle including Bartok. Again, the thought, what did it matter? The younger fry and the less could do no damage to Brahms; he seemed but the stouter and solidier, after ten minutes in their pleasant company. Chopin, Mr. Simonds let stand by himself. Let us be grateful to him for letting him stand at the end—the place of honor, after all, in many a procession; so who has a right to complain?

Yesterday, as always, Mr. Simonds did remarkable playing. Who, so well as himself, can hit precisely the right tone with Bach the judicious use of modern resources of instrument and technique, the sensitive understanding of just how much emotion Bach's melodies can carry without a hint of forcing the note? In the toccata's adagio Mr. Simonds played the Bach at his admirable best, but in the two quick movements he seemed to have fallen a victim of the prevailing fashion of undue haste—except where torpor has become the vogue.

The great Franck piece, by the same argument, Mr. Simonds scarcely made sound so great as one would have expected from him. Not trusting, apparently, to its own noble simplicity, he had the air of brushing it up, by means of rhythmical contrasts and extreme nuances, to make it more acceptable to folk today. Perhaps he gained his end. But not every old timer liked the prelude so well, thus assisted, as when it is played more directly. The aria Mr. Simonds let sing exquisitely, and the close as well of the finale.

With his second group Mr. Simonds gave everybody a grand time. The Smetana dance turned out a polka, coarse and rude as is the way with polkas, but a treat to hear, as Mr. Simonds marked its rhythm. The Valse fausse he made enjoying, and in the stamping measures of Bartok's Allegretto he found the very spirit of the very Old Harry himself; everybody wanted the piece again, but Mr. Simonds knew better. He gave the bounce and spring of Dohnanyi's Hungarian piece full value. By his delicate feeling for rhythm as well as by the use of lovely tone he evoked a poetic atmosphere in the little French piece about a pond of an evening.

If Mr. Simonds did wonders with these little trivial bits by bringing everything to bear upon them that could possibly help them on—the finest of rhythm, humor, sentimentality if need be, rudeness, everything they could stand, he did no less, by the Brahms variations, though in quite a different way. He played them straight as any string, like Brahms, in short, not Liszt or Strauss; he distorted no rhythms or tempi, he swelled no whisper to a roar, he left every detail in its place. He had given every detail, none the

less, full thought, and so he gave it full force. Since there is force enough in Brahms, if only performers will try to see his way instead of thrusting forward their own, Mr. Simonds was able to give a superb performance of the variations, barring one or two where tremendous virtuosity is called for. He gave at the same time a timely demonstration of the superiority of temperament guided by brains and taste and temperament not so guided. R. R. G.

#### 'CITY GONE WILD'

"The City Gone Wild," a film drama starring Thomas Meighan, directed by James Cruze and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Thomas Meighan . . . John Phelan  
Nada Winthrop . . . Marietta Miller  
Louise Brooks . . . Snuggles Joy  
Fred Kohler . . . Gunner Gallagher  
Duke Martin . . . Letty Schroeder  
Charles Hill . . . Luther Winthrop

The author gone wild would be a more apt title. Zounds! What an attorney Thomas Meighan had to be and how disillusioned the rest of us are after seeing how love can turn the tide of law even in the movies.

This opus starts off well enough with members of the underworld turning machine guns and most other kinds of artillery at each other and any pedestrians within range, although shot accidentally, are nevertheless dead.

Thomas Meighan as John Phelan, attorney-at-law, frees these desperadoes from the clutches of the law, how and why is left to the imagination of the onlooker. Just for good measure, after he has them freed, he takes them to his office, lectures them roundly, makes them shake hands and become friends. When there is talk of croaking the district attorney, Phelan vows that he will punish the man who dares to shoot his friend.

The love interest is almost an infliction. Nada Winthrop is loved by both the district attorney and John. She is such an earnest person, tringly earnest, there is some satisfaction when her father turns out to be the worst of the crooks. She admits she loves John, but cannot marry him because he earns his living by protecting the underworld. What tongue-lashing this woman indulges in, and it is difficult to be patient with John Phelan when he protects her, coddles her at the cost of his own self-respect and duty.

When it is time for the picture to end the girl learns the truth about her father and comes creeping back to John with a pathetic expression on her erstwhile haughty face. The players were good in the parts which had been handed them. Special honors went to Louise Brooks.

"Shadowland," by John Murray Anderson, is on the stage. The show's rich talent, as usual. The costumes are even more elaborate and the phantom piano an original and pleasing part. C. M. D.

#### FESTIVAL

(For As the World Was)  
Mystic and dark, cathedral aisles of pine and broad-leaved verdure  
In summer, bid the pilgrim seek the shrines of forest's shade  
Today, these erstwhile shadowy aisles ablaze with autumn splendor  
Glow, in illumined beauty, as for festival arrayed!  
Tapers of golden beech and oak, torches



of ash and maple  
viciously filling their votive fires high  
in the crystal air;  
Sprals of incense heavenward rise to  
heights where bells are chim-  
ing,  
Hidding all passersby to bring offering  
of song and prayer.

Gladly I enter, and I hear the deep-  
toned organ pealing,  
Clear chants of choristers who pass—  
tall youths in surpliced white—  
Or, are they silver birches seen  
through brilliant colors gleaming  
Snowy, ethereal forms that shine in  
shafts of golden light?  
Favished my heart soars upward, as  
all Nature kneels to praise  
God of eternal beauty, the Creator of  
it all.  
While the High-Priest, the Sun, in ben-  
ediction casts his rays,  
Through stained glass, to consecrate  
this festival of fall.

Boston AGNES WELCH

#### EVERYTHING FOR LINDBERGH

(From the Los Angeles Express)  
The Broadway Department Store,  
Inc., now demonstrating the Venus ex-  
erciser on their main floor, near Hill  
street, have announced that the Los  
Angeles Chamber of Commerce will  
present Col. Charles A. Lindbergh a  
Venus exercise when he comes to Los  
Angeles, September 20.

If it is possible to keep that famous  
young aviator in proper physical con-  
dition the chamber proposes to do it.

The Journal American Medical Asso-  
ciation remarks with regard to certain  
illustrated advertisements in period-  
icals:

"Yet occasionally you see a success-  
ful man who has halitosis and a bum  
complexion and can't answer the hos-  
tess in French."

As the World Wags:

Add this to your collection of famous  
last words: "It tastes like the real  
stuff."  
HERBIE FAY.

#### BEECHER CARICATURED

(Appropos of a recent biography of  
Henry Ward Beecher.)

There were caricatures of Henry  
Ward Beecher long before the trial in  
which he baffled the expert cross-ex-  
aminer Judge Fullerton; the trial that  
divided households and even set one  
clergyman against the other.

On April 26, 1862 Vanity Fair, the  
wittiest and at the same time the most  
literary comic paper ever published in  
this country, began a series of remark-  
able front page cartoons. The subject  
of that issue was Beecher, with this  
caption: "Taken in one of his Mo-  
ments of Inspiration at Plymouth  
Church (just before the applause came  
in)". In the same number was "Arte-  
mus Ward in Washington", an arti-  
cle by "McArone". The brilliant George  
Arnold, a full page cartoon of "The  
Highly Intelligent Contraband who has  
come all the way 'down South' to visit  
Mr. Greeley, but Horace 'doesn't see  
it'".

The Vanity Fair of May 10 published  
an article, headed:

"Interviews with our aggrieved Sub-  
jects."

"The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. We  
had the honor of a visit from this  
eccentric but versatile divine, a few days  
since. After some general statements  
with regard to the weather, the Rev.  
gentleman produced from his pocket a  
copy of Vanity Fair of the 26th April,  
and pointing to his portrait upon the  
title page, asked us to look at him  
straight in the face and say whether  
we considered that funny. We looked  
at Mr. Beecher straight in the face, and  
said we considered it funny. The Rev.  
gentleman then said that we had ex-  
aggerated him a good deal in our por-  
trait, had made his neck too thick, his  
legs too short, and his hair too long.  
He also stated that his family and con-  
gregation were greatly dissatisfied with  
the shirt collar we had attributed to  
him, which had given rise to a rumor  
in Brooklyn that he is in the habit of  
borrowing his linen from Mr. Walter  
Whitman, the originator of the grass  
school of poetry. Seeing that our Rev.  
visitor was really hurt about the shirt  
collar, we promised to mend it at some  
future opportunity, upon which he took  
leave of us in tolerably good spirits."

This caricature was as good natured  
as it was funny, but the cartoon pub-  
lished in Puck, especially those concern-  
ing the trial, were savage, that great

caricaturist, Joseph Keppler, had no  
mercy on Beecher, Tilton or Mrs. Til-  
ton. Moulton and his wife escaped. In  
one cartoon Beecher was depicted as  
leaving for Salt Lake City on hearing  
that Brigham Young had died. Women  
of Plymouth Church were begging their  
pastor not to leave them. In another  
cartoon Mrs. Tilton was portrayed as  
Goethe's Gretchen, plucking the petals  
of a flower, with alternate affirmatives  
and denials.

On Dec. 13, 1862, Vanity Fair pub-  
lished a bitter attack in verse: "Beech-  
er's Black Joke." The verses were sug-  
gested by a paragraph in the Sunday  
Mercury of New York: "In his Thanks-  
giving sermon, Mr. Beecher, after glanc-  
ing at the causes of national disorder,  
exclaimed: 'Dat's what's de matter!' In  
a manner that brought down the house."  
We made room for the second and  
third verses. (It should be remembered  
that though Vanity Fair was for the  
Union and strongly against secession, it  
was as strongly opposed to the Abolition-  
ists).

"Brother Beecher, bright star of the  
Puritan stage with a jest for each text  
on each Biblical page; man of vigilant  
ears and of eyes open wide, (and of  
pockets agape for the greenbacks be-  
side). 'Tis a shame to your cloth, that  
ambition to shine in low roles in the  
lowest low-comedy line. Should in-  
duce you to spoil, in a Sunday har-  
angue, All the 'good things' of Bones  
by perverting his slang. Every dog has  
his day, and no clerical pup should buf-  
foon it in church when the theatre's  
shut up. Who does so will find all  
the prayers he can patter won't save  
him from Satan and 'Dat's what's de  
matter!'"

"It is lawless besides: Should Volks-  
Garten-folk play low-comedy parts on  
that high solemn day. They'd be  
jugged, they'd be fined; why should  
Beecher alone play the mime, undis-  
turbed, in his circus of stone? Plym-  
outh church has no theatre license, and  
yet is its pulpit a stage and its floor  
a parquette, And there in his great part  
of Clergyman Clown. Brother Beecher  
on Sundays gets dimes and renown;  
while with stamping of feet and a  
storm of guffaws are dishonored Reli-  
gion, the Day, and the Laws. But  
what scruple has he the Good Cause to  
bespatter—'Tis himself that he wor-  
ships, and 'Dat's what's de matter!'"

## BERTHA SHULTZ

By PHILIP HALE

Bertha Shultz, violinist, gave a recital  
in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon.  
Boris Jivoff was the pianist. The pro-  
gram read as follows: Handel, Sonata,  
in D. d'Ambrosio, Concerto, B minor.  
Bass, Chansonette. Wieniawski—Kreisel-  
er, Caprice, Bloch, Baal. Shem (Nigun).  
Borissol, Humoresque Orientale, Wieni-  
awski, Polonaise.

Miss Shultz, born in New York city  
and now at home there, spent her  
young years in Boston, where she  
showed a taste for music. It is said  
that she played publicly in New York  
when she was 10 years old; afterwards  
studied at the N. E. Conservatory;  
toured New England when she was in  
her 12th year; and studied further with  
Kneisel and Borissol.

A violinist about to give a recital may  
well be perplexed in arranging a pro-  
gram. She is expected by many to play  
a concerto, but a concerto without or-  
chestra is a dreary affair with the pian-  
ist thumping the keys in the effort to  
reproduce the sonority of the orchestra,  
knowing that he cannot imitate the  
contrasts and assistance of color-effects.  
A sonata is more acceptable, though  
some stoutly maintain that the fiddle  
and the piano were never intended to  
wed happily and dwell together in  
peace. A program consisting only of  
little compositions alternating between  
brilliance and sugary sentimentalism  
might lead the hearer to infer that the  
violinist was unable to cope with a con-  
certo.

Miss Shultz followed the approved  
traditions: Sonata, Concerto, a group of  
lesser pieces, with something brilliant  
and technically imposing at the end.  
She chose the more familiar of the  
two concertos by the late Alfred d'Ambro-  
sio, the concerto in B minor, which was  
first played in Boston by Richard  
Czerwonky at a concert of the Boston  
Symphony Orchestra in December, 1907.  
It is a work that demands a display of  
technical resources and the expression  
of sentiment—not emotion—rather than  
any showing of deep feeling and what  
might be called intellectual grasp and  
authority. The first movement is  
marked "Grandioso," but after the first  
few pompous measures there is nothing  
in the music that is in the grand man-  
ner. A concerto of the second or third  
rank but one to please an audience and  
dispose it favorably towards the violinist.

Miss Shultz evidently has a musical  
nature, which enriches her present  
technical proficiency. Her tone is gen-  
erally pure and agreeable; she phrases

intelligently; the notes are to her some-  
thing more than mere notes to be re-  
membered and played accurately. In  
Handel's Sonata—was it one of those  
written for the Prince of Wales at that  
time, who was addicted to fiddling and  
had Dubourg for a master?—in this  
sonata the rapid passages were clear  
and well rhythmized; the beautiful airs  
were sung with a feeling warm in the  
classic manner, not made unduly fever-  
ish with passion. Mr. Jivoff proved  
himself a capable accompanist. An  
audience of fair size was appreciative.

Charles Reade, describing in "Put  
Yourself in His Place" a destroying  
flood, was accused of gross, unpardon-  
able exaggeration for stating that the  
force of the water stripped his heroine  
of her shoes as she was carried along  
by the hero. Yet this actually hap-  
pened to a woman at the time of the  
flood at Williamsburg in the Mill River  
district of this commonwealth. Some  
of us undoubtedly remember strange,  
even grotesque incidents of the flood  
caused by the bursting of a reservoir's  
dam at Johnstown, Pa., with a terrible  
loss of life.

There was an old saying in our  
southern states that winter will not  
come until the swamps are full. An  
English folk-saying taught that April  
floods were worth "a king's good,"  
while the Spaniards have a couplet  
that may be Englished

A river flood,  
Fisher's good.

St. Margaret's flood in August was wel-  
comed by English agriculturists.

Reade might have said with Byron:  
"Description is my forte." "The Cloister  
and the Hearth" abounds in examples  
of his power. In "Very Hard Cash"  
there are the pages about the sea-fight  
and the burning of the mad-house. Wit-  
ness the scuttling of the ship in "Foul  
Play"; the prison and the Australian  
scenes in "Never Too Late to Mend."  
Only a rash reviewer would tax Reade  
with extravagance and inaccuracy.  
Reade had his scrapbooks, his clippings.  
His method of using them is explained  
in his "Terrible Temptation" in which  
he introduces himself as one of the  
characters. How strange it seems to-  
day that when "A Terrible Temptation"  
was first published in Boston as a serial  
story it was called an immoral novel,  
one that should be suppressed. So it was  
with his Griffith Gaunt." In this in-  
stance the attack in a New York peri-  
odical was worth while, for Reade, an-  
swering it, coined a happy phrase by  
describing his adversary as a "prurient  
prude."

Has a screen play been based on any  
of Reade's novels? Some one recently  
asked why cinema managers have not  
gone to Wilkie Collins for a scenario.

#### A FAMILY AFFAIR

(The Portland, Me., Press-Herald)

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Higgins and  
daughter Ruth have returned to their  
home after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edwin  
F. Higgins of Higgins' Inn, Higgins'  
Beach.

#### A PAINTER AND HIS MODEL

W. S. J. asks where he can find a copy  
of a poem entitled, as he remembers it,  
"Parrhasius and the Captive." "I re-  
member reciting it in school a great  
many years ago. It tells of the tortur-  
ing of a slave so that his agonies might  
be painted by the artist."

Was the poem by N. P. Willis? We  
remember it; it was in a Reader and  
Speaker from which boys used to spout  
with shaking legs and halting memory;  
but we have forgotten the name of the  
author, if we ever knew it.

Who first fastened the story of the  
tortured slave, the model for the excel-  
lent painter? The elder Pliny has much  
to say about Parrhasius; he speaks of  
his pictures, his egregious arrogance  
and vanity, but nothing about a tortured  
model. Athenaeus tells us that this  
painter, "most immoderately luxurious,  
and also to a degree beyond what was  
becoming, to a painter," always wore a  
purple robe, and on his head a golden  
crown; but he says nothing about his  
cruelty in the interest of art. Horace  
mentions him in an ode; Cicero, in the  
"Tusculan Disputations," without refer-  
ring to the horrid story. His life was  
written by Clearchus, but as the books  
by this pupil of Aristotle have not cor-

down to us we are unable to quote gayly  
from it.

We regret to say that among the  
masterpieces of Parrhasius was a singu-  
larly indecent picture of Atalanta and  
Meleager, which pleased the Emperor  
Tiberius so much that when he received  
the picture as a legacy and was told  
that if he did not like it he would re-  
ceive in lieu of it 1,000,000 sesterces, he  
preferred the picture.

There are modern portrait painters  
who apparently tortured their sitters.  
Such a painter is that leader of the  
Modernist Movement in Art, Miss Eliza-  
beth Glue, whose work inspired Mr. A.  
P. Herbert to write amusing verses,  
which you will find in his "Plain Jane."  
We quote the second verse:

"No doubt there are women with indigo  
necks  
And heliotrope hips to be found,  
But I should have said that the shape  
of the sex  
Was not so much oblong as round;  
Paint peonies green  
And I see what you mean,  
Paint eyes like an ostrich's eggs,  
But is it the case  
That the girls of our race  
Have such very triangular legs?"

#### BARBARA, FLAG-WAVER

The Herald a few days ago published  
Mr. John Claggett Proctor's attack on  
the Barbara Frietchie story as told by  
Whittier.

We have received the following let-  
ter from a prominent physician of  
Boston:

As the World Wags:

I don't know anything of the actual  
facts about Barbara Frietchie, but I do  
know that three of the four reasons  
given by Mr. Proctor are entirely and  
completely insufficient, viz.:

1. "Barbara Frietchie was bed-ridden  
and it would have been impossible for  
her to have waved a flag." This is not  
true. Every doctor knows that the term  
"bed-ridden" as used by the laity is an  
inexact and very elastic term. Some  
"bed-ridden" persons get up to go to  
the bathroom; some sit in a chair by  
the bed. Under the influence of great  
emotion, a "bed-ridden" person might  
easily crawl or stagger to a nearby win-  
dow.

2. "Barbara was 96 and died a few  
months later." People of 96, 106 and  
116 have gone as far as a window in  
their bedrooms; and obviously the fact  
that she "died a few months later" has  
no necessary relation to the flagwaving.

3. "It was not light when Jackson  
left Frederick." The date was Sept. 10,  
1862; the town is in Maryland. At that  
hour, on that date, a flag could easily  
be seen at 5:15 A. M., outlined and even  
definitely visible against the star-lit sky.  
Moreover Jackson quite possibly wrote  
the note before his column was given  
the order to march.

Of the other reason, that Jackson's  
troops did not pass the house, I cannot  
judge. Perhaps, after all, part of his  
army did pass Barbara's house, other  
units going by a different route.

Finally, the essential fact of the poem  
seems to be admitted, even by Mr.  
Proctor in his final paragraph: his in-  
ferences are not supported by proof.  
Whittier was alive at the time, and  
Proctor either was not born, or was a  
child. The poet may be assumed to  
know the facts better.

Such stuff as this, brecking up or  
down some of our idols and icons, is  
bad because it, as a rule, is inaccurate,  
inconclusive and untrue; and secondly,  
because it is repeated by others un-  
informed.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The En-  
emy," a play in four acts, by Channing  
Pollock.

Carl Behrend.....Walter Gilbert  
Pauline Arndt.....Edith Spear  
Baruska.....Mary Hill  
Bruce Gordon.....Day Manson  
August Behrend.....Frank Charlton  
Jan.....Malcolm Arthur  
Dr. Charles Schaffeld  
Mizzi Winckelman.....Flora Maud Gale  
Fritz Winckelman.....John Winthrop

If Channing Pollock had chosen to  
call "The Enemy" a sermon in four  
parts instead of a play in four acts, it  
would have been closer to the truth.  
Strictly speaking, there is no plot—  
merely an exposition of the waste,  
futility and horror of war. Now that  
we are far enough away from the great  
war to forget its cruelty we are able  
to enjoy plays and motion pictures that  
bring it back—not too close. In this  
particular play, however, there is none  
of the glamor and the flag-waving cus-  
tomary. Making allowances for Mr.  
Pollock's unfortunate and omnipresent  
tendency to preach unduly, he has  
said what he wanted with force and  
considerable dramatic ability. Several  
of his characters, such as the profiteer,  
Behrend, and his son, who does not  
want to fight, are merely types and too  
shop-worn to have any special fresh-  
ness. What life they had is due en-  
tirely to the actors, Mr. Charlton and



Mr. Gilbert, who covered themselves with glory in these, their best acting parts for some time.

What Mr. Pollock tried to show was the effect of the war on people like ourselves: How the sound of drums, the sight of flags and soldiers brings out the blood-lust and unreasoning hatred in everyone. The second act—perhaps the best of all—showed how people but an hour ago firm friends, as were the Behrends, the Winkleman and Bruce Gordon, would, at the news of war declared, fly at each other's throats. The terrible part of it all was its truth. It is enough to remember our own quickly engendered and bitter hatreds to realize that there was no exaggeration. The more pity, then, that Mr. Pollock's last act was such a let-down, its only good moment being the denunciations of Behrend by the nerve-shattered journalist Winkleman. We are quite ready to believe the tragic story of Carl, of Paul, who lost her baby as well as her husband, of the professor who lost his job for pacifism, and young Bruce, who had to fight his friends on behalf of his country, but, ending with its somewhat saccharine outlook for the future falls rather flat. The play should have stopped on a note of tragedy, rather than on a near approach to a moral tag.

The company of the St. James outdid itself. Not an actor in the cast but deserves high praise. Too gushing to begin with, Miss Edith Spence improved greatly as the play progressed, and at the end of the third act reached an emotional climax that was impressive without seeming melodramatic. Mr. Gilbert had less opportunity than usual, but made the parting scene between Carl and Pauline in the second act utterly heart-rending. It would be hard to imagine a better portrayal of the arrogant, self-satisfied war profiteer than that given by Mr. Charlton. If he seemed at times unbelievable, it was not his fault but that of the author, Mr. Schofield, as the pacifist professor played admirably and received the heartiest applause of the evening for his violent though reasonable attacks on war. John Winthrop played the journalist Winkleman exceedingly well—his despairing scorn and hatred of Behrend in the final scene was the best moment in the play. Day Manson made a handsome and attractive young Englishman and Mary Hill provides comedy in the part of the servant Barusha. Flora Maud Gade is to be praised for her Mizzi and Malcolm Arthur for his convincingly hysterical returned soldier. The company, in brief, outdid themselves, causing one to wonder whether the forte of the St. James Theatre may not be serious drama instead of farce.

E. L. H.

## 'OH KAY' OPENS

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "Oh Kay," a musical comedy in two acts, with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. Book by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Music by George Gershwin. Lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Staged by Harry Howell. Dances by Sammy Lee. Settings by John Wegner. Philip Lusby conducted. The cast:

Molly Morse.....	Dorothy Humphreys
Mae.....	Irene Smith
The Duke.....	Charles Brown
Larry Potter.....	Fred Harper
Phil Buxton.....	Helen Keating
Dolly Buxton.....	Betty Keating
Shorty McGee.....	John Young
Constance Appleton.....	Nina Walker
Jimmie Winter.....	Frank Crumit
Kay.....	Julia Sanderson
Reverend Oliver Jansen.....	Walter Lawrence
Judith Appleton.....	Frank Gardner

Although the program calls it a musical comedy, this is a musical farce of the broadest type. It is true there is a story, and a good one, as often interrupted by pleasing interludes, it is equally true that slapstick, horseplay and low comedy are preponderant.

Witnessing the performance last evening, and with due regard to and appreciation of the excellencies of Miss Sanderson and Mr. Crumit, one cannot help being sorry to have missed the New York cast, with Oscar Shaw and Gertrude Lawrence.

It was some time last evening before the performance got into its stride, for the exposition dragged, and Shorty McGee was painfully labored. It would not have been a bad idea to begin with the melodramatic entrance of Kay, for from this point onward the piece went wingingly.

Jimmy arrives with Constance, his bride. In his absence his house has been taken over by rum runners. A telegram informs Jimmy that necessary papers to make his divorce absolute have been left unsigned. His wife, plucked, leaves him. She will go back—this time to fa-a-ther. Kay, a picture in slicker and sou'wester, attempting to elude a rum runner, who

she has "beamed," crashes into Jimmy's arms. Only two years ago she had saved Jimmy's life; they were desperately in love. Constance returns with her father, and Jimmy is found with Kay. She is immediately passed off as the wife of Shorty. There will be another wedding with Constance. Jimmy is reluctant. He wants Kay. In his cellar there are untold quantities of liquor. The butler, Shorty, arrests him to save him. Shorty is exposed by the Volsteadian Javert, Jansen, who in turn makes the arrest. Jansen is in reality a hi-jacker. Everyone for himself. Constance is again plucked. This time Jimmie gets Kay.

Much of the dialogue is funny; still funnier by reason of the excellent methods of the comedians. The music is much better than the recent offerings of the musical comedy stage. "Maybe" and "Do-Do-Do" have their unmistakable appeal, and "Clap Yo' Hands" has long since had its vogue, whether your taste runs to the fox trot or black bottom. Its pounding rhythm is still in the ears, and this is saying much.

Mr. Crumit, as was to be expected, made an excellent Jimmie, and he is steadily making his way. He still affects his crooning style in song, complacently, always musically.

Miss Sanderson still affects the stride of the cock-of-the-walk of the barnyard, and she sings in her "small" voice not too exacting music in a pleasing way. Dramatically, she was much more in the picture.

Much might be said in praise of others in the cast. Mr. Harper is not our idea of a leading juvenile. He would probably admit himself that he could not sing. Yet in pantomime, when it came to his "turn," he was excellent. As a dancer he is easily in the first rank. Of the chorus, they pleased in their dances and evolutions, were dressed in the main as become the weather; in the matter of looks—not so good.

T. A. R.

## RAYMOND PUTNAM

Raymond Putnam, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall, before a friendly audience of unusual size:

Sarabande, Rameau-Godowsky; Caprice, Gluck-Saint-Saens; Fantasia, c minor, Mozart; Sonata, Op. 57, Beethoven; "Si j'étais Oiseau," Henselt; Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Nos. 1, 2 and 7, Ravel; Intermezzo, Paula Szalit; Valse Caprice on "Man lebt nur einmal," Strauss-Tausig.

Mr. Putnam brought many fine qualities to his performance last night. His tone, for instance, of considerable variety and ample strength, he kept constantly beautiful. He respected rhythm. He made his melodies sing exquisitely, and he accompanied them with the nicest discretion. In the matter of ornament he displayed admirable taste, letting his scales and turns flower out of the musical structure quite as though they belonged there, not as though they were tacked on for show. By a marked feeling, furthermore, for proportion—establishing, that is to say, a judicious scale of dynamics and keeping to it firmly—Mr. Putnam was able to build up a climax in the sonata's first movement such as not every young pianist could have achieved.

And yet, Mr. Putnam's musical, tasteful playing notwithstanding, some listeners could not help longing, in the words of the song, "Oh for a breath of the moorland!" The program, however the sonata excepted—and the sonata is hardly to be excepted except in the case of very great artists—offered little music that allowed for much vitality. There is dignity in the sarabande, grace in what the Frenchman did with Gluck, in the Mozart fantasia an attempt at what Beethoven later did better. More than charm nobody could claim for Henselt—by over-haste, incidentally, Mr. Putnam made the piece about the bird curiously ineffective. In Ravel's waltzes different people will find different attributes; their heartiest admirers, however, will hardly claim for them vitality. The nearest approach to this great quality was to be found in Miss Szalit's little intermezzo, a piece excellently played.

When next he prepares a program surely Mr. Putnam would do himself fuller justice if he would play more music that demands as full-voiced utterance as he can give. A program all eras and exquisiteness, with scarcely a passage to be delivered forthrightly—the sonata not forgotten, for that lays him to fervor and virtuosity beyond the powers of most—cannot make the list of one more wisely varied.

R. R. G.

## RENE BORDONI

Boston is used to Irene Bordoni as the star of smart French farces where opportunity is given her to sing in that admirable fashion of hers, one or two

songs. Her play for this season not being quite ready for rehearsal yet, she decided to have a fling at vaudeville in the interim. She will visit Boston later in the season in this play, she said yesterday.

She opens her act with two songs in French. A screen is dropped before each one and the English translation in story form is told. Very much like the great Meller, whom her husband, Ray Goetz, introduced to the American public. In fact, Miss Bordoni's first song has a decided Meller flavor. It is called "The Last Tango." She wears a gorgeo's costume of yellow lace, a highly built mantilla and bouffant skirt. Next we see her as the little girl of the Montmartre district, who drinks as she sings "Je m'en fous." It is not to be inferred that Miss Bordoni imitates Meller. Not at all. These first two songs she does receives her own individual interpretation, and they are both colorfully and thoughtfully done. It is not Irene Bordoni, but the character of whom she sings, that one sees on the stage. It is not until she steps out in a smart creation of orange panne velvet, blue ostrich fan in hand, that the familiar Bordoni bows and smiles to her public. Then she does "So This Is Love," "Do It Again," "Do I Love You," and one or two others. The audience was enthusiastic and applauded vigorously. Miss Bordoni thanked them prettily in an effective broken-English curtain speech.

Now that Moran and Mack have left vaudeville for the revue stage, it is evident that George Le Maire and Rex Van in an act called "The Black Jacks," are trying to fill the gap. If you close your eyes you would be almost certain as he reads some of his lines that Rex Van was the tall, ambling Charlie Mack of the first-named act. Le Maire and Van, however, will have to get some better material before they can expect to compete with "The Black Crows." The audience thoroughly enjoyed them, however. There were other entertaining acts to

## CONTINUING PLAYS

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—"Rose-Marie," return engagement of Hammerstein's popular operetta with Houston Richards, Charles Meakins and others in the cast. Last week.

**COLONIAL**—See "Other Film Plays of the Week."

**HOLLIS**—"Spellbound," new play by Frank Vosper, produced by George Tyler and starring Pauline Lord. Last week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"Broadway," Jed Harris's sensational play of night club life. Tenth week.

**TRE MONT**—"Honeymoon Lane," Eddie Dowling stars in his own musical comedy. Last week.

**WILBUR**—"The Constant Wife," Ethel Barrymore in one of her best roles in recent seasons. W. Somerset Maugham is the playwright. Last two weeks.

**COPLEY**—"No. 17," mystery play done last season by Mr. Clive, is revived. Second week.

**REPERTORY**—"As You Like It," first Shakespearian production on Mr. Jewett's program this season. Second week.

## 'ONCE AND FOREVER' AT MODERN, BEACON

"Once and Forever," a love romance of incidents of the world war, is the topline at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The cast includes Patsy Ruth Miller, John Harron, Burr McIntosh and William V. Mong. The associate picture is the Paramount production, "Shootin' Irons," a lively western drama starring Jack Luden. The Vitaphone program comprises George Jessel in a comedy monologue, Hazel Green and her jazz orchestra, and Horace Britt, renowned cellist.

The story of the first named picture tells of the love of a winsome miss for a nephew of a stern French governor in one of the island possessions. The executive frowns upon the suit, and the girl, who is an orphan, finds persecution through the action of two gossips. The subsequent action brings her to Paris where she nurses her wounded lover and ultimate happiness attends upon their romance.

Lively action, straight shooting, hard tiding and romance on the western plains features the story of the other picture.

## '7TH HEAVEN' NOW PLAYING AT STATE

Playing in Boston now is "Seventh Heaven," a film drama adapted from the play of the same name, directed by Frank Borzage and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Diane.....	Janet Gaynor
Chico.....	Charles Farrell
Gobin.....	David Butler
Boul.....	Albert Gran
Nana.....	Glady Brockwell
Sewer Rat.....	George Stone

Played with a sensitive touch on most of the minor keys of sentiment, "Seventh Heaven" is, nevertheless, a beautifully acted and well directed photoplay. Janet Gaynor as Diane reminds one of the April sunshine after a rain more than anything else one can think of at the present time and there is something very lovely about the sun drifting timidly through an April shower. Charles Farrell is indeed "a remarkable fellow" and makes his Chico a hard-headed blusterer with a heart as big as a cabbage.

The fabric of this play is stitched with delicate threads. It has a bit of unreality about it, besides the back drop of the seventh floor paradise. It has drama, poignant and moving. Could anything be more dramatic than the small figure of Diane, heaped like an abused kitten in the gutter after her sister had beaten her and Chico had saved her, although insisting death would be kinder for such as she was.

Then there was the age of desolation when Diane dragged herself up and leaned against the old taxi while the men ate their coarse food. The moment of Chico's gallantry when he declared her his wife in order to save her from being taken to prison with her vindictive sister, and Diane's offer to go to Chico's house so that when the police checked up on his story he would not have his new job of street-washer taken from him, because of his misrepresentation.

Then how exquisitely Borzage weaves his slender thread of pity and gratitude until it becomes an enduring love, the greatest emotion of their lives, and how fiercely he parts them when the war claims Chico.

In the face of all the dramatic elements so sincerely handled in this photoplay, it seems a bit pointed to have Chico rush through the armistice crowds blinded as he was, and be able to find his own doorstep without more than a pause at corners and crossings. It seems a bit sad to think how frail mortals are and how his blindness saved him from sacking his Diane driven to the arms of another from sheer bitterness.

The final scene erases all woes and leaves one with the sensation of having seen two hearts stripped and mended. Photography on celluloid is very powerful at times.

C. M. D.

## 'ROSE OF GOLDEN WEST' AT OLYMPIA

Gilbert Roland, New Star, in Fitzmaurice Picture

A pulse-stirring romance that rocked three nations and played a dramatic part in the winning of California to the United States 70 years ago is the theme of "Rose of the Golden West," which opened yesterday at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre. George Fitzmaurice, who gave the screen "The Dark Angel" and other notable successes, offers the theatre-going public a love story in a gorgeous setting, that of the rich country by the Pacific when it was ruled by the Spanish dons. Mary Astor and Gilbert Roland, hailed as the screen find of the year, have the leading parts.

We quoted on Tuesday a verse about Elizabeth Glue, a leader in the Modernist Movement in Art, whose paintings apparently did not please Mr. A. P. Herbert. His collection of amusing poems, entitled "Plain Jane," is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. The illustrations by Anna K. Zinkelsen are equally amusing.

These lyrics were first contributed to Punch and the Sketch, while the drama "Two Gentlemen of Soho"—a theme of modern life dressed in Shakespearian costume—appeared in the London Mercury.

Mr. Herbert has more than an extraordinary facility in rhyming; he has a sense of original humor, and he is original; that is to say, he is not influenced by predecessors in the field of



ht verse, not even by W. S. Gilbert.  
or is Mr. Herbert aggressively local,  
prochial; he does not write under a  
ondon bcifry. His "Song of the Shrink-  
ng Chorus" might be appreciated in  
ny American city:

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen, don't look  
at us!  
We shrink from attention, we depre-  
cate fuss.

We're paid to expose to the popular eye  
our faces and forms, and we have to  
comply.

But we know we look sights  
In these helliotrope tights,  
And, apart from the tights, we are shy;  
Although we are waving our legs in  
the air,  
We'll kindly oblige us by looking else-  
where.

"Don't look at us!  
We are so shy.  
Be generous,  
And hide your eye.  
We beg, the shapely leg  
We coyly kick before us.  
We do it just because we must—  
We are the Shrinking Chorus."

Read the ironical verses concerning  
e men who did not know that they  
re all life members of the "Proly-oly-  
ly-poly-proly-tari-at" until a lunatic  
ddressed them as such. Mr. Her-  
rt gives sound advice to Johnnies:

"Start her on champagne, boy, but  
break her in to hock—  
That's the only rule of life that's  
steady as a rock."

One goes gaily a-shopping with Susan.  
e read of the young man or woman  
o "will be Bohemian." The pretty  
use maid is not sorry that she's been  
ed:

"But poor Mr. Davenport!  
Lord, how he'll miss me  
Now he can't kiss me  
Every morning  
On the stairs!"

Read "The Surprising Song of the  
ng's Counsel." We all have met the  
nial soul

"Who apparently devotes  
All the day to anecdotes  
And has very little self-control."

There is a pathetic appeal to Ameri-  
ns in

on't be a teetotaller, Daddy!  
Once start, it's a puzzle to stop,  
u'd only go funny and faddy,  
And work overtime at the shop.  
member how Bert threw his whiskey  
away,  
And lived on Imperial fruits?  
's a slave to his hot-water-bottle to-  
day—  
I'd rather you slept in your boots."

There's no let up to Mr. Herbert's in-  
quity and fun. "Plain Jane" is a  
ok to keep, for a day or a bed com-  
mon.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Com-  
ny also publish Don Marquis's "Archy  
d Mehitabel"; Christopher Morley's  
ranslations from the Chinese," which  
e here collected, with additions, from  
r previous books of Mr. Morley's, and  
e play "Porgy" by Dorothy and Du-  
se Heyward, which has excited so  
ch discussion since it was produced  
month ago by the Theatre Guild of  
w York.

"Archy" is an old friend, and many  
ders of the Sun, Herald-Tribune and  
ller's have followed his adventures  
d those of Mehitabel, who told Archy  
t she was once Cleopatra:

"well I said I  
suppose you lived in a palace you bet,  
he said and what lovely fish dinners  
ve used to have and licked her chops."

But that was long ago, says Archy,  
d one must not be surprised if she has  
gotten some of her more regal man-  
ers. Her pathetic song is here; so are  
tain maxims of Archy, as

"if you will drink  
hair restorer follow  
every dram with some  
good standard  
deplatory  
as a chaser."

And here again is the story of the  
gnified gentleman with a long, brown  
ard who in the subway, in an absent-  
nd manner, pulled out his left eye  
d ate it. When Archy, "a wise bold,"  
dd to him, "you are a glass eater and  
at was a glass eye," the dignified gen-  
man, waxing angry, replied that the  
e was a pickled onion; and he stormed  
e a country of meddlesome persons  
o are forever attempting to restrict  
e liberty of the individual. Here are  
6 pages of pleasing fooling, often dis-  
issing sound common sense.

Mr. Morley with his sly and subtle  
t is a corrector of manners, an effec-  
ve satirist in miniature.  
adies classify husbands  
to two classes:

those who are 'attentive,'  
nd those who are not.  
fear I am of the latter,  
or I never can remember  
y home telephone number

But my friend Chang Jo  
Always knows his home number.  
He calls up so often to say

"My dear,  
I will not be home to dinner this  
evening."

Is there any more sensible advice  
than this:

"Never try to tell people anything  
Unless

They know it already.  
Even then,

It is well to refrain."

A poor fish who broke the rules:

"I know a merchant

Who is an offense to all Rotarians.  
He began business on a shoestring,  
And yet he is not successful."

For dwellers in the suburbs:

"Genius, cried the commuter,  
As he ran for the 8:13,  
Consists of an infinite capacity  
For catching trains."

Note the slyness of "Reciprocation":

"One good nocturne

Deserves another,  
Said George Sand  
When she met Chopin."

And so we might quote for the pleas-  
ure of our readers from nearly every  
one of the 131 pages. There are appro-  
priate illustrations by Gluyas Williams,  
nor should the tasteful binding be un-  
noticed.

As "Porgy" may not be played in  
Boston for some time, if at all, we  
have now the opportunity of reading  
this uncommon play. Serena says:  
"Dat gal Bess aint fit for Gawd-fearin  
ladies to 'sociate wid." To which Sport-  
ing Life replies: "Sistuh! You needn't  
worry! Gawd-fearin ladies is de las'  
t'ing on eart' Bess is a-wantin' for  
'sociate wid." The play is based on a  
novel by Mr. Heyward.

## DOROTHY GEORGE

Dorothy George, mezzo-soprano, gave  
a recital last night in Jordan hall, to  
the delicate and discreet accompani-  
ments of Reginald Boardman. This  
was her program: Nocturne, Balakireff;  
Titania, Peterson-Berger; There Cried  
a Bird, Sinding; The Silent City, Si-  
belius; Spring, Sachnoffsky; An die  
Musik, Haiden Roslein, Der Erlkonig,  
Schubert; Trois Petites Chansons, Stra-  
vinsky; La Petite Pie, Le Corbeau,  
Tchitcher Jatcher; Le Temps des Lilas,  
Les Papillons, Chausson; Clair de Lune,  
Fleur Jete, Faure; I Heard a Cry,  
Fisher; Full Moon, Anson; When as  
the Rye, Warlock; The Bellman's Song,  
Poston; Joy, Watts.

It is possible that, among our Boston  
singers, there are those more richly  
endowed with natural voice than Miss  
Dorothy George, singers of a warmer  
temperament, of a musical nature more  
poetic. Very like. In one matter, how-  
ever, and that a highly important one,  
Miss George can hold her own with  
the best that Boston affords—Intelli-  
gence.

She should serve to those who view  
her aright as a model to all singers  
still with their way to make. For Miss  
George, there can be no doubt about  
it, has seen, as not every young singer  
can see, the stern necessity for work.  
And hard work she must have done,  
plenty of it, till now she has achieved  
a technique that probably lets her do  
with her voice approximately what she  
will. She has learned to pronounce at  
least three languages in such wise that  
she can sing them with confidence. In  
the line of music itself she is sound  
enough to manage real difficulties with  
accuracy and ease. She has developed  
a flare for finding new music worth  
hearing, or more familiar songs a pleas-  
ure to hear again. All these achieve-  
ments are proof of rare intelligence.

Intelligent, again, is Miss George in  
her way of getting help wherever help  
is to be had for those wise enough to  
take it. She makes sure, for instance,  
of the assistance of an accompanist of  
her liking. She sees in the ways of  
Eva Gauthier, let one risk the guess,  
some that are good for all; in the ways,  
likewise, of Schumann-Heink, perhaps  
of the Spanish Meller, surely of Povia  
Frisch; in some respects she has bet-  
tered her instruction. An artist is much  
to be commended who thus seeks to  
learn from the art of others.

Presently Miss George will unques-  
tionably make these acquirements more  
unobtrusively her own than she was  
always able to do last night. Artful-  
ness she is gaining fast; soon, no doubt,  
she will raise it to art—and then to  
that highest pitch of all, the art that  
conceals art. To some listeners last  
night she gave most pleasure by the  
songs most simply done, like "An die  
Musik" and "Les Papillons." In Faure's  
"Clair de Lune," her voice attain'd  
its most sympathetic quality, her tech-  
nique its suavest legato, her phrasing  
its most musical elegance. Miss George  
drew forth a large audience.

R. R. G.

There has been a slight change in the  
program of the Boston Symphony con-  
certs as it was announced for Friday  
afternoon and Saturday evening of this  
week. The Variations on Haydn's Cho-  
rale of St. Anthony by Johannes  
Brahms will be played instead of the  
Bacchanale from "Tannhauser." The  
other pieces will be Malipiero's re-or-  
chestration of five pieces by Cimarosa,  
the fifth symphony of Sibelius, Liszt's  
Mephisto Waltz. Cimarosa's music was  
to have been performed at the second  
concert, but the orchestral parts had  
not arrived.

When the Mephisto Waltz was first  
performed here by Theodore Thomas's  
orchestra, good Mr. Dwight said that it  
shut out every ray of light and heaven.  
In London it was characterized as  
devilishly sensual.

Nevertheless—to quote from the old  
London music hall story—Mr. Kousse-  
vitzky will "oblige."

Harold Samuel will play the piano in  
Jordan Hall tonight. His heart is ever  
faithful to Bach, but he will also play  
Beethoven's Sonata op. 31, No. 2; "Evo-  
cation" by Albeniz, with whom he once  
studied; Ravel's "Ondine," and De-  
bussy's "Clair de Lune" and "Jardins  
sous la pluie."

Mr. Tillotson Saturday afternoon in  
Jordan hall will play the piano: music  
by Scarlatti, Gluck-Sgambati, Bach, De-  
bussy ("Children's Corner"), Liszt, Liv-  
ens, Guion, Scriabin, Paganini-Liszt. Leo  
Livens is an English pianist and com-  
poser, born at Beckenham, Kent, in 1896,  
now a teacher at the Royal Academy of  
Music. Among his compositions are or-  
chestral poems, a ballet, "Alnaschar,"  
string quartets, a piano quintet and  
much music for the piano.

### PRAISE FROM CHICAGO

The Boston Symphony orchestra met  
with great success on its recent trip. The  
public and the press of Chicago—and  
Chicago has had for many years an or-  
chestra of the first rank—were enthusi-  
astic in praise of Mr. Koussevitzky and  
the players.

Mr. Stinson, in the Chicago Journal,  
said that Mr. Koussevitzky on occasion  
is "on easy terms with greatness."

Mr. Goldberg of the Herald Examiner  
referring to Ravel's "Daphne and  
Chloe" as the "high light" of the eve-  
ning: "In its shifting colors and extraor-  
dinary blending of timbres it came near  
to being a miracle of orchestral play-  
ing."

Mr. Moore of the Tribune about Mr.  
Koussevitzky: "A disciplinarian and a  
driver at the same time. No tradi-  
tionalist he, but a dynamic leader  
who believes that the way to pre-  
sent music is to play it up for all it is  
worth, and if he gives a tweak to your  
nerves in the operation, so much the  
better. You at least know he is there.  
At the same time, he is perfectly bal-  
anced and sane. In at least as much  
of his program as I was able to hear,  
distortion had no place in his scheme,  
though emphasis, and sometimes unex-  
pected emphasis, did most decidedly. He  
is a musical exhilarator."

Maurice Rosenfeld of the News:

"He (Mr. Koussevitzky) has put some  
Slav temperamental dynamics into their  
playing which they did not possess be-  
fore, and he has kept intact their re-  
finement of tone and their great tech-  
nical finish."

The review by Herman Devries (Chi-  
cago American) is worthy of more ex-  
tended quotation:

"What's the use of trying to tell any-  
body about what happened in Orchestra  
hall last night! Veteran of the concert  
halls, I confess without fear of being  
accused of either hysteria or neurotic  
complex that I experienced one of the  
most legitimate, profound, ecstatic thrills  
of my whole lifetime, an emotion shared  
with equal spontaneity and gratitude by  
an audience composed of the cognoscenti  
of Chicago, the cosmopolitan chosen,  
who have learned their lesson of art in  
every world school.

"Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston  
Symphony orchestra make me regret  
that one has so often used superlatives,  
for now what is there left to say. Apolo-  
getically, I offer the words magnificent,

sublime, but I assure this glorious or-  
chestra and its extraordinary master  
that the words stick in the typewriter.  
They are not good enough for these  
demigods.

"If one writes with the hot blood of  
the twenties, it is because these men are  
a veritable elixir of youth, beside which  
I would not trade a million doses of  
Ponce de Leon's compound! The first  
part of the program was in truth so  
marvelous that when intermission came  
no one had anything left to give. The  
audience was bled dry of emotion and  
nerves and ecstasy. A reading of Ravel's  
'Daphnis and Chloe' that would take  
columns to describe in its essence and  
the reaction upon its hearers—a color  
screen of gorgeous, heavenly blended  
hues and contrasts, of never-heard so-  
norities, of fascinating harmony, of light  
and shade, that held one breathless. The  
very silence of the audience was oppres-  
sive, a silence of rapt emotion, as though  
each human soul had forgotten the pres-  
ence of its neighbor, and the ego were  
lost in this exhibition of matchless poetic  
beauty."

"After the intermission we had the  
Tchaikovsky Symphony in F minor, and  
I am sure no one has ever heard it  
played like that before, with such pas-  
sion, fire and superb virtuosity, such un-  
heard of technical finish. Each mem-  
ber of that orchestra is a great artist  
in his own right. It is indeed good to  
live in this America of ours. There is  
nothing like another such organization  
the world over. The audience did not  
disperse after the concert, but stood  
around an eternity, talking. They will  
talk a long time before they get through  
relating what happened on the evening  
of Nov. 3, 1927, in Orchestra hall."

Although the Chicago opera season  
opened on the night of the Boston  
Symphony orchestra's concert, Orches-  
tra hall was filled to its capacity. This  
was the first visit of the orchestra to  
Chicago in 12 years; the first appear-  
ance of Mr. Koussevitzky in that city.

Next Sunday afternoon Reinald Wer-  
renrath, baritone, will sing in Sym-  
phony hall. The People's Symphony  
Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor,  
Mr. Schroeder, cellist, as soloist, will  
give its first concert of the season. The  
Persinger String Quartet of Santa Bar-  
bara will play at the Boston Public Li-  
brary at 8 o'clock, and at 7:30 o'clock  
Fania Lurie will sing Yiddish Folk Songs  
at the Ford Hall Forum.

Other concerts next week:

Monday—Boston Symphony orches-  
tra, Symphony hall, 8:15; Mercedes  
Pitta, pianist, Jordan hall, 8:15.

Tuesday—Albert Spalding, violinist,  
Symphony hall, 8:15; Yolando Mero,  
pianist; Steinert hall, 3 P. M.

Wednesday—Persis Cox, pianist, Jordan  
hall, 4 P. M.; Mabel Bremer, so-  
prano, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.

Thursday—Florence Levy, pianist,  
Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.

Friday—Boston Symphony orchestra,  
Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M.

Saturday—Repetition of Friday's  
Symphony concert, 8:15 P. M.

## EMMA ROBERTS IS

Emma Roberts, contralto, sang last  
night in Jordan hall, before a large and  
genuinely enthusiastic audience. She  
gave what she called a "symbolic cycle  
of songs," with Erich Wolff's "Ewig"  
for a prelude.

As symbolic of spring Miss Roberts  
chose Schumann's "Fruehlingsnacht,"  
"Der Mann" and "Die Nachtigall" by  
Brahms, Moussorgsky's "The Orphan,"  
Pfitzner's "Gretel," and by Buzzi-  
Peccia, "Giovinezza."

As typical of summer Miss Roberts  
sang Schumann's "Ich kann's nicht fas-  
sen," Brahms's "Vergeleches Ständ-  
chen," Sibelius' "Tryst," a Seguedilla by  
de Falla, by one Greville "Illusion," and  
"Love Forever," by Balakirev.

Passing to autumn, Miss Roberts did  
"Der Sandtraeger," by Bungeit, Grieg's  
"Autumn Thoughts," and Mrs. Beach's  
"Ah, Love, but a Day." After an inter-  
lude, filled by Sachnookski's "The Clock,"  
she completed the round of the sea-  
son's by Strauss's "Schlechtes Wetter,"  
"Herself and Meself" by Gaul, "L'Ifver"  
by Fevrier, the spiritual "Swing Low,"  
and O'Hara's "There is no Death." To  
carry the symbolism one step further,  
Miss Roberts returned again to spring  
with a brilliant "Rondel of Spring" by  
Frank Bibb—the brilliant, by the way,  
and sympathetic accompanist of the  
evening.

Miss Roberts furnished an evening of  
unusual pleasure. Singing teachers,  
very likely, and lesser singers and pu-  
bils too, could find points to take ex-  
ception to. Not everybody would care  
to see a printed program so elaborately  
documented as Miss Roberts's. High  
tones she might deliver with less force  
to the benefit of their sweetness. A  
finer polish she might add to her pro-  
nunciation of English and German.  
She could deepen the content of some



her listeners if she would curb to some degree the exuberance of her illustrative-by-play. In certain songs—go on, for the satisfaction of those hungry for defects—in the earlier part of the program especially, Miss Roberts paid not as close heed as could have been wished to the purely musical beauty of what she sang.

But Miss Roberts, for all that, stood head and shoulders above nine-tenths—say rather ninety-nine hundredths—of the men and women who essay recitals here in Boston. Over-embrant here and there, she may have been—but let us hazard the guess that she, if she had followed her will, would have given twice what she did give; one felt all the time she was curbing herself, not whipping herself on.

For she is blessed with heart and imagination; if she sings of a poor old piddler, she can see herself in his place, and feel with him—and make her audience feel with him too. And she has the technique to make feeling of any sort, in any degree, telling. An old Irish woman, a black, a woman deep in love, a coquettish young village daisy like that Gretel, a Spaniard stamping out a Seguedilla—Miss Roberts can set them all forward, mightily vividly, too.

The blessing of real temperament, in the specialized sense! Why, without it, does any one attempt to sing in public?

For it is temperament above all, in combination with head and heart, that made Miss Roberts's performance last night so engrossing. Her keen feeling for rhythm, nevertheless, should not be forgotten, nor yet her voice, a voice always apt at expression and often splendid in sound. R. R. G.

"Don't be a teetotaler, Daddy  
You'll never be cheerful no more.  
You'll only go funny and faddy,  
And give all you've got to the pore.  
What happened to Henry, who took the  
good path,  
And joined a No-Alcohol Club?  
He reads in his bed and he sings in his  
bath.  
We'd rather you went to the pub."

Mr. H. Bagenal in Music and Letters examines thoughtfully the question why does a man sing in his bath. This deep thinker gives three reasons.

1. The bathroom has bare walls, usually tiled, and has no carpet, furniture or other sound absorbents. "Therefore a sound produced in a bathroom will lose only a little energy at each reflection between wall and wall, and will continue for a perceptible time before it ceases." This is all true, but we do not find it a sufficient reason for Jones lifting up his voice in song as he soaps his presumably sculptural body.

2. "The bath itself acts as a resonator, reinforcing certain tones. The metal walls of the bath, plus the enclosed volume of air, actually reinforce the voice in a certain region of pitch." Interesting acoustically, but again an insufficient reason.

3. "The falling water sets up a noise, in a certain tonality which, selectively reinforced by the bath, acts in turn as a physical stimulus upon the anatomical resonators in the nose and throat. (Of course as the bath fills the pitch rises)." This reason is more plausible.

"If the singer in the bathroom be a powerful bass he may recognize a certain harshness of tone in his voice."  
If he does not recognize it, those in rooms near, immediately above or below, will not fail to do so. Only tenors, pure, lyric weeping tenors should be allowed to sing in the bath or in the act of exercising a crash towel. Any host or hostess addicted to miscellaneous hospitality should put a sign on the door of each guest's bathroom: "For Tenors Only."

By the way, if Mr. Bagenal's theories are sound why do not women sing in the bath? They surely bathe. Why do they not burst into song? Are they ashamed to be heard, if not seen?

Painters, ancient and modern, have portrayed Diana and ladies not so virginal as bathing. In no picture that we recall is any one of them represented as singing. (The sirens heard by the sailors on the ship of Ulysses sang and sang sweetly, but they were not in the water.)

King David, walking on the roof of his house, saw Bathsheba washing herself, and the woman was "very beautiful to look upon." She did not need to sing: King David was at once enflamed. Swinburne assures us that she used her hair as a towel. Susanna, not knowing that the two Elders were lurking near her, called on her maids to bring oil and washing-balls for her bath. She did not ask for an instrument of 10 strings that she might accompany her-

self in some languorous melody of the Orient.

From this it will be seen that there is no occasion, real or fancied, for women to sing in the bath.

#### BAFFLED MILLIE

(For As the World Wags)

Millie Meakins shocked the deacons,  
Smoking cigarettes;  
Borrowed mine most all the time,  
Never paid her debts.

I don't care if Millie Meakins  
Smokes till she is blind;  
I have changed to Porto Ricans,  
She can't smoke that kind.

F. F. HARBOUR.  
Mansfield.

You simply cannot say your prayers  
If you are suffering from a bad attack  
of indigestion.—The Dean of Chester.

The self-made man is one of the most  
deplorable creatures of civilization.—  
Sir Herbert Morgan.

It appears that dispensers of drugs  
have been using the reading room of  
the New York Public Library. Bates  
Hall in the Boston Public Library has  
long been a pleasant resting place for  
those that felt a disposition to sleep.  
A favorite table is the one next the  
books on genealogy.

#### TO MY FATHER

You would never go out in the rain  
Or the storm, or the wind, or the  
cold.

Yet now you are out in them all;  
Where there is none to behold

You drawing your collar and shrinking  
From the cold and the wind and  
spray  
Of the rain beating down on your  
grave,  
And washing the earth away.

I pray that the rain doesn't touch you,  
Nor the wind make you shudder and  
sigh  
For a carpet of stars above you  
And a summer moon sailing by.

KEEPER OF THE STARS.

As the World Wags:

We may be optimistic, but every year  
at this time we start looking for the  
society note that doesn't say: "The  
debutante and her mother looked like  
sisters." R. H. L.

#### FROM THE ANANIAS CLUB

As the World Wags:

Saturday I applied for a job on a  
newspaper. The city editor said: "No.  
You go enter a school of journalism,  
and when you come back with your diploma,  
I'll give you a job." Now you  
tell one. OSWALD OF WESLAYAN.

#### SEVEN IS THE SACRED NUMBER

As the World Wags:

In Loma Linda, Cal., there is a sanitarium run by Seventh Day Adventists. These good folk realize that many are slow to see the light, and so they do not exclude gentiles or other unbelievers who come there seeking treatment. Nor do they try to make proselytes, perhaps from a sporting instinct that it is an unfair advantage to take of an invalid. Nevertheless, the patients are wary, and the occasional zealot amongst the attendants who attempts to be evangelical is apt to find rough going.

A new arrival, sciatic and short tempered, was receiving his first massage. After some moments of rubbing and kneading the masseur asked, "Are you a Seventh Day Adventist?" "No," said the new arrival, "I'm a six day bicycle rider." And then he got silent treatment. Cold, hard silence, at that.

ERNEST BIFIELD.

#### SPRAY

(For As the World Wags)

Old Neptune sends his daughters up  
To ride the sea, today,  
And on the crest of every wave,  
A mermaid is at play.

The waves, like Arab thoroughbreds,  
Prance through the salty air  
And from the back of each, there stream  
Bright strands of mermaids' hair!

Boston.

As the World Wags:

Here is a choice bit contributed by a friend in Nashville, Tenn., clipped from a local daily.

NEW ANTIQUES for sale. Mrs. J. W. SNEED, Nolensville Road, County 4101.

More truth than poetry!

AMY V. RICHARDS.

**SAMUEL GIVES  
PIANO RECITAL**

By PHILIP HALE

Harold Samuel, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. There was a large and warmly appreciative audience. The program read as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Partita, B flat; from the Well Tempered Clavichord, Book 2, Prelude and Fugue, G major; Prelude and Fugue C sharp major. Beethoven, Sonata Op. 31 No. 2. Albeniz, Evocation. Ravel, Ondine. Debussy, Clair de lune and Jardins sous la pluie.

Mr. Samuel has many admirers. He deserves to have them for he is a pianist of certain fine qualities; but some of his admirers in a state bordering on hysteria assert that there is only one god, Bach, and Mr. Samuel is his prophet. Thus they do him an injury, as when they say that he is a "Bach specialist."

It has been handed down to us from days of Greek and Roman writers on medicine that there were specialists for the left ear and other specialists for the right ear. Why in music, one might ask, should there not be a specialist for Bachs "French" Suites; another for the "English" suites; still another for the Partitas, and so on?

When it comes to pianists, a general practitioner is to be preferred.

Let it be granted that Mr. Samuel has made a "special study" of Bach's music; that he has given Bach recitals in series, playing everything that Bach wrote for the predecessors of the piano. It does not follow, as some assert, that Mr. Samuel is the only pianist who "understands" Bach and interprets his music in the only correct manner. He certainly would not prescribe to himself so preposterously, nor does he claim, as we believe, that he is a "Bach specialist" as an interpreter, though he may be as a student.

Who is to decide how this music should be performed? Should a pianist attempt to play it as he thinks it sounded in Bach's time? Or should he play it as he thinks Bach would have composed it had he lived till the present day? To conjecture how Bach would write today is a pleasing, harmless pastime, a relief from cross-word puzzles or penochle. Who knows? Perhaps he might have written like Schoenberg, Prokofieff or Honegger, for Bach in his day was audacious in his harmonic schemes.

However admirable Bach's music, however excellent the interpretation, from 40 to 50 more minutes of pretty tinkling is as rasping to the nerves as the thunderous speech of some frenzied Boanerges of the piano. If Mr. Samuel had been content with only the Partita, or the prelude and fugues from the "Well Tempered Clavichord!"

By playing yards and furlongs of Bach's music at a stretch he runs the terrible risk of being known as a "Bach specialist." That he is, after all, a general practitioner was shown by the remainder of the program. And it may here be hinted that there is more than one way of interpreting the pieces by Bach that were chosen for performance. One would like to hear Mr. Samuel play music by the great Couperin, a composer of infinite fancy and grace, from whom Bach learned much, for Mr. Samuel has a keen sense of beautiful sounds and the ability to produce them.

The other night some silver-voiced young man came under my window and sang, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"—I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct.—Artemus Ward.

#### SINGING IN SCHOOL

Mr. Sullivan, in the second volume of "Our Times," speaks of the "ingenious device" by which one learned to spell a word by memorizing a sentence. He gives as an example, "Preface: Paul Rice eats fish and catches eagles."

In our little village of the Sixties, the sentence was: "Peter Rice eats fish and catches eels."

It is also stated in "Our Times" that "Shoo Fly," the negro minstrel song quoted by Ben Butler in Congress, was a "civil war equivalent of what in the great war was the dominant note of the music." If we are not grievously in error "Shoo Fly" was first sung and danced after the civil war. "Maryland, My Maryland," is quoted by Mr. Sullivan as "The Marsellaise of the Confederacy." True; but the tune was not original; it was that of the old German song, "C Tannenbaum."

In his interesting paper on popular songs chronology is disregarded in the attempt to show what the men and women of McKinley and Roosevelt's

time sang in their youth. Mr. W. Hobbs, "an official of the Massachusetts state department of education," quoted as saying that in the public community in which he was reared boys and girls "practically never really sang, either in school or out." Mr. Sullivan adds that throughout America, as a rule, music was "only tolerated in the schools if it was religious or patriotic or when it could be made to serve a scholastic purpose, as 'in singing geography.'" He states that Boston had authorized the teaching of music in the city schools as early as 1838, "and by the seventies a tiny trickle of secular music had edged itself in by paying the price of teaching a moral lesson or inculcating love of nature."

There were more fortunate towns in western Massachusetts, Mr. Sullivan. In Northampton there was singing in the grammar school of the late sixties. "The Golden Wreath" was the book from which we sang. Oliver Ditson copyrighted it in 1856. The title page said the book was designed for the use of schools, seminaries, etc. There were songs that taught truthfulness, cleanliness, even religion, but the great majority of them were secular. Some were taken from the repertoire of negro minstrels, sentimental, not comic, songs: "Little Bennie," "Gentle Nettie Moore," "Lulu Is Our Darling Pride," "Gentle Annie."

"Shall we never more behold thee  
Never hear thy winning voice again,  
When the spring time comes, gentle  
Annie,

When the wild flowers are scattered  
O'er the plain."

We were acquainted with the wild roving Indian girl, "Bright Alfarata." We roared the sad story of "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp":

"They made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a heart so warm and true,"

and were amused at Thomas Moore rhyming "swamp" with "lamp." But our song of songs was Ossian E. Dodge's Serenade:

"O come with me in my little canoe,  
Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue;

O come with me, for I long to go  
To those isles where the nango apples grow.

"O come with me and be my love;  
For thee the jungle depth I'll rove;  
I'll gather the honeycomb bright as gold,  
And chase the elk to its secret hold.

(Now children, all together)  
"I'll chase the antelope over the plain,  
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,  
And the wild gazelle with its silvery feet

I'll give thee for a playmate sweet."  
And in Northampton there was a teacher of singing in the public school's before 1870. His name was Jones, a man of vocal knowledge, amiable address, and merry jests (for the older boys when he met them in a store or at the postoffice; we say "store," for there were no "shops" in our little village at that time and the two railway stations were "depots").

Who wrote the song about Jim Fisk's death, quoted in part by Mr. Sullivan? "We all know he loved both women and wine,  
But his heart it was right, I am sure;  
Though he lived like a prince in a palace so fine,  
Yet he never went back on the poor!  
"If a man was in trouble Fisk helped him along  
To drive the grim wolf from the door;  
He strove to do right, though he may have done wrong,  
But he never went back on the poor!"

#### ART NOTE

Two young men strangled the grand mother of one of them at Zwingle Iowa, on Nov. 1, and went off with about \$23,000 in cash and "a large amount of securities," which they hoped to use in training themselves for grand opera. They must be baritones, for the tenor in grand opera is seldom a plotter villain, murderer. It is true that Othello suffocates Desdemona in Verdi's opera but Verdi made Othello a tenor on account of Tamagno's physique and stentorian voice.

#### PARRHASIUS AND WILLIS

As the World Wags  
Replying to W. S. J.'s question about "Parrhasius" in your column. The poem was written by N. P. Willis, as you suggested. I located it in a copy of his poems, "Sacred, Passionate and Humorous," dated 1846. RUTH T. FISKE.  
West Medford.

As the World Wags:  
The poem "Parrhasius" can be found in Stedman's "American Anthology." I am glad it is too long to print, as it



no vivid even with its long Vic-  
moral at the end. L. F. C.  
ord.

World Wags:  
e Louys has written in "L'Homme  
pre" the story of Parrhasios and  
e who served him as a model for  
heus. The narrative is macabre  
less vivid for the author's 'nti-  
knowledge of ancient arts and  
s. As in his "Aphrodite," certain  
would unfit it either for the Sab-  
r secular schools and would un-  
ably cause the Watch and Ward  
a pain as exquisite as Prom-  
e. If not in the liver. This is of  
to W. S. J., who asks for a poem  
hood, but I send it as omitted  
our bibliography of the subject.  
R. G.

World Wags:  
is fun, this job-hunting. You  
as I am a college man I never  
hat. Yesterday I was standing  
ok shop waiting to be hired, when  
came in, picked up a book and  
me \$2. Today I'm gonna loiter  
e plano store.  
OSWALD OF WESLAYAN.

## SYMPHONY IN FIFTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

he Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr.  
ssevitzky, conductor, having re-  
ted from a brilliantly successful tour  
he middle West—the eulogistic re-  
s published in the newspapers of  
ago were printed in The Boston  
ald of Thursday—gave its fifth con-  
of the season yesterday afternoon  
Symphony Hall. The program was  
follows: Malipiero, Cimarosiana;  
Orchestral Pieces by Cimarosa, re-  
restrated; Sibelius, Symphony No. 5,  
flat major; Liszt, Mephisto Waltz;  
hms, Variations on a Theme by  
dn.

he Variations were substituted for  
Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser,"  
ch had been announced. Thus Mr.  
ssevitzky preferred the "lilies and  
duors of virtue" to the "roses and  
dures of vice."  
Cimarosiana" had been announced  
the concerts of Oct. 14, 15. The  
estral parts did not arrive in time,  
so the performance yesterday was  
first in the United States. The  
e pieces are not excerpts from some  
Cimarosa's 80 odd operas, but it is  
were found among old manu-  
pts in the library of the Naples  
servatory of music; two of the  
vements were taken from a cantata;  
e were arranged only for the piano;  
other two were for strings and  
inet.

he lively movements are delightful  
their unabashed gaiety; the fourth  
beautiful in its melodious simplicity,  
appealing air, with a touch of gentle  
ancholy that makes the melody the  
e engaging. Malipiero is too fine  
artist to modernize for the orchestra  
old music, or to corrupt its inno-  
ce. Not long ago Mr. Casella wrote  
praise of the light-hearted Rossini,  
wished that his countrymen of to-  
would catch the spirit of the early  
ians, as Cimarosa, Paisiello and  
pers of opera buffa; but these are  
ed and troublous times; even the  
ng composers write in doleful dumps  
shun the obvious, especially when  
y have not the melodic gift; or to  
ay, they raise an orchestral rumpus,  
which mirth is vulgar. "Cimarosa-  
ia" pleased the audience greatly. It  
well bear more than one hearing.  
a spite of measures that seem super-  
in the scherzo section of the sym-  
ny by Sibelius, too long-drawn-out  
ter arriving apparently at no con-  
on; as those who are afraid of  
nce and their own thoughts talk con-  
ously and at random, the symphony  
a whole is a nobly individual work.  
women, no thought of woman dis-  
s Sibelius's musical landscape. Here  
usic that without asceticism, without  
austerity, is wholly free from sensu-  
ness. The symphony might be  
ed a Finnish epic inspired by the  
embrance of sagas, or as if Sibelius  
heard "ancestral voices prophesying  
." His technical skill is shown  
ndantly, but when all that can be  
of a musical work is that it is well-  
ed and sincere, that work is damned  
ond redemption. Sibelius is never  
in this symphony, for the scherzo's  
ter to which we have referred holds  
attention of the hearer by causing  
to wonder when it will stop. The  
ement that follows, with its pattern  
taking new shapes, is of absorbing  
rest. In the Finale, perhaps the  
st impressive portion of the work,  
a man of northern blood introduces  
ng, sweeping, poignant melody that  
ht have come from Verdi; indeed, it  
ills the despairing and recurring cry  
Violetta in the third act of "La  
viata" by the intensity of its feel-

ing and the form of the expression. Mr.  
Koussevitzky gave a sympathetic, elo-  
quent interpretation. He prepared the  
climax of the stirring and grand perora-  
tion in a masterly manner, while in the  
other movements the reading abounded  
in finesse, in noteworthy nuances. And  
what a superb orchestra he has to  
carry out his wishes!

He conducted the Mephisto waltz with  
amazing verve. I was a pleasure to  
hear again this demoniacally sensual  
music. Woman was constantly disturb-  
ing Liszt's musical landscape as well as  
his life; in this "Dance in the Village  
Tavern" he is pleasingly and artistically  
erotic. It is the fashion in certain quar-  
ters to sneer at Liszt. His music has  
been neglected here of late, except by  
pianists. The "Psalm," performed at  
a Symphony concert some time ago  
showed him at its worst, and the last  
performance of the "Faust" symphony  
was somewhat disappointing. One would  
like to hear "Mazeppa" conducted by  
Mr. Koussevitzky. Hearing the "Me-  
phisto Waltz," one was reminded of the  
great debt that Wagner, Saint-Saens,  
Cesar Franck, the Russians, and even  
contemporaneous French composers  
owed and owe to Liszt.

There are few conductors who could  
have succeeded so admirably as Mr.  
Koussevitzky in the interpretation of  
four so radically different compositions  
as those that were on the program yes-  
terday.

The concert will be repeated tonight.  
The program of the concerts next week  
is as follows: Mozart, Symphony E flat  
major (K. 543). Martinu, "La Bagarre"  
(first performance). Bloch, Three Jew-  
ish Poems (Dance, Ritual, Funeral Pro-  
cession). Strauss, "Don Juan."

## PIANIST HEARD AT JORDAN HALL

Frederic Tillotson, pianist, gave a re-  
cital yesterday afternoon in Jordan  
hall before a large, well pleased audi-  
ence. He had it in his mind, the guess  
may be ventured, to offer an hour or  
so of agreeable piano music, music free  
from weight of any sort, emotional or  
intellectual, free from vexing or grip-  
ping modernism; just to entertain was  
surely his aim.

Entertain his fine audience Mr.  
Tillotson surely did; everybody likes  
cake and ale. But did he not perhaps  
regale a little too generously with mus-  
ical whipped cream? Scarlotti sonatas  
—be they delightfully played as that  
in C-minor—have little to say; they  
merely please the ear by their graceful  
patterns and pleasant chatter. Glack's  
melody, when played as Glack planned  
it, is beautiful; its sweetness, set out in  
terms of the pianoforte, seems long  
drawn out. So, too, does the adagio of  
Bach's Toccata; and the first section of  
the fugue—rudely and rhythmically Mr.  
Tillotson played it yesterday just right—  
would surely have answered very well  
without that which came tumbling  
after.

Not quite so many instances of De-  
bussy's mild humor and delicate grace  
would perhaps have proved more ef-  
fective than all six children's pieces in a  
row; the comparative roughness of the  
cake walk refreshed like an east wind  
of a hot afternoon; the audience wanted  
it again. So they wanted, and would  
have, that sprightly piece call Insects,  
because its rhythm and its humor told  
doubly after the vain languors and bril-  
liancy of Scriabine's and Liszt's studies;  
beautifully though Mr. Tillotson played  
them, with tone a treat to hear, they  
sounded long in the playing.

Long! Pieces void of musical stout-  
ness or emotional force—they must be  
short indeed if they are to hold the at-

tention, for nothing palls so quickly as  
what is merely pretty. A trifle, in con-  
trast with the beautiful or great, is  
very well; it may even be too lengthy  
without working harm. But if a con-  
cert giver hopes to delight with a whole  
program of bagatelles, he will be wise  
to remember that those the most  
markedly rhythmical are those that  
stand a surfeit best. R. R. G.

George A. Birmingham's amusing comedy "General John Regan" will  
be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night. The play was brought  
out in Boston on Dec. 31, 1917, by the Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre,  
when Mr. Wingfield took the leading part of Dr. Lucius O'Grady. Others in  
the cast were Mmes. Roach, Newcombe, Sawyer; Messrs. Permain, Joy, Mat-  
thews, Craske, Gordon.

This amusing play of an incident in an Irish village was produced at  
the Apollo Theatre, London on Jan. 9, 1913. Charles Hawtrey took the part  
of the mendacious O'Grady, and Hawtrey was famous for his lies when  
dramatists required him to lie. He speaks in his "The Truth at Last" of  
the production: "George A. Birmingham was one of the pleasantest authors  
I ever had to work with. He was so ready to fall in with any of my sugges-  
tions and never made difficulties. It is a delightful piece, full of humor,  
and proved a great success. Cathleen Nesbitt was excellent as Mary Ellen,  
the Irish slavey. It was the first time she had acted a leading part. . . . There  
were many who in that play filled the parts excellently." He mentions  
Leonard Boyle, W. G. Fay and A. Vane Tempest, who went to the front as  
soon as war was declared. A full page picture in "The Truth at Last" shows  
Hawtrey, Fay and Gurney in the third act:

Gallagher (Fay): "I've found out the trick you're trying to play on the  
people of this town . . ."

O'Grady (Hawtrey): "Oh, it's Rule Britannia, is it? I just thought it  
must be that when I saw you looking as if you had a pain."

On May 31, 1913, the 150th performance took place in London. "Birming-  
ham" (Canon J. O. Hannay) told a reporter that the idea of writing the play  
never entered his head until it was suggested to him. "I wrote this in three  
nights, using diagrams to place the characters, and with the exception of the  
introduction of a new character, very little alteration has since been made  
in it. It is not a dramatized novel, but a novel founded on it will be published  
next autumn. The central idea of it has been used by me in a short story I  
wrote years ago." The story was published in Harper's Magazine.

A hoax not unlike the one invented by O'Grady was played by the news-  
paper L'Eclair of Paris in January, 1914: A proposal to celebrate the cen-  
tenary of "Hegesippe Simon," an author who never existed. Letters were sent  
out in the name of a committee, with this noble thought taken from the  
works of Simon: "When the sun rises, darkness vanishes." Fifteen senators,  
nine members of the chamber of deputies and three municipal councillors  
were taken in. They with others expressed their joy at being invited to take  
part in the celebration; some expressed their deep respect for the author.

Canon Hannay came to the United States in the fall of 1913, to lecture.  
His first play, "Eleanor's Enterprise," was produced at Dublin in 1911. "Send  
for Dr. O'Grady" was produced in London four years ago. His novels are  
familiar to many in this country. He was born at Belfast in 1865.

The first performance of "General John Regan" in the United States  
was at Atlantic City on Oct. 27, 1913, when Arnold Daly played O'Grady; W.  
G. Fay, Gallagher; Lionel Pape, Blakeny and Maire O'Neill, Mary Ellen.

On Feb. 4, 1914 an English company took the play to Westport, County  
Mayo, Ireland. The people thought that Canon Hannay, who was rector  
there for 20 years, was poking fun at the village and the villagers, so they  
stopped the play, smashed the scenery, attacked the comedians, then went  
to the hotel and broke windows. Inspector Neylon of the Royal Irish constab-  
ulary claimed £1000 compensation for injuries received in the riot. He ad-  
mitted that he was unpopular in the town and thought that the object of  
the rioters was to pay off old scores they had against the police. Medical  
witnesses for the defence swore that his only injury was the loss of a tooth.

Some of the younger generation may wonder at the appearance of Mr.  
Sothern in a comedy; they associate him with tragedy and melodrama; but  
he was long celebrated as a comedian. He was an excellent one, and there  
are admirers who regret that he ever chose to play tragic roles. Born at  
New Orleans in 1859, he first went on the stage as the Cabman in "Uncle  
Sam," that was at New York in 1879; his father then had the leading part  
in that play. Do any of The Herald's readers remember the son at the  
Boston Museum in those early years of his career? How many of the  
comedies in which he played in this country would now please an audience?  
We still remember him with pleasure in "Lord Chumley," and later in  
romantic roles. It may here be noted that in 1892 he played Reagan in  
"The Disreputable Mr. Reagan." It was a one-act drama.

Now as O'Grady he will be seen in a play with a title introducing  
Regan, "General John Regan, Liberator of Bolivia," an illustrious son of  
Ballymoy, and yet without a statue there.

The Herald published last Wednesday a verse from "The Song of the  
Shrinking Chorus," by A. P. Herbert. We have been asked to supply the  
other verses:

"We come from the Country, the daughters of Squires,  
We'd love to be living like mice in the Shires,  
And nothing but poverty have to endure,  
Could have driven us into the limelight, be sure,  
For, try as we may  
To look naughty and gay,  
In fact we're fatiguing and pure,  
And the rose in our cheeks as toward you we rush,  
Isn't paint, as you think, but a maidenly blush.  
Don't look at us!  
And do not think  
We're amorous  
Because we wink.  
We don't want notes from giddy goats—  
In point of fact they bore us;  
We cannot bear the manly stare—  
We are the Shrinking Chorus.  
"Young noblemen, do not believe all you hear!  
It is not our ambition to marry a peer.  
So don't ask us out at the end of the show,  
Our mothers are sitting up waiting, you know,  
An occasional present  
Of flowers is pleasant  
But orchids embarrass us so.  
Nor should we be plied with unsuitable liquors,  
For two of our number are married to Vicars.  
Don't look at us!  
Our labors done,  
We catch the bus  
To Kensington.  
We should be bored if any lord  
Attempted to adore us;  
We are the girls who don't want pearls—  
We are The Shrinking Chorus."



W. E. Hind pointed out in the London Times that Shakespeare is misquoted even on his own monument in Westminster. The last two lines of the quotation are printed:

"And like the baseless Fabric of a vision  
Leave not a wreck behind."

but Shakespeare wrote "this vision," and "leave not a rack behind."

The Observer saying: "It does not seem to have occurred to Shakespeare to curse the man who moved his lines," for on this monument the first line is transposed from its proper place, wonders how many persons can, on the spur of the moment fill up these gaps:

Medicine thee to that sweet sleep which thou ——— yesterday.

He falls like Lucifer, Never to ——— again.

A poor ——— but mine own.

When churchyards yawn, and ———.

Such stuff as dreams are made ———.

If reasons were as ——— as blackberries.

"A correspondent adds another to the list of Shakespeare elisions given last week—, not gaudy." The student of 'Hamlet' will know what the missing word is: it is not 'neat.' One of the lines I quoted. 'When churchyards yawn and ———' raises an interesting point. The continuation (also from 'Hamlet')—is 'Hell itself breathes out,' but four out of five would have said, 'Graves give up their dead.' But there is no such line in Shakespeare—unless it was interpolated by Colley Cibber or some other unauthorized person. Where does it come from?"

Mr. St. John Ervine tells us that a woman fainted during the scene of the third degree when "Crime" was produced in London last month and another woman shouted "Leave her alone!" This was at the Queen's Theatre, not at the Elephant and Castle.

Mr. James Agate, reviewing "Crime" for the Sunday Times said with reference to this scene: "If this sort of thing is true, why do not Americans put a stop to it? If untrue, why do they allow their humanity to be libelled."

How I envy the average American film producer his illimitable rapacity for nonsense! To gain one moment of sentiment and to sell you three yards of sob stuff he will devastate a continent and employ the financial resources of a Croesus.—Sydney Carroll with regard to "Fire."

Reading the new life of Arthur Sullivan by Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower, Mr. Ernest Newman gained this impression: "It's too much dining out, too much lazing, and too much cultivation of agreeable and distinguished but not particularly intellectual society led, long before the end, to a certain superficiality." P. H.

## 'The KING'S HENCHMAN'

### A Variant of the Tristan-Isolde Tale— Notes About the Opera's Origin

"The King's Henchman," a lyric drama in three acts, libretto by Edna St. Vincent Millay, music by Deems Taylor, will be performed at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow night for the first time in Boston and will remain there this week for evening performances and a Saturday matinee. The opera is in three acts: I. The Great Hall of King Eadgar's Castle at Winchester. II. A Forest in Devonshire on All-Hallows Eve. III. The Hall of Ordgar's house on the Coast of Devonshire.

This opera was performed for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York on Feb. 17, 1927, when the chief parts were taken as follows: Aelfrida, daughter of Ordgar, Florence Easton; Ase, servant to Aelfrida, Merle Alcock; Eadgar, King of England, Lawrence Tibbett; Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, George Maeder; Aethelwold, Earl of East Anglia, foster-brother and friend of Eadgar, Edward Johnson; Ordgar, Thane of Devon, Louis d'Angelo; Maccus, servant and friend to Aethelwold, William Gustafson. Tullio Serafin conducted.

It was in 1925 that the Metropolitan decided not to offer a prize for a new opera but to choose one of the younger American composers; to let him select his subject and write according to his own ideas. The choice fell on Mr. Taylor, favorably known as a writer of symphonic and vocal works, and a composer of incidental music for plays. Miss Millay found the subject, half legendary, half historical, in the period when Anglo-Saxon was the language of the common people. It is said that there are not a dozen words in the libretto that were not spoken in the 10th century.

"Miss Millay herself tells the story in these words:

"The first act opens in Winchester, at the court of Eadgar, King of England. A widower, he has heard of the extraordinary beauty of Aelfrida, daughter of the Thane of Devon. He determines to marry her if the reports are true, and sends as envoy to Devon his handsome foster-brother, Aethelwold. Although the young man is a famous soldier, he hates women and has never been in love. The King feels he will be a good judge of the Princess's beauty.

"A wood near Devon at the witching time of All Hallows Eve is the scene of the next act. Aelfrida comes upon Aethelwold while he is asleep. Without knowing one the other, they fall in love at first sight.

"When Aethelwold learns, however, that the beautiful girl is Aelfrida, he determines to flee, out of loyalty to the King. But love is too strong. He sends back word that the Princess is ugly, not beautiful, and decides to marry her himself.

"The final act is at Devon. Aethelwold has been married some time, but is still deeply enslaved. Then news comes that King Eadgar is on his way to pay a visit. Appalled, Aethelwold confesses his treachery to Aelfrida and begs her to disguise herself as the ugly woman he has described.

"Her serving woman, on the other hand, advises her to appear in 'all beauty and thus win back her chance of becoming Queen of England.'"

But Eadgar, seeing Aelfrida and finding her beautiful, is amazed at the treachery of his friend. Aethelwold stabs himself.

This Eadgar of Wessex was indeed a King of England. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle tells of Aethelwold, Earl of East Anglia, being sent by Eadgar to bring back a maid of Devon. The relationship of King and henchman both young, the King a widower—is Miss Millay's conception.

In the old Chronicle, the King discovering the treachery of the henchman, sends him to the war with the Danes. The henchman is killed in battle.

According to another story this Eadgar (942-975) known as "The Peaceable," began at the age of seventeen to rule the Kingdoms of Mercia and Northumbria, but he ended by ruling all Britain. "He was a man of unbridled passions when once aroused; he snatched Wilfreda from her convent by force, and later killed Athelwalda, the husband of Elfrida, because he stood in the way of his desires."

The historical Aethelwold was made Bishop of Winchester by Dunstan. The two helped reform the monasteries, replaced the canons by monks, enforced celibacy.

"Henchman" is a compound of the old English word "hengest" ("hengst") and "man." "Hengst" at different periods and in various languages, meant "stallion," "gelding" and "horse" generally. "It is not clear how or whence the compound made its appearance in the 14th century."

A henchman was originally an attendant on a horse, groom ("which might rise to be an honorable title as groom-in-waiting, groom-of-the-chamber.") In connection with the English court the word came to connote a position of honor, and the royal henchmen of the 15-16th centuries were usually young men of rank. In its historical sense, the word appears to have become obsolete by 1650.

At first probably "groom," then a squire or page of honor to a prince or great man. The henchman walked or rode beside him in processions, marches, etc; or he fulfilled the same office to a queen or princess. We find Oberon in "Midsummer Night's Dream" saying to Titania: "I do but beg a little changeling boy, to be my henchman."

The word next came to have the meaning: The personal attendant, right-hand-man, or chief gillie of a Highland chief, "hence, generally, a trusty follower or attendant who stands by the side of his chief or leader, and supports him in every case of need."

In the United States the word became debased through politics: "A mercenary adherent, a venal follower; one who holds himself at the bidding of another." Thus the Boston Journal of Nov. 23, 1891: "These charges are the result of a conspiracy among Hill's henchmen in Syracuse."

The word "henchman" was not in use in the 10th century. Eadgar did not know Aethelwold by that term. The first appearance of the word in English literature was "Morte Arthur" about 1400: "That is fully too few to fight with them all, for harlots and hansemene shall help but little."

Miss Millay completed the text of the first act early in February, 1926. The music was sent to Serafin in July; Mr. Taylor finished the instrumentation in December. It is said that he used a song from Cornwall with the words, "My Johnny was a shoemaker" in the first and last acts.

Joseph Deems Taylor, born at New York on Dec. 22, 1885, was graduated from New York University in 1906. He studied harmony with Oscar Coon in that city. As a journalist he was associate editor of Collier's (1917-19), and in 1921 was appointed music critic of The World. He resigned this position two or three seasons ago. Among his chief compositions are a symphonic poem, "The Siren Song," which won a prize in 1912; "The Chambered Nautilus," a cantata; "The Highwayman," a cantata; an orchestral suite, "Through The Looking Glass," which was performed in Boston by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Feb. 15, 1924; "Portrait of a Lady," a rhapsody for orchestra. He wrote music for "Liliom," "Will Shakespeare," "The Adding Machine," "Casanova," "Beggar on Horseback," and other plays; also choral pieces, songs, piano pieces. He is now at work on another opera.

Miss Millay, born at Rockland, Me., in 1892, educated at Vassar, married Eugen Jan Boissevain in 1923. Her first volume of poems was published in 1917. In 1922 she was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best volume of verse. In 1927 she appeared in Boston to proclaim and maintain the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti.

It has been said that "William Tell" written and introduced by Benjamin Carr in 1796 was the first American opera, but the music was taken from various foreign composers. The first American libretto of an American opera, rehearsed but never performed "Disappointment, or The Force of Credulity," a comic opera by Andrew Barton, was published at New York in 1767. Other titles of early American operas may be found in Mr. Sonneck's "Early Opera in America"; Dunlap and Carr's "The Archers"; "Tammam, or The Indian Chief," with music by James Hewitt; "Edwin and Angelina," music by Victor Pelissier. More important were "Leonora" (1844) and "Esmerelda" (1864), by W. H. Fry; "Casilda," by W. K. Bassford; "Rip Van Winkle," by G. F. Bristow; "Zenobia," by S. G. Pratt; Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter," produced at the Boston Theatre in 1896; H. W. Parker's "Mona" (1912), which won a \$10,000 prize offered by the Metropolitan, and "Fairland" (1915), which won an equally large prize offered by the Federation of Women's Clubs; Coerne's "Zenobia," produced at Bremen; Converse's "Pipe of Desire," and "The Sacrifice"; Herbert's "Natoma" and "Madeleine"; Cadman's "Shanewis." There are other and later operas by Americans as W. F. Harling's "A Light from St. Agnes" (1925), which so pleased Chicago men and women that after the first performance Mr. Harling was pursued into the lobby of the theatre and "kissed repeatedly; at least 200 men hugged and kissed him," and he escaped "almost in a state of collapse, fleeing to his hotel room" (N. Y. Tribune).

No one of all these operas attracted the attention paid to "The King's Henchman." P. H.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Reinald Werrenrath, baritone. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor; Mr. Schroeder, solo cellist. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Persinger string quartette of Santa Barbara.

Ford Hall Forum, Corner Bowdoin street and Ashburton place.

7:30 P. M. Fania Lurie, mezzo-soprano, Yiddish Folk songs.



y—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mercedes Pilla, pianist. Schumann, Allegro from Faschingsschwank; Bartok, Elegy, op. 8 No. 2; Hindemith, Nachstücke from "1922" Suite; Dohnanyi, Rhapsody, C major; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, B minor; Debussy, Danse, La Soiree dans Grenade; Chopin, Prelude op. 28, No. 23, Barcarolle; MacDowell, Polonaise; Albeniz, Cordova; Liszt, St. Francis de Paula Walking on the Waves.

y—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Yolando Mero, pianist. Bach, Concerto, D minor; Chopin, Variations, op. 17, Larghetto, Valse in E minor, Scherzo, C sharp; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Debussy, Reverie; Gabilowitch, Caprice Burlesque; Schelling, Silhouette Y. M.; Agghazy, Etude in octaves; Liszt, Harmonies du Soir, Nocturne No. 3, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 4.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Albert Spalding, violinist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor: Ruth Rodgers, soprano; George Boynton, tenor. Part songs; Thayer, Trelawney; Gounod, Chorus of Bacchantes; Schubert, Thou Art Repose; Robertson, The Old Woman; Parker, The Leap of Roushan Beg (with tenor solo); Wagner, Pilgrims' Chorus; Burleigh, Promis' Lan'; Gounod, Ave Maria (with soprano solo); Mendelssohn, The Word Went Forth. Miss Rodgers: Cornelius, Komm wir wandeln; Reger, Maria Wiegenlied; Gounod, "Jewel" song from "Faust"; Rachmaninoff, The Soldier's Bride; Roubloff, Again I Am Longing; Luckstone, A Birthday; negro spiritual, "Ride on, King Jesus," arr. by H. Gaul. Mr. Boynton: Salter, Fair House of Joy; Verrel, She's Somewhere in the Sunlight Bright.

day—Jordan Hall, 4 P. M. Persis Cox, pianist. "An Hour of Talk and Music for Young People of All Ages." Goussens, The Marionette show; Whitthorne, Chimes of St. Patrick; folk-song, Land o' the Leal; MacDowell, Uncle Remus; Hopckirk, Minuet and Rigaudon; Albeniz, eguidilla; Brahms, Four Waltzes; Prokofeff, Gavotte from the Classical Symphony; Chopin, Aeolian Harp Study; Ireland, the Island Spell.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mabel Bremner, soprano, assisted by Cornelius Van Vliet, violoncellist. Mme. Turner Pierotto-Blanco and Josef Adler, accompanists. Songs: "L'Amour de Moi," arr. by Tiersot; Paillet, Nel cor piu non mi sento; Horn, I've Been Roaming; Pratella, La strada Bianca; Georges, La Pluie; Griffes, By a Lonely Forest Pathway; Taylor, The Rivals; Marx, Windrader; E. Wolff, Der Knabe und das Teichen; Dvorak, Zigeuner Melodien. Violoncello: Valentin, Sonata; Rachmaninoff, Andante; Kacmp, Andalusian Serenade; Jeral, Tarentella.

y—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Florence Judith Levy, pianist. Bach, Organ Fantasia and Fugue, C minor; Debussy, Pour le Piano Prelude, Sarabande, Toccata; Chopin, Impromptu op. 35, Etude, op. 10, No. 4; Prelude op. 28, No. 6; Grainger, Paraphrase on Tchaikovsky's "Flower" Waltz; De Falla, Danse Rituelle du Feu; Granados, Layara; Schubert, Ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Gulon, Turkey in the Straw.

—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

y—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

## BE BE DANIELS STAR AT METROPOLITAN

TROPOLITAN—"She's a Sheik," Bebe Daniels. Jack Partington, presentation, "Moonlit Waters." features.

ence Badger, who has directed Daniels's recent pictures, did this too. She is cast as a spirited Arab girl, is educated in America, and is to her native lands to work her in the desert country. Miss Bebe Daniels had a strong flair for command and has proved herself an aptienne in several pictures. In "She's a Sheik," she gives promise of being a veritable female Douglas Fairbanks. You would imagine you were seeing "Doug," himself, in the scene as she tries to avoid and escape an enemy band which invades the scene. She swings from chandelier, slides down a bit of batik balcony, and ends up with some sword play. She wins the man of the scene and there are love scenes along designs to satisfy the most flapper fans. Richard Arlen is usually manly hero and William H. Cagney does an outstanding bit of work in the role of comedy villain. The picture is a comedy burlesque of the so-called "sheik" films, but every so often forgets its humor and strikes a false note by playing in earnest.

stage presentation this week, "Moonlit Waters," devised by Jack Partington, has a Venetian flavor. Helen Gahagan is a voice of very lovely quality, sings "Carnival of the Flowers" and "The Blue Bird." Rose Marino and the Boris Karloff dancers, do some Neapolitan that fit into the general picture. Desha and Barte, two men and a woman, some remarkable interpretation, using effective parts of the "Rhapsody in Blue" for accompaniment. Gene Rodemich and his troupe featured in the presentation, play waltz selections. The news reels show Elder behaving like a well known movie actress in her close-ups. There are other entertaining features complete the program.

A. F.

ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a dove, and am still on their trail. They are the travelers I have been concerned with, describing their adventures and what calls they answer. I have met one or two who were the hound, and the tramp of the hound, and even seen the dove behind a cloud, and they seemed to recover them as if they were themselves.

What did Thoreau mean by this? Symbolism, allegory, mysticism? Written on the same page: "You on some obscurities, for there

are more secrets in my trade than in most men's."

There is no direct answer in the extracts from his Journals selected by Odell Shepard for a book entitled "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals" and published by Houghton Mifflin Company: a companion volume to Bliss Perry's "The Heart of Emerson's Journals."

No direct answer, one might say, but there are passages in Thoreau's Journals that may well confound the prosaic and the statistician. What would these gentlemen say to this: "All sound is nearly akin to Silence; it is a bubble on her surface which straightway bursts. . . . It is a faint utterance of Silence. It takes a man to make a room silent."

But Thoreau, mixture of a gymnosophist, Jacob Abbott's Jonas and an indefatigable naturalist, does not often give way in Mr. Shepard's volume to Orphic sayings. Some would have him first of all a naturalist; others look on him as a useless member of a community, a dodger of taxes, an impossible person. There were people in Concord that so regarded him when he was alive. Was there not a taunt that this lover of solitude was always within call of Mrs. Emerson's dinner horn? A sneer not the more amusing because it was a wild exaggeration.

Judged from the quality of the extracts in the two volumes, Thoreau's contains the weightier bullion. Emerson's is the easier reading, he has so much to say about books that he had read, persons of distinction that he had met. He reveals a curious side of his character that is only hinted at in his essays. One is tempted at times to think that Emerson was not always a "comfortable" companion in his walks or in a room.

Thoreau has little or nothing to say about books; he mentions Gilpin's "Forest Scenery" criticizes it acutely and in a few words; he compares the Bible with Hindu religious books. The latter "describe the first inquisitive and contemplative access to God; the Hebrew bible a conscientious return, a grosser and more personal repentance. Repentance is not a free and fair highway to God. A wise man will dispense with repentance. It is shocking and passionate." He had read Whitman. "As for the sensuality in Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' I do not so much wish that it was not written, as that men and women were so pure that they could read it without harm." One doubts if Thoreau, had he been alive during the last 25 years, would have used the word "sensual." Yet Whitman himself sang in the "Author's Edition" (1876):

"Walt Whitman, am I, a Kosmos, of mighty Manhattan the son, Turbulent, fleshy and sensual."

"Leaves of Grass" was published in 1855. There are many passages in

Thoreau's journals of 1856-1861 that might have been written by Whitman.

Emerson went to Europe and met men and women reckoned as great. Thoreau liked to talk with Minott, sitting in his woodshed, pleased with the goldfinches singing on the hemp near his gate, telling hunting stories more than once; with Brooks Clark, 80 years old, going along the road, barefooted, with an axe in his hand; with deaf Abel Brooks in the postoffice; with "awkward, gawky, loose-hung" Melvin, a trial to his mother, but to Thoreau, as agreeable "as a tinge of russet on the hillside. . . . He is one tribe, I am another, and we are not at war"; with the old pale-faced farmer Cyrus Hubbard, "moderate, natural, true, as if he were made of earth, stone, wood, snow."

I see men like frogs; their peeping I partially understand"; with Rice who lived so thoroughly and satisfactorily to himself, enjoying the sweet work; with Edmund Hosmer, who overhauling a vast heap of manure, asked despairingly what life is for, and said he did not expect to stay here long; with Joseph Hosmer as the two ate their luncheon of crackers and cheese in the woods. But there were men "too gentlemanly" in manners, dress and all their habits with whom Thoreau would walk but not for a long excursion; "I see in my mind's eye that they wear black coats, considerable starched linen, glossy hats and shoes, and it is out of the question."

What would these orthodox citizens have thought if Thoreau had suddenly said to them:

"Hell itself may be contained within the compass of a spark"; or

"The world is never the less beautiful though viewed through a chink or knot-hole"; or asked:

"How can a man sit down and quietly pare his nails while the earth goes gyrating ahead amid such a din of sphere music?"

Would they have nodded "yes" when he told them that the battlefield possesses many advantages over the drawing room. "There, at least, is no room for pretension or excessive ceremony, no shaking of hands or rubbing of noses, which make one doubt your sincerity, but hearty as well as hard hand play."

It is recorded that Thoreau was once "fairly and manfully in love" (as Stevenson puts it in his inadequate essay on Thoreau) and relinquished the woman to his brother. What had Henry to say about women in his Journals? One need not be a sentimentalist if he judges a man in part by his opinion of women. Thoreau would sit still, not yield to young etiquette; say in a look to these disturbers:

"The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I will fill that station God has assigned me. As well Miss Caspiopela up there might ask the brazen-fronted Taurus to draw in his horns, that she might shine in his stead."

Miss Mary Emerson was an exception, "the wittiest and most vivacious woman among my acquaintances whom it is most profitable to meet, the least frivolous. . . . She is singular, among women at least, in being really and perseveringly interested to know what thinkers think. She, more surely than any other woman, gives her companion occasion to utter his best thought. In short, she is a genius, as woman seldom is, reminding you less often of her sex than any woman that I know."

Soon after this he could write: "In the East, women religiously conceal that they have faces; in the West, that they have legs. In both cases they make it evident that they have but little brains."

In 1927, Henry Thoreau, the western women show faces, legs,—and also brains. Would he write today as he wrote in 1851 after hearing Mrs. S. lecture on womanhood? "It requires nothing less than a chivalric feeling to sustain a conversation with a lady. I carried her lecture for her in my pocket wrapped in her handkerchief; my pocket exhales cologne to this moment. The championess of woman's rights still asks you to be a ladies' man."

Our allotted space is full. There is so much that might be quoted from these journals; so much that sets man or woman a-thinking!

## PEOPLE'S OPENS EIGHTH SEASON

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of its eighth season yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted; Mr. Schroeder was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Elgar, overture, "Cockaigne"; Schumann, Evening Song for Strings, arr. by Svendsen; Bolzoni, Minuet; Tchaikovsky, Variations for cello on a Rocco Theme; Johann Strauss, Waltz, "Aus dem Ber-

gen"; Dvorak, Symphony, "From the New World."

Mr. Mollenhauer was loudly applauded when he came on the stage. The audience and orchestra rose to show their appreciation of his earnest and capable work in the foundation and maintenance of this organization, whose laudable purpose is to give the great public opportunity of hearing good music at a low price.

The program was well chosen and arranged. Elgar's overture, though it is one of his early works, stands out as melodious, spontaneous, picturesque, while many of his later compositions are more or less labored and show a striving after greatness. The little pieces for strings are always popular; this popularity is not due to any cheapness in the musical thought or expression. The symphony, too, has long been a favorite without regard to the origin of the themes, whether they are deliberate imitations of negro melodies, as some would have it, or related to Bohemian airs. And it was good to see the name of Johann Strauss on the program. Mr. Mollenhauer no doubt remembered that as a young violinist he often played waltzes by Strauss under the direction of Theodore Thomas. (A note in the program stated that he had played as a member of the Philharmonic Society of New York when Dvorak's symphony was first performed.)

The orchestra gave an excellent account of itself; respecting Mr. Mollenhauer's directions for light and shade; displaying commendable elasticity and a sonorous body of tone when force was demanded. It played as if "malice domestic, foreign levy" could not further touch it, the large audience was warmly appreciative, as it was of Mr. Schroeder's interpretation of the familiar Variations.

The program of next Sunday's concert will be as follows: Massenet, Overture to Racine's "Phedre"; Brahms, Two Hungarian Dances 5 and 6; Tchaikovsky, Concerto, B flat minor (Felix Fox, pianist); Strauss, Waltz, "Artist Life"; Chabrier, Marche Joyeuse.

## WERREN RATH AT SYMPHONY HALL

Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, before an eager audience of very good size. He began his program on a lofty plane, with a Handel aria sung in German, "Dauh sei dir," and an air by Bach, "Blessed Resurrection Day" from the cantata, "Watch Ye, Pray Ye." If he had been more discreet, Mr. Werrenrath would have waited till later in the day before essaying to scale those heights. Though, even so, he might not have "made" them—for Mr. Werrenrath has yet to prove his aptitude at florid song or at song markedly sustained—at the least of it he would have worked his voice into more fitting trim to cope with the technical difficulties of music foreign to his nature.

These classics out of the way, his respects formally paid, Mr. Werrenrath proceeded to music more congenial. He sang, in a baritone voice once more, laying aside to a considerable degree the dry, dull tones of a pseudo-bass, Schubert's "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," Schumann's "Au den Sonnenschein" and "Ich grolle nicht," and Strauss's "Allerseelen." For sheer sound he was most successful with the Schubert song, the last two of the group, in the keys in which he sang them, suiting the momentary condition of his voice not too snugly. The text of "Ich grolle nicht" Mr. Werrenrath interpreted oddly; surely he weakened the song, though he did make the spirit of the person speaking more commendable. Far more understandingly he set forth the pleasant archness of the sunshine song.

Herbert Carrich, Mr. Werrenrath's skillful accompanist, lent variety to the afternoon by playing a Chopin nocturne and then the Gruenfeld arrangement of the waltz out of "Die Fledermaus." He played this waltz so engagingly, with tone so bright and sparkling, with so neat a rhythm, that the audience broke into applause as hearty as though George Copeland himself had been sitting at the instrument. Rhythm! Pray make a note, you ladies and gentlemen who perform.

Mr. Werrenrath sang next a little set of songs, "The City of Joy," by Deems Taylor—an old college friend, Mr. Werrenrath explained, who wrote for him these trifles many years ago. They are very well, but Mr. Taylor has since learnt the art of trifling more charmingly, so perhaps it would be best to let them lie.

In the course of his last group Mr. Werrenrath sang a song attributed to Robert Louis Stevenson, "Over the Sea to Skye"; "Time to Go" by Wilfred Saunderson, a tune with a rhythm to it so much to Mr. Werrenrath's taste that at last he sang like himself, in his best—that is to say, his most robust—vein; Dunhill's "Cloths of Heaven," in which Yeats's poem came off not too well; and Damrosch's "Danny Deever." Of course there were many added songs.



At this late day it is scarcely necessary to discuss Mr. Werrenrath's art in detail. He has rare virtues and he had them with him yesterday, when he was by no means in voice or form. He has what some people regard as faults; those, too, he had not left at home. Let us be grateful for the virtues.

R. R. G.

## FOR MR. NEWMAN'S TRAVELOG

As the World Wags:

A soviet who had been drinking vodka in Moscow tried to blow out a match, but the flame shot along his breath to his stomach and he exploded with tremendous violence. That's one comfort about drinking bootlegger's stuff—you die before you have a chance to blow out the match.

R. H. L.

## WHY I ENJOY GETTING MY HAIR CUT

As the World Wags:

"Nowa thees prohibish—perhapsa you tella me—if peopla wanta prohibish, why donta they grabba tha bootaleg—shava tha neck? No? Usa da clip? Alla right—nowa Pussyfoota maka da speech—nobody clappa da han—if people no wanta prohibish, why donta they vota have no prohibish? Perhapsa you tella me, Mister Man. Nowa Antonio hes liva Easta Bos. When I liva Easta Bos, Antonio worka that street swinga tha pick—justa eighteen—twenty dolla a week. Antonio's Maria shes getta marry—beega brassa band Antono hawa tha house—costa plenty mon. Antonio donta geev me tha invitash—he know I donta come—Antonio usta worka da street—three, four thous dolla Antonio buya plano, rug, chair, begg nica picture Madonna—five, sexx year ago Antonio worka tha street—how Antonio maka tha mon, perhapsa you aska? Bootaleg, bootaleg, bootaleg. Maria's picture on tha paper when shesa getta marry. Police come seea Antonio, say Antonio you giva me hunderd dolla—Antonio gliva—how Antonio maka more hunderd dolla? More bootaleg, bootaleg. Nowa thees prohibish, if people wanta prohibish, why donta they grabba thees bootaleg? Perhapsa you tella me. Buya grapsa myself—taka home—maka wine—no bootaleg—justa mak wine—gooda wine—gooda grapsa—sella you quarta good wine? perhapsa. Justa letta me know. Two dollarsa. Nica shampoo? No? Justa minute, brusha tha coat. But thees prohibish, if people wanta prohibish, why donta they grabba thees bootaleg? Perhapsa you tella me?"

H.F.M.

## BEFORE THE FIRE

(For As the World Wags)

We dreamed before the fire, my love and I,  
And watched the blazing embers fade and fall.  
The night wind hushed its voice amid the trees  
Till all was quietude. Then came Despair,  
Mantled in black, a mystic phantom she,  
Who pointed to the dying blaze and cried:  
"Thus radiance passes! Beauty's the Devil's jest,  
Nor shall your loves and hopes at all survive.  
Mine is the peace of night. Oh, come with me!"

J. T. DAY.

## HOW'S THIS, WATSON?

(Washington, D. C. Star)

Chicago: The stork delivering twins here may have become confused by the change to daylight saving time. At any rate, Mrs. Anna Kovel gave birth to a son at La Grange, a suburb one day, while his twin brother was born the next in Austin, another suburb. The boys met today at a hospital, where they are holding a family reunion with their mother.

## "The King's Henchman"

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT. THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The King's Henchman," a lyric drama in three acts, book by Edna St. Vincent Millay, music by Deems Taylor. Produced on Feb. 17, 1927, by the Metropolitan Opera company at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York: Aelfrida, Florence Easton; Ase, Merle Alcock; Eadgar, Lawrence Tibbett; Dunstan, George Maeder; Aethelwold, Edward Johnson; Ordgar, Louis d'Angelo; Maccus, William Gustafson. Tullio Serafin conducted.

The cast last night was as follows:  
Eadgar ..... Richard Hale  
Aethelwold ..... Rafael Diaz  
Ordgar ..... Dudley Marwick  
Maccus ..... Giovanni Martino  
Aelfrida ..... Marie Sundelius  
Ase ..... Constance Hejlon  
Dunstan ..... Albert Cron  
Thorod ..... Broer Jeurin  
Hwita ..... Orkelund Werner

It is a pity that Mr. Taylor was not provided with a fresher subject: The story of "The King's Henchman" is so similar to that of Tristan and Isolde that it would tempt any composer to write in the Wagnerian manner. Miss Millay's libretto has been praised for its poetic spirit; the first edition of the published book commands a high price, for collectors are now hot on the track of any first edition; but an opera will not live simply from the poetic value of

the libretto, nor is a libretto the more inspiring to a composer if its literary qualities win the praise of the fastidious. It has been said that Miss Millay has succeeded in reviving the common speech of the people in Anglo-Saxon times; that there are not a dozen words in her libretto that were not spoken in the 10th century. Of what assistance is this to a composer?

It is a fact, lamentable perhaps, that those who go to an operatic performance are not so much interested in the language used by the librettist as they are in the situations, the action, the stage settings, the reputation of the singers and finally the music invented, or partly borrowed, by the composer. Italian librettists have rung the changes on "amore" and "dolore" with ejaculation of "O cielo!" their texts have in many instances been only rude rhyming, yet these operas of 50 or 75 years ago still hold the stage and enchant or thrill the audiences throughout the musical world. One might not agree with Edward MacDowell who once said to us that music should not be set to beautiful verses, but it is true that a libretto which relies chiefly on its poetic merit does not necessarily make an opera of long life. The libretto may delight a reader; the audience in nine cases out of ten is unable to hear and appreciate niceties of speech, on account of the singers' faulty enunciation.

The story of "The King's Henchman" is simple—and old; one that with variations has been used by many dramatists. A king sends a young man to bring home to him a beautiful young woman that he may wed her. The youth and the maiden fall in love. That he may have her for his own, the youth reports to the king that this fabled beauty is an ugly creature. To carry out the deceit, the youth begs her to disguise herself. The king finds out the treachery—the youth, ashamed, kills himself. It is hardly necessary to add that we have here King Marke, Tristan and Isolde, disguised and with slight variations in behavior.

Mr. Taylor was already known in Boston and elsewhere, as a well-schooled musician of fine taste and poetic feeling. His suite "Through the Looking Glass" gave pleasure when it was performed here at a symphony concert to fellow musicians and the general public. Some of his engaging incidental music for plays has been heard in Boston. A man may have technical ability, taste, fancy, yet find the composition of a grand opera no easy task. Eminent composers of symphonic music have failed when they entered the opera house. Offenbach, having an instinct for the stage, succeeded while Schumann failed, and Schumann is only one of the many. Mozart was a great exception. In this field he far outshone Beethoven with his one attempt. One could no more demand an opera from Brahms, than a classic symphony from Puccini.

These statements no doubt are truisms, but they are to be remembered. It is one thing to have a melodic gift; it is another thing to be melodiously dramatic, as is Verdi in the fourth act of "Il Trovatore" and the Nile scene in "Aida."

Mr. Taylor's orchestration is highly

colored, ingenious in many details, occasionally too thick and boisterous, for the situation and the singers, with an over employment of the brass. On the whole this orchestration is the most interesting feature of the opera. Much of the dialogue is in the modern recitative manner, with the sentiment and rhetorical significance in the orchestra. Use is made of an old Cornwall song; early in the third act—the half of which, by the way, shows that Mr. Taylor can forget his Wagner—there is an air of a melancholy nature again in folk-tune manner, which is one of the pages to be remembered. No doubt the libretto led Mr. Taylor, deliberately or unconsciously, to adopt for the most part the Wagnerian musical treatment. It is not surprising, then, that the Wagnerian idiom was too much in evidence. Given another story—and we understand that he is at work on a new opera—and he will probably free himself from corrupting influences and stand firmly on his own feet. That he has talent is indisputable. He has yet to learn the musical speech of deep emotion and burning passion. For this reason the love music of the second act is pale and tame; nor is the music for the scene in which King Marke reproaches Tristan—we should say Eadgar reproaches Aethelwold—charged with the requisite dignity and pathos, though Mr. Hale's voice was sonorous and expressive.

The performance gave one a fair idea of the work. The stage settings were adequate; the stage management was good. The three chief roles were taken by singers of ability. Mr. Hale was vocally a commanding figure. Mr. Diaz sang with fervor and understanding. Mme. Sundelius, cast as the easily influenced and uninteresting heroine, had several opportunities to show tonal

beauty and vocal skill. The orchestra was well in hand; that the singers were sometimes drowned was probably not the conductor's fault. An audience of good size made many manifestations of approval; there were curtain calls after each act, and Mr. Taylor was among those applauded.

## MERCEDES PITTA

Mercedes Pitta, pianist, played last night in Jordan hall, before an excellent audience. This was her program:

Faschingsschwank, allegro, Schumann; Elegy, op. 8, No. 2, Bartok; Nachtstück (from 1922 Suite for Klavier), Hindemith; rhapsody, C major, Dohnanyi; Prelude, B minor, Rachmaninoff; Danse, La Solreie dans Grenade, Debussy; Prelude, op. 28, No. 23, Barcarolle, Chopin; Polonaise, MacDowell; Cordova, Albeniz; St. Francis de Paule, Walking on the Waves, Liszt.

In her student days—they cannot have ceased to be very long ago—she must have led her music master, a life of it—Miss Mercedes Pitta. He could have taken no less than delight in lengthening the list of tonal shades and colors at the disposal of a pupil so sensitive to tonal beauty as she; by her teaching Miss Pitta profited, for she played last night with tone amazingly strong, yet always beautiful as well as skillfully varied.

He must have found rare pleasure in demonstrating the means, technical and musical, whereby a pianist gains atmosphere, to a pupil who met his remarks with something more than a blank stare of bewilderment. Miss Pitta rose to his instructions receptively if one may guess from her accomplishment in the Russian prelude, in parts of the Schumann allegro, in the piece about Granada. He had also a pupil to deal with of unusual musical intelligence, or never would she have managed so successfully the musical difficulties, as well as technical, of those queer pieces by Bartok and Hindemith. That she failed to make the one sound elegiac or to make the other suggestive of any phase of the night—that is not to her discredit, they are so odd. She let them roll forth sonorously, at all events, and interestingly, letting listeners feel that she did justice to all the force they possess, as well as to a certain grace.

To go farther, the music master must have relished training a pupil of Miss Pitta's warmth of temperament. For she makes herself felt, be it in her unusually vigorous yet effective performance of the barcarolle, the wildness of the rhapsody, or the simple charm of an airy prelude. A pupil with whom so much could be done—and has been—surely he does not teach every day.

But when he strove to curb that temperament till it kept its place, he must have had a stiff job of work on his hands. Like many another blessed with "temperament," sometimes last night Miss Pitta seemed possessed by it as well. Here and there in the Faschingsschwank she drove at a pace destructive of rhyme or reason. Nervousness it may have been that drove her, but even so, she raced as ruthlessly through parts of the rhapsody, by no means to their gain.

It will be a pity if she does not acquire control, for she has much in her favor, above all that very quality of ardor, granted to few, not to one in a hundred. If she learns to guide it, she ought to go very far. If, on the other hand, she does not—but of course she will, she is not the sort of person to remain a pianist of promise.

R. R. G.

## CONTINUING PLAYS

MAJESTIC—"Oh Kay," Aarons and Freedley musical comedy with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. Gershwin's music. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jed Harris's play of night club life. Eleventh week.

WILBUR—"The Constant Wife," Ethel Barrymore stars in W. Somerset Maugham comedy. Third week.

COPLEY—"No. 17," mystery play by J. Jefferson Farjeon. Third week.

## 'A NIGHT IN SPAIN'

SHUBERT—"A Night in Spain," winter garden revue direct from the Century Roof, New York. Phil Baker, Marion Harris, Ted and Betty Healy, Helda Huara, Sid Silvers and others head the cast. "An international revue in two acts and 30 scenes," reads the program.

The praise of Spanish nights having oft been told in song and story, the title of the present review does its duty by bringing pictures of toreadors and dark-eyed señoritas to the eye. As a

Joseph had a wooden leg,  
Hollow, rotund like a keg.  
Abhorring he vacuity,  
Much preferring solidity,  
Filled he the leg with tasty stuff  
That went down smooth but made Joe rough.

## KEG-LEG JOE

(For As the World Wags)

Like Capt. Hook he had an arm—  
A metal crook full of harm.  
Though wood the leg it had a cork  
Near the top and with his fork—  
Theft-like as Jargey\* whose  
Downfalls could be blamed on booze,  
Who died so frequent and so sudden  
From hurts or hemorrhagic bloodin—  
He'd jab the cork and quench his thirst.  
Still you haven't heard the worst,

When Joe felt over avaricious  
For the liquor so delicious  
Drunk he'd get as any lord.  
His arm he'd play was a steely sword,  
And being he so very limber  
He'd raise his pedallistic timber  
And drink from the bottle so to speak,  
And all the time the contorted freak  
Would playfully assail his neighbor  
With his bi-cip-i-tal-lic saber.

When Volstead took such drastic measures  
To do away with certain pleasures,  
Joe cannily lined his leg with zinc  
To save it from the vicious drinks.  
But Joseph died the other day,  
While crossing the street his leg gave way.

Rotted it was, the lining too frail  
To stand the modern rum and ale.  
—THE MOCK TURTLE.

\*Liverpool Jarre, local historical figure, well beloved and mourned each time he died by those who knew him.

## WOMAN THE PURSUER

As the World Wags:

One of the many thousands of questions asked of Dr. Cadman one by a woman desired to know! "What is to become of all of us divorced people when we pass on, for it often comes to my mind as to what the Lord will do with all of the divorced couples when they get to Heaven?" Dr. Cadman in his reply asks why she should indulge in useless speculations? He also suggests that they may not get to Heaven, and that he recently read a book by a woman in which she insisted that there were divorced wives who persisted in pursuing their former husbands, and it made him conclude that she had visualized the other place. I would like to suggest to the inquirer to read some of Samuel Johnson's writings who, in his life from 1709 to 1784, advised: "Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known."

H. E. RHOADES.



of fact there is nothing particularly Spanish about "A Night in the Revue" named last during that period when the was held in the grip of the "ia" wave. This castanet spirit at the start of the revue when Coral steps out in front of the curtain and sings a lively air in Spanish introducing the audience to a full page of maidens garbed in colorful costumes of the country. And the next strictly Spanish note is struck towards the end of act one when a cafe scene, again with beauteous maidens for background, serves to introduce Cortez and Peggy, whirlwind dancing team, and Helda Huara, a weirdly sensational dancer, who stamped her little heels and cracked her castanets with what seemed like the best sort of Castilian abandon.

Ted Healy, whom Boston has seen before as a Keith headliner, carries much of the comedy burden of the entertainment on his nonsensical shoulders. He is best described as a "nut" comedian. He does a bit at master of ceremonies, furnishes the comic "heavy" in a sketch or two, leads an orchestra, sings a pretty tune of his own composition, dances and plays the clown generally. He is an easy, pleasant sort of fellow. And those three "plants" who work with him! Mr. Healy has trained them down to his foolish level and the audience roars at their antics.

Then there is Phil Baker, another favorite with Boston audiences. Mr. Baker is the gentleman who saunters out on the stage with an accordeon draped about his neck, plays a tune, and is interrupted by a "plant" in an upper box (Sid Silvers), who carries on with him in most entertaining fashion. They still talk of "riddles and syrup" and "cream of wit." Mr. Baker has an ingratiating way about him that audiences warm to.

Next in line comes Marion Harris, certainly a unique songstress in her line. What a pleasure to hear blues and the so-called "hot" numbers done in the artistic manner employed by this phonograph record lady. She croons in a tantalizing manner and gets the same results and more, too, than the ordinary "shouter" of popular songs. Mr. Baker and she work together beautifully in a bit when she introduces one of his new songs.

The revue is excellent entertainment throughout. The weakest spot perhaps is the sketches, but there are not too many of them. The dancing troupes of girls outdid themselves. The Gertrude Hoffman girls, athletically inclined, did their customary stunts on the ropes to the amazement of the audience. The ladies from the Casino de Paris pranced about a la Tiller. The costumes and sets were unusually good. A. F.

## "You Never Can Tell" Is Given Deft Performance

Repertory Theatre. "You Never Can Tell," a play in four acts by G. Bernard Shaw. The cast:

Dolly Clandon	Adelaide George
Mr. Valentine	Arthur Brauder
A. Parlor Maid	Marion Goad
Philip Clandon	Forbes Dawson
Mrs. Clandon	Ada Sinclair
Gloria Clandon	May Ward
Fergus Crampton	Dennis Cleugh
Finch McCormack	Thomas Shearer
William	Henry Jewett
Mr. Bohun	William Faversham, Jr.

Fergus Crampton has not seen his wife or children for 18 years, but from the results of their reunion one might be permitted to wonder whether it would not have been better if they had never met. Small, indeed, was the chance of amicable relations between a short tempered man and a woman who had failed singularly to uplift him. Still less was it to be supposed that this same harassed husband would greet with joy his noisy cocksure children. He succumbed, however, as Mr. Shaw obviously intended from the first. Though he is very careful to show up all women's tricks and leave them not a rag of mystery to conceal their domineering instincts, he nevertheless concedes them the victory on most occasions, though with an air of despairing helplessness that takes away the glory and makes the conquerors feel almost ashamed.

Granted that this is one of Shaw's favorite theses, the final reluctance of Valentine to marry Gloria seems quite needless, considering his hitherto unrestrained wooing. It is terrible to suppose that all men approach matrimony with such abject terror.

Setting these objections aside, the play is, as always, entertaining and exasperating. Perhaps the truest compliment that can be paid it is to record its constant stimulation of disagreement in an audience.

It is quite hopeless to argue with a dramatist on the other side of the Atlantic, however, no matter how much one may desire it. With this almost actor-proof play, Mr. Jewett's company did an excellent job. When the slight artificiality of the opening scene had worn off the actors entered into their parts with real enthusiasm and con-

siderable ability.

The three best performances of the evening were given by Dennis Cleugh as Fergus Crampton, Thomas Shearer as Finch McCormack and May Ward as Gloria Clandon. Freed from the burden of presenting a Shakespeare play, and given an understandable and fairly plausible play, these actors outdid themselves. Perhaps Mr. Shearer was the best in his part of the old family solicitor, but comparisons are needless. It seemed at times as if the younger Clandons played by Adelaide George and Forbes Dawson were rather too obstreperous, but it may have been the fault of the play.

Ada Sinclair made a dignified and properly unyielding figure as Mrs. Clandon and Arthur Brauder played agreeably as Mr. Valentine, though at times he suggested a slick salesman in a business advertisement. Appearing briefly in the last act William Faversham, Jr., renewed the favorable impression made by his playing in "As You Like It." His impersonation of the impeachable Mr. Bohun was sufficiently good to make one forget the false nose with which he was disguised. In the delightful part of William, Mr. Jewett was rather disappointing. The part may have been intended to be quaint, but it is not really necessary that the actor playing it should assume a sickly sweet manner and an exaggerated deference that goes so far as to make the audience distinctly uncomfortable.

Between the third and fourth acts Mr. Jewett unveiled a most lifelike bust of Shaw that has just been acquired by the Repertory Theatre.

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—Return engagement of George Jessel in "The Jazz Singer," a comedy drama in three acts, by Samson Raphaelson, based on his short story, "The Day of Atonement." Staged by Albert Lewis. The cast:

Moer	George Shafer
Cantor Rabinowitz	Joseph Shoemgold
Sarah Rabinowitz	Madame Ann Lowenworth
Yudelson	Sam Jaffe
Clarence Kahn	Irene Lande
Jack Robin	George Jessel
Harry Lee	Edward Arnold
Eddie Carter	W. Bokine
Mary Dale	Lea Taiz
Gene	Ted Atley
Randolph Dillings	Joseph Boland
Miss Glyn	Betty Milford
Stage Doorman	Tom Johnstone
Sam Post	Arthur Lane
Avery Jordan	Joseph Hopkins
Levy	Nat Fryer
Dr. O'Shaughnessy	Tony Kennedy

The theatre was packed from pit to dome. Golden Rule Jim Daly played host to his business associates. Before the play he made them a speech of welcome. Mayor Bauer, chief executive of Mr. Daly's city, also had a few words to say from the first balcony. All were in holiday mood.

The effect of this piece would be greatly enhanced were it performed in the intimate style of theatre. With the cramping of the broad expanse of the opera house stage, much of the dialogue was lost to the audiences, and as this play is one that depends largely on dialogue, much of its effectiveness was impaired.

Mr. Raphaelson's work is already familiar to Boston audiences. Honor thy father and mother, is the underlying theme. It is well knit and logical in its development and conclusion; a play of conflicting emotions, always sounding a tragic note from the moment the Cantor Rabinowitz puts his foot down. The characters are all flesh and blood, and there is no thought of the actors, with the exception of Levy, who indulged in over-exaggeration for the few minutes that he held the stage.

Mr. Jessel's Jack is already history. From being a comedian of trifles he has become a contributor of something of real substance to the stage, and he is still very young. His homecoming in the first act was well done, his moments with his mother, whether in speech or action, were eloquent. With the obdurate father he was the picture of despair, of filial submission.

Mme. Lowenworth as the mother encompassed the role within the meaning of that word. Never for a moment did she over-emphasize; always she played on the feelings of her audience. And then there was the faithful Yudelson of Mr. Jaffe. A cripple, he wove his way throughout the entire play for the good that he might do. Others there were that gave full measure, as the "Day of Atonement" saw the Jazz Singer fling his ambition to the winds and walk into the synagogue in the habiliments of the Cantor Rabinowitz, his father.

T. A. R.

**St. James Theatre.** "The Gorilla," a three-act mystery comedy by Ralph Egan. The cast:

Jefferson Lee	Malcolm Arthur
Cyrus Stevens	John Winthrop
Al Deady	Flora Maud Gade
Arthur Morgan	Walter Gilbert
Mr. Mulligan	Frank Charlton
Mr. Garrity	Charles Schofield
Simmons	Day Manson
The Stranger	Royal Beal
A Sailor	Robert Storer
Poe	Remus Jensen
Dr. Wilner	Frank Lindsay

"The Gorilla" already popular with Boston audiences on its previous presentation here, did not suffer in the com-

petent hands of the Keith-Albee players. It is a clever piece, as structurally coherent as it is possible for any mystery play to be, full of incident and "pep." In addition it contains any number of clever lines. It was acted last night with vigor and intelligence.

"Thrills and chills" runs the announcement, to which must be added laughs and smiles by the mile. "The Gorilla" lacks very little of being a farce and the comic element runs neck and neck with the grotesque and horrible. This makes a good mixture, as it happens, and the whole provides a fine evening's entertainment.

The most conspicuous individuals on the stage—if we except the shadowy beast in the background—are Mulligan, the detective, and his side-partner Garrity. Frank Charlton and Charles Schofield take the parts on the broadest of farce lines, and get no end of applause for their work.

John Gilbert in the role of playwright, turned detective—a real sleuth this time—contributed an assured touch to his role, and Day Manson, as the fresh young newspaper reporter, was the real thing.

Miss Gade, the only woman in the cast, was exceptionally good and played her part with exactly the proper emphasis and shading to make it most effective.

The others, all down the line, were well equal to the occasion, and everybody went home satisfied. J. E. P.

## 'GEN. JOHN REGAN'

Hollis Theatre. E. H. Sothern in "General John Regan," a comedy in three acts by George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay). The cast was as follows:

Dr. Lucius O'Grady	E. H. Sothern
Major Keen	George Fitzgerald
Timothy Doyle	Ethelbert Hales
Thaddeus Golligher	George Tawde
Horace P. Billing	George Howell
Inspector Greck	Edward Cooper
Sergeant Colgan	Richard Sullivan
Constable Moriarty	Edward Trevor
Rev. Fr. McCormack	Henri Leacock
Lord Alfred Blakeney	Robert Rindel

Members of the Town Band  
Tom Kerrigan, John Sullivan, William O'Brien, Larry Dillon, J. Augustus Keogh, Irving Dahlgren, Albert Walker, John Hook, Mrs. DeCourcy, Belle Sylvia, Mrs. Greck, Florence Martin, Mary Ellen, Nellie Neal

This represents George Jean Nathan's taste in revivals, which goes to show that Mr. Nathan is just a simple boy at heart. There never was such a jolly, wholesome trifle of a play. It is hardly a play at all, but a smile in three acts. In these days of dusty answers and portraits of the author's dead life, when any one of your friends may suddenly publish his most intimate sexual musings in novel form, Gen. John Regan is an anachronism—three acts of good clean fun straight from the pre-Freud era.

Ballymoy is a sleepy little Irish town where the arrival of an opulent motor provides a leading article for the Ballymoy Eagle. The owner of the Buick speaks only three words before he is revealed as an American. "By heck," is his opening remark, with "I reckon" following hard upon. Even though Canon Hannay, who wrote the play back in 1911, subscribed regularly to the Saturday Evening Post, he found the American idiom difficult.

To wake up Ballymoy, Horace P. Billing inquires for the statue of Gen. John Regan, a local boy who grew up to be President of Bolivia. Though Timothy Doyle, owner of the Imperial House, and Thaddeus Golligher, the fiery Republican editor, are unwilling to admit that they have never heard of such a very important native son, invention flags until Dr. Lucius O'Grady takes charge of the situation. Within five minutes Horace P. Billing has seen the birthplace and childhood home of Gen. Regan. Within two weeks a statue is unveiled in the public square, with a band, an illuminated address, and Lord Alfred Blakeney representing the King of Andania. In 1911, Lord Alfred was the Governor-General's aide, but Mr. Sothern, who is apparently one of the few people to understand Irish politics, knows that today a Governor-General would never, never do.

Needless to say, there never was any General John Regan, but that doesn't bother Dr. O'Grady in the least, for there never was an Apollo Belvedere, Mr. Billings had paid for the statue, and the government is to give Ballymoy 500 pounds for a new fish pier.

Mr. Sothern is delightful as the inventive doctor. What he lacks in brogue, he makes up in charm. His voice is a pleasure to hear. Age does not wither him, his acting is fresh and real. He makes Dr. O'Grady a plausible, insouciant, engaging liar. Being found out produces not a momentary

ruffle. The audience laughed and clapped, and in general enjoyed itself far beyond the intrinsic merit of the play.

George Tawde gives an excellent characterization of the excitable Golligher. He also speaks like an Irishman, which on the whole gives him a certain isolation. But these Irishmen can afford to lose their accents. They are figures of comedy with a certain universality.

The quality known as heart interest, like General John Regan, is non-existent in this play. Though Nellie Neal makes a sweet little black-haired Mary Ellen, no one falls in love with her, nor does she cherish a hopeless passion for Father McCormack, the parish priest. In fact. But has a passion, she doesn't show it. But that is rather a relief. An emotion would be out of place. It is a tribute to Mr. Sothern that he can carry so light a play, and a play without love, and please his audience so much.

R. H. G.

## FIRST OF CONCERTS FOR MUSIC LOVERS

From their shadowy niches in Symphony hall, the statues have looked out and down on many a varied audience. There has been silent appreciation, derisive dissatisfaction, and a groping after understanding, pictured in the attitudes of the listeners filling the vast hall. Last night's audience, at the first of the Music Lovers' concerts was both enthusiastic and numerous. Every seat in the hall was occupied and by persons there obviously because they belonged in the class termed "music lovers."

The program was as follows: Berlioz Overture to Benvenuto Cellini; Brahms, Symphony No. 3 in F Major; Ravel Ma Mere l'Oye; Tchaikovsky, Fantasia, Francesca Da Rimini. Many of the compositions played have been included in recent programs, but that mattered little for they could well be heard many a time and again. By far the most dominant and vital numbers were, of course, the Brahms and the Tchaikovsky. No lurking fate, no idyllic love is the main theme of the former, but strength and action prevail. To quote Hanslick, "It recalls the healthy and full vigor of Beethoven's second period, and every now and then in passages quivers the romantic twilight of Schumann and Mendelssohn."

The audience was carried along on the tormenting wind which blows so constantly in the second circle of Hell in which those who have loved not wisely but too well are destined to spend their days. The sweep of this wind, its smiting, its swirling, its shrieks, moanings and ever insistent blowing was all produced by the orchestra. Mr. Koussevitsky put all his vitality and all his power into the interpretation of this heinous storm through which continuously ran the pathetic note of Francesca's story. Yet, despite the fact that here evidently is a woman telling of a great, forbidden love, never once did the note of sensuality enter into the music.

There is something so appealing about this conductor who can make an orchestra produce the best that is in them by merely outstretching his palm, or pointing a little finger. To command is but to request with him while many another conductor before him has pounded and stamped and sweated and often not received such satisfactory results.

There was something about the Mother Goose numbers which failed to go across. Although they were on the program to lend balance and modernism, they were not satisfying. These glimpses of a fairyland, while tantalizing in their brevity, left one feeling as one does when the leaves of a large picture book are turned too hastily and only a blur of color remains in the memory. F. B. B.

## JULIAN ELTINGE AT KEITH'S THEATRE

It would hardly be fair to single out one or the other of the acts at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week to give special prominence to, there being four numbers on the bill that are stellar bits of vaudeville.

Of course Julian Eltinge, famed impersonator of the fair sex, is always entitled to considerable attention. He has all the grace and charm of former years, although he said last night that he is staging a comeback.

His acts this year consist of songs, gowns and jewels. With the exception of a slight betrayal of his sex in his singing, Eltinge has lost none of his pleasing personality that marked his



vocal numbers of the past. As a wearer of gowns it is doubtful whether any experienced mannequin can surpass him. He is most attractive in a display of wraps into which his pretty face nestles in soft roll fur collars.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry, old-timers, popular and always entertaining, took the fancy of the audience. Jimmy is still a "devil in his own home town" with the women. Concit stands out all over him. He brags as only one of his type could brag, over his ability to catch women. He was given a great reception.

Eddie Nelson is billed as the "Sunkist" comedian from the West coast. He is in a skit called "Oh, Mr. Riley." Billed with him are Dolly and Officer Jack Jennings. He doesn't need any assistants. He's the whole show. He can sing, dance, play musical instruments, tell stories and make movements with his body that are not seen very often on the vaudeville stage. The audience is in spasms of laughter, and howl for his reappearance after finishing his part.

And not least on the bill is Ross Wyse, Jr., assisted by his mother and father.

Maxine & Bobby, the latter, a dog, open the show. The dog is a splendid performer. Welder Sisters Revue is a hardworking group of four boys and the sisters in songs, dances and musical numbers. Alice Zecpilli, who used to be with the Chicago Opera Company and the Opera Comique, Paris, sings soprano solos pleasantly. The Paulsen Sisters, gymnasts, close the bill.

## George O'Brien Plays Hero in "East Side, West Side"

George O'Brien, Virginia Valli and J. Farrell Macdonald play the leading roles in Allan Dwan's picture of New York, based on Felix Riesenberg's novel, "East Side, West Side," now playing at the Washington Street Olympia, Scollay square, Central Square, Capitol and Fenway Theatres. The story of "East Side, West Side" is hailed as an epic of life in the big cities. Its author, Felix Riesenberg, was acclaimed when it reached the stands.

It tells of a youth born on an East river barge who rises, through sheer grit, first to become a Ghetto prize-fighter, later an engineer. It affords George O'Brien a role which he fairly glories in, and Virginia Valli, June Collyer and J. Farrell Macdonald in the supporting roles lend the star capable support. John Breen's mother had been a servant in the Van Horn mansion. Dan Breen, a barge captain, had married her and taken her nameless boy as his son. Sixteen years later, in a collision on a foggy night, John loses his mother and the only father he has ever known.

Starting in the Ghetto, he develops into a prizefighter under the tutelage of "Pug" Malone. Two women love him—Becka Lipvitch of the East side (Virginia Valli), and Josephine Lambert (June Collyer), a wealthy society girl. Fighting, working, accomplishing, John Breen pays back to New York the debt contracted by his ancestors through generations of leisure. Allan Dwan had made an epic picture of New York, faithfully tracing its growth by the life of John Breen and, with Riesenberg's vivid story as a base, has made a film that no one should miss seeing.

On the stage at the Olympia, Fred Bowers Revue offers good music, feminine beauty and graceful dancing in a mirthful melange. A Boston boy, Bowers has brought back to Boston a real Broadway company in an act that is one of the best of its kind in vaudeville. There are other acts to complete this program.

The Scollay Square vaudeville bill is headed by Weber and Wilton in "It's All in the Game." There are more entertaining acts to make up the remainder of the program. Short screen subjects of general interest are included on the bills at all the houses.

It is now the turn of Laurence Sterne to appear as the hero of romance. He has been abused by essayists, Thackeray, while he admitted Sterne's genius, was as unjust to him as he was to Fielding and Swift. Now Sterne is portrayed by Alfred H. Bill in his "Alas, Poor Yorick!" not only as a man of wit, humor and sentiment, but as a knight-errant, rescuing damsels in distress, thwarting the plots of those in high station, and at the end hastening his death by a charitable deed. Yet in the three short stories, we find the Sterne of "Tristram Shandy," and the erotic narrator of "The Sentimental Journey."

These stories have widely differing themes. The longest, "The Coxwell Comedy," is, indeed, a comedy, one that might be put on the stage. In it, as in the other tales, persons that really lived are introduced, while their actions are imaginary. Thus there was a Richard Berenger in the flesh, as in "The Coxwell Comedy," whether he was ever infatuated with a coquettish actress named Catherine Fourmantelle is unknown to us. Yes, Berenger, who was Dr. Johnson's standard of true elegance, agreed with him that social meetings for conversation would be dull without at least some cold meat and a bottle of wine on the sideboard. When he had said this, Johnson turned to Boswell triumphantly and remarked, "Sir, Mr. Berenger knows the world. Everybody loves to have good things furnished to them without any trouble. I told Mrs. Thrale once, that as she did not choose to have card tables, she should have a profusion of the best sweetmeats, and she would be sure to have company enough come to her." Boswell chimed in with his illustrious friend: "For it has pleased God to make man a composite animal, and where there is nothing to refresh the body, the mind will languish."

And so there was a Mark Hildesley, bishop of Sodor and Man, noted for his piety and zeal, but it is not likely that the actress kissed his ring, or that he was so bearish and deceitful as in Sterne's house: a kiss that contrived "to spill off the smooth surface of his ring and electrify his carnal fabric," so that the ring finger burned to a degree that made him hide it in the skirts of his coat. The passage of wits between Sterne and the bishop is all to Sterne's advantage; Sterne in ironically malicious mood; shielding the run-away actress, defending her against aspersions; the bishop yielding gracefully at last ready to felicitate the new Lady Montacute, and inviting himself to breakfast with Mr. Sterne, who during all the confusion of the night feared lest his wife and daughter would be roused from sleep and find the actress under the roof. Miss Fourmantelle thought men masterful creatures until they were conquered; after that "like putty in one's hands, but a kind of putty which at the most unpredictable moments turned into brittle glass that shattered and cut one's fingers at a touch. Passion, the only thing that made them desirable was what ruined them." There was Sterne who had neglected her in London; now wishing her to run off with him to France; now in a cold fit leaving her at the mercy of Berenger's inquisition.

In the second story, "A Dish for a Duke," Mr. Bill is still more Shandean in his arrangement of situations, dialogue and invention of humor. We have Sterne, "a pale man, with spider legs, clad in black," waiting at Avignon for his wife and daughter; as he sits on the terrace of an auberge, surprised by hearing these words in English: "A dish for a duke, sir—to judge from your description of her charms." What an adventure followed! How Sterne outwitted the Marquis of Terra Santa, or Saint-terre, in England Sir John Rumbold, hanging about the court of the Pretender, styled James III; the Marquis ready to fetch, carry, pander.

Women came into the play, the charming heroine in love with Lieutenant O'Hara; her maid fancying the lieutenant, willing to ruin her mistress; the maid, a sly baggage with a rent in her petticoat, resembling Nannette in "Tristram Shandy."—"But that cursed slit in thy petticoat!"—"Could he but put into his next 'Shandy' that masterly detail of the Creator's sculpture as he saw it now, and not have to rest satisfied to get what fun he could out of setting it down with the lecherous smirk his public would expect of him!" 'Tis a story of adventure, Sterne getting the better of the Marquis and the maid by amazing ingenuity of wit, a story with a stiff drinking and gambling scene, comic episodes as the sudden appearance at Avignon of the notorious Clementina Walkinshaw, the prince's mistress, "the reputed evil genius of his exile," with her proprietary attitude toward him.

In the last story, "Life's Arrears," which is short and pathetic, Sterne in lodgings hears the landlady apologizing to a man for lending "Tristram Shandy" to his wife. "I clean forgot those bits about Doctor Slop and forceps and heads and broken noses and—" Sterne is miserably sick, yet on a bitter night, in a driving storm he goes out for a physician to aid this wife who found no harm in his book. She had apologized for her husband, and defended

Dr. Slop, who rode to Sandy Hall over foul roads on the mere chance of being helpful. When Sterne found Dr. Manningham, the latter scolded him for foolhardiness in going out and for his libel on the profession. Mrs. Pym's baby was born in the room overhead, at Mrs. Chard's. Sterne, half unconscious on his sick bed, waited anxiously for the arrival.

Fine gentlemen were dining with Sir James Gray. They had sent a young man to inquire about Sterne's health. When the youth returned he was questioned.

"You say, Mr. Macdonald, that he said, 'Now it is come,' and died in a minute. Were those his last words?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, sir. But there was a baby just born on the floor above, and what with its lusty howling and the doors all open—for the lady sent the maid running down to tell Mr. Sterne 'twas a boy—it is just possible I might have missed a word, though I do not think it."

"Alas, Poor Yorick!" is an Atlantic Monthly Press publication issued by Little, Brown & Co. The same may be said of MacGregor Jenkins's pleasing volume of essays, "Putting Round," a companion to his "Bucolic Beatitudes." Fortunate the man who has the time to waste time; to be busy about trifles; to work inefficiently when there is need of seriousness and capability.

The true putterer, Mr. Jenkins says, rarely possesses the proper instrument with which to do anything, yet in a few years every home will have to maintain a resident plumber, electrician, engineer, for home is now "a complex machine of wood and metal, pipes and wires, delicately adjusted contrivances constantly out of order." Every day at present is rich in puttering. Think of the years to come!

Other subjects appeal to Mr. Jenkins's sense of humor which is exercised in a delightful manner: "The Daily Round" with its digression on old-fashioned suppers; the praise of "Sunflowers" and "Rhubarb"; "Picking Your Own Apples"; "Burning Leaves," at last a Christmas sermon—all, good reading, enriched by Decle Merwin's illustrations.

## YOLANDA MERO

Mme. Yolanda Mero, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Steinert hall, before a large and well pleased audience:

Concerto for organ, D minor: Bach-Stradal: Variations op. 12, Larghetto, Valse: E minor, Scherzo C sharp, minor, Chopin; Serenade, Rachmaninoff; Reverie, Debussy; Caprice Burlesque, Gabrilowitsch; Silhouette, Y. M. Schelling; Etude en Octaves, Carolus; Aghazy; Harmonies du Soir, Nocturne No. 3, IV, Rhapsodie, Liszt.

It has long been a pleasure to hear Mme. Mero play. She is blessed with that happy faculty of making her listeners pay attention the moment she lets her hand fall on a chord; though it be no more than the simple C major triad, that chord, from her, says something. She can plan, and see it through, a slow mounting climax beyond the power of most of her peers. Octaves she manages with a neatness and dispatch not to be won for the asking. Her melodies she makes sing beautifully. And who today, as skillfully as herself, can toss off a roulade in scales or a passage in arpeggios that adds color and dazzle to music as notably as a necklace of emeralds and diamonds would add to a black silk gown? And Mme. Mero can play rhythmically when she chooses to.

More is the pity, she does not always so choose. She lets her temperament too often get the best of her, till she loses sense of rhythm and sometimes of form. A loss it is that concertos are scorned in Boston today. All Mme. Mero needs to hold that blazing temperament of hers in bounds is an orchestral accompaniment. To hear from her two of the concertos of Saint-Saens, with the deftness she would bring to them, the brilliancy and sparkle, or the stir she could make with the Liszt E flat! Let us console ourselves for the loss by taking comfort in the present increasing purity of taste which bans concertos, not to say such atrocities as the Tchaikovsky trio, or the Dvorak quintet and the Schumann, or a piece or two by the misguided Brahms and Schubert.

Of course what is right. But in the case of Mme. Mero, the right is trying, for Mme. Mero needs more elbow room than a recital program allows—the support, and the restraint, of an orchestra, with a conductor as fervid as herself to guide it, but a conductor under firmer musical self-control.

R. R. G.

## ALBERT SPALDING RECITAL PLEASES

Large Audience Hears Noted Violinist in Symphony Hall

Last evening Albert Spalding gave in Symphony Hall a recital in aid of that deserving charity, the Household Nursing Association of Boston. The program read as follows:

La Folia, Corelli; Allegro (edited by S. Endicott), Padre Martini; Suite: On themes by Pergolesi, Stravinsky; Introduction, Serenade, Tarantella, Gavotte (with two variations), Minuetto and Fimele; Sonata in A major, Franck; Ruralia Ungarica, Dohnanyi; La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin, Debussy; Minstrels, Debussy; Tango, Kramer; Moto Perpetuo, Burleigh; Habanera, Sarasate.

It is not necessary at this late day to analyze Mr. Spalding's art. Whether he plays music of the old time and form, or compositions that express present-day musical thought and tendencies, his technic is sure, his taste unimpeachable. In his case it may be said without the often implied disparagement, he is a sincere artist.

A large audience was greatly pleased by the selections and the performance. As in many concerts before he was sympathetically accompanied by the pianist.

## APOLLO CLUB LED BY NEW CONDUCTOR

The Apollo Club gave its first concert under the lead of its new conductor, Thompson Stone, last night in Jordan hall. Mr. Stone inaugurated his incumbency with Arthur Thayer Trelawney, which stirring ballad followed with the light tripping measures of the Bacchante chorus from Gounod's "Philemon et Boncis," arranged by Dr. Davison. The singer dealt justly with the latter's rhythmic and text, though, of course, they could not make men's voices fit the words. William B. Burbank, with his masterly piano accompaniment, added much to the brightness of the performance.

Ruth Rodgers, soprano, accompanied by Edna Smith, sang Cornelius's "Horn wir Wandeln," Reger's "Maria Wiegand" and the jewel song from "Faust," in a high, clear voice that brought pleasant contrast to the heavier voices of the men.

They sang presently, the men, Schubert's "Thou Art Repose" managing the long, difficult phrases with ease and also the climax of steady-mounting high notes, which is difficult for a solo voice to master, let alone a chorus. For "The Old Woman," by Hugh S. Robertson, they had at hand a smooth legato and a very sweet pianissimo, mostly head tones, nothing more. In Horatio Parker's "The Leaf of Roushan Beg," on the other hand, they produced a body of strong, sonorous tone that did their numbers credit, as well as their conductor. Many larger choruses, over-refined or timid, sing not half as lustily; they show not always the pleasure in their song the Apollos brought to bear last night. The singers, by the way, were ably seconded in the Parker piece by George Boynton, tenor.

The second part of the concert began, according to the program, with the Pilgrims' chorus from "Tannhauser." There were more songs from Miss Rodgers: "The Soldier's Bride" by Rachmaninov, "Again I Am Longing" by Roubieff, Luckstone's "A Birthday" and "Ride on, King Jesus," a negro spiritual, arranged by Gaul.

The chorus also sang a spiritual "Promis' Lan" by Burleigh. Then Mr. Boynton sang "Fair House of Joy" by Salter and "She's Somewhere in the Sunlight Bright" by Versel. After the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with soprano obbligato by Miss Rodgers, the concert ended with Mendelssohn's "The Word Went Forth," organ, William Shuford Self.

Thus the 57th season begins auspiciously, with a chorus full in number and well balanced as to parts; a conductor of skill and experience, and no doubt of enthusiasm; and sufficient public interest to attract an excellent audience. Mr. Stone has at his disposal a chorus both technically and musically able, vigorous, disposed to sing with enjoyment. If only he can find new music—music written for men, not for women or for women and men—to mix judiciously with what is agreeably familiar, surely he has an inviting path open before him, a path which ought to lead to a revived interest in choral music in Boston.

R. R. G.

A composer unknown in Boston will be introduced by Mr. Koussevitzky at the Symphony concerts, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week. Bohuslav Martinu, a Czechoslovakian was born in 1890. He is now living in Paris. At first he studied composition under Josef Suk at the Prague Conservatory of Music. In the course of his studies he was variously influenced. He thought the Czechoslovakian musicians followed too closely in the path of Germans with their stuffy romanticism. He admired Stravinsky, and was forward in making him known; he was fascinated by the French, and for a time was



pressionist." Going to Paris, he further with Roussel, but now, to his own account, he re- the traditions of Dvorak and a, enriched by modern tenden- expression.

la Begarre," which, though the as various meanings, here ex- the enthusiastic tumult of an ir- crowd, Martinu tells us he of Lindbergh's reception on in France; of the frenzied spec- and the onward rush of the play- a football game. He also says us "Allegro" might be called a n—the middle-section being the melodious, yet continuing the on- ish. He has scored the composi- what might be called an ortho- chestra, not employing an un- variety of instruments.

performance on Friday will be program will also comprise Mo- symphony in E-flat major, which been performed here since 1922; three Jewish poems, and s "Don Juan."

#### ASK BIG BILL

and Lines: ere any truth in the rumor that Boston Symphony orchestra was to play in Chicago without an horn? L. W. B.

first concert of the New England atory's orchestra, this season, Goodrich, conductor, will take in Jordan hall, tomorrow night. oist will be the pianist, Della Furman, '26, of Franklin, Pa. gram will be as follows: Over- "Der Freischuetz"; Brahms, movement of the piano concerto in br, for piano and orchestra; An- toches, "Canaries" from "Amidis- ce"; Francois Couperin, "Ara-"; Monsigny, "Rigaudon"; Franck, Reine de Golconde"; Franck, ny in D minor.

adis de Grece," a lyric tragedy, oduced in 1699. The story brings orcerer and a sorceress. Aline, ie Golconde is the heroine of a zen operas. Monsigny's was at Paris in 1766. Donizetti this subject for an opera pro- at Genoa in 1828.

Newman will give the first of his talks on Russia tomorrow evening Saturday afternoon in Symphony His talk will be of great interest a shrewd observer, had unusual es for ascertaining the condition people. The pictures, too, un- ed, are remarkable.

ncert for the benefit of the Mac- colony at Peterboro will be given the auspices of the Porter Musical atation at Steinhart hall tomorrow at 8:15. The program consists y of MacDowell's piano compo- ranging from his earliest h his later works. A group of his will be sung by Mary Appleton, soprano, accompanied by Min- olk Siegel. An essay contest has conducted with reference to this m, the subjects being, "The Life yard MacDowell" and "The Peter- Colony." The two prize essays will d by the winners. The prizes being ed them at this time. The judges his contest are: Stuart Mason, L. Crimmins and Mrs. Henry C.

rence Judith Levy will play the tonight in Jordan hall. Music by Liszt, Debussy, Chopin, Grainger, alla, Granados, Schubert, Guion. Levy was graduated from the New and Conservatory of Music in 1923, she won the piano prize. She her debut as a professional in

ix Fox will be the pianist at the e's Symphony concert next Sun- afternoon. He will play Tchaikov- concerto in B flat minor. The estral pieces will be Massenet's ure to "Phedre," Brahms's Hun- n Dances Nos. 5 and 6, Bizet's "Children's Games"; the "Artist waltz by Johann Strauss, and rier's "Joyous March."

London authorities have finally ented to a showing of the American "The King of Kines," on condition no other picture shall be shown it. It is said that this screen play made at a cost of nearly \$2,500,000.

he English are picking flaws in the n play "Ben Hur." One writer calls grosser travesty than the novel— haps partly for that reason it en-

joyed such a phenomenal success." Robert N. Bridges points out anachro- nisms in the film:

"(1) Is it likely that a building in Palestine of Tiberius's time would bear the legend 'Senatus Populusque Romanus'? (2) There any historical justification for Ben Hur's mother saying that the law forbade her to free her slave Simonides? (3) Is it likely that Ben Hur's sister would refer to the Governor Gratus as 'Caesar'? (4) Would a newly appointed governor (presumably proconsul) offer Antioch as he does and crowned with laurel? (5) Were Roman navies in the time of Tiberius under the command of tribunes?"

"The great chariot race is, of course, teeming with improbabilities—the arena itself is markedly different from anything we find depicted on Roman remains. One pities the Roman soldiers, too, if they continually wore metal helmets in Palestine. Messala wears one throughout the race."

Meanwhile, Mr. Ernest Newman is having a beautiful time picking out in- accuracies, omissions, Victorian criticisms in the new edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

Some one asked a few days ago what had become of Marie Hall, the English violinist who gave pleasure by playing at a Symphony concert in Boston in January, 1906, and by her recitals here in the year before and later. She was then a charming apparition on the stage, an artist of fine quality. She has played very seldom of late, but she gave a recital last month in London and was praised for her "pure, silvery tone," her freedom from mannerisms. Miss Hall is now 43 years old. She has played in public since she was 9 years old, but was first recognized as a virtuoso at Prague in 1903. Poor health obliged her to leave the stage in 1904 for several months. She has often toured the European continent and played in Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa.

## MABEL BREMER

Mabel Bremer, soprano, accompanied by Mme. Turner Pieretto-Bianco, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: L'Amour de Moi, arr. by Tiersot; Nel cor plu non mi sento, Paisiello; I've been roaming, Horn; La Strada bianca, Pratella; La Pluie, Georges; By a lonely forest pathway, Griffes; The Rivals, Taylor; Windrader, Marx; Knabe und Veilchen, E. Wolff; Ziegeuner-melodie, Dvorak.

Mrs. Bremer made evident last night the possession of several valuable as- sets. A voice of delightful quality she has, to begin with, a light soprano particularly pleasing in its upper mid- dle register, though her high tones she delivers sweetly and with ease, and the medium range she makes sound very well; to her low range she could sure- ly add sonority if she would put her mind to the task.

This pretty voice Mrs. Bremer has learned to manage with skill. Her at- tack, though not quite faultless, she has made neat; she breathes comfort- ably and sufficiently; a smooth legato she has achieved, and she enunciates with unusual distinctness in four lan- guages.

Musically, too, as well as technically, Mrs. Bremer has acquired competency, for she sings in time and, except under the strain of an occasional high note, in tune. She shapes her phrases, fur- thermore, with proper regard for sound and sense alike.

Within the narrow range she chose to traverse last night, Mrs. Bremer showed a distinct understanding of the meaning of all her songs. On the concert stage, however, she will have to make her effects more markedly if to make her effects more markedly if she hopes to make her way. Carefully she must consider the extra effort needed to secure the same result in Jordan hall that she could gain with ease in a smaller room, before a smaller company. Brighter color, too, warmer color, she must make sure of by techni- cal means, before she can do her ex- cellent voice full justice in a concert hall. A wider range of emotional ex- pression Mrs. Bremer ought also to develop if she hopes to make her pro- grams interesting to a wide public; light songs do best when sung in con- trast with what is grave or deep felt.

To assist Mrs. Bremer, Cornelius van Vliet, cellist, came from New York with his able accompanist, Josef Adler, to play a Valentin sonata. Though scarce- ly with tone of notable beauty, Mr. van Vliet played that sonata so spiritedly, so rhythmically, and with so complete a musical authority that the audience would have more. Later he played three smaller pieces, all with mastery and taste.

A large audience applauded Mrs. Bremer with enthusiasm, and begged

for added songs. In one of these she did her best work, a setting—not the lovely one by Whitley—of Tennyson's "Now sleeps the crimson petal." In this song her voice assumed a warmth and color which show its possibilities.

R. R. G.

#### CHANT FOR NOVEMBER

Persephone,  
Down your dim garden closes  
Let me walk darkly,  
Quietly with you.

The stars will be  
Black over scentless roses  
Whilst we are pacing  
The endless avenue.

Now I am free.  
Color and light are ended.  
Remote forever.  
Fades the golden day.

Uncertainly  
Through the long dusk attended  
Let me remember  
Sorrow when I may.

Be kind to me.  
It will be more than lonely  
Without the hunger  
That was hope and breath.

Persephone,  
I am contented,—only  
I had forgotten  
How I prayed for death.

NANCY SHORES.

When in Rome do as Mussolini says.—  
Chicago Daily News.

#### WHAT DO YOU SAY, WATSON?

(From the San Francisco Examiner)

NEW BABIES, \$98 EACH—Damaged in transit, but put in order. SMITH, 1516, Fillmore street.

(From the Fall River Herald-News, read by James D. D. Conroy)

PAIR OF BROWN TROUSERS.  
Monday night, between 493 Ridge street and Nurse's Home on Hood street. Dropped out of automobile. Call 3029 or 2799-R.

#### WHY THEY SING

As the World Wags:

Regarding vocal outburst of the male while in his bath, I may possibly be able to add to the observations of Mr. H. Bagenal. The habit without doubt was acquired in the latter part of the last century when the bathroom came into common usage. Due to the fact that it was a new luxury, and as a man came to possess same, he naturally gave vent to his joy whenever the sight of the new room confronted his vision, or possibly it was the reflection of his own naked manliness in the beveled mirror, that caused the vocal abandon. At any rate song was prevalent for a score or more years, whenever man in- dulgued in the process of lavation. Of late years, however, research has proved that while bathrooms are com- mon and in daily use by the multitudes, song is no longer rampant. This is due to the fact that the masses to- day have but one or possibly two bath- rooms in their homes, and the man that can gain sole occupancy of one for a few minutes without being disturbed is a rarity, and is not disclosing his presence by even humming, let alone singing. BEN HART.

#### FOR STUDENTS OF ANATOMY

(The Philadelphia Ledger)

#### DIES BLAMING BROKER

Woman succumbs after shooting her- self in financial district.

As the World Wags:

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., applied for a divorce yesterday at Reno. Oh, well, tomorrow the front page will have a story of a Vanderbilt wedding. It's a wonderful family, always on the front page. Cornelius himself could have made a great success with his tabloid newspapers if he had kept in with his family and got a scoop on all their weddings and divorces. R. H. L.

#### NIGHT

(For As the World Wags)

White clouds, like a cobble-stone path leading to the moon,  
Where stars, the lanterns of old ghosts forgotten  
Stay, to light the way for each new one  
That glides so softly on. V. W. C.

#### FOR GUESTS ONLY

Nicolini, the tenor, and the second husband of Adelina Patti, entertaining at her castle in Wales, smoked fine cigars while those of an inferior brand were passed to the guests.

We were reminded of this by a sad story published in Pickup:

The wife of a Hollywood movie direc- tor called the family doctor in great ex- citement, according to a story in a Los Angeles newspaper.

"What's the matter?" inquired the medic.

"Oh, Doctor," wailed the wife, "please come quick. John drank some of the guest liquor by mistake."

#### THOREAU'S SYMBOLISM

As the World Wags:

In your column of Nov. 14 is the query of some correspondent about the meaning "I long ago lost a hound" etc., from "Walden."

The best edition of "Walden" is an 80 cent copy in the Riverside Literature Series containing notes by Francis H. Allen.

On page 18 is the passage in question and on page 371 (notes) Mr. Allen gives his interpretation.

Mr. Allen's "notes" are invaluable for anyone who would enjoy and under- stand "Walden." FRED S. PIPER.

#### CONCERNING TAMALES

As the World Wags:

One may buy almost anything he de- sires to eat in Boston, but I have never seen hot tamales for sale, neither in restaurants nor in hotels. Out in Chicago the dish is common enough, and in St. Louis these delectable con- coctions are displayed in the city mar- ket. I remember a fellow in Colorado Springs who ran a hot tamale stand. His name was "Illinois Boy." His loca- tion was perfect, being opposite to one of the numerous spring in the town. The idea was that after eating one of "Illinois Boy's" hot tamales you had to dash across the street to put the fire out. And 20 years ago in San Francisco a hot tamale man would park his wagon near the school house during the luncheon period. These tamales tasted better to me than any I've ever eaten since. The vendor used to wrap each tamale in a corn husk, and then cover it with a piece of butcher's paper. We boys thought they were fine, but always suspected the hot tamale man of never washing his hands. He had to handle the reins, feed his horse and hand out tamales all during the space of half an hour. Still, there was something exotic about hot tamales which can not be said of the plebeian hot dogs. All the best cafes served them in San Francisco with the free lunch. And incidentally what a difference there was between a real California free lunch and the alleged food served in the old-time Bos- ton barroom, where all you could get from the stingy bartender was a scrap of salt codfish.

Boston. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

Someone asks why so many folk and fairy tales begin with "Once upon a time." This beginning is found in many countries through many years. The Arabic expression or an equivalent one in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" was translated by Burton in several ways: "In tide of yore and in times long gone before," "once upon a time," "In times of yore and in ages long gone before," etc.

#### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

The bicentenary of John Wilkes has been celebrated in England. "During the riots of 1769 caused by the refusal of Parliament to accept Wilkes as mem- ber for Middlesex, Boswell, dining with the sheriffs and judges at the Old Bailey, complained that he had had his pocket picked of his handkerchief. 'Oh,' said Wilkes, 'it is nothing but the osten- tation of a Scotchman to let the world know that he had possessed a pocket- handkerchief.'"

## FLORENCE J. LEVY

Florence Judith Levy, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall, playing this program to a highly enthusiastic audience: Organ Fantasia and Fugue—G minor, Bach-Liszt; Pour le Piano (Prelude-Sarabande-Toccata), Debussy; Impromptu—Op. 36, Etude—Op. 10, No. 4, Prelude—Op. 28, No. 6, Chopin; Para- phrase on "Tchaikowsky's "Flower Waltz," Grainger; Danse Rituelle du Feu, De Falla; Playara, Granados; Bal- let Music from "Rosamunde," Schubert; Turkey in the Straw, Guion.

A pianist with a remarkably well de- veloped technique is Miss Levy; she shines by her finger work and her mas- tery of octaves and chords alike. So far as mechanical dexterity goes, in short, Miss Levy can do pretty much what she pleases.

It is to be wished that she, for her own good, would please to study more intensively, more analytically, such music as she elects to prepare for per- formance. She is not an uninteresting player; she is endowed with the quality that holds the attention. She plays with admirable tone. Here and there, in the Debussy pieces especially and in the Chopin impromptu, she delivered

last night a passage or two indicative of a musical nature or els of extremely able teaching. In the Tchaikowsky waltz they showed, for a while, that she can play with rhythm.

But in the same waltz Miss Levy let her rhythm slip the instant she tried to vary it; she met with a similar mis- hap in the Schubert ballet piece. Surely, if she set her mind to it, Miss Levy could manage better. By a judicious use of analysis, furthermore, she could distinguish between a composition's essential features and its broideries; given her capable technical proficiency,



learn to color essentials and non-essentials differently. Greater significance Miss Levy could find in melodies if she would ponder them more deeply. A becoming atmosphere she could try to find for each individual piece; too indiscriminately last night she handled them all with a certain rude vigor, without gloves, as one might say, a treatment that did very well for the De Falla dance, but in other instances proved not so much to the purpose.

If Miss Levy would spend days and nights in search of musical beauty, not forget tenderness, poetry, romance, she would spend her time to advantage. If, too, she could, for the moment, restrain her love for the brisk, lively and bouncing, the restraint would work to the good; presently she would be able to make of the music she appears to like best something more effective than she can contrive today, for fine rhythm, color and proportion, a feeling for form, do no harm even to that high-stepping Turkey in the Straw. Pray let Miss Levy bethink herself; she has talent enough to make thought work her while.

R. R. G.

## 6TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the sixth concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Martinu, "La Bagarre" (The Tumult), Allegro for orchestra (first performance); Bloch, Three Jewish Poems (Dance, Rite, Funeral procession); Strauss, Tone-poem Don Juan.

It amuses certain English critics to speculate concerning the musical activity of Mozart if he had lived till the time of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. It is a harmless amusement, this wondering whether Bizet would have surpassed his "Carmen," Debussy equalled his "Pelleas and Melisande"; whether Schubert would have acquired intensity, passion and needed conciseness in the greater forms of symphonic music. The conjecturing critics doubt whether Mozart could have written an "Eroica" or a work of similar nobility. We know that Beethoven could not have written Mozart's three chief symphonies, it was not in his nature; nor was it probable in Mozart's nature to write an "Eroica." Let us be thankful for the 4, as we are for Aeschylus and Sophocles. The serenity of Mozart, his exquisite sense of proportion, and his longing for pure beauty of thought and expression are Sophoclean; while Beethoven could reach the Aeschylean heights.

The performance of the E flat symphony yesterday was Mozartean with that the word implies: pure beauty, instant euphony, supreme technical mastery in the service of loveliness. Mr. Koussevitzky, appreciating these qualities, let Mozart speak to us, the Mozart of 1788, not the possible Mozart of 1803-4, the year of the "Eroica." There was a reduced orchestra in the spring section, refreshing to the ear, for nothing is more intolerable than a performance by an orchestra that Mozart "might employ if he was now living." The performance of yesterday is comparable to that of Beethoven's First Symphony conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky at the Beethoven festival last March.

The word "Bagarre" as used by Martinu for the title of his Allegro is best explained by the argument which he prepared for his music. He seeks to portray movement, dash, the enthusiasm of a crowd, a surging mass as at the landing of Lindbergh at Bourget or at a football game; chaos ruled by tension, joy, wonder; chaos governed by a common feeling that is moulded into powerful, irresistible force.

Without any desire to be descriptive in tones, Martinu gives this idea of a great multitude in tumultuous movement. It is said that this Czechoslovakian composer, having studied first with Suk at Prague, underwent in turn the influence of Stravinsky, Debussy, the Impressionists; that drawn toward the French school, he went to Paris for further study with Roussel, and now lives there purposing to base his music on the traditions of Smetana and Dvorak as these traditions have been modified and enriched by today's tendencies toward thought and expression.

Surely there is no dominating influence to be noted in "La Bagarre." Martinu speaks for himself. He does not reach after strange harmonies, he does shun the orthodox tonalities. When dissonances, it is because they

enter unavoidably into his scheme; he uses them sparingly to gain desired and necessary effects. The motives are all for the main purpose: to give the impression of a great crowd, turbulent in excitement and joy, rushing against all obstacles and crashing through them. This "Bagarre" is exciting; the hearer is one of the mighty mass and, breathless, is borne along, exulting. It is fresh, virile music, the ecstatic expression of strength, power, dominance.

Seldom has an unfamiliar composition, one by an unknown composer, been so enthusiastically welcomed in Symphony hall. Music and performance were inspiring.

As Mozart's symphony was shrewdly associated with this tempestuous "La Bagarre" in the first half of the concert, so the Poems of Bloch were joined with "Don Juan." Thus there were striking contrasts. The Poems are charged with the soul of the Jews of the Old Testament; as revealed in the psalms and by the prophets; in the despair of the Preacher at Jerusalem; in the savagery of the historical books; in the eroticism of the Song of Songs. Take the "Dance" for example; here wildness is mingled with a sensuousness that is of the Orient, not the west. The Poems, as a whole, might be revised to their advantage; they might well be shortened; they might be more compact, especially in the case of the first and the third, for there is often the thought that the composer has said his say; but no, the dance is resumed, or the piercing cries of lamentation are heard again till the mourners stop their wailing only from sheer exhaustion.

A brilliant interpretation of "Don Juan" with the love song for the oboe charmingly played by Mr. Gillet brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight; the orchestra will be away next week; the next concerts will be on Dec. 2 and 3.

About the time that Mr. Newman arrives in Boston with his richly illustrated and informing "travel talks" our friends Brown, Jones and Robinson, with their virtuous wives, think of Florida, the Pacific coast, northern Africa, southern France, the Riviera, anywhere to escape from New England and its climate. Only to the fortunate is it given to take the wings of the morning—not necessarily with the aid of an airplane—and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; the great majority of us must travel with Mr. Newman in Symphony hall, or with the written accounts of charming landscapes, sunny lands, picturesque towns, unfamiliar people seen and observed by the intrepid who fear not fleas, primitive sanitary accommodations, doubtful drinking water, the everlasting chicken and salad, chicory coffee, the discomforts of journeying, foreign languages pronounced by the natives in a different way than was taught at home. For stay-at-home travelers, let us speak of a few books published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

For agreeable and not aggressively "educational" reading, there is "Sketches on the Old Road Through France to Florence," by A. H. Hallam Murray, accompanied by Henry W. Nevison and Montgomery Carmichael. First of all, it is a handsome volume with Mr. Murray's beautiful pictures, full-page colored plates and 17 illustrations in the text. The book is attractively printed, prettily bound.

One does not make a mistake in purchasing any book signed by Mr. Nevison or Mr. Thomlinson. How perfunctory are many introductions or prefaces in which a writer strives to show that he is a finer fellow than the author to whom reference is sometimes grudgingly made. Mr. Nevison introduces himself, but does not talk about himself. He tells us that Mr. Murray's pictures represent not only the actual beauty which is "to come extent visible to any one who can perceive beauty at all; he hints at something that lurks behind the visible beauty"; in buildings and landscapes he feels for "The long story of all those human hopes and sufferings and high endeavors—a story heard in whispers, and only by those who know that its voice is there."

Some kinds of traveler's joy, Mr. Nevison tells us, are common to every journey: "To all except very distinguished people, there is a sense of escape, a loosening of habit's fetters, and a pleasing loss of identity. There is always the hope that the people and things we may meet will be more agreeable than the people and the things we are accustomed to. There is the still more glorious hope that the traveler himself may become more agreeable, also."

Each part of the world has a special joy of its own: Spain, "the joy of indif-

ference to success"; Albania, picturesque death"; "since railways were run up her mountains, and her streams were collected into iron pipes, the joy of Switzerland lies in her toy-houses and farm yards; the joy of Crete is the sight of a wild goat at evening."

"In Mozambique it came to me when a brown savage, with tufts of bluejay feathers on his breast, a leopard skin round his loins, and a sixpenny looking glass lashed to his arm, sprang from

the train and went bounding into the forest to seek his bride."

All this and more, by way of introduction. After this who would not go with Mr. Nevison as a companion to Normandy, the land of pirates, pass through the "Valley of Theleme," meet at Chinon, M. de Granbouche, the notable traveler, traverse the plain of Langue-doc, stopping at French towns that still "lie under the protecting shadow of Rome"; hear the beautiful women at Les Beaux describe the Court of Love, and go along the old coast road, till Mr. Nevison encounters "the most difficult task in life—the task of turning back," and Mr. Carmichael takes the guidance from San Remo to Florence, halting at pleasant and romantic places, telling in a special chapter about the burning of Shelley's body, questioning the honesty of the reports at the time, deploring that much is dark and dubious in the tragic end of the poet and his poor friend, Williams.

We do not say that this book would be an excellent Christmas present, for Christmas giving is perfunctory, and a book for a friend is too often chosen at random. "Sketches on the Old Road Through France to Florence" is for any day in the year.

Many should welcome the addition of Stevenson's "Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey," to Everyman's Library, an edition in the new binding for that series.

For those who wish to visit South America as business men, not merely as tourists, there is "South America: An Economic and Regional Geography with a Historical Chapter," by E. W. Shannahan, with 50 maps and diagrams, a stout octavo of 318 pages, stuffed with facts and figures; a book for information and reference, valuable in this respect, not for slippers, pipe and armchair, but for those who wish to know the geographical features, industries, leading physical and climatic conditions, that profits may accrue from invested northern capital.

Claude Washburn in his "Opinions"—a book of decidedly original essays of which we shall speak later—has much to say that should interest and amuse those who have traveled in European countries, those who hope to travel there, and those who are now living in Europe. Mr. Washburn tries to explain why some Americans, neither loafers nor sentimentalists, prefer living abroad to living at home. He visits Zenith and finds even the people of Main street civilized, beautifully sure of themselves, having something of the easy charm one sniffs up at the tearoom of the Ritz (in Paris). The other essays pertaining to travel are "Truth and Fiction in Italy," "Luigi Pirandello," "The French," but there are essays of perhaps more general interest: "Sophistication," "Women," "Legend," "Success," "Black and White," and an amazing one on pornography, with the conclusion: "Good pornography is always gay, which is the more to its credit, since the subject it is being gay about is so grim. We should welcome such gaiety, not suppress it."

We now have space only to mention the fact that six volumes of the library edition, illustrated, of Hakluyt's "Navigations and Voyages," have been published by the Duttons; two more to come. Is there any better, more readable collection of stories about daring adventure, strange manners and customs among distant quarters of the earth within the compass of the first 1600 Christian years?

## SOVIET RUSSIA NEWMAN TOPI

Mr. Newman gave the first of his eagerly anticipated Travel Talks, "Soviet Russia and Republican France," last night in Symphony Hall. There was a great and deeply interested audience, interested in the uncensored pictures—the first that have come from Russia—and in Mr. Newman's account of what he saw in what has long been a land of mystery. His subject was "Moscow," the capital of the Soviet government.

The talk was illustrated by many pictures, which gave one an idea of present street life, the schools for the

metariat, the amusements provided for them, the care taken to instill in the young the gospel according to Lenin, etc., etc. A full account of Mr. Newman's dispassionate recital of what he saw would fill much more space than that now allotted. It is possible to give only an imperfect summary of the salient points of his story.

Russia is the most expensive country he has ever visited. The government has "nationalized," i. e., confiscated, everything in Moscow as in the rest of Russia. The hotels, run by the government, charge high prices. There is scant housing for the population, which has greatly increased. Each person is allowed only so many cubic feet. A husband often rooms with other men, his wife with other women. She may cook for her husband, while the other women stand waiting their turn. Excellent operatic performances and ballets are given for the workmen at a low price.

Religion is not approved by the government, but it has not been suppressed. All religions are tolerated. Thousands go to their church, as they go to the tomb of Lenin who is to them a saint. The icons which have been removed from churches and streets are collected in museums. These museums, rich in paintings, reproductions of ancient statuary, precious objects of art, are visited by peasants, working people and children, who are guided by competent persons. There never was "nationalization" of women. They occupy many government positions; they are able speakers in what corresponds to our Legislatures. There are few motor cars in Moscow. No communist owns one; those allowed are for government officials and foreign diplomats. The telephone service is better than in our own great cities. It is not the fault of the government that thousands of young boys and girls steal, sleep in streets and are as wolves. Turned adrift by killing of parents or by the famine that orphaned them, they will not live in houses that have been provided.

These are only a few of the points on which Mr. Newman enlarged in an engrossing manner. It was a travel talk charged with information, spoken without the wish to extenuate or exaggerate; a talk that with the wealth of moving and still pictures gave the au-

dience a better idea of the Moscow of today, with its shops selling only necessities and the cheapest of goods, its markets, where vegetables are purchased rather than meat, where the bootleggers deal in provisions, than all that, purporting to come from well-informed correspondents, has been published in our newspapers. Add to this, that pictures portray the life of the Muscovites more vividly than even Mr. Newman's talk.

The travel talk will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week will be: "River Volga; the Caucasus; the Crimea." P. H.

TREMONT TEMPLE—Tony Sarg's Marionettes. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18 and 19.

Although more of the seats at the first evening marionette performance should have been occupied by youngsters, it is gratifying to be brought face to face with the fact that there are elders in this social-mad world of ours who not only read—surreptitiously or otherwise—"Alice," "Peter Pan," "Win-the Pooh" and "I Know a Secret," but who are also willing and eager to spend an evening listening to the magic of Scherhazade.

The children who attended were evidently those to whom this particular evening had been a long-promised treat. Their gala best was none too good to honor Tony Sarg with. Little tots scarcely old enough to list Santa Claus's name; school children in great groups; mothers not regretting at all their opportunity to accompany their offspring, and grandmothers looking somewhat wistfully at the eager-eyed youth before them; they all were there.

Before the curtain rose, Tony Sarg himself came before the audience to tell them, in his quiet-voiced way, the derivation of the word marionette—it means "Little Mary" and applies to the dolls which were used to tell Bible stories in Italy in the days before Pinocchio. This tired-faced, humorous, child-loving man was a figure of awe for the children and one of interest to the older persons.

And then came All Baba and the Forty Thieves—a whole evening without a boring moment. Special praise should be accorded Mr. Gordon Ray for the perfect lighting effects which he achieved, particularly in the cave of the robbers. The costumes were, of course, correct to the last detail, as were all the properties. But to have All Baba and Morgiana and Cododad come to life so thoroughly—to see them walk about and hear them talk and to watch Morgiana dance all the intricate steps—



Three plays will be seen here for the first time tomorrow night: "Rang-Tang," a negro musical comedy, at the Tremont; "Allez-Oop," with sketches by J. P. McEvoy of "Americana" fame, at the Colonial; "Ariadne," by A. A. Milne, at the Repertory.

When "Rang-Tang" began its engagement at the Royale Theatre, New York, on July 12, 1927, the company, headed by Miller and Lyles, included Evelyn Preer, Daniel L. Haynes, Crawford Jackson and other singers, dancers, comedians.

"Allez-Oop" came to the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York, on Aug. 2, 1927. The cast included Victor Moore, Esther Howard, Evelyn Bennett, Charles Butterworth, Bobby Watson, Madeleine Fairbanks, Lon Hascall, Herman and Seamon, and many others.

The Ariadne of Mr. Milne's comedy is not the woman that fell in love with Theseus, gave him the clew of thread by which he found his way out of the Cretan labyrinth, was deserted by this hero and finally found by Theseus, who made her his wife; the Ariadne who is represented by the sculptor Dannecker as exulting in her beauty and seated on a panther. This Ariadne has figured in drama, and opera, even in English burlesque; but Mr. Milne's heroine is a frolicsome young wife in England. Her husband, John, as a good one—when he put her first; but the clock had to agree with the time of the town hall; there was the evening newspaper; one saved twopenny by switching off the electric light—this was not so bad until her John began to put business first. He wished her to be nice to a rich but vulgar client. He was nice, so that the amorous man proposed luncheon in London. She left a note for her husband informing him of her flight. The luncheon did not come off, for the client was also a business man. Ariadne returned by an afternoon train to have her fun with her husband, John, who swore he could not take any more business from this client who thought John a dirty to Ariadne's little joke.

When "Ariadne; or Business First" was produced in London at the Haymarket Theatre on April 22, 1925, Fay Compton took the part of Ariadne; John Swinley, that of the husband, Allan Aynesworth, that of the amorous client, Horace Maldrum. There was a curtain-raiser: Ian Colvin's one-act morality "The Three Rogues."

"Rang Tang," a negro musical comedy. One cannot help remembering Florence Mills in "Shuffle Along" and other plays of negro life, and mourning her untimely death—she was only 26 years old.

The Daily Telegraph (London) of Nov. 3 paid to her memory a glowing tribute which is worthy of preservation:

"To speak of the art of Florence Mills is perhaps to use too pretentious word. Perhaps, after all, it was her personality, and no more than that, which made the sudden news of her death so strangely, disturbingly painful. There is always something tragic in the extinction of youth, and still more when it is youth endowed with such electric vitality as hers; but 'Queens have died young and fair' before today, and a Queen of Revue who delighted for a little while the hearts of English audiences might well have died and been forgotten amid the rush of everyday affairs. And yet there was something in Florence Mills which made her unforgettable, and the queer little break in her voice and her soft lisping accent will haunt us poignantly now that we know we shall never hear them again.

"It was no common personality which, night after night, could ensnare the hearts of London audiences in spite of the glare of the battens and the restless cacophony of a jazz accompaniment, which she conquered and made her servant. Artless she seemed, but it was artlessness of a kind which only the highest artists can achieve. Her personality was essentially untheatrical. By theatrical we mean the blatant triumph of the personality which uses the theatre to stun its audience. Her appeal was delicate, personal, intimate; and the background of hypnotic rhythm by means of which the intelligence was drugged before she came on the stage suddenly became irrelevant and tiresome when her tiny figure appeared. She exploited her personality not by means of, but in opposition to, her surroundings, and the glare of large-scale revue was dimmed by her presence. The clattering liches of the modern popular song began almost to convey something when she sang them, and the empty movements of a modern chorus lost their reariness and took on some of the joyousness and vitality of the atmosphere in which she moved.

"Infinite joyousness, sweeping back the tide of years and inducing a carefree mood of springtime, was, perhaps, her greatest gift; but with it, as a kind of undertone which now and again emerged, was an infinite pathos. Her fragility in itself was a suggestion of it, and her childlike abandon to the mood of the minute added to it. It was not surprising, somehow, to learn that off the stage she was a grave, serious woman, who thought much of the status of colored people, and fought hard to establish them as men and women with the same claims on the world as the whites. All was implicit in her voice when she sang the sentimental rubbish which no one but she could have made worth a hearing. Somewhere one sensed the sad dignity of a race which the world had treated unjustly—a kind of sensibility which made all our memories of nigger-minstrel buffoonery seem shabby and dull. This was Florence Mills's real message, which her delicious artistry kept hidden, or almost hidden, because at the moment it was irrelevant. She herself believed that hard work and achievement were worth all the protests in the world if the negro was ever to come into his own. The memories of London playgoers, at all events, are not likely to disappoint the faith that she held."

Florence Mills first visited London on May 31, 1923, in "Dover Street to Dixie."

Robert Ringling, the son of Charles and nephew of John—the Ringling Brothers of the circuses, was to make his appearance last Thursday with the Chicago Opera Company as Tonio, the clown, in "Pagliacci." It is said, that after he was graduated from Northwestern University, he went to Germany and sang there in opera.

Mr. Ervine, seeing Noel Coward's latest play, "Home Chat," was moved to end his review with these words: "It is a pity of pities that Mr. Coward does not respect his own abilities as highly as he ought."

Maurice Dumesnil, pianist and personal friend of Debussy, says that the scene of the latter's "Minstrels" is laid on board a transatlantic liner, and that "the final discomfiture of the musicians is brought about by a member of the crew exasperated by their efforts to master their job."

Many of us remember James T. Powers with his "Follow the man from Cook's." Now there is a musical comedy in London, "The Girl from Cook's."

Here are three Scandinavian plays that probably will not be seen in Boston, though they have been translated into English: "Mr. Sleeman," a satire on love, introduces a young woman obliged to choose between her forest lover and an elderly man suffering from locomotor ataxia. "Having spent a night in the woods with the first, she is shocked to hear the second propose to her in precisely similar terms." In "The Monk Walks in the Garden" a homicidal lunatic "exposes an old pastor and his wife to one another, and is recaptured by his keepers just as he deservedly succeeds in biting the throat of the lady who has provoked him with the aria from 'Samson and Delilah.'" "The Call" projects the delirium of a dying mother into a dance with Death. (But this is the drama "Kuolema" (Death) for which Sibelius wrote his Valse Triste.)

Does anybody wonder at the small success of certain American plays in London? Here is the answer by an English critic: "Never before this year has the difference between the tastes of English and American playgoers been so painfully driven home to the mind of London theatrical managers. The failure of 'Abie's Irish Rose' to attract has been followed by the withdrawal after a very short run of 'Seventh Heaven.' Both these had been enormously successful in the United States. Yet anyone who knows the two publics could have predicted confidently that neither would appeal to London. I saw one in Philadelphia and one in Detroit, and I spotted at once the qualities which made American audiences like them. But those qualities, it seemed to me, would leave Londoners cold. And so it has fallen out."

It has been stated that Frederick Lonsdale is making \$125,000 a year by his plays.

Ibsen's "Lady Inger of Ostrat" (1855) has been performed this month in London, a play that shows strongly the influence of Scribe. It was first played in London in 1906. Has it ever been seen in this country? P. H.

## IN THE FILM WORLD

### The Strange Story of Valentino's Death—St. John Ervine's View of the Cinema

The Secolo di Milan has published an amazing story to the effect that Rudolf Valentino was murdered. The story is as fantastic as any film play in the days of "The Iron Claw" and Pearl White, heroine of thrilling and incredible adventures.

It was first thought that a woman, passionately in love with Valentino and insanely jealous, put him out of the way, so that she would not be obliged to see him pursued by other admirers. It was also said that he was killed by a rival in the film world.

According to the Secolo, private detectives have been busying themselves in the United States. They gained information from a woman, the wife of a detective, who sometimes helps her husband in his work.

She was in a Broadway cabaret one night. Valentino was "besieged" by a young woman known to be madly in love with him. He took no notice of her, but paid attentions to a woman, an enemy of his female pursuer. A little later the detective saw the rejected one signalling a couple of suspicious men, and, then, leaving the cabaret with a man who had vainly begged Valentino to work for him. The detective approached, as if by accident, the sinister couple; she heard one of them say: "The Indian method is infallible. You mix into a drink the powder of diamonds. Whoever drinks this mixture has his stomach and intestines perforated in a thousand places. The doctors cannot give a name to the malady, which is incurable; they can only talk of appendicitis or septicemia."

Here we are in good mediaeval Italian days when a man was killed by a poisoned torch borne before him, a poisoned helmet or pommel of a saddle; a woman by a poisoned portrait of a loved one, a bouquet or a fan. Lightborn tells young Mortimer in Marlowe's "Edward the Second" that he needs no instructions for the killing of the king.

"I learned in Naples how to poison flowers.  
To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat;  
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;  
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill  
And blow a little powder in his ears;  
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down."

Then there is death by powdered glass, not necessarily by diamonds, according to the old belief. How about professional glass-eaters? How about gallant Sir Richard Grenville of the ship Revenge, whose heroism was sung by Tennyson (having read Walt Whitman's description of the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis): Let us quote from the "large



testimony" of John Huighen van Linschoten, to be found in Hakluyt's "Principal Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation": "He was of so hard a complexion that as he continued among the Spanish captains while they were at dinner or supper with him, he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and in a bravie take the glasses between his teeth and crash them in pieces and swallow them downe, so that oftentimes the blood ran out of his mouth without any harme at all unto him: and this was told me by divers credible persons that many times stood and beheld him."

At the time Valentino died, the cause was said to be "septic endocarditis, which is a poisoning of the lining of the membrane of the heart, following a double operation for appendicitis and pleurisy in the left lung."

"Films: Facts and Forecasts" by L'Estrange Fawcett, has received a more than ordinary degree of mention from London reviewers. Mr. St. John Ervine writes in his breeziest manner. He praises Mr. Fawcett for his industrious compilation of facts, his personal acquaintance with the technical details of the industry gained from visits to film factories in this country, England and Germany.

"I am inclined to think that he has seen more films than are good for style. Writing about Los Angeles, he begins a sentence in this manner: 'Come then these hordes of lusty miners in their covered wagons, and tickled the beds of the rivers from San Francisco southwards!' If that is not the authentic note of Hollywood, then I have never read a caption in my life."

Mr. Fawcett "dazzles and appals us" "with his accounts of the expenditure that is incurred in making movics." "Paramount produces between 70 and 80 full-length films every year, and during the year beginning September, 1927, proposes to spend \$4,400,000 on production." This leads Mr. Ervine to say: "There's richness for you!" as Mr. Squeers remarked when he served his pupils with dollops of what sailors call burgoo."

And the, Mr. Ervine frees his mind in a manner that seems to be unfair towards the cinema. This great cost, he says, is incurred in making perishable goods. "There is no permanency in the movie world. All in it is ephemeral. Yesterday's film is dead and buried beyond all hope of resurrection. At the end of 30 years of world-wide and amazingly expensive activity, nothing has been produced which can be bequeathed to posterity." But certain film plays are revived. It might be said that English dramatists with a few exceptions during the last 30 years have bequeathed little to posterity.

Mr. Ervine cites the mediaeval village players who left some plays that can be revived to our pleasure and profit. "It is a long time now since the Athenian authors were laid in their graves, but their works endure, and simple citizens living now in Kentish villages gladly perform the plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripides. The Elizabethans are dust and ashes, but their plays are alive. The bones of men who never dreamed that \$4,400,000 might be spent in a single year by a single syndicate on the production of pictures are scattered about the graveyards of the world, but the pictures that these men painted, and the statues that they made, and the music that they composed, and the books they wrote still nourish the imagination and kindle the spirit of mankind." I find difficulty in believing that the film industry is an artistic enterprise, when I am assured by its staunchest advocates that its products are as perishable as fish.

The statement that the plays of the Elizabethans are still alive as plays, not merely as poetry, would be stoutly disputed by William Archer, if he were alive. He had his say on this subject in "The Old Drama and the New."

The description of the home life of movie magnates in Mr. Fawcett's book shows Mr. Ervine what is "wrong" with moving pictures. Mr. Marcus Loew began life as an errand boy.

"But he had a pretty good sense of putting two and two together, and today you can see him in his wonderful Long Island home with his private bathing beach and pier, his golf course attached to the house, his 60 gardeners, his acres of greenhouses, his great circular bathing pool set in a tropical conservatory. . . . I was told that one of the film magnates, whose house I did not visit, had enough liquor in its cellars to last the full house consumption for 50 years. . . . A dozen or more visitors will be welcomed at a film chief's house during a week-end. The time of arrival is about 2 on Saturday, and you get some tennis or golf in before 6, when it is time to adjourn to the house, for a drink. Dinner is at 7, and afterwards one of the latest pictures will be screened in the private projection theatre without music. . . . Everyone talks films practically all the time, or else money, and as a sideline financial relations between America and Europe. . . . Americans cannot get off the subject of money. They will look at you in blank surprise you begin talking about a film which stirred you because of its admirable position or the treatment of the theme. While you expatiate mildly they patiently, but they have the last word on the subject, 'The public passed it up!' But their mouths water and their eyes sparkle when you talk of a successful picture. . . ."

To which Mr. Ervine sourly replies: "Meaning by a successful picture, one which appeals to a vast multitude of mutts, hicks, rubes or hayseeds." Here Mr. Ervine is simply pre-emptive; he loses his sense of values and discrimination. There are many screen plays that appeal to play-goers who also enjoy Bernard Shaw, Synge (when they have the opportunity of seeing one of his plays), modern plays by the Spanish, French, Italians, Germans. How unfair his conclusion of the whole matter. He compares the ideas of living entertained by movie magnates to those of Romans in the degenerate years of the Empire, and quotes solemnly from Gibbon: "In those palaces sound is preferred to sense; and the care of the body to that of the mind."

"Nearly four and a half millions of pounds are to be spent by one company in one year on stuff that will not be remembered six months after it has been produced. That may be big business, but it is not art." May not art and big business be combined?

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor; Felix Fox, pianist. See special notice.  
Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. "English Music Alive Again," Henry Gideon and Assistants; 8 P. M., Folk Music of Many Lands (under the auspices of the International Institute Y. W. C. A.)  
Ford Hall, corner Bowdoin street and Ashburton place. 7:30 P. M. Blanche Haskell, soprano. American Folk Songs. Chas. P. Taft, 2d, on "Crime and Its Treatment." Philip F. La Follette on "Democracy vs. Dictatorship."

Monday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Irene Scharrer, pianist. Bach-Bummel: "Mortify Us by Thy Grace," from the 22d cantata, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God," from the Easter cantata. Bach-Hess, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," from the 147th cantata. Boyce-Craxon, Gavotte (first performance). Mattheson-Bauer, Air Varié (first performance). Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, Poissons d'Or. Ravel, Jeux d'eau. Chopin, Sonata, B minor, Ballade in F minor, Improromptu in A flat, Etude in C minor, op. 25, No. 12.

Tuesday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. James R. Houghton, baritone; Reginald Boardman, pianist. Bantock, Song of the Genie. Sibelius, War Song of Tyrtaeus; A Maiden Yonder Sings. Greig, Eros. Sinding, Fugue. Schubert, Im Abendroth. Schumann, Wanderlied. Brahms, Feldensamkeit, Staendchen. Oscar J. Fox, cowboy songs (Rounded Up in Glory, Come All Ye Jolly Cowboys, Old Paint, Greer County). Dvorak, Seven Gypsy Songs, op. 55. Hadley, Egyptian War Song. Ballantine, Night at the Mission. MacDowell, The Sea. James, The Victory Riders. The program states that the song by Bantock and the cowboy songs will be sung for the first time in Boston.

Wednesday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Baldassare Ferlazzo, violinist; Richard Malaby, pianist. Handel, Sonata in D. Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole. Bloch, Nigun (Baal Shem). Kreisler, Schoen Rosmarin. Paganini-Auer, Paganini, Caprice No. 24.

Saturday—6 Byron street. Henry Gideon's second talk on "The Art of Listening to Music." Subject: "Russia." Samuel Wilenski, pianist.

## GEORGE ADE PLAY AT METROPOLITAN

George Ade's old play, "The College Widow," fitted with divers decorations and adornments, is on display at the Metropolitan this week with Dolores Costello as the lady who loved a football team, scrubs and all. William Collier, Jr., carries the ball 50 yards as the heroic quarterback, and Douglas Gerard does a bit of very inspired acting as an English instructor.

Archie Mayo did the direction, which varies from brilliant to very ordinary, and the football game is exciting enough to make the spectators burst into strenuous applause. As for the college atmosphere, that closely resembles the spirit of the extraordinary institution known as "Good Old Slwash," and appearing under various disguises in nearly every varsity film on record.

The subtitle writer, who restrained himself heroically through an hour of the film, burst out finally with the following masterpiece: "Whatever you may think of me, Billy Bolton, Atwater has made a man of you." Luckily, no one, not even the players, takes this seriously.

Miss Costello makes a charming "College Widow," and George Ade's excursion into coeducational calamities still makes first rate film material. Reel for reel, the photoplay is better than those generally built about college football teams.

The stage show at the Metropolitan leaves little to be asked for. Opening with Charlotte Allen, a pleasing soprano who sings one of Ethelbert Nevin's most popular compositions, accompanied by a pictorial representation of Nevin on the screen, the program drifts into a timely organ solo by Martel, "The College Glee Club" and thence into Murray Anderson's "Listen In," which offers a fine array of diversified talent. Jerome Mann opens the stage show, after Rodemich's popular band has settled the audience in a responsive mood. The juvenile dancer is followed by the Ada Kaufmann dancing girls who, in turn, yield the spotlight to Carlos and Inez, a waltz team that is the embodiment of grace. Various orchestral interpretations are mingled with subsequent acts, including two outstanding features, Irmanette, a charming and talented violinist who courts the terpsichorean muse as she plays, and Delores and Eddy presenting a Bowery dance which is far above the usual. There are also Herman and Seaman, comedy acrobats, "Soup to Nuts," a Thanksgiving divertimento, and a Paramount News Weekly.

these were the things which gave one an honest and pleasurable thrill or two.

With Ali Baba and a score at least of Dauhasch's 40 thieves, came whirling dervishes, sheep, a donkey or two—the lovable and understanding Abou and Mumu—an elephant who actually munched the eating of an apple, and the height of puppet perfection, a camel which moved majestically across the stage. Much of the wonder of the performance lies in the fact that although three-quarters of the audience is well aware that the puppets are not real people but only figures that depend on strings for their life, every one gets genuine enjoyment from watching them dance and cavort about.

Judging from the heightened color and the bright eyes of the youngsters, Mr. Sarg's wish that he hoped they would enjoy themselves was carried out to the letter.

F. B. B.

### THE VAMP

A hobbled-haired Carmen, breathing cheap perfume;  
A graceful figure, features not so fair;  
Eyes that are cold as ice, but not so firm;  
A pleasant smile, a chin that's not too strong;  
A flavor of night clubs, and of kisses warm,  
Bestowed in secret, with a sly caress,  
Upon whatever youth her arts can rouse  
To passion's madness—such a one is she.  
Cambridge. J. T. D.

### THE PERFECT DIARIST

Arthur Ponsonby finds pleasure in editing and publishing old diaries, some of which will give pleasure to those who now read them. Mr. Ponsonby includes in his collection diaries written by men of recent generations. Charles Russell was a foreman riveter working at the end of the last century in Uganda. He was "a typical Cockney and a remarkably good workman." In 1898 he was temporarily out of employment. He improved his leisure by writing a diary, from which we quote verb. et lit.:  
"Well I Ought to get on For I Do Try. At 10 o'clock we Arrived in Beira, Quarter Past 10 I Stand once more in The Point Hotel With About 7 Pounds 10s and No Work I Don't Know What I Shall do Now any How I Have a Gin and Bitters and Turnes In . . . How Long I Was Sitting Thinking Like this I Do not Know but I Knew I Felt Damn Miserable and Lonley, Well as I Said Before It is not the First Time I Have Found in This Position But If I Am Luckey Enough to Leave Beira and Get Round to Mombasa and Get Work I'll Turn over A New Leaf For the Better and show a Certain Class of People What I am Made of, I'm Going To Have A Drink Now and Try and Drive these Morbid Thoughts Away."

### DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:  
Five year old Arthur awoke at 3 o'clock in the morning. "Tell me a story, mother," he begged. "Hush, dear quiet," she replied. "Father will be home in a few minutes and tell us both one." ROMEO.

As the World Wags:  
Recent vaudeville joke:  
"Say, Bill, did you ever try Bullfrog whiskey?"  
"No, Eddie, I never did. What kind is it?"  
"Oh, you just take a few swallows hop a round a few times, and then croak." J. L. E.

### WHY THE EDITOR DISAPPEARED

(Homewood, Ill. News)  
Mrs. W. E. Colladay entertained a luncheon and bridge on Wednesday afternoon. It was a most festive occasion and the neighbors were delighted when it was over.

C. A. E. nominates for the directorship of the pomology department of the Hall of Fame, Mr. S. H. Appleman of Boston.

### ADD "THE WORLD PROGRESS"

"Ten persons were shot at Brians yesterday without trial, in accordance with the so-called 'simplified method.'"  
"The Fascist group are demanding that male costume should be more virile, more war-like and adaptable for carrying arms openly."



The World Wags  
thousand applications have been  
for 3000 vacancies in the national  
bureau. Well, a lot of people  
the idea that it is the only way to  
drink without being put in jail or  
at sunrise.  
R. H. L.

**BOOTLEGGER'S ENGLISH**  
"A hear about Shorty's place being  
over last night? . . . Yeah,  
sanda dicks in monkey clothes outa  
quarters. Tough, too. . . Yeah,  
e's already a plaster on the joint,  
how the big boy will throw the  
into him. Yeah, he  
it was a layer and his broad who  
a few bucks in the boxes.  
they gave him a ride around the  
r but they didn't let anybody work  
him. Yeah, his mouthpiece  
up with him an' they made a  
grand front, an' when Shorty got  
he found the apron had cleaned  
place, an' took a run-out, damper  
than everything. Yeah, the  
d comes up nex' Tuesday morning.  
THE NEEDLER.

**REMEMBER NOT PAST YEARS!**  
The World Wags:  
Everything seems to be passing into  
jazz stage these days, art, music,  
ring, literature, speech. There is a  
of nervous tension in every phase  
le, a condition affecting most of the  
oe all the time. Is this the begin-  
of a new Shinar plain babel to be  
lived by a time when the people of  
then world will wonder just how  
oe of our time spoke and thought  
sang?

Jazz is very old. It had its origin  
ng primitive people. It is still the  
o potent instrument of these master  
nologists, the chiefs of African and  
frican savages. When they plan a  
these leaders call their men to-  
er and spend some hours in dancing  
e Charleston accompanied with jazz.  
old fellows! If that combination  
id not make a man want to go out  
kill somebody, I wonder what would  
s, times are changing. Twenty  
ago we could get a crowd to-  
ter from any parts of the country  
d "have a sing." We all knew the  
tunes and words, and how the  
dy of the old songs and the senti-  
y of the words clung to us! And  
were taught these in school, and  
them there. Now all is changed,  
never hear "The Old Oaken  
cket"; if it were sung, it would be  
out meaning to the youth of today.  
hine Sweet Home" has gone, presum-  
ly because there are no homes to  
about. "The Old Kitchen Floor"  
o longer necessary because there  
to be no more mothers, it is said.  
familiar air remains: "Oh! Dear,  
Can the Matter Be, Johnnie's So  
mbat at the Fair?" Perhaps that is to  
us a chance to assure the inquirer  
Johnnie is all right—he's probably  
ed somewhere in a petting party.  
Lir's having tire trouble. The last line  
that soulful aria does make us  
nder: "To tie up my bonny brown  
Pump." Why sing that today? Is the  
liten of the piece gentle satire or  
sarcasm or is it just subtle humor?  
is it jazz? I would like to hear  
Martel play it. That would help  
decide.  
S. A. STARRATT.

**EPITAPH**  
(For As the World Wags)  
Fool there was and with careless  
tread,  
e sauntered o'er Tremont street;  
ugh the Thundering Herd and  
their honking beat;  
Fool there was, I said.  
G. A. MERRILL.

**THIS WORLD OF WONDERS**  
The World Wags:  
n item in your column of Nov. 15  
to the birth of twins, headed "How's  
Watson?" would appear to indicate  
e skepticism on your part.  
happen to know of a similar oc-  
currence that happened a year or two  
where one of the pair was born  
Coronado, Calif., an hour or so be-  
midnight and the other in a hos-  
in San Diego, some four miles  
av, a few hours later.  
f not explained in the family record  
might be a puzzle for genealogists  
r 92.  
JOHN C. CHASE.

**PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY**  
People's Symphony orchestra.  
Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its  
concert of this season yesterday  
oon in Jordan hall. Felix Fox,  
st, was the soloist, and this was the  
am:  
Massenet, overture, Phedre; Brahms,  
arian dances V, VI; Tschalkowski,  
erto, B minor; Bizet, little suite,  
dren's Games"; Strauss, waltz,  
t Life; Chabrier, Marche Joyeuse.  
t us thank our stars for, and doff  
hats before, those admirable people

who know their jobs; we can safely  
count on them for something. Take  
Massenet. A musician with the deftest  
hand in the world at graceful melo-  
and fine shades of orchestration, surely  
he is the last man one would choose to  
suggest in music the grim inevitableness  
of late we picture in Euripides of the  
majesty of Lacinia. And, truly enough,  
he could do nothing of the kind.  
But none the less Massenet, when he  
took the notion to write an overture to  
"Phedre," shrewdly saw his way—  
throwing fate and majesty to the winds,  
as alien to his nature, he "featured"  
the element of the tale that appealed to  
him, the amorous longing and suffering  
of a love-sick woman, love-sick unto the  
point of death. That much he knew  
he could do, and he knew, just how to  
do it, so perfectly that he turned out  
an overture scarce less than Mozartean  
in its shapeliness, its charm of melody  
—music, too, expressive of Massenet's  
conception of love. All praise to the  
man. He knew his limitations, and  
rarely overstepped them; his powers he  
developed to their uttermost. So, from  
Massenet, one is tolerably sure to hear  
something good of its kind.  
And there is Mr. Mollenhauer. He  
is not the conductor to add the missing  
tragic note to Massenet's music, or even  
to twist out that music's last drop of  
sentiment. But he knows how to train  
an orchestra to clean entrances and  
releases, how to secure a performance  
mighty accurate and sound. Doing his  
very best yesterday by the Massenet  
score, he gave a reading of it that, by  
its neatness and regard for form, gave  
pleasure.  
Still a third musician who knows his  
job through and through is Mr. Fox.  
Though not the pianist of all others most  
temperamentally suited to do justice to  
the Tchaikovsky concerto, Mr. Fox  
understands so well how to manage,  
through his sound musicianship and his  
resourceful technique, that he was able  
to offer a performance thoroughly in-  
teresting. Most attractively, as might  
be expected, he played the quieter, more  
lyrical episodes. He was roundly ap-  
plauded.  
Homage once more, to those who  
know how!  
Mr. Mollenhauer is to be congratu-  
lated on the fine fettle of his orchestra,  
with its admirable body of strings, its  
excellent clarinets, oboes and flutes, and  
its trumpets that sound far better than  
they used to sound. Since it is capable  
of doing what it did in the Phedre over-  
ture, Mr. Mollenhauer has it in his  
power to offer this season some highly  
interesting concerts.  
Will the apparent present policy of  
very light programs suffice to build up  
and maintain a public? Too frothy mu-  
sical fare may prove in the long run  
not substantial enough to satisfy.  
Next week Mr. Henry Hadley will con-  
duct the concert.  
R. R. G.

**EXPERIENCE**  
(For as the World Wags)  
I laughed my gayest laughter,  
I wore a gaudy gown,  
Yet still the world reviled me  
And passed me with a frown.  
I led a life of pleasure,  
I cast all care away,  
But the world slept deep at night-time  
And toiled indeed all day.  
Then I grew dull and lonesome,  
I could not play alone;  
I met the world's conventions—  
It's joy is now my own.  
FRED W. YOUNG.  
Wakefield.  
Education by spanking has been going  
on ever since man was man—that is, for  
at least 1,000,000 years.—Maj. Leonard  
Darwin.

Any quick and effective method (such  
as greyhound racing) of depriving fools  
of their money is, on the whole, rather  
a benefit to humanity.—Austin Hopkin-  
son.  
The Rev. Herbert A. Jump asks if this  
composition by his 12-year-old daughter  
is not "an echo of sentiments concealed  
but not expressed in the bosom of many  
a victim of this diet-enslaved age."  
WEEDS  
On a certain Wednesday noon I sit  
down to dinner. After the soup course  
has been removed, roast beef comes in.  
Next potatoes, and lastly a bowl of  
green wet strings. I groan, but mother  
says, "Cynthia, please try to eat some.  
It's not for me I ask it. It will make  
your skin clear."  
"All right, mother, half a spoonful. I  
won't eat a bit more. It makes me  
sick."  
"Nonsense!" But when my plate  
comes the half a spoonful is suddenly  
magnified to a plateful in my eyes.  
"I can't eat that much!" I wail.  
"Of course you can. That's so small  
you will hardly taste it. Eat it first,  
while you're hungry."

So, taking a tremendous breath, and  
closing my eyes, I lift my fork to my  
mouth and deposit the fork's contents  
in it. Hardly taste it! I can't do any-  
thing else. My teeth run up against the  
wet, slimy green weeds that are full of  
grit. There is no taste of anything  
pleasant. Words can't express the feel-  
ing I have. Water! Water! Water!  
What other people can see in this  
particular food, I can't find out. For  
myself, I know after that experience,  
that not even the clearest skin can tempt  
me to eat another half-spoonful of—  
spinach!  
CYNTHIA JUMP.  
We sympathize with Miss Cynthia; nor  
are we interested in the etymology of  
the word. "The difficult problem of the  
ultimate origin of the word is compli-  
cated by variation of the ending in the  
Romanic languages." A more important  
question is, "Who first applied the word  
to a straggling form of whiskerage?"  
We are told that spinach is healthful;  
that it contains iron. Listen to Dr. Ar-  
luthnot, who says that spinach is emol-  
lient, but not very nourishing. Good, old  
Doc! On the other hand, Dr. Salmon  
(1671) says that it helps inflammations  
of the stomach; John Wesley, in his  
"Primitive Physic" shouts, "Eat largely  
of spinach," but note the word "Primi-  
tive" as if Nebuchadnezzar was fond of  
it. When Boswell went to dine with Dr.  
Johnson for the first time at Johnson's  
house, he supposed that there would  
scarcely be knives and forks, "and only  
some strange, uncouth, ill-drest fish . . .  
but the fact was that we had a very  
good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and  
spinach, a veal pie and a rice pudding."  
In "The Lay of St. Dunstan," Barham  
represents the saint as "eating poached  
eggs with spinach and toast," but that  
does not console us.  
Where did spinach come from? It  
ought to go there. Turner wrote in his  
"Herbal" (1568): "Spinage or spinech  
is an herbe lately found and not long  
in use."

**AN IDEAL REVIEWER**  
Monthly Review of February, 1751,  
thus noticed a new publication:  
"An Elegy Wrote in a Country  
Churchyard, 4to. Dodsley, 6d. Seven  
Pages. The excellence of this little piece  
amply compensates for its want of  
quantity."

As the World Wags:  
We took the paper to the breakfast  
table and read all about the Chicago  
woman who killed her husband because  
he didn't eat the meal she had cooked  
for him. "How do you like the biscuits?"  
said Shelby suddenly. "I—" "The  
most delicious things we have ever tast-  
ed," said we hurriedly, and we ate 12.  
R. H. L.

**ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY**  
At an anniversary in Paris of Baude-  
laire, Jean Moreas and Verlaine were  
in the Cafe Rouge. Suddenly Moreas  
cried out: "There are three ports: Bau-  
delaire, Verlaine and I. Baudelaire be-  
cause he is dead, and Verlaine because  
he's sitting over there."

**FLOOD FANTASY**  
(For As the World Wags)  
A thousand devils yowl with ghoul's  
delight  
Driven by Death down devious water-  
ways,  
Whirling and swirling through a tan-  
gled maze,  
While Death's whip whistles, whistles  
through the night.

They trample homes, with priceless  
treasures stored,  
They trample those who stumble in  
their path,  
They snap and snarl and snort with  
hellish wrath,  
They mutter as Death lashes with her  
cord.

The crawling Ocean cowers and  
crouches there  
With jealous grasping fingers beckon-  
ing.  
He laughs to think how quickly Death  
will bring  
New gifts to fill the coffers of his lair.

A thousand devils driven to the sea,  
Add all New England shuddering to  
hear  
The wail of homeless folk in cold and  
fear.  
While Death's whip whistles, whistles,  
carelessly.  
ELEANOR N. VINTON.  
Concord, N. H.

W. H. H. of Louisiana proposes for  
our Hall of Fame Messrs. Evergreen  
Alexander, Ammonia Harris, Rectum  
Smith and Chili Butte. The directors  
of the Hall, we are glad to say, do not  
recognize the color line.

**FOR GENEALOGISTS**  
(Boston Herald, Nov. 16)  
Princess Cantacuzene, grandmother of  
President Grant, supplied several  
recipes for Russian d.s.hes.  
If it is wrong to say "to prettily  
dress," why is it not wrong to say "was  
prettily dressed"? In each case the  
verb is separated from its closely-  
related prefix; and there seems no rea-  
son why the one divorce should be ac-  
counted flat blasphemy and the other  
not even a cholerick word.—The Ob-  
server (London).

As the World Wags:  
Even if English walnuts are barred  
from Chicago other "nuts" seem to be  
welcomed.  
CYNICUSS.

## IRENE SCHARRER

Irene Scharrer, pianist, gave a re-  
cital last night in Jordan hall before a  
good-sized audience that showed warm  
pleasure in her work.

During the early part of her program  
Miss Scharrer leaned heavily on those  
musicians who have a fondness for "ar-  
ranging" the works of other musicians.  
Thus she played two Bach chorales out  
of cantatas, arranged by Walter Rum-  
mel, and a third arranged by Myra Hess.  
The first chorale she played exquisitely,  
indeed, its melody songfully, with an  
accompaniment most justly subordi-  
nated, with figuration amazingly deft  
in its artful simplicity, the whole with  
tone more beautiful than any to be re-  
called in Jordan hall. And in the chor-  
ale that followed Miss Scharrer, with  
only a piano at her disposal, reproduced  
the majestic spirit which Bach himself  
needed far ampler means to achieve—a  
triumph.

After Bach, Miss Scharrer turned her  
attention to an "Air Varie" by Matthe-  
son, a piece which pleaser Harold Bauer  
so much that he "arranged" it. He  
seems to have been discreet in his work;  
the air sounded ancient enough, and  
pleasant too at the adroit hands of  
Miss Scharrer, exceedingly apt at those  
trifles, light as gossamer, which come  
and go in a flash. Quite as finely she  
played, though she could not make it  
so attractive, a gavotte by Boyce, ar-  
ranged by Craxton.

In the same group with these an-  
cients Miss Scharrer placed a set of  
water pieces, Debussy's "Reflets dans  
l'eau" and "Poissons d'Or" and Ravel's  
"Jeux d'Eau." She has the tone, pre-  
cisely, for this music, clear, cool, rip-  
pling, with sparkle to it when called for.  
Curiously enough, however, Miss Schar-  
rer differentiated the three pieces but  
slightly; she let them sound monoton-  
ously alike.

Much of Chopin's B minor sonata  
she also let fall monotonously on the  
ear. Delightfully she set forth details,  
the song in the first movement  
especially the first skimming measures  
of the scherzo, the closing pages of  
the finale. But if she had a plan in  
mind for the whole of it, a plan whereby  
the whole should march in order to  
its stirring end, she failed to make that  
plan clear to everybody. And so the  
sonata, in its length, could not hold the  
attention engrossingly, its many lovely  
episodes notwithstanding.

Miss Scharrer closed her concert with  
a Chopin group, the F-minor ballad,  
the A-flat impromptu, and a study, op.  
85, No. 12.  
R. R. G.

## "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY"

### AT MODERN, BEACON

"Sally in Our Alley," a story of ten-  
ements, mansions, trades people and so-  
ciety matrons is the feature picture now  
playing at the Modern and Beacon the-  
atres. In this picture Shirley Mason  
is supported by an exceptional cast of  
well known favorites, which includes  
Richard Arlen, Alex B. Francis, Florence  
Turner and others. The theme of the  
photoplay is that of a poor little Irish  
lass, who is adopted by a Scotchman,  
a Jew and an Italian, but a rich rela-  
tive takes her from her tenement home  
and attempts to win her away from her  
plumber sweetheart and other friends  
without success.

The other picture, "Jaws of Steel," in  
which Rin-Tin-Tin, the wonder dog, is  
featured, is a story of love and romance  
and great adventure on the desert. It  
is a picture which has a particular  
appeal to the young because of the  
affection they have come to feel for this  
intelligent dog.

## CONTINUING PLAYS

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—"The  
Jazz Singer," George Jessel in last  
week of return engagement.

**HOLLIS**—"General John Regan,"  
revival of Birmingham's comedy  
with E. H. Sothern. Last week.

**MAJESTIC**—"Oh Kay," musical  
comedy with Julia Sanderson and  
Frank Crumit. Gershwin's tunes.  
Third week.



**PLYMOUTH**—"Broadway, Jew Harris's play of night club life. Twelfth week.

**SHUBERT**—"A Night in Spain," Winter Garden revue with Ted Healy, Marion Harris, Phil Baker, Sid Silvers and others. Last week.

**WILBUP**—"The Constant Wife," Ethel Barrymore stars in Somerset Maugham's comedy. Last week.

**COPELEY**—"No. 17," mystery play by J. Jefferson Farjeon. Fourth week.

## EDDIE FOY HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

The acts at Keith's theatre this week hark back to the good old days when \$2.00 was the top price for a seat. The one act which wends its way back the farthest into the land of beautiful memory is, of course, that in which the lisping and prolific Eddie Foy plays the chief role. Though his supporters serve only as suitable backgrounds, he, the septuagenarian comedian, is given ample opportunity to recall his friends and the days when his name was in the lights on the street. The skit itself is a flimsy thing but Eddie Foy buoys it up—because of his personality, perhaps, rather than because of his technique.

Another act that recalls the days that used to be that of Clark and Bergman, who tell the audience in semi-dramatic fashion that they were the original singers of "Everybody's Doing It." Scott Sanders, arrived from Scotland Friday afternoon, is destined for a long stay and success because of his point Scotch jokes and the old familiar sob stuff made original by the costuming and by Sanders himself.

The act on the bill which can well be termed a "howl" was that of Naughton and Gold, who not only do some clever dancing and some cleverer figuring, but who also finish their stunt off with a very funny imitation of a couple of union workers.

The nonchalant Homer Romaine, who opens the program with his aerial eccentricities, should be an example to all acrobats who should follow him in omitting orchestration from their act.

Mile, Mitty and M. Tillio gave an exhibition of eccentric dancing, the muscularity, suppleness and skill of which has not been seen on Keith's boards for some time.

Other acts on the bill were Billy Casey, with his pepsodent smile and the "refined bum," just another college graduate at the piano, and the Australian Waites, who showed just how whips should be manipulated and boomerangs thrown. The usual news and Aesop Fable rounded out a satisfactory bill.

## "ARIADNE" AT THE REPERTORY

Comedy by A. A. Milne New to  
Boston Acted by Henry Jewett's  
Resident Players

**REPERTORY THEATRE**—"Ariadne," a comedy in three acts, by A. A. Milne. First time here. The cast:

John Winter	Dennis Cleugh
Ariadne Winter	Katherine Warren
Mary	Adelaide George
Hector Chadwick	Thomas Shearer
Hester Chadwick	Cecilia Radcliffe
Janet Ingley	Olga Birkbeck
Horace Meldrum	Milton Owen

**TREMONT THEATRE**—Miller and Lyles in "Rang Tang." Presented by Walker and Kavanaugh. Book by Kaj Gynt, lyrics by Jo Trent, music by Ford Dabney, who also directs the orchestra.

Another darky musical comedy follows in the wake of "Shuffle Along," "Runnin' Wild," and "Dixie to Broadway." Again we are regaled with a wealth of inspired negro hooping, plaintive negro spirituals, wild negro jazz and droll negro foolery. Aside from the stellar blackface pair whose names are in lights, there are Josephine Hall and Maude Russell, both of appealing voice and manner; there are Barnes and Mack, diminutive quadron girls with rolling eyes and twinkling feet, and Ralph Bryson and Byron Jones, tireless and graceful dancers who speak

with their feet as only negroes can.

The action of the piece revolves around the trials, tribulations and adventures of two high-hat barbers of Jimtown, in the land of cotton, who trust each other so implicitly that each knows but half of the combination of their company safe. Pursued by the sheriff with the traditional darky wise cracks, they lift their safe into an airplane and depart for Africa. There they encounter bloodthirsty cannibals and a stageful of grass-skirt maidens, voo-doo monkey business, a kingless queen who would be wed, and exotic scenes with colors slapped on with a ten-league brush.

The stars gag their way through the play with the typical naive patter, and a few lines which rock the house. With their airplane riding on the angry waves, each confesses his past misdeeds, and one gravely remarks that this ocean was the only thing he ever saw which there was enough of. Their comedy patter of sheer simplicity, reminiscent of the talk of Moran and Mack, is received with hopeful applause as the play gets under way. Later it sparkles only by means of the reflected light of extreme situations, as when the small and persecuted Sam (played by Lyles) becomes king of Africa, and sitting on a throne, decked in crown, jewels and gaudy vest, dines sumptuously with the back of a slave as table, while the erstwhile pompous Miller, humbled and chained to a tree by the king's henchmen, looks on with drooling mouth.

Theatre-goers will wish to know if we have here another "Shuffle Along," and the answer is "no" without qualification. These quadrons wander too far from their native cotton fields, and at times they get lamentably lost. The play is too much of a white revue with all the trappings and too little of a glorified minstrel show. It would seem that the voodoo theme which is introduced again and again would have inspired Mr. Dabney to give us musical numbers of dark and throbbing mysticism, and that Mr. Gynt would have followed suit with fitting scenes—scenes suggestive of the visions of O'Neill's emperor on the banks of the Nile. And after the newly-rich Steve and Sam come to Harlem to display their wealth, and wind up with a blaze of glory in the usual cabaret, it would seem that saved or invented some number for the contrivers of the piece could have memorably finale.

But in a high brown show, one can always fall back on the hooping, the plaintive and mellow voices, and the inextinguishable chorus. These burst through the clouds and shone brightly at the Tremont last night. A clog-dance of chorus girls in Tiller formation received deserved encores, as did Josephine Hall, Maude Russell, and the four specialty dancers.

H. F. M.

## CONTRAST IN FILMS SEEN IN CAMBRIDGE

"Secrets of the Soul" Study  
of Psychoanalysis

**BRATTLE HALL, Cambridge**—"The Great Train Robbery," "Secrets of the Soul," "Pigs," three motion pictures presented under the auspices of the Shady Hill Film Guild.

If there were any present at Brattle hall last night who desired to see a study in contrast they should have been satisfied. From the crude melodrama of the "Great Train Robbery" to the powerful and imaginative subtleties of "Secrets of the Soul," and from that to the rather banal humor of "Pigs," the evening passed—somewhat jerkily it must be confessed, owing no doubt to an imperfect projection machine—but with few dull moments.

"The Great Train Robbery," famous as the first of a long line of "westerns," is amusing but not crude enough to make us feel that the movies have advanced very far when it comes to melodrama. The chief improvement, if indeed it be one, is that our present day actors know how to die with a fair amount of grace and conviction.

"Secrets of the Soul," which had last night its first presentation in New England, was interesting and impressive if at times too clinical for the uninitiated spectator. The story deals with a chemist who develops a strange almost uncontrollable desire to kill his wife with a knife. This obsession is cured by a psycho-analyst who by causing him to recollect various trivial and apparently unconnected episodes in his past, is finally able to explain the causes of his knife-phobia, which once understood cease entirely to trouble him. The acting was exceedingly good, especially that of Werner Krauss who played the bewildered and horrified chemist. Like most recent films from Germany, "Secrets of the Soul" was photographed from interesting and unusual angles, frequently suggesting—though never quite attaining the impressive horrors

of "Variety."

The only basis for criticism is the rather excessive sentimentality that dogs the story from beginning to end. Perhaps our own movies have exhausted the pathos of babies by making them symbols of boredom or low comedy, for, though one could understand the desire of the dentist and his wife for children, this desire when commented on every few minutes became merely dull.

"Pigs" requires little comment; it is a thoroughly familiar story of the boy and girl sweethearts who manage, by luck rather than anything else, to raise a large sum of money just in time to pay off a bond that if not paid would ruin the boy's father. Janet Gaynor of "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunrise" fame played the young girl to perfection—her comedy was unforced and delightful. The rest of the cast were satisfactory, and the picture was entertaining, though lacking entirely in suspense or originality.

E. L. H.

**COLONIAL**—"Allez-Oop," an intimate revue, first produced at the Earl Carroll, New York, Aug. 3, 1927. Victor Moore, Esther Howard and Bobby Watson were principals, as well as Charles Butterworth and Evelyn Bennett. Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield head the present cast, which also includes Mr. Butterworth and Miss Bennett.

"Americana" of last season gave Boston its first taste of the so-called intimate revue. J. P. McEvoy, who contributed the principal sketches in that piece, has done a similar service for "Allez-Oop." It is really Mr. Lean and Miss Mayfield, however, who bolster up the entire production. They paid their last visit to Boston about a year ago last September in "Bubbling Over" at the Tremont. In the present piece they are given ample opportunity to display their comedy ability.

Mr. Lean does a burlesque of "Roxey" and his radio hour that everybody seemed to appreciate. Miss Mayfield appears with Mr. Lean in several of the sketches, using her slow, drawly delivery for excellent comic effects. Again very for excellent comic effects. Again she steps into the picture as prima donna, introducing a couple of melodramas. One of them, "Where Have You Been All My Life?" is the best tune in the show.

Charles Butterworth, famed for his after-dinner speech in "Americana," is after-dinner speech in "Americana," is one of the outstanding performers of the evening. He has not the material given him that served him so well in the Herndon production. The nearest approach to the Rotary address is an appeal to the jury for the life of a man convicted of murder. The jury, the judge and the defendant are all dumfounded and Mr. Butterworth's pathetic picture as he searches for the correct word here and there, gesticulating a move or two late behind each climax in his speech, is one of the delightful bits of the entire show. Mr. Butterworth's style of comedy is hard to explain. He wanders on, he slopes gently off the stage. No grand climaxes for him.

Evelyn Bennett, the active, shrill-voiced little lady of "Americana," introduced two, or three songs with enthusiasm, and contributes some first-rate step dancing. Rita Howard and Helen Fables dance together attractively. Valodia Vestoff did some remarkable acrobatic dancing of the sensational order. Cuby and Smith, evidently recruited from the two-a-day, are seen in a well-timed burlesque of male acrobatics.

The dancing of the ensembles in the early part of the production showed more originality than the numbers in the second act of the revue. There was the jungle number without which no revue would be complete, as well as one about Spain. The sketches did not succeed in being brilliant in the "Americana" style. One or two of them were vulgar in a prolonged sort of fashion, with no quick black-out on a particular smart line as is usually the case. Mention must be made of Miss Mayfield's spectacular and unusually gorgeous gowns. She never looked lovelier. She and Mr. Lean furnish much of the best entertainment in "Allez-Oop."

grand opera singer seem about to materialize when she meets a crook, who promises to use his influence to get her on the stage.

She does get on the stage, but as a slapstick artist who does eccentric falls. Her "carcer," however, teaches her what real love is, regenerates a crook and takes some of the conceit out of a self-satisfied society man with a stupid sister.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"The Old Homestead," a comedy in four acts by Denman Thompson. The cast:

Joshua Whitcomb	Charles Schofield
Cy Pringle	Royal Beal
Happy Black	Walter Gilbert
Frank Hopkins	Robert Storer
Ed. Ganey	Frank Charlton
Henry Hopkins	John Winthrop
Judge Patterson	Malcolm Arthur
Reuben Whitcomb	Day Manson
Hoboken Terror	David Smiley
Pollockman	Remus Jensen
C. S. letter carrier	George Spelvin
Francis Porart, a butler	David Smiley
Seth Perkins	Malcolm Arthur
Aunt Mathilda Whitcomb	Mary Hill
Rickety Ann	Flora Maud Gade
Miss Annie Hopkins	Edith Speare
Mrs. Henry Hopkins	Sydney Landrew
Mr. Murdoch	Louise Black
The Village Quartette	The Picardy Four

Before act one of "The Old Homestead," the orchestra plays "You'll Look Sweet Upon the Seat, of a Bicycle Built For Two." Back you go, in memory or imagination, to the gay and simple '90s—to Swanzey, N. H., where the old homestead stood, decades before radio and movie palaces could bring the ways of the slick city fellers to Uncle Joshua and Aunt Matilda.

It is hard to see why this play has held the attention of so many audiences, for it is completely, bafflingly lacking in plot. Joshua's son Reuben ran away to the city, and all that actually happens in four acts is that Uncle Joshua and Reuben meet, by an extraordinary coincidence, outside of Grace church in the Big City. The interest in the play, if any lies in the simple, homely comedy of the rural characters.

Uncle Joshua is played by Mr. Schofield, surely as well as anyone could have done him. He is a good old man, kindly and shrewd, but after these 30 years of stage farmers, he lives, not as a person, but as a type. You know just when "I want to know" is coming, when the tremolo stop will be opened wide on the mother theme, and that Uncle Joshua will shake hands with the butler and trip over the bear rug in the New York mansion.

The Picardy Four, overalled and straw-hatted, try to lighten the wings of illusion by rendering now and then, for no good reason, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," but the bucolic mood thus engendered is somewhat dispelled by an inter-act orchestral selection called, "Do, Do, Do, What You've Done, Done, Done Before, Baby."

When Happy Jack, the tramp, appears, our heart stands still for fear Walter Gilbert will not be able to appear in evening clothes, but Uncle Joshua, with his heart of gold and five dollars, sends him home to his grieving mother, and lo and behold, in act three (New York) the handsome hero of the St. James shines impeccable, even to a stick.

It's not a bad play. In fact, it has aged surprisingly little. If our attention is inclined to wander in the New York mansion from the reminiscences of Uncle Joshua to the calm serenity of a Venus de Milo in back centre, at least it can wander undistracted by detestable and ghost trains, or the eternal struggles of the state of marital blessedness.

R. H. G.

## "SHANGHAIED" IS SHOWN AT SCOLLAY OLYMPIA

Has Realistic Scenes of San Francisco's Barbary Coast

"Shanghaied," which opened at the Scollay Square Olympia Theatre yesterday, seems to have transferred the spirit of the sea onto the screen without losing any of its color.

"Shanghaied" is the story of "a girl who loves a sailor." The scenes of life on the Barbary coast of San Francisco, known to everyone as the most picturesque section of waterfront dives in the world, are particularly realistic.

## MARION DAVIES SEEN IN FILM AT THE STATE

"The Fair Co-Ed" Gives Her Chances  
for Comedy

Whether or not you have attended college you will find a great deal of entertainment in Marion Davies's latest photoplay, "The Fair Co-Ed," on view at Loew's State this week.

The story opens with Marion deciding she will not go to Bingham College because the dean has banned student automobiles, but, when Johnny Mack Brown, former star athlete at Alabama, appears at her door peddling books to defray his school expenses, Marion has a decided change of mind. When she arrives at college the fun and adventure begin. After a thrilling term, Marion learns the value of loyalty to her alma mater and wins the heart of the boy.

## 'BECKY' ON SCREEN AT THE ORPHEUM

Sally O'Neil Has Role of Little  
Irish-Jewish Shop Girl

Sally O'Neil and Owen Moore are the featured players in "Becky," a photoplay based on the serial story by Raynor Selig which is being shown for the first time in this city at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week.

Sally portrays a little Irish-Jewish shop girl discharged from her job at a time when she hasn't a cent in the world. Her yearnings to become a



# 'LOST BATTALION' SHOWN AT TEMPLE

Proceeds Will Go to Sufferers  
from N. E. Flood

"The Lost Battalion" began its week's run last night at Tremont Temple. The film, which is being sponsored by the Herbert J. Wolf post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, is being given for charity and the proceeds will go to the flood sufferers in Vermont and other parts of New England.

Several officers and war veterans were present at the opening. A concert was given before the film by the Angel Guardian band of 70 pieces, with Brothers Gerard and Casimir as directors. Different concerts will be held during the week.

"The Lost Battalion" is an interesting picture based upon the exploits of a heroic band of men who held out against overwhelming odds for 123 hours of torture. Led by Lt.-Col. Whittlesey these men, members of the 77th division under Maj.-Gen. Robert Alexander, went through incredible agonies but held to their posts. The Germans tried in vain to make them surrender, but white panels, that showed the American airplanes where the battalion was "lost" in the Argonne forest, were taken up rather than have the enemy think that the Americans would surrender. Maj.-Gen. Alexander, Lt.-Col. Whittlesey and even the Bay State's own "Daddy" Edwards have roles in the picture.

Of course, there is a romance, too, with Helen Ferguson, wearing long, dark curls as somebody's "stenog," Marion Coakley, with her hair done in the fluffy pompadour affected by the women of 1917, and Gaston Glass, handsome in uniform, all have roles. Mrs. Blanche Davenport does an interesting bit as a "old star mother."

ESDAY, NOVEMBER 23,

## As the World Wags By PHILIP HALE

In the sixties, there was in Florence, of this commonwealth, a hall called Cosmian hall, where, on Sunday afternoons, advocates of "free thought" assembled to speak and to hear. Orthodox villagers in Northampton looked on the Cosmian hall congregation as atheists—lost souls! The less strict remembered Samuel Bowles's description of similar gatherings made up of "long-haired men and short-haired women."

Youthful curiosity led us one Sunday afternoon to Cosmian hall. The service began with a reading by a tall, gaunt owner of a livery stable. He read Alexander Pope's "Universal Prayer" with a snort after each verse, as much as to say, "What do you say to that, you bigoted church people?" The chief speaker was a Bronson Alcott, who maundered on interminably. We recall only one of his sayings: it was to the effect that every workman would be prosperous and happy as soon as he possessed the complete works of Plato.

This all came back to us when we read "The Father of Little Women," by Mrs. Honore Willie Morrow; a book with light illustrations, published by Little, Brown & Co. Alcott was regarded by many who knew him, or avoided him, in his later years, as a boresome crank. Mrs. Morrow's description of his earlier years, his brave struggles, his theories concerning education, the persecution that followed his attempt to put these theories into practice, is not at all bore-some.

This cannot be said of all the family letters that are introduced, nor of conversations of father and daughters. Emerson found him a genius, but wrote in his journal: "This noble genius discredits genius to me. I do not want any more such persons to exist." While Alcott saw "the law of man truer and farther than any one ever did," his topic yesterday is Alcott on the 17th of October; today, Alcott on the 18th of October; tomorrow, on the 19th. So will it be always." According to Emerson, Alcott lost all judgment when he wrote. The Boston Post said of his "Orphic Sayings" that they "resembled a train of 15 railroad cars with one passenger."

In 1842 Emerson dumped Alcott on Thomas Carlyle, who found him sincere, "but of the deepest ignorance, and calmly arrogant as an inspired man may be supposed to be." Alcott converted Tennyson—for a time. The poet abstained from mutton chops for three whole months before he relapsed into flesh eating. See the amusing account of Alcott's visit in David Alec Wilson's "Carlyle." Wilson ends the story by saying that Alcott was "beautifully tended" in his later years by his good daughter Louise, who "seems to have been the best of all her father's productions." Compare with this praise the acid comments of Mr. Thomas Beer in "The Mauve Decade."

One forgets the laughable side of Alcott's character, his loss of ambition after the Fruitlands experiment, his lazy dependence on his wife and daughters, in reading of his early heroism in search of an education, his courage in endeavoring to gain a living as a teacher and pedler in southern states, a courage also shown when he faced a mob in Boston ready for personal violence in breaking up his school, where he wished pupils to think for themselves and not be contented with having facts and ideas hammered into their heads.

Mrs. Morrow pictures the early village schools in Connecticut, the bleak schoolhouse, male teachers paid in winter from \$7 to \$11 a month; female teachers in summer from \$2.50 to \$4 a month, with the teaching of writing, spelling, the old Catechism, arithmetic one or two evenings a week. The boy Alcott read eagerly what books he could obtain; before he was 12 years old he had read in the small list, besides "Robinson Crusoe," "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts." He worked on his father's farm, also in a clock factory. He traded the fiddle that he had made from maple for a homespun suit. Tramping 25 miles to New Haven, almost penniless, he boarded a sloop for Norfolk, Va. He was robbed of his scanty belongings as he sat on the edge of the Dismal Swamp. Southerners liked him and were hospitable. He returned with \$80 from peddling and an "outward polish of manner that all the ridicule of his family and friends could not cause him to drop." When he went South a third time as a pedler he sported a tall white hat, a velvet waistcoat, a fine blue broadcloth coat with brass buttons and "nankeen trousers strapped over boots so tight that his feet were in torture, a brooch in the frills of his linen shirt, a cane in his well-gloved hand." This was Bronson at 20.

Two stories in this book are of special interest: the account of his love for the woman he married, who, devoted to him in adversity, was nevertheless long-suffering; the account of his attempts in Connecticut, at Philadelphia and at Boston to carry out his theories of education. His pupils worshipped him; parents and the different communities were outraged.

From Mrs. Morrow's account, Miss Abba May was the more passionate of the lovers, the one the more important, one might say, reckless, in the wish to be married. A fine, handsome, brave woman, who in after years was sorely tried, as when Alcott after Fruitlands took to his bed, whined, and longed for death. When as a lover he thought he had offended her, he bought, though his salary was infinitesimal, a ruffled shirt and a new satin stock, before he ventured to call on her. He was in gorgeous attire when they were married in King's Chapel; he wore a white bell-shaped beaver to the church, and swung an ivory-headed cane. Abba wore a plaid silk walking dress, with enormous puff sleeves, a small hoop in the skirt six inches from the floor, heelless black sandals and white stockings.

For the library of his Temple school in Boston Alcott could not find handsome copies of "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Fairy Queen" in any local bookshop. The schoolroom was adorned with a head of Jesus in bas-relief; busts of Socrates, Plato and Milton; pictures, among them one of Dr. Channing; casts of the Sciences and Silence; there was tasteful furniture, everything to influence unconsciously. (Let us here state that Alcott believed in spanking—his own daughters at least. When the word "vast" was defined in school Alcott asked if the idea of vastness was within or without. There are many pages illustrative of his methods. The press ridiculed the school. When he published his "Conversations on the Gospels" and admitted a little negro as a pupil, the storm broke. It is not a pleasant story Bostonians to read. Alcott was an

abolitionist, who dared to call on Garrison in jail, put there to save his life from a mob described as "gentlemen of high standing and repute." And Boston could not stand for Alcott's "Conversations on the Gospels," of which a Harvard professor said one-third was absurd, one-third blasphemous, one-third was obscene.

This was the Boston of 1835-36.

## JAMES HOUGHTON

James R. Houghton, baritone, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: Song of the Genie, Bantock; War Song of Tyrtæus, A Maiden Yonder Sings, Sibelius; Eros, Grig; Fuge, Sinding; Im Abendroth, Schubert; Wanderlied, Schumann; Feldensamkeit, Standchen, Brahms; cowboy songs and frontier ballads: Rounder Up in Glory, Come all ye Jolly Cowboys, Old Paint, Greer County, Oscar J. Fox; gypsy songs, Op. 55, Dvorak; songs by American composers Egyptian War Song, Hadley; Night at the Mission, Ballantine; The Sea, MacDowell; The Victory Riders, James.

When he gave his first Jordan hall recital, a matter of a year ago or less, Mr. Houghton made a deep impression by the beauty of his voice, his skilful management thereof, and by his sound, so far as it went, musicianliness. Since that occasion it would seem, to judge from last night's performance, that Mr. Houghton has been striving, by taking thought, to make his voice grow big.

To some extent he may be said to have succeeded; there is no denying that he emits louder tones now than he would have ventured on a year ago. In the case of his lower medium registry he has added real weight to his voice; from his upper notes, however, too often he has merely thrown away quality in favor of a loud tone unresonant and sometimes harsh. By this apparent effort after bigness, furthermore, Mr. Houghton has done no good to those light sweet tones at which he showed himself last year very apt; he cannot produce them freely now, or even with security.

He sang his best in those cowboy songs he was introducing to Boston—popular songs and hymn tunes they sound like, fitted out with texts in cowboy taste and lingo.

At his ease in music so unexacting, Mr. Houghton sang full-throatedly and heartily, his words coming very clearly and significantly, his tone unforced. The audience, large and friendly, wanted more; they got a negro spiritual instead, very well sung indeed.

But why should Mr. Houghton have tackled that pretentious new song of Bantock's, four difficult songs by Scandinavians, with five texts in English all but impossible to make understandable, and four highly exacting songs in German, all before he had worked his voice into trim? Those singers are surely very unwise who set to their heaviest tasks before they, or their audiences, are roused. If Mr. Houghton had established good humor and spirit—not to mention his voice—first by singing about the cowboys, he might quite possibly have made his most taxing groups more effective than he could so early in the evening.

Dvorak's gypsy songs he could not make effective at any time of night unless he can find some one to fit them out with adequate English translations. That nine-tenths of the masterpieces of song are unavailable to English-speaking singers singing to English-speaking audiences is a most unfortunate condition; singers, nevertheless, may just as well face the facts, and make the best of it.

Reginald Boardman played Mr. Houghton's accompaniments, musically though perhaps over-discreetly; a quickened energy would have done no harm at times.

R. R. G.

## THE STATUES SPEAK

(Symphony Hall 11 P. M.)

"Greeting Pythagoras! What think you of this latest work 'Tumult'?"

"To me, O Hercules, it seems of stupendous power."

"Well said, O wise Pythagoras, I was stirred to the marrow of my bones."

"Of a truth, mighty Hercules, it is of thy type, but I, Apollo, find more response to the woven harmony of 'Southern Night,' dreams of youth and beauty beneath the stars. Do you agree, Mercury?"

"Dreaming again, Apollo! I prefer more movement, 'Flivver 1,000,000' puts me on my toes. What thinks Diana?"

"As speaks Apollo, so speak I. But the 'Pines of Rome' expresses me in every mood. Let us seek Minerva's wisdom."

"I waited long for this, but am confused by your different opinions. The music one remembers is the truest harmony, the universal language undying through the ages, inspired by great souls like our own. Hark! The radio is speaking."

M. K. J. S.

Felix Salmond, whose art as a violoncellist is fully recognized here as in other cities of this country and in Europe, will play in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Dr. S. Rumschisky will be the pianist. The program will be as follows: H. Eccles, Grave, Veracini, Sicilienne, Guerini, Allegro con brio, Beethoven, Seven variations on a theme of Mozart from the "Magic Flute," Bach, suite No. 1, G major for violoncello unaccompanied, Rachmaninoff, Sonata op. 19, for piano and violoncello.

## Notes and Lines:

Have you heard this one? If not, now it can be told, because her show has left Boston, so it's probably all right. She's a star, and not as young as she used to be, and because of occasional outbursts of temperament isn't as popular with some of the chorus girls as she might be. One night during the Boston run the stage manager called outside the star's dressing room: "Miss N—, there's a lady here to see you who says she went to school with you." Whereupon one of the chorus girls piped up with:

"Wheel her right in."

JAZBO.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give concerts in New York tonight and on Saturday afternoon. The program for tonight: Weber, overture to "Eury-anthe"; Bach-Schoenberg, Two Choral Preludes; Cimarosa-Malipiero, "La Cimarosiana"; Ravel, Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 7.

For Saturday afternoon: Haydn, Symphony G major (B. & H. No. 13); Loeffler, "A Pagan Poem"; Martinu, La Bagarre; Honegger, incidental music to "Fedra"; Stravinsky, suite, "Petrouchka."

It has been generally considered that others abide our question, but Shakespeare is free. Not a bit of it! Mr. Widgey Newman, who is producing for a film company a scene from "The Merchant of Venice," decided the other day that the Bard of Avon needed revision. The scene he was producing lacked love-interest; and what are the films without love? The enterprising Mr. Newman was undaunted; without hesitation he invented two new characters and a quantity of dialogue, including the sentence, "Like to the hungry hart that in the desert seeks for water, so my heart seeks thine." Passing lightly over the thought that the hungry hart would have done better to seek food, we cannot but feel that this is a precedent which should be followed. The duel scene in "Hamlet," for instance, might be enlivened by a troupe of comic acrobats. Lady Macbeth, after the sleep-walking scene, might remark, in the words of the pantomime:

And now, good friends, your pleasure to enhance.  
Suppose I do a little song and dance—and break forthwith into some popular ditty, with colored lights and orchestral accompaniment. "Othello" would be vastly improved by a musical interlude from Layton and Johnstone. Yes, there is much to be done to pep up Shakespeare!—Sunday Times (London).

St. John Ervine, seeing "Hit the Deck," in London, was irritated by the excessive repetition of two songs. "The American invention of 'plugging' is probably of value in a country where everything has to be said 17 times before it is comprehended, but it is unnecessary in European countries. Quite a number of people in England can understand a remark after the first time of hearing, and even so unmusical a people as we are always alleged to be can appreciate a song without having it hammered into our skulls."

James Agate had this to say: "The essence of song-plugging is that any tune and any words will do, no jingle, either musical or verbal, being any better or any worse than any other when you have heard it 100 times."

It is not often that two plays with the same title and the same plot are running at the same time in the same city. This is what has happened in London to "Dracula" (founded on Bram Stoker's hair-raising novel).

Theodore Stier, the orchestral leader for Mme. Pavlova, died before the publication of his "With Pavlova Round the World." He traveled with her for 16 years, 300,000 miles. Her moods alternate like the English weather in April, and she is almost completely at their mercy. Yet he calls her "The greatest artist and the greatest woman he ever met. . . . One of the greatest missionaries for culture of her times, for she has spread the light of her genius into the dark places of the world."

I have often wondered why the theatre custom of lowering the lights during performances has not been adopted by concert givers; the need seems almost greater for music. At the recital given by Esther Dale, the American singer who has just come over, the "atmos-



"were" induced by the lowered lights during each group of songs enabled one to concentrate more easily and to enjoy the music undisturbed. Absence of visual distractions makes for greater receptiveness and it is easier to follow the mood of the artist through varying phases. Wagner's patron, King Ludwig of Bavaria, who listened to music, himself unseen, was not so mad in this respect as his contemporaries thought. — London Chronicle.

**A darkened hall when an orchestra is playing is the abomination of desolation.**

This is true of Symphony hall in Boston. It is also true of any pianist or violinist. One likes to see the man or woman at work. If the hall is darkened there should be a spotlight thrown on the laboring fiddler or the pianist.

A Lover of the Drama" writes to The Herald: "Will you please tell me if there wasn't a 'Chanticleer' written for an American actress, presumably Maude Adams. And wasn't it Cyrano de Bergerac who wrote it, or am I totally wrong in this, too?"

George Grossmith, returning to London from New York, said to a reporter: "I cannot remember the time when so many good plays were to be found in New York. Although without any thought of starting dabbling in plays, I was tempted to take an option on one that appealed to me strongly as a particularly fine comedy. It is really marvellous, on the other hand, how the public is flocking to the big picture palaces, such as the Roxy and the Paramount, which open at 11 A. M. and close only at 11 P. M. As to the favorite film artists—well, most of them seem in a way to become millionaires. Of one, the most popular I was assured that he earned \$60,000, say, roundly, £12,000, in a two weeks' engagement!"

## FERLAZZO GIVES VIOLIN RECITAL

Maldassare Ferlazzo, violinist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall, to the accompaniments of Richard Malaby. The program, of a nature rather meagre, consisted of Handel's D major sonata, free movements from Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," a piece by Black called "Nigun," and a Paganini Caprice arranged by Auer. Without venturing an opinion on Mr. Ferlazzo's technique as displayed in parade piece like that by "Paganini," a listener of tolerably long experience may surely make bold to express the view that the technique in question, as exhibited in the more musical part of last night's program, is soundly excellent.

Mr. Ferlazzo plays with tone singularly free from rasping sounds, tone, to be more positive, delightfully sweet and, at times, rich; tone, if not very large, still so freely produced and vibrant that it would tell in even a very large hall. He can play neatly and accurately many notes to the minute; he can swell a tone at will and diminish it. His technique, surely, must be good.

A well-grounded musician Mr. Ferlazzo undoubtedly is. He plays in time, and—unless it be in the show piece, the like of which rarely sounds true to the layman—in tune. His phrases last night he shaped with intelligent pains; and in the arduous of the symphony he showed himself able to cope with rhythmic variations beyond the power of some performers of greater pretensions than himself. Songful passages, furthermore, he really let sing. To some degree he differentiated the varying moods of Handel and Lalo in their several movements.

Mr. Ferlazzo, though, scarcely differentiated them markedly enough to give them their full value. The Handel adagio, indeed, he made felt the musical beauty of the Handel larghetto and something of its inner nobility. But he hesitated to sound out with the needful unction the jovial theme of Handel's first allegro, or to let his second allegro kick up its heels as high as its bounding rhythm clearly wants it to do. Play let Mr. Ferlazzo remember the reported conversation between Handel and Corelli.

He might, too, to its advantage remember that Lalo wrote a "Spanish" symphony, music, that is to say, in the vein long accepted as Spanish, with ear-tickling rhythms in it and languor and passion both, and the hint of love songs sung in the dark beneath a balcony. Played "straight," however musically, as Mr. Ferlazzo played it, this symphony of Lalo's can make but a feeble appeal. Mr. Ferlazzo no doubt is wise to play it no more romantically than he feels it. Romance, none the less, does lie in this music; Mr. Ferlazzo just find it. Far more sympathetically played the piece by Elch.

R. R. G.

### AGE

(For As the World Wags)

There'll come a day when I am old;  
I shall wrinkle or grow plump;  
My eyes will fade or dimly see;  
My hair grown thin will snowy be;  
I'll slowly walk and never jump,  
And be content with what I'm told.  
There'll come a day when I am old.

There'll come a day when I am old.  
I shall hear my daughter say:  
"Now you do this! And don't do that!  
Your shawl put on and wear a hat!  
The air is sharp and damp today.  
You must keep well. Don't take a cold."  
There'll come a day when I am old.

There'll come a day when he is old.  
He'll have leisure and no care.  
His life he used to gain the strife  
For mother, sister, daughter, wife  
The work was far more than his share.  
May he be spared and not be told?  
There'll come a day when he is old.

There'll come a day when he is old.  
He will feign he's in a doze.  
"Boys, I hear your grandpa sneeze;  
Build a fire; keep out the breeze."  
A chuckle will betray his pose  
And they'll admit that they were sold.  
There'll come a day when he is old

There'll come a day when we are old.  
Love like ours lives on and on.  
So when we hear our children say:  
"You can't do that! You can't do this!"  
We'll smile, we two, a smile of bliss  
And to the will of youth obey.  
God's love, and ours, through life has won.

We shall not care when we are told  
There'll come a day when you are old.  
HELEN WELBORN STEDMAN.  
Braintree.

As the World Wags:  
The dramatic critic had expressed himself as longing to see a good old, rip-snorting mystery play, without "comedy relief."

"Aha," thought the brilliant and already successful young playwright, "there's my tip. Why not? I'll write a mystery horror play that'll make the 'Oedipus' look like a Buster Keaton film."

After a year it was finished—his masterpiece—and he walked down Broadway to see the electric sign in front of the theatre. He read, "Oedipus Wrecked, the New Mystery Play of the Thousand Laughs."

"Nut," thought the taxi driver who hit him, and drove on without stopping.  
Mansfield.  
F. F. HARBOUR.

As the World Wags:  
There's nothing so lovely as antique furniture, let people say what they will. There's something of permanency, of personality in old furniture that no new furniture can possibly have. Just yesterday a woman in Ishpeming, Mich., bought an antique cabinet at a rummage sale for 75 cents. She took the cabinet home and opened it and down in one of the drawers were two quarts of Haig & Haig whisky. 30 years old. No wonder the craze for antiques is extending.  
R. H. L.

### UNEXPECTED CANDOR

(Advertisement of Yogi Berra Rama, the Hindu Mystic, in the New York Times)

HE NEVER VISITS THE SAME CITY TWICE.

### MY SHOE LACE

My shoe lace has a pleasant time,  
With nothing much to do;  
Every morning he climbs up,  
And evenings down, my shoe—  
But nearly always I am there  
To help him to.

DOROTHY ALDIS.

### DID BEECHER WRITE THIS?

As the World Wags:  
Anent the newly aroused interest in the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, I am inclosing an article cut from an old scrapbook, probably published more than 50 years ago.  
Mrs. H. B. Brookline.

"It was our misfortune not to be born in Boston. Slur it over as we may, hide it by all the artifices of insincere indifference, yet the fact remains, and will every now and then break forth, that it was not in Boston that the light first met these eyes. How vain and fugacious are the consolations with which on dismal days one comforts himself in this wise: The whole world could not be born in Boston. Somebody had to be born outside of this blessed centre. Why not I? True, the lack can never be supplied, but by good conduct and patient endeavor, many men have lived creditably who were born in other places.

Caesar was not born in Boston, though he is thought well of here, especially in bronze and cameos and marbles. Yet, had he been born here, his glory would have been enhanced. If He of Bethlehem had been born in Boston, there would have been far less dispute about his divinity. Every good thing is divine in Boston. There have been numberless names of great credit to the world born outside of this celestial city: Dante, Luther, M. Angelo, Albert Durer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Bonaparte and a few others. But had they been born in Boston it would have been still better for them than it was, and is.

"One may be poor and unfortunate, but what has he to envy in the rich and prosperous, if only they were not born in Boston, and he was? This is a patrimony that never can be squandered. Every time one thinks of it, it is as good as a new birth."

As the World Wags:

In the Boston telephone book there are several members of the Whynot family listed. One spells the name Whynot, with one t, while the other spells it with two t's.  
Well, whynot? G. F. ODWYER.  
Lowell.

### WHY THE MAKE-UP MAN LEFT TOWN

(Headlines in the Parsons, W. Va., Democrat)  
MORE EVIDENCE OF A HARD WINTER  
CRISS-REPAIR

On Saturday evening, Oct. 22, at 5:30 o'clock, Thomas Franklin Criss and Helen Angeline Repair were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. H. A. Murrill of the M. E. Church, South, at the home of the bride, Repair Hotel. The beautiful ring service was used.

### THE ALTERED WILL

As the World Wags:  
Little Willie—Grandpa, make a noise like a frog.  
Grandpa—Why, Willie?  
Willie—Because I asked daddy for a bicycle today and he said, "Wait till grandpa croaks."  
J. L. E.

### TOO SANGUINE

Some day  
I may be  
Just  
Dust  
Of memory  
Blown through . . .  
And when  
I'm dust again,  
I then  
Must  
Trust  
My immortality  
To you!  
E. LESLIE SPAULDING.

## NEWMAN GIVES TALK ON VOLGA

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Newman's Travel-talk in Symphony hall last night was "River Volga, the Caucasus, Crimea." There was a very large audience, who gave unmistakable signs of warm appreciation, not only of the many beautiful and interesting pictures, but also of Mr. Newman's graphic and entertaining description of what he saw in various republics of the Soviet government.

The word Volga alone aroused anticipation; that river, of which one does not know "whether it moves or not, such is its majesty." The word brings to mind the river pirates of old, Stenka Razin, who, when he was beset by the imperial soldiery, threw his Persian princess into Mother Volga as the choicest and dearest of his possessions. One remembers Turgeniev's "Visions," in which the narrator's unseen companion at night told him to shout the pirates' war cry as they crossed the river high in the air; in answer there was shouting, yelling, the knowledge of bloody deeds. One remembers Goiky's novel "Toma Gordylef," the song of the barge men—which played last night off stage in a strikingly effective manner gave emphasis to the charming views of the river seen on the screen.

Not only were the river views of great beauty; the towns visited by Mr. Newman were picturesque, even though the fair at Nizhni-Novgorod, is a thing of the past, for Soviet Russia can not send there examples of manufactures; Kazan, the Tartar city, of which a wild song is sung in "Boris Godunov"; Stalingrad, Saratov, Samara and finally Astrakhan, the caviar city 57 feet below the level of the sea; the strange people of Daghestan, and the amazingly rich oil fields of Baku. Then the great popular dem-

onstration at Vladikavkas on the receipt of the murder in Poland for which the people blamed the English, not the Poles. The Georgian highway with the impressive scenery; Tiflis, the clean city of Georgia; the beach at Batum, where men and women bathe dressed only in the surrounding air; the Livadia Palace, once the delight of the Tsar and his family, now for visiting men and women of the proletariat. Charming scenes in the Crimea, with glimpses of the Jewish colonies; with a visit to Balaklava.

Mr. Newman told of the high prices, government hotels without restaurants; markets where the peasants and town people cannot sell without a license; vineyards, for the only wine allowed in Russia comes from the Caucasus; tobacco fields with Soviet women working—the only tobacco permitted in Russia; delicious strawberries and watermelons.

And what types of people were brought close to the audience! Russians, Tartars, Persians, Kalnuks, Khrizez—lonely shepherds of sheep high up on the mountains; thrifty Germans in their clean and substantial towns; proud Georgians with their silver daggers, their women blonde and fair, alluring Circassian women. A continual pageant of the unusual, the semi-civilized, the barbaric. The shashlik, a dish not unlike the kabob of the Orientals, but not appetizing as it is served, was only one of many illustrations of daily life and manners and customs.

This Traveltalk, which fills the eye and the ear, will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week will be "Leningrad."

## FELIX SALMOND IS HEARD IN RECITAL

Felix Salmond, violoncellist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. He began his afternoon's offering with three ancient pieces, a Grave by Eccles, a Sicilienne Veracini wrote, and an Allegro by Guerin. Attractive pieces in their way, all three of them, they scarcely needed, or were benefitted by, the tinkering Joseph Salmon of Paris has applied to their accompaniments. In the case of the Veracini piece, indeed, Mr. Salmond had hard work, because of the accompaniment—be it the original or be it an elaboration—to make the rhythm of the Sicilienne sufficiently felt.

Admirably, it goes without saying, Mr. Salmond played this music, with tone of an amazingly mellow roundness at the bass of his scale, with tenor tones toward the top more brilliant than sweet, yet quite sweet enough to content all but those who reveal in the mawkish; one zone there was somewhere tolerably high, where, to some listeners, the tone had a hint of dryness.

At this present stage in his career there is no call whatever for a person who does not play the cello, to presume to pay Mr. Salmond compliments on his technique; its excellence is everywhere recognized. Nor are comments needless regarding his pure taste in phrasing, his keen rhythmic sense, his feeling for melody. A listener, nevertheless, may venture thanks to a gracious Providence which granted Mr. Salmond, in addition to these great gifts as well as his sense of style, a vitality which makes his music a pleasure to listen to. A sweetly solemn rite, some cellists make of their performances, depressing for all who are not the elect.

It might have been wished, though, that Mr. Salmond had set out a program yesterday not so exclusively adapted to cellists and those who dote on the ancients. After the three little pieces he played Beethoven's variations on the theme from the "Magic Flute," as dreary music, surely, to the every day listener, as any ever Beethoven penned. And after it he played a Bach suite, G major, for cello alone, seven movements—each one, it seemed, as long as a whole sonata, though Mr. Salmond did play them, from the tonal point of view and every other, with mastery art.

Not everybody is an enthusiastic admirer of Rachmaninoff, but his sonata for cello and piano, op. 19, because of its contemporaneous interest, its human quality, brought refreshment yesterday, though surely it is no masterpiece—over-long, rather, for what it can say, and straggling. In it Dr. Ram-schsky, Mr. Salmond's accompanist played with a beauty of tone and a fine musicianliness quite equal to Mr. Salmond's and with a vigor and warmth even more strongly marked. R. R. G.



Mr. Spaeth found pleasure in reading Sigmund Spaeth's "Read 'Em and Weep: Songs You Forgot to Remember." His "Weep Some More, My Lady" is an supplementary volume of old songs once popular, with music and illustrations; a large octavo of 268 pages, published by Doubleday, Page & Company.

The book is highly creditable to Mr. Spaeth's industry and research. comments on the popular taste through the decades are amusing. The songs are grouped in these sections: The School of Self-Pity, English Influences, The Eternal Story (Love), Negro and Pseudo-Negro Material, Ballads and Near Ballads, Mottoes and Moralizing, Songs of Temperance and Versa, The Comic Muse, Nondescripts of the Nineties. There is an index of Song-Titles.

It may be permitted to one who has thoroughly enjoyed these volumes make a few comments. In the introduction we welcome the "Hirsute archy," portraits of Messrs. Danks, Work, Payne, Bradbury, Bliss, A. J. Drich, all rejoicing in amazing whiskerage—and lo, The Smith Brothers ought drop fame are on the page, though it has not been said that they lifted their voices in song.

Was not "Lulu is our darling Pride" a negro minstrel song? It is indeed in "The Christy Minstrel Album" published in London many years ago. So is "Buffalo Girls," of which Mr. Spaeth writes that it may have "a pedigree but it sounds a little too sophisticated." The words given by Spaeth are different from those in the Christy Minstrel Album. "Railroad chorus":

"Singing thro' the forests,  
Rattling over ridges"

Are these verses by John G. Saxe?

"Willie we have missed you," was written and composed by Stephen C. Foster, and published about 1854.

"The Clever Woman." Mr. Spaeth says that the music is by J. Blewitt, hack composer." No. Jonathan Blewitt (1782-1883) was a musician of taste; composer and conductor at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and Sadler's Wells Theatre, London; organist and teacher. He wrote much incidental music for plays, a piano concerto and sonatas, many songs.

There is due recognition of William H. Delehanty, but why is T. M. Angler, his partner on the stage, not mentioned? Delehanty wrote most of the songs and dances, among them "I Hope I Don't Intrude." As "The ppy Hottentots" they are still remembered.

"Wild roved an Indian girl, Bright Alfarata." The words and music are by Mrs. M. D. Sullivan. The song was roared lustily in public schools this commonwealth in the Sixties.

"By the blue Alsatian Mountains." The tune given by Mr. Spaeth is not more familiar and better one by Stephen Adams, whose real name was Michael Maybrick, the composer of "Nancy Lee" and other songs that enjoyed great popularity. Was he not the brother-in-law of Mrs. Maybrick, whose trial for poisoning her husband aroused dispute as to her guilt or innocence?

"Nicodemus Johnson." This was a specialty of "Cool" Burgess. He sang and danced it with astonishingly long shoes, and was said to be the first negro minstrel to don them.

"The Cork Leg." Surely there should be mention of H. C. Barnabee, with whom this song has long been associated.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Spaeth will collect material for another volume. An anthology, even though it be in two volumes or three, will contain all the songs that delighted Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson. There are songs that gifted writer, C. M. S. McLellan (Hugh Morton) with music by Kerker, worthy of Mr. Spaeth's approbation, as "Poor O'Hoolahan" from "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

"They are blazin' rock in Harlem for to build a new hotel,  
An O'Hoolahan he holds the fuse;  
Oh, O'Hoolahan's a hero, an' he knows his business well,  
So the boss says he, 'you hold the fuse!'  
An' a crowd is standin' round-ter watch O'Hoolahan;  
They want to see how long the Mick will last!  
He had his feet an' hands an' nose whin he began,  
But they all are disappearing in the blast.  
O'Hoolahan lost his nose!  
Poor O'Hoolahan!  
O'Hoolahan lost his toes!  
Poor O'Hoolahan!  
Ev'ry time there booms a blast,  
Be hevuns, perhaps, it is the last  
Ye r'll ever see of Mister Patrick J. O'Hoolahan."

Mr. McLellan's "Mary Ellen Brown" from "The Telephone Girl":

"It's sad to think of Mary Ellen Brown,  
Who join'd the Happy Op'ra chorus;  
She strove for international renown,  
In a costume that could be described as porous.  
Oh, Mary Ellen Brown came to town from Troy,  
Where all the girls are built a trifle bandy;  
In a church affair she'd acted as a boy,  
And the local papers said she was a 'dandy!'  
Oh Mary Ellen Brown set out to catch the town,  
Most ev'rything she ought to wear she hauled off;  
But her legs they were so thin,  
Mister Comstock took her in,  
And now she's washing dishes at the Waldorf."

There are so many of these good old songs.

"Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame."

There's Charles Graham's "Gilligan's on a Tear Again": Gilligan, who was

"Only a workman in Shaughnessy's yard  
Till they made him an overseer."

Now let us all sing:

"As he came down the street in his Sunday clothes,  
With a brand new hat and cane;  
A cigar in his mouth, in his coat a rose,  
He could hear all the neighbors saying,  
'Gilligan's on a tear again,  
He'll stay till Saturday night;  
Just give him all the room he wants,  
Or else he'll raise a fight.  
'Tis once in ev'ry month he throws his money left and right,  
But he'll go to work again on Monday morning."

This third volume should contain that g-r-r-r-and old song "Muldoon the Solid Man" to which solid men of Wall street marched for Grover Cleveland in a presidential campaign; that song now of melancholy interest, "When Malone's at the Back of the Bar"; "I had \$15 in my inside pocket"; "Since Terry first joined the gang," with its allusion to a gold watch and

chain as "a super and a slang," words that are in George W. Matsell's "Rogue's Lexicon" (1859) though the song did not come out until 1875—Scanlon and Cronin used to sing it; "Pull down the blind," sung by Gus Williams; a list alone would fill a column.

There should be a special place of honor for "Learning McFadden to Waltz," by Messrs. Fassett and Griswold of Albany, N. Y. (1890).

"Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz,  
But his feet wasn't gaited that way,  
So he saw a professor and stated his case,  
And said he was willing to pay.  
The professor looked down in alarm at his feet  
As he viewed their enormous expanse,  
And he tacked on a five to his regular price  
For learning McFadden to dance;  
One, two, three, balance like me,  
You're quite a fairy, but you have your faults,  
While your left foot is lazy your right foot is crazy,  
But don't be uneasy, I'll learn you to waltz."

We should like to go on, to tell how McFadden, "striking out with a will" fell on his face "and chewed all the wax off the floor." But in the words of The Bucolic:

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt."

P H

## "MY MARYLAND"

### Notes About Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie"; Did Old Barbara in Life Wave the Flag?

"My Maryland," an operetta, libretto by Dorothy Donnelly, music by Sigmund Romberg, will be at the Shubert Theatre tomorrow night. The libretto is based on Clyde Fitch's play: "Barbara Frietchie," written by him in his duplex apartment in the Carnegie Studio building, New York.

He picked up one night in his study an old daguerrotype—"a picture of his mother at seventeen, sitting, in voluminous cloak, with her hands in a small muff, her young face framed in a bonnet with flowers. To him she was the epitome of beautiful girlhood. But what was most compelling at this instant was that in looks the portrait was so much like Julia Marlowe." Mr. Montrose J. Moses adds that she was then Charles Frohman's immediate concern; he wanted a play for her, and he wanted Clyde Fitch to do it. "It was an inspiration, using the 'Barbara Frietchie' flag episode, even though the dramatist opened the way for history students to pour anthems on his head; but, as he turned over the material in his mind, jotting down notes and suggestions, the effective climax of the historical incident was just what he needed for his last act—his Barbara to be young of course. History had distorted the occurrence for the sake of the picturesque. Might not he also?—He had to pay the penalty, for when his play came to Frederick, Maryland—Barbara's own town—they said 'they would never forgive Clyde Fitch for distorting their history.'"

Miss Marlowe liked the play. Rehearsing it, Fitch wished to create Southern atmosphere and put into the drama the romantic value of the time. J. H. Gilmour played Captain Trumbull. "One morning the two had just run through the scene on the Frietchie front step, where the young captain asks her to look at a star; but she is not to be fooled; then he asks her to kiss him, and she says 'No!' Finally he asks her to marry him, and she smilingly whispers 'Yes.' Then she asks him to 'step down' and to look at that star. He does so, and she kisses him! Miss Marlowe played the scene with delicacy and romantic charm, and she turned to Fitch for criticism. 'Julia,' he said, 'do you see that star?' She looked up, expecting him to give her some new 'business.' 'Where?' she asked unsuspectingly. And he kissed her, saying, 'You have made her more than my Barbara!'"

The play was produced at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Oct. 10, 1899. "Memories of the Civil war were revived by many, and a reminiscent strain of Yanks and Rebels, of lint and crinoline was heard in the conversation. The audience was thrilled by the playing of 'Dixie.'"

At the dress rehearsal when the "business" required Miss Marlowe to take a gun and shoot a man, no gun was at hand. The assistant stage manager, Ongley, was sent to her hotel with a gun and told to show her how to use it. Frohman asked "Why can't he pretend to be a crank and appear to be making an attempt on Miss Marlowe's life?" The manager of the hotel was notified that she had received a threatening letter from a crank, who might appear. When Ongley went into the hotel lobby carrying the gun he was overpowered by the porters. The police, summoned, took him to jail where he spent 24 hours. The newspapers made much of the story; interest in the performance was stimulated. This was one of Charles Frohman's little jokes.

At the rehearsal Fitch was nervous because there was no electric fan to be used behind the curtains of an open window. A reporter asked him why he bothered so much about a trifle. "Because I think it very important. 'I believe in watching every bit of scenery, every action, every incidental blessed thing connected with the production. It is the 'little things' that quickest show the lack of study and preparation.'"

Even before the first performance, newspapers of Philadelphia began to scold Fitch for "daring to lie" about Barbara. He was moved to answer his critics in a letter to the Evening Bulletin.

"I really have taken no license or liberty with Whittier's poem, unless it be my using in my own way the fictitious episode which he secured from Mrs. Southworth, and he used first in his own way. . . . The legends and facts of a country are the happy hunting ground of its authors. Whittier's poem is practically as false to the truth as my play. He made Barbara strong, I made her younger. I wonder if she would have so much objection to that as some of my critics? . . . The true facts of Barbara Frietchie are as follows: At the time when Stonewall Jackson marched through Frederick, Barbara was 96 years old, and besides bedridden. She hadn't the strength to have waved a flag if she had wished. She did not see General Jackson, nor did Jackson see her. I have this from one of General Jackson's staff officers, at present living in Hagerstown, who was with Jackson every minute of the time he was in Frederick, and marched out with him. . . . Now these facts are free to the dramatist as well as the poet, are they not? I think, sir, the history of any country's literature will uphold me."

Even today there is dispute over the flag-waving incident. A few days



ago a prominent physician wrote for the World Wag column of The Herald an article in which he argued that as "bedridden" does not necessarily mean that a person is confined to her bed, though it is so thought by laymen, Barbara might have in her excitement gone to the window and waved the flag; that it is comparatively unimportant with regard to the story, not the poem, whether she saw Jackson or Jackson saw her.

Mr. Robert W. Leonard wrote on the 7th of this month to the N. Y. Sun: "Forty years ago, when in Frederick, Md., I asked an old resident if he knew anything about the Barbara Fritchie incident. He laughed and said that the story was made out of whole cloth. Barbara was a demented old woman. A Union soldier had given her a toy Union flag. She knew nothing of the war. When the Confederate troops passed her house she grinned and waved the flag."

"It was evident that she did not appreciate what she was doing and she merely excited mirth. No one thought of disturbing her. Union troops when marching sang 'Maryland, My Maryland' and 'John Brown's Body' with equal gusto."

"There was no ill feeling on either side against those in arms. Gen. Scott said truly: 'After this war is over no power can stop the fury of the non-combatants.' That is exactly what happened."

Fitch's letter written to Miss Marguerite Merington after the performance in Philadelphia was characteristic of the man:

"O, you darling Maggie, what a lovely first night! It only you had been there!! The audience really loved the play. They called us out at least 20 times! five at the end, and both Miss Marlowe and I had to make speeches, and even then they wouldn't go home, but started singing 'Dixie' till the lights had to be put out! The papers were nasty, the worst I've had for ever so long, but nopelessly ignorant and futile. I didn't get one single thing from them! In fact it wasn't necessary to make any changes. The house was bigger the second night even! And all week the same enthusiasm at the end. Since I came away, Miss Marlowe has had to go out twice and speak for me and tell them I was gone away and couldn't come out in answer to their calls!!"

In the original cast W. J. LeMoine played Col. Negley; Arnold Daly, Jack Negley; Katherine Wilson, Sally Negley; Nora Lamison, Sue Royce; Alice Leogh, Mammy Lu; George Woodward, Fritchie; Lionel Adams, Arthur Fritchie; Dodson Mitchell, Fred Gelwix, Becton Radford, Tim Greene; Algernon Tassin, Dr. Hal Boyd, and Frank Colfax. Sergeant James.

A burlesque, "Barbara Fidgety," by E. and H. Smith, music by John Stromberg, was produced at the Imperial Music Hall, New York, on Dec. 7, 1899. Webber and Fields were stray privates from the Union army; Charley Ross was running for mayor of Frederick; Mable Fenton took the part of Barbara; David Warfield, Irene Perry, Allie Gilbert, Netty Lyford and others were in the cast.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Tito Schipa, tenor. See special notice. Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Hadley, guest conductor. See special notice.

**Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M., America's story in song, Catherine Smith. 8 P. M., Durrell String quartet.**

**Ford Hall Forum, corner Bowdoin street and Ashburton place, 7:30 P. M., Berthe Hebert, contralto; folk songs of France.**

**MONDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Leo Podolsky, pianist: Bach-Liszt, Variations on "Wailing, Crying, Moaning, Sighing"; Schumann, Davidsbueandler Taenze; Szymanowski, Two Preludes, op. 1; Reger, Intermezzo, E flat minor; Debussy, La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune; Medtner, Fairy Tale; Scriabin, Two Poems, op. 32; Poem, op. 45; Phantasy, op. 28.

**TUESDAY**—Symphony hall, 4 P. M.—Boston Symphony orchestra: Young People's concert. Mr. Burgin, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Lydia Gray, mezzo soprano; Reginald Boardman, accompanist: Mendelssohn, On Wings of Song, Huntsman's Song, The Earliest Violet, Suleika; E. G. Wolff, Friede, Alles Still, Knabe und Veilchen, Stark wie der Tod ist Liebe; Rimsky-Korsakov, Sur les Collines de Georgic, Soir paisible, Tu et vous; Brahms, Treue Liebe; Schumann, Volksliedchen; Franz, Die Lotosblume, Waldfahrt; Leginska, The Frozen Heart, Bliss, Three Jolly Gentlemen; Griffes, Symphony in Yellow; Rummel, Ecstasy.

**WEDNESDAY**—Symphony hall, 4 P. M., repetition of Tuesday's Young People's concert.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Verdi's Requiem, performed by the Verdi chorus, Thompson Stone, conductor.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Helene Dieckrichs, pianist: Beethoven, Sonata, E flat, op. 27, No. 1; Brahms, Intermezzos, E major, E flat minor, C major; Scriabin, Sonata, F minor, op. 6; Chopin, Prelude, C major, Etude, C minor.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M.: Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Burgin, conductor. See special notice.

**SATURDAY**—Hotel Statler ballroom (Columbus avenue entrance), 3 P. M.: Pova Frish, soprano. Recital for the benefit of the Denison House. Peri, Aria; Schubert, Das Lied im Gruenen, Die Stadt, Gruppe aus dem Tartarus; Hue, Sonnez les Matines, L'An blanc; Ilahu, Infidélité; Loeffler, Priere; Busser, Devant le Bazar aux Jouets; G. Faure, Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye; Marx, On hearing a waltz by Chopin; Sioegren, There drifts a mist of dew; Sinding, The Sea Gull's Cry; Sibicui, Was It a Dream?

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.: Myra Hess, pianist.

Symphony hall, 8 P. M.: Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

## CLARA BOW AT THE METROPOLITAN

Clara Bow's admirers will be well pleased at the Metropolitan this week in "Get Your Man." Clara cuts up and monkeyshines from beginning to end and gets her man with a vengeance.

It is a breezy and, if you are not too critical, an enjoyable comedy which glorifies the American flapper. Clara, left unchaperoned in Paris, proceeds to fall in love with a young nobleman, portrayed by Charles Rogers, in the course of an afternoon and evening, rather, a night. For when the two become locked up in a wax-works museum come the fun begins. With wax automaton matrons perambulating up the darkened corridors emotions become mixed and hectic.

The fly in the ointment is that Clara's willing victim is due to be married very shortly. Clara, wily maid, finds a way out of the difficulties, but what a way!

picture, a Paramount news weekly and an Arthur Martel organ solo complete the program with Gounod Melodies, an orchestral tableau which has for its features the singing of a number of young men and women from the New England Conservatory of Music.

## THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

(For As the World Wags)

Young Helen was a beauty in the days of ancient Troy,  
Who disregarded marriage vows to charm a handsome boy;  
This caused a deal of trouble, which could have been averted,  
If the politicians of that time had their just rights asserted.  
A "Behaviorist" Professor, had they placed in schools of Troy  
Would have taught young Helen not to flirt with every handsome boy.

Fair Lucrezia Borgia, a rather wilful dame,  
Was fond of mixing poisons for the folks who held her name  
And other folks who crossed her in her wild ambition's flight;  
People wondered why her relatives just vanished over night,  
Had the Public School Committee been efficient then as now,  
P. S. dietitians would have taught her poisons were not "chow."  
Blue Beard, a churlish gentleman addicted to the sport  
Of flirting over-muchly with the ladies of the Court—  
Who had a hoard of stocks and bonds, gold dollars, lira, yen—  
He married them and murdered them, grabbed the insurance then.  
This never would have happened if the schools of old Bagdad  
Had a Professor there who taught that murdering was bad.

The moral of this "poem" I need not unfold to you,  
For our schools provide instructors for each thing we think or do.  
West Roxbury.  
MARTHA M. SEAVEY.

Yes, but Blue Beard never saw Bagdad; never saw the streets of Cairo; he was a Frenchman of high degree.

## As the World Wags:

Some time ago the "May I not" question was given considerable attention in this column. We gained the impression that any communication embodying this euphemism would be filed in the waste basket. Now comes Ruth B. placing the seal of her approval on said expression, leaving us, figuratively, in the pure. May we, or may we not, that is the question.  
N. C. MENTIS.

## TRULY A NOBLE END

### As the World Wags:

During the past year or so not infrequently instances have been cited by you of notable appetites and the ways in which these appetites were satisfied.

I should like to add to this record one instance that I found recently in one of Sir Richard F. Burton's always rich and enlightening footnotes to his translation of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" "The Seventh Ommicle, A. H. 96-99 (715-719), died of his fine appetite, after eating at one sitting a lamb, six fowls, seventy pomegranates and eleven and a quarter pounds of currants."  
Taunton. CHARLES ST. C. WADE.

## A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION

### As the World Wags:

Abner was home for the holidays. "Ah!" gloated the proud paterfamilias, "tell us what you have done at college!"  
"With alacrity, sir," responded Abner, with just a dash of filial patronage. "I made Nu Upsilon Theta without a struggle."  
"Oh, splendid! And—"  
"And I was quarterback on the freshman eleven."  
"Fine! Fine! But—"  
"And I had seven dates with a Pi Phi—you know. Mrs. Coolidge is a Pi Phi."  
"Why, that's glorious! And how—"  
"And I had a cartoon printed in the college comics. It was a wow! They suppressed the paper."  
"Very clever, son, but—"  
"And then the brothers framed with the Kappas to elect me yell-leader—"  
"Fine! My boy, I am proud of you. But, say, how you coming on them studies?"  
"Oh, shortcake! I just knew I was overlooking something!"  
OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

## TRIOLET

(For As the World Wags.)

Girls fool you back side to.  
You get no idea of their face.  
What are the men to do?

Girls fool you back side to.  
A charming rear end view  
Seen in front may alter the case.  
Girls fool you back side to.  
You get no idea of their face.  
THE MOCK TURTLE.

## WILLIS AND ARNOLD

### As the World Wags:

I remember reading from Nathaniel Parker Willis's "Parrhasius" at the old Adams school on Mason street:

"There Prometheus lay,  
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—  
The vulture at his vitals, and the links  
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh."

And from "The Leper":  
"Room for the leper! Room! And, as he came,  
The cry passed on—Room for the leper! Room!"

when the Judean leper was allowed to run about like a dog without a collar before the days of Molokai or leper hospitals.

Also a fragment from "The Scholar of Thibet, Ben Khorat":  
"Night in Arabia. An hour ago  
Pale Dian had descended from the sky,  
Flinging her cestus out upon the sea."

Edwin Arnold also wrote poems founded on the Old Testament, but I do not believe he excelled Willis in this field, though he has been highly praised by many an English critic. Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed, but I am patriotic enough to say three cheers and a tiger for Nat. He was the first in the field, so far as I know, although there may have been others.  
Willis's father lived in Boston and was the founder and editor of the Youth's Companion. Nathaniel went to Yale College and afterward to New York, where he founded the Home Journal with George P. Morris, who immortalized himself by writing, "Oh, woodman, spare that tree."  
Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

## OUR CITY STREETS

We quote from the letters of Hwuy-ung to his brother, translated by J. A. Makepeace, and entitled: "A Chinaman's Opinion of Us and of His Own Country."

"The centre is intended for wheeled traffic, and is often crowded with vehicles drawn by horses or machines like the steam-horse, but using oil instead of steam. . . . All vehicles moved by oil-machines are supplied with noisy trumpets to warn people to keep out of the way. . . . Some sounds are like those from a horn; some make harmony so pleasing that a man may stand entranced in the roadway and be crushed. . . . others have piercing whistles which transfix the hearer, or produce sounds like a huge hog, or a belch, of ten balm crickets. Any one curious enough to alight and look in four places for the animal that caused the noise and the fear may next moment be a guest on high. . . . The hurry of city people is what for? To meet the spirits of their ancestors?"

## TITO SCHIPA HEARD

Tito Schipa, tenor, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Caro mio ben, Giordani; La Farfalla, M'Appari, Flotow; Liebestraum, Liszt; Schipa; Du Bist die Ruh, Schubert; I Mandoline, Debussy; Cancion Andaluz Palacios; Pesca d'amore, Barthelemy; The day when my dreams come true Bateman; Se fosse mia, Lo Verde; Bo jour Suzon, Delibes; Werther (Ossi Song), Massenet.

If they believe, the people who yesterday fell into a frenzy of enthusiasm over Mr. Schipa's singing, that Mr. Schipa won his triumph by virtue of his voice alone and his natural talents, pray them give the matter a second thought especially those among them who are way of singing themselves. They may discover something to their advantage.

Mr. Schipa himself discovered some time ago, there can be no doubt about it, that to please the public year after year is a job that exacts the utmost singer can give—and even so a little more. As a beginning, therefore, Schipa set to making the best of his lovely voice through the development technique and tone. Though he still works to do—a less audible breath to quire, for instance, the power to maintain his beautiful quality in the division of fast coloratura, a sturdy tone to the top of his range that shall sometimes turn hard—Mr. Schipa indeed achieved an admirable technique with a combination of smoothness of livery and distinct enunciation, highly unusual, and, its crowning



half voice" second to none, tones soft as a summer breeze yet solid like a rock. To use this remarkable technical equipment to its fullest advantage, Mr. Schlipa has had the wisdom to train his vocal faculty and his intelligence thoroughly soundly. He pronounces his words elegantly in four languages, and, most likely, in Spanish—as well. He writes his sentences so that they make sense. To his musical phrases he gives their fitting shape. And his rhythm—has brought it to the level of Friedemann's.

With all these excellences at his disposal, to what use did Mr. Schlipa put them? For of course he had an audience to please. He showed a long head. Believing, probably rightly, that trivialities suit best, he sang mostly such—Italian trifles, however, and Spanish, which sound less common to us than American music of the same walk of life. And though probably he felt he must, for the speech of people, sing something to take the curse away, the astute Mr. Schlipa laid his hand on better music quite as engaging as that of Schubert, and Debussy's "Mandoline" and the dream from "Manon," and Mozart's "Alleluia," which the people seemed to like.

Why shouldn't they? Mr. Schlipa sang these finer pieces with the rhythmic verve he had ready for popular songs, with the same regard for their melody, the same determination to make their sentiment felt. And so his hearers did not go home with the conviction that fine songs are dull, as they often do after hearing lesser singers.

With so much in his favor—musicianship, voice, intelligence, fervor, sound common sense—the pity is that Mr. Schlipa has not been blessed with a purer taste. What a program he could sing if so he chose! For, yesterday, once he had his voice in order, he sang a few other songs can sing today, be the song great or small. Why waste time on so much that is small?

He had an admirable accompanist, Frederick Longas, who also played two groups of Spanish pieces very creditably.

R. R. G.

## HADLEY GUEST AT JORDAN HALL

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, with Henry Hadley guest conductor, who chose the following somewhat light, but well balanced numbers for his program: Handel, concerto in D Major, De Falla, El Amor Ujo, ("The Love Conjuror"), Hadley, rhapsody, "The Culpit Fay," Saint Saens, "The Animals' Carnival." A capacity audience was present. Dr. Hadley was heartily greeted and applauded all through the concert. And it is well deserved, for Mr. Hadley ought experienced leadership into play, the well trained men, who, in like manner, responded sympathetically to every suggestion of the baton.

Handel's 12 concertos for strings, of which the D Major on this program is one, were composed between Sept. 29 and Oct. 30, 1739. They were conceived in the midst of good company; for, in 1738 were composed, and in 1739 were performed "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt," two great oratorios, and growing eater with time.

In this Concerto in D, Mr. Hadley had a good opportunity to show the high quality of the string section of the orchestra, and they did indeed play excellently. What beauty, lies, almost undisturbed, in these suites of most two centuries ago! Yet, they sound as fresh as the morning.

Mr. William F. Hofman and Joseph McCaffrey were the two solo violinists called for by the score, and played their parts in able manner.

The De Falla suite first saw the light of day in Madrid, April, 1915, and had its first performance in Boston, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1924. Judging from the date of composition, it is truly "modern music"—and it is music with many shades of beauty, charmingly imaginative—music worth listening to.

The orchestra was at its best in giving out the very sweet strains of the "Dance of Love," and again in the "Dance of Terror" where they brought out excellent rhythmic effects.

The third number on the program was Henry Hadley's "The Culpit Fay" after a poem by Joseph Rodman Drake. This pretty fairy tale, strong in imagination, is not so well known as it used to be nor as well as it deserves to be. The story—so Mr. Hadley's music is written in a delightfully fanciful vein. The different phases of the poem appear in turn in the music—the moonlight, the court, the leap of the sturgeon, all in a refined and impressive manner. The workmanship in the score reveals the trained hand of a gifted musician. In spite of some sections which are somewhat obscure in their mean-

ing, that part toward the end—depicting the cock-crow and the flight of the fairies is strikingly humorous, original, and with a true American tang to it. The composer led the People's Orchestra to its full powers of interpretation in "Culpit Fay," and at the end Mr. Hadley was recalled many times, and the orchestra had to rise to satisfy the enthusiastic listeners.

The closing number was "The Animals' Carnival" by Saint Saens. It is composed of fourteen numbers and comprises a blending of exquisite music, filled with jocosity of a high musical order.

One of the numbers, "The Swan" is one of the best known ones. It is written for violoncello and two pianofortes. The solo part was played by Herman Hecker, whose simplicity and beauty of tone brought a tumult of applause. It was good to hear the laughter trickling through the music yesterday, as Saint Saens went the rounds of his imaginative menagerie. The music is full of mirth and humor, and is just what people need to hear in conjunction with heavier music.

The grand finale brings the composition to a close in brilliant fashion as once more we hear the lion roar, the hens cackle, and roosters crow; the horses again gallop wildly up the scale, the kangaroos leap, and the "people with long ears" demand to be heard just once more. The "Animals' Carnival" is a witty and ingenious lot of little pieces.

The fourth concert in the series will occur next Sunday afternoon.

A. H. D.

John Adams, President of the United States, drank, enjoyed and recommended cider as a beverage. He seldom drank it under a year old, often two and sometimes three. He wrote in 1805 from Quincy to his friend, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse: "With surprise and grief I find by your lecture that the use of cyder is become unfashionable at college. \* \* \* I fear the decay of health at the university is owing to the use of wine and spirits instead of cyder, at least as much as to the consumption of cigars. Rhenish or Moselle wine would be better for us than sherry or madeira; but cider is better than either \* \* \* During the four years that I passed at college (sic) there was not a single death among the scholars: and I have always believed that the almost universal health among the students, was to be ascribed, next to early rising and beef and mutton pies at Commons, to the free use of cider and the very moderate use of wine and ardent spirits \* \* \* I have habitually drunk the wines of Spain, France, Germany and Holland in all their varieties diluted with water, and I have drunk the mild porter and table beer of London in all their perfection; but I never found any of them agree so well with my health as the cyder of New England."

We have quoted from "Statesman and Friend: Correspondence of John Adams with Benjamin Waterhouse, 1784-1822." The book is edited and annotated by the accomplished Worthington Chauncey Ford and published for the Atlantic Monthly Press by Little, Brown & Co. (Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, born at Newport, having studied at London, Edinburgh and Leyden, was professor of the theory and practice of medicine in Harvard University, 1783-1812. Allibone gives a list of his writings, among them "Journal of a Young Man of Massachusetts, &c.," a novel founded on fact. Boston, 1816. He died at the age of 92 at Cambridge in 1846, thinking himself an abused man, treated shabbily by the United States government, which did not reappoint him to an army position; praising Thomas Jefferson, who had given him an appointment worth \$1500 a year for his successful labors in vaccination.)

We do not know whether that good old song:

"A little more cider, too,  
A little more cider, too,  
A little more cider for Miss Dinah  
And a little more cider, too,"

was sung in Adams's time; the song is probably of a later date. Nor did Adams live to enjoy the hard cider presidential campaign of William Henry Harrison, but we know that having been "a great offender" in the use of tobacco, he finally realized, after enjoyment of the weed for threescore years, that it was a "dangerous vegetable." "I am unable to take into my mouth a morsel no bigger than a swan shot without sensible and immediate injury." He learned the use of it "upon ponds of ice, when skating with boys at 8 years of age."

How Adams could hate! What an enviable power of vituperation! There was Thomas Paine: "For such a mongrel between Pigg and Puppy, begotten by a wild Boar on a Bitch Wolf, never before in any Age of the World was suffered by the Poltroonery of mankind, to run through such a career of Mischief."

Alexander Hamilton was another target for Adams's poisoned arrows. "When Burr shot Hamilton, it was not Brutus killing Caesar in the Senate House; but it was killing him before he passed the Rubicon. Hence the anguish, the deep anguish, of Geo. C (abot) and company at their Caesar's death." "This intriguing West Indian," he aimed at commanding the whole Union, and he did not like to be shackled even with an alliance with "G. Britain." Hamilton, "a Nevis adventurer"; "the deep malice of H (amilton) against Burr, and his indefatigable exertions to defame him are little known. I knew so much of it for a course of years that I wondered a duel had not taken place seven years before it did. I could have produced such a duel at any moment for seven years. I kept the secrets sacred and inviolable; and have kept them to this day."

"I have been told by Parson Montague of Dedham, though I will not vouch for the truth of it, that Gen. Hamilton never wrote or spoke at the bar, or elsewhere, in public without a bit of opium in his mouth." This last sentence is in a letter combating the theory of Helvetius and Waterhouse: That the gods sell all things to industry. Adams asserts that genius is often produced by accident; by sorrow, danger, extreme poverty; by artificial and physical means or by rum, whiskey, cider, wine, opium.

In the first letter in this book written at Auteuil in 1784, Adams tell of Mesmer, "a German emperick," who had "turned the heads of a multitude of people," the committee appointed by the King had decided that this magnetism could not be useful, "because it does not exist." Adams notes that mesmerists have thrown patients into violent convulsion, "only by a few odd gestures. . . . I think you physicians ought to study and teach us some method of managing and controlling," this faculty of the mind. It is interesting to compare Adams's account of Mesmer in Paris, with the statements for and against mesmerism in the "Correspondance Littéraire" of Grimm and Diderot in 1784-85.

In 1813 Adams was vexed again by the "Hyperfederalists," or the "Ultrafederalists" who were "rancorous enemies to an American navy. They wished a war with France, an alliance with England, a dependence on the British navy for the protection of their commerce."

"France is the natural ally of U. S., if we must have any ally."

A navy is "the only arm that can protect us, or preserve the Union."

In 1821, when Adams was suffering from rheumatism, Dr. Waterhouse advised him to apply a flesh-brush "or that coarse cloth which the Russians call 'Krush' to the limb that is affected, and to the region of the hip and loins, beginning at the leg and so rubbing upwards. This should be done by some prudent man, who will be careful not to rub off the skin. . . . I hate to take medicine inwardly, and so do you. . . . The philosophy of currying an horse is to prevent rheumatism, and to remove any such affection should it exist."

There is an interesting account of the son, John Quincy Adams's, preparation for entering college. Adams wrote about the existence of an electric fluid as the cause of life; he liked Sterne, though he had heard that Sterne was "a wicked man." "I cannot approve of the principle of Clarissa Harlow's (sic) history, because such virtue ought never to be rendered so unfortunate. . . . Nor do I approve of the resolution of Sir Charles Grandison to confine himself to private life." He writes amusingly about religious revivals. Rebuilding a tomb for his daughter, in 1813: "Whether I shall raise one for myself, where it will be raised, by whom, and how soon, I, as yet, neither know nor much care."

## "TENTH AVENUE"

By PHILIP HALE

Hollis Street Theatre—First performance in Boston of "Tenth Avenue," a melodrama in three acts by John McGowan and Lloyd Griscom. Played in Detroit early in May, 1927, this melodrama came to New York at the Elitinee Theatre on the 15th of last

August. William Boyd then took part of Elzy Everetts; Edna Hibbard, that of Lyla Mason.

The cast last night was as follows:

Curly Neff	Orville Harrell
Carl Fink	Gregory Ratoff
Benny Hewitt	John A. Butler
Lyla Mason	Edna Hibbard
Guy Peters	Harry B. Baumbach
Elzy Everetts	William Boyd
Paddy McGurn	Harold Woolf
Ed Burton	Purnell B. Pratt
A Policeman	Jack Curtis

What would our dramatists do today, if it were not for crime—crime in all its branches, from murders that would have excited the admiration and let loose the eloquence of Thomas De Quincey to the sneaking thefts of pickpockets and workers of the kitchen-lay? What would our dramatists do without crooks of all varieties, rough-necks, gentlemen burglars, sentimentalists (in the last act)? There was an old song sung with great expression by red-nosed serio-comic vocalists in which occurred the lines—we quote from memory:

"The thief on the corner stands grinning

And yet you will wonder at crime."

Audiences no longer wonder at crime. If the front pages of newspapers do not contain the account of at least one murder or a desperate hold-up with reckless gun play, the readers begin the day wrong, as men in Mr. Briggs's ingenious cartoons.

The audience that filled the Hollis Street Theatre last night did not wonder at criminals on the stage; they went expecting to see a "crook-play." They were not disappointed. There was a fine assortment on the stage: a gunman, a card sharp, a pickpocket, a bootlegger—if that purveyor of fire-water to our leading citizens can be justly called a criminal. They were all lodgers in a house in West 38th street, New York. The landlady, young Lyla Mason, tried to keep them out of mischief, tried to make them lead the better life, bless her sweet soul. They all were fond of her in their way. Everetts and Peters, ex-gunner and slick gambler, loved her. She had mothered Everetts; Peters taunted his rival with this charge; at heart she loved the imperturbable, quick-witted Peters. Jealousy brought on a murder in the house. A Pole, one Fink, had saved money. Lyla was behind in her rent. The two rivals proposed to put her out of debt; one by breaking his promise by going to a gambling hall; the other by any means whatsoever. They were out of the house one night when a pistol shot was heard upstairs. Fink, whose chamber door was locked, had been killed.

Then entered the typical melodramatic roaring, bullying detective, who accused wrongly two persons in succession. Who was the murderer? How was he finally found out? Whom did Lyla marry? Ah, these are questions to be answered by those who see this play, often thrilling, with the scenes for the bullying detective too long drawn out. There were plenty of pistols drawn, but the murder was off-stage.

There is the necessary comic relief. In the good old Drury Lane melodramas there was a comic country couple, often with song and dance. In "Tenth Avenue," there is a humorous crook, "Curly," whose side remarks and account of his father going to the chair, threw the audience into convulsions of laughter. There was the humorous insolence of Peters. To us the funniest feature of the play was the roaring detective, funnier even than the Pole, rich through bootlegging.

All played as if they took their tasks with the utmost seriousness. Mr. Boyd gave a strong portrayal of a man torn by jealousy, self-assured at first, then suspicious, fearing lest he should be charged with the crime. Mr. Peters won all hearts by his jaunty behavior, his drawl, his coolness in the most trying circumstances. The murdered Fink as played by Mr. Ratoff was amusing, as was Mr. Harris, who looked like a good little boy gone wrong. Miss Hibbard acted with becoming simplicity in a manner to carry conviction; with womanly tenderness. As for Mr. Pratt he followed faithfully the traditions of how a detective should behave—in melodrama.

We enjoyed the play hugely; but we are fond of melodrama. That is one of the reasons why we like once in a while to see "Hamlet."

## "In Abraham's Bosom" Won Pulitzer Prize

"In Abraham's Bosom," play in seven scenes by Paul Green. Presented by Jack Silverman in association with the Provincetown Playhouse. The cast:

Bud Gaskins	Stanley Greene
Liz Hunneycutt	Walter Robinson
Fred Avery	James Dunmore
Abraham McCranie	Thomas Moseley
Col. McCranie	L. Rufus Hill
Lonnie McCranie	Walter Warner
Goldie McAllister	Lillian Gilman
Mih Mack	Ance Francis
Douglas McCranie	Alton Burrell
Eddie Williams	M. E. Mitchell
Lila Horton	Armithine Lattimer
Neily McNeill	Stanley Greene

This play, produced last December at the Provincetown Playhouse, raised



certain amount of stir. Most people admired it—extravagantly, some protested—others did not rate it so highly by any means. The judges who award the Pulitzer prize, luckily for Mr. Green, were among those who liked it best, so behold the play making off with the season's honors.

It has individuality, at all events, in its favor. It tells the life history of a Carolina mulatto, Abraham by name, a farm hand, who has a fondness for learning—a little learning, that is to say. This little learning, ever a dangerous thing, leads poor Abraham to believe he can keep a school; a missionary, he see himself uplifting his race. Meanwhile, because he can keep no job, either in school, shop or field, he lets his family sink down to the direst poverty. Everything goes wrong with him: his pupils laugh in his face, his plain-spoken old aunt harries his life out at home, men put upon him abroad, his babies die, his only son who lives turns out a drunken hound.

All these misfortunes befall him, largely because, as his aunt told him to his face, he "hasn't got no sense." Being a negro in a southern community, of course, makes his lot no easier—and it makes a far more picturesque play than would the trials and discouragements of an unpractical New England farm hand removed to factory town. So far as his behavior goes, though, this Abraham might be a Yankee, a Kanuck or a Bluenose, as plausibly as a black.

His speech is another matter. Mrs. Green has given him language, as well as the rest of the folk, that sounds authentic and no doubt is. In his poetic urge, however, he has put words into his mouth, whole speeches, that no man of the sort, either black or white, could be reasonably expected to speak. The characterization, Abraham's high flights apart, seems shrewd enough, and sound.

Mr. Green planned his play clumsily. Seven scenes he could not make other than episodic. To further the action he relied to a wearisome degree on soliloquy. In his desire to be realistic, to mingle comedy and tragedy, as is the way of life, he so overdid the comedy that tragedy could only with a struggle come by its own. Too often he let a climax miss its effect for want of preparation, or because he let it dwindle into an anti-climax. The first scene—in reality an act—has most dramatic value, though the last, by its bustle, does not fail of effect. The comedy throughout is rare good fun—too good, indeed, for its purpose of foil.

The actors, not, except in a few minor instances, those in the original cast, were for the most part excellent. The comedians, as might be expected, were best; better, indeed, they could scarcely have been. One among them, Miss Francis, gave a finished performance worth going far to see.

Mr. Mosely, in a role that might have taxed Salvini the elder, played very well. He saw into his character's nature, and he had observed his exterior closely. That he lacks the force of personality to make his impersonation telling is scarcely his fault.

The audience was large. R. R. G.

## "ONE ROUND HOGAN"

### AT MODERN, BEACON

Monte Blue's latest achievement, "One Round Hogan," now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres, is a light film and incidentally a love story in which Lella Hyams supplies the motivation. There are cyclonic performances during several ring scenes, which the directorial genius of Howard Bretherton have made unbelievably realistic.

### WILBUR THEATRE—"Peggy-Ann," a

musical comedy starring Helen Ford. Book by Herbert Fields, music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz Hart. Presented by Lew Fields and Lyle D. Andrews. The leading principals:

Mrs. Frost ..... Lulu McConnell  
Mr. Frost ..... Patrick Rafferty  
Dolores Barnes ..... Marion Trabue  
Alice Frost ..... Betty Starbuck  
Guy Pendleton ..... Lester Cole  
Sally Day ..... Mildred Orr  
Peggy-Ann ..... Helen Ford  
Arnold Small ..... Fuller Melish, Jr.  
Patricia Seymour ..... Margaret Breen  
Freddie Shaw ..... Stark Patterson

"Peggy-Ann" is a musical comedy of the "intimate" type. There are no stair parades of gold-spangled duchesses with elevated noses, nor are there armies of hula-hula girls silhouetted against tomato-red sunset or orchid moonlight, nor super-gorgeous operatic finales before mortared castles and streaming banners. But just the same, "Peggy-Ann" has its moments, and reminds us once again that rollicking fun, and tender, laughing lyrics, when assisted by a good cast, can make their way in the world without cloth of gold or overwhelming numbers.

Not that the scenes lack variety, there is a musical comedy millinery here is a ship, a grotesque affair

built on the general lines of H. M. S. Pinafore, and there is a scene in Havana, but all achieved with artful comic simplicity which mocks itself.

The reason for all this gadding around is Helen Ford's dream. As Peggy-Ann, the Cinderella household drudge who can't go to the dance because she must can peaches and wash dishes, she falls asleep by the fire, and all the whimsical happenings until she awakes at the end of the play are gayly distorted figments of her naive imagination. Before she fell asleep she worried about her fiancé and her long delayed wedding, so in each scene in her dream, she and her grocery-clerk Guy are about to have the knot tied when something happens, like the drugging of the groom or the blowing up of the ship. Her high-hat sister Dolores always appears as the evil spirit who deprives her of her heart's desire. With crimson horns and rippling diabolic laughter, Marion Trabue trips out stage and brings more woes to the life of our Cinderella.

Helen Ford, as usual, is harum-scarum and appealing, with an undercurrent of enlightened efficiency back of the rolling eyes and cooing voice. And speaking of her voice, it was in excellent form last night. The lyrics, especially "A Tree in the Park" and "A Little Birdie Told Me So" are well contrived for her vocal powers and manner of childish coquetry. Lulu McConnell scores as usual with her vaudeville slapstick lines, and in the riotous dialogue with her impish daughter, played by Betty Starbuck.

There are an even dozen of well-chosen chorus girls, well above the average in looks and ability.

H. F. M.

## MISS WILLARD GIVES RECITAL IN COSTUME

### Singer Pleases Audience at Repertory Hall

Alice Barton Willard, assisted by Agnes Ruggles Allen, pianist, gave a recital in costume last night in Repertory hall that gave pleasure to her audience. The program consisted of olden Pastourelles, Bergerettes and songs of the 18th century and Revolutionary period.

Miss Willard, who has studied the art of singing with action made her first appearance in Boston last May at the Hotel Vendome. Miss Willard, who has studied in Milan and Paris, as well as in Boston, has a pleasing personality and a sympathetic voice. Perhaps the most ambitious numbers of her program were "La Mort du Roi Renaud" and "Le Roi a fait battre tambour."

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "My Maryland," an American operetta in three acts. Music by Sigmund Romberg. Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly. Book and ensembles staged by J. C. Huffman. Musical numbers by Jack Mason. A. J. Bertin conducted. The cast:

Sue Royce ..... Virginia Arlington  
Laura Royce ..... Berenice Allen  
Maoimy Lou ..... Mande Raymond  
Edgar Strong ..... John Kennedy  
Sally Negley ..... Edith Rose Scott  
Barbara Fritchie ..... Olga Cook  
Jack Negley ..... Harold Conkling  
Dr. Bal Boyd ..... S. Herbert Bragiotto  
Zelle Bramble ..... Oscar Fisman  
Colonel Negley ..... George C. Fry  
Arthur Fritchie ..... Harold Woodward  
Captain Trumbull ..... Alexander Callum  
Mr. Fritchie ..... Howard Kyle  
Sergeant Perkins ..... Edward Garcan  
Mrs. Hunter ..... Louise Bandett  
Fred Gelwex ..... Donald Black  
Tim Green ..... Charles Carver  
Gen. Stonewall Jackson ..... Harold Joyce

This opus is founded on the episode of Barbara Fritchie and the flag. It is not necessary to inquire as to whether the play is faithful to the poem, or whether it adheres to historical fact. On this point opinions have been diversified. The point is, has the maker of the book made a good play.

We will answer by saying that so far as your humble servant's opinion is concerned, it is by long odds the best entertainment that he has ever seen over an experience of many years.

The piece has balance, a word often missing in the analysis of contemporaneous musical plays. The book itself might stand on its own feet as a sizzling melodrama. The exposition is to the point and the development is logical and there are no strained sequences. The dialogue, too, is pointed, often incisive and insinuating, not trumped up for an "occasion."

Mr. Romberg has been fortunate with his score. He was in an inventive mood, but not all the time, for there are moments when he has stepped from the studio into the editorial sanctum. He has, indeed, achieved remarkable results thematically; he brings us the color of the South, the chivalry of its people, the perfume of the magnolia in phrase and melody. He has typified the unconquerable Yankee as well and the surge behind him in the yelling "Your Land and Mine," a real cry to battle, with its underlying plea for a unification of our people. And this piece is only one of a number of en-

sembles that, perhaps, in spite of yourself you will carry from the theatre.

Barbara (her surname is Fritchie in the program) has been courted by Jack Negley, a confederate neighbor, but she is indifferent and pledges herself to Capt. Trumbull, a Connecticut Yankee. Her brother, a confederate spy, is shielded by her with the unwitting assistance of Trumbull. Trumbull is ordered to Hagerstown, as a marriage was about to be celebrated. Barbara's father hears of the affair. There is a scene, but Barbara stands firm. There is a skirmish at Hagerstown, and Barbara is closeted with two confederates, who propose to pick off Trumbull as he passes below. Trumbull passes and as Green is about to shoot, Barbara raises Gelwex's gun and wounds Green in the arm. Later Trumbull is shot by Barbara's brother, and housed in her father's apartment. Another scene and Barbara wins over her father. Stonewall Jackson's regiment appears to the thrill of "Dixie," and Barbara from the balcony waves the flag. Jackson reproves his followers after the manner of the poem. Trumbull will live. He appears with Barbara in his arms on the balcony with the flag between them.

In a piece of this kind too often players fall into stupid sentimentalism. Not so with this group of players. When a cast such as this including the ensemble, can stand searching analysis and come away with the word "convincing" emblazoned on their pennant they have accomplished all that a thespian can give. And let it be added that the men and women of the chorus were something more than animated embroidery, and sang with an arresting sonority and always musically.

Miss Olga Cook was heard as Barbara, and hers was an interpretation that will linger for a long while. Vocally, she is a pleasing soprano and she sang with a good full tone, whether in the upper register or in florid song. Dramatically she was equal to the part, and added a pleasing personality to a blonde loveliness. Alexander Callum the role of Capt. Trumbull. A fluent, full-throated tenor, he was at ease in the part, and he played both the soldier and the lover to the hilt.

Oscar Fisman was the Zeke Bramble and to him fell much of the comedy. Mr. Fisman has long since lost his musical voice, if ever he had one. But his "business" is as one well schooled in his art, an art seldom found in the theatre of our day. What shortcomings he had in voice found another way in comic values. T. A. R.

## "HONEYMOON HATE" SEEN AT BOSTON THEATRE

### Florence Vidor Stars in New Comedy Romance

A comedy romance of love beneath the moonlight—to the lilting tunes of strumming guitars and the gentle swishing of water—was put on the screen of the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre yesterday.

It is called "Honeymoon Hate," and it is the adaptation of Alice M. Williamson's story of the same name. Florence Vidor is the star.

Tullio Carminati plays Prince Dantari, who falls in love with Gail Grant, marries her and tames her, a difficult task cleverly accomplished. William Austin takes comedy honors in the role of Banning Greene, eccentric Englishman, who is always too late in meeting and wooing the heroine.

Six acts of vaudeville, headed by Elizabeth Brice, with Frank Kessler and his "music weavers," a comedy, as well as the Pathe News, Topics and Fables, complete this program.

## B. F. KEITH'S BILL

A well apportioned program, topped by Nellie and Sara Kouns in a song recital, awaits variety-goers at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The bill includes some entertaining comedy and dancing, some worthwhile acrobatics and the usual motion picture numbers, Pathe News, Topic of the Day and Aesop's Fables.

Nellie and Sara Kouns, silvery-voiced sopranos, sing a number of favorite pieces of present and past days, and meet with the warm reception to which they are entitled. Last night's audience demanded and received two encores.

Jed Dooley, assisted by Audree Evans, contributes a highly amusing turn entitled "Remarks Befitting the Occasion." His crossfire of rollicking quips keeps the audience in a more or less continuous state of laughter. The "Three Swifts" are again on hand with their clever, whirlwind, Indian club act, but they appear even faster than ever in their skillful performance.

Hermanos Williams' Argentine dancers favor with some original and thrilling acrobatics and dancing of the Argentine variety. Misses Dorothy and Rosetta Ryan entertain with some catchy songs, and Billy House & Co. present a farce entitled "Resolutions."

An "Aerial Classic" including some new stunts on the rings by Frances & Frank, and "A Carnival Night" by Margo & Beth and company, round out the program.

## '2 ARABIAN KNIGHTS' AT LOEW'S STATE

### William Boyd and Louis Wolheim Star in War Comedy

Laughs, and more laughs come with two American soldiers and an Arab girl as the principals of "Two Arabian Knights," post-war doughboy comedy-drama showing at Loew's State this week.

None of the sordidness of war enters the story, which is concerned with the rollicking experiences of a rich, young private and a hard boiled first sergeant, fated to be buddies throughout a series of hilarious adventures, though they had been natural enemies.

William Boyd plays the stellar role which is this star's first appearance in a major film since his work in "The Volga Boatman." Louis Wolheim, the original "Captain Flagg" of the stage play, "What Price Glory?" is his comical buddy. Mary Astor is convincing as the Arab girl, who involves the plot and humorous incidents flow rapidly between thrilling experiences.

Sam Robins' Baltimoreans head the stage bill with renditions of popular song hits played in true jazz style. The Pence sisters, former Cambridge girls who have made their name prominent in broadcasting and recording fields, please with vocal harmonies.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Green Hat," a romance in four acts by Michael Arlen. The cast:

A reporter ..... Robert Storer  
A lady's maid ..... Svedell Lawdrew  
Manager of the Hotel Vendome, Beauville ..... Malcolm Arthur  
Dr. Conrad Masters ..... Charles Schofield  
Gerold Haveleur March ..... Day Manson  
Maj.-Gen. Sir Maurice Harpenden, Bart. .... John Winthrop  
Napier Harpenden ..... Walter Gilbert  
Hilary Townsend ..... Frank Charlton  
Iris Penwick, nee March ..... Clara Joel  
Venice Pollen ..... Edith Squire  
Lord de Travest ..... Royal Beal  
Lord de Travest ..... Betty White  
A lady ..... Flora Maud Gude  
Another lady ..... Remus Jensen  
Turner ..... Mary Hill  
Sister Clothilde ..... Betty White  
Another sister ..... Betty White  
Truble ..... Malcolm Arthur

From didactic, if powerful tragedy, to bucolic comedy, and from that to neurotic romance—all in the course of three weeks—is an accomplishment worthy of notice. At present there seems to be nothing that the company at the St. James Theatre will not attempt. If one felt at times last night that he was wasting his efforts, it was the play that was to blame—and not the cast.

Michael Arlen's hectic drama of "The Green Hat" is an excellent vehicle for an emotional actress. It served Catherine Cornell all too well, since her superlative acting made one forget the triviality of the play itself. Here it serves Miss Clara Joel no less well; she puts into the character of Iris March all the tragedy and the pitiful futility of a wasted life, but in spite of her efforts and those of the other actors, this romance fails to ring true. It is, perhaps, difficult to determine just where the trouble lay. There was an infinity of noble speeches, of epigrams, of bad language, and of incredibly bad melodrama. People struck attitudes, cursed each other and their family inheritance, demanded truth and interfered in other people's affairs.

Action was not lacking nor was conversation, but the ultimate conviction of sincerity and reality failed to appear. Iris March does not seem credible, nor her sacrifice very momentous. Michael Arlen, despite his undeniable cleverness, has not learned as yet to make the emotions of his characters ring true. They are merely puppets voicing his own ideas on love, marriage good sportsmanship and unpleasant details.

The acting was excellent throughout with special mention for Miss Joel and Day Manson, who played the nerve-shattered young brother of Iris March. His part was the most difficult in the play; he had to keep an hysterical youth from being completely ridiculous and he succeeded admirably.

As Iris, Miss Joel played with conviction, and tried to make plausible the vagaries of this strange and unhappy woman. It is not small tribute to her abilities that she was able to bring of the third act where she appears delirious from her bedroom, to totter into the



First of Napier and then of her wife. She made one believe Iris did her best to play the game manifold handicaps. In the latest part of Napier Harpenden, Gilbert seemed to suffer at times a acute embarrassment which mars his usual agreeable manner. It is fair to blame him altogether for however, Napier was a weakling rather a cad, too alien to Mr. Gil's usual parts for him to play it with pleasure or conviction. Too ting at first Miss Spcare as Venice on showed great improvement when role became serious and in the d act divided the honors with Miss Mr. Char on as Hilary Town and Mr. Winthrop as Sir Maurice pendon were also good. Mr. Scho's Dr. Conrad, though played in somewhat too familiar way, prod the only light moments in the E. L. H.

## PODOLSKY

Last evening in Jordan hall Leo Podolsky of Chicago was heard in his st Boston appearance as pianist be re a scanty audience—but one that as strictly attentive and appreciative. He first number on the program was e Bach-Liszt Variations, but these e not well adapted for the piano, nor Mr. Podolsky's style, but answered as introduction, at any rate. Mr. Podolsky's touch is descendant from the Kalk-enner school of piano playing, and he eeds to 'put some yeast in his bread' so speak, and lighten his touch. It ill be recalled that Chopin was look- ing for a piano teacher when Kalk-enner's reputation was at its height, ut Mendelssohn told Chopin: "You ay better than he does." Chopin needs ght fingers in all his compositions.

The second number on the program as Schumann's "Davidsbunder Tanze" series of pieces written one by one without any special purpose, yet all ear the impress of having originated i the personal experiences of Schu- mann's life. They are "poesies d'occa- sion," a term which Goethe designates s the highest form that a work of art an take. Schumann himself tells us hat they reflect the varying moods wrought in him by the contentions bout Clara Wieck. It was because Schumann the man and Schumann he musician were always trying to peak at the same time" that these pieces strike the hearer with magic freshness and originality. Herc Mr. Podolsky found a better medium for his style of playing and the further he played into the Schumann, the better his interpretation became, because Schumann's music lies principally in the middle register of the piano, and there is where Mr. Podolsky played best.

The second part of the program included Szymanowski, Reger, Debussy's much-played "clair de lune," DeFalla, Medtner and Scriabine, all well enough in their place, but where was Chopin? Mr. Podolsky, born in Odessa, Russia, not far from Warsaw, where Chopin was born and lived, and loved, would be looked to for exceptional understanding of what Rubinstein meant when he said: "The pianoforte rhapsodist, the pianoforte mind, the pianoforte soul is Chopin. All possible shades of expres- sion are found in his compositions, and all sung by him upon this instrument in perfect beauty." Surely the dragon of technique could not be responsible for this regrettable omission—yet, what is the answer? For surely Chopin be- longed on Mr. Podolsky's program in Boston from every conceivable point of view. Besides we feel sure the box- office receipts would have reflected such anticipation of the public's taste.

In the preludes of Szymanowski, a variety of moods were met with, and brought out in a splendid way, creating the best atmosphere of the evening in the lovely cantabile toward the end. In the Reger "Intermezzo" and effective use of the pedals appeared, and De- Falla's "Andaluza" was admirably suited to Mr. Podolsky's playing, clothed in its fantastic and bravura style.

The recital closed with three Scria- bine numbers, of which the Poem, op. 45 was the most effective number of the evening, and was beautifully and bril- liantly played. A. H. D.

## "FIGURES DON'T LIE" AT WASH. ST. OLYMPIC

Esther Ralston and Richard Arlen in Business Life Film

Esther Ralston's latest starring pic- ture, "Figures Don't Lie," is being shown at the Washington Street Olym- pia Theatre this week. Miss Ralston plays the part of a private secretary who runs most of her employer's busi- ness. Richard Arlen adds to the work- ing girl's troubles as the irrepressible young sales manager who won't take "no" for an answer.

Mabel Taliaferro, famous star of the stage and screen, returns to vaudeville in a clever sketch, "The Woman I Might

Have Been," in which she has an ex- cellent opportunity to show her dra- matic wares. Joseph E. Howard, popu- lar composer, sings his own songs. Grace Eder and Company bring a new dance revue. Dave Ray and Harry Stone have a comedy skit. Gert and Archie Falls have an acrobatic specialty of the fast- est kind. Paramount News, short sub- jects and the Olympia orchestra com- plete the bill.

## 'JESSE JAMES' SEEN AT TWO HOUSES

Fred Thomson Film Shown at Scollay Sq. and Fenway

Jesse James has been immortalized for the generations to come in Fred Thomson's "Jesse James" which opened its initial Boston showing at the Scollay Square Olympia and Fenway last night. According to the thrilling story which Mr. Thomson has screened, James was to all intent hounded by the law for deeds he never committed. When he plundered, it was only to give the needy. If this be true, America's boyhood now has another idol to worship.

Here is a picture that has all the things that are usually found in out- door dramas—action, wild riding, gorge- ous scenery, a good love story and plenty of fighting.

Nora Lane, the comely woman who appeared opposite Thomson in "Arizona Nights" is again his heroine. Montagu Love, Mary Carr, James Pierce, William Courtwright, and Harry Woods are all seen to advantage in important parts, and the wonder equine actor Silver King.

The seven-act vaudeville program was unusually entertaining at the Scollay Square Olympia.

The associate film on the Fenway program is "The Joy Girl," starring Olive Borden. Short screen subjects are included on both bills.

## '7TH HEAVEN' UNREELED AT ORPHEUM THEATRE

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in Feature Photoplay

"Seventh Heaven," based on John is the feature photoplay at Loew's Or- Golden's stage success by Austin Strong, pheum theatre this week. It is a charm- ing romance of a little Paris street waif and her lover. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, the stars who rose to fame with their work in this production give truly remarkable characterizations in their roles of Chico and Diane. Gladys Brockwell, Ben Bard, David But- ler and others lend able assistance.

Heading the variety bill are Braille and Fallo, featured dancers in a melody and dance act. They are assisted by the Yugo-Slav Royal orchestra and Mel Elwood. Frank Terry, vaudeville and former screen star and composer, pleases with his recitation topped by the famous "Mr. Boozie."

Other acts include "Going Straight," a comedy skit with Georgie Taylor; Meyers and Nolan in a medley of song and jest; and Tiebor's seals.

M-G-M newsreel and selections by the Hector and Rohde orchestras with Choniere at the organ complete the program.

## CONTINUING PLAYS

COLONIAL—"Allez-Oop," revue, headed by Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield. Last week.

MAJESTIC—"Oh, Kay," musical comedy, with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. Gershwin's music. Fourth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jed Harris's play of night club life. Thirteenth week.

TREMONT—"Rang-Tang," all- colored revue, headed by Miller and Lyles. Second week.

COPLEY—"No. 17," mystery play, enters its fifth week.

ter known as Beatrice a... Miss Laftery will take as her subject, "The World, the Press and the Devil."

As an extra added feature for this event, the committee of the Sisterhood of Temple Israel has secured Miss Clara Shear, soprano, and late member of the Chicago Civic Opera company. Miss Shear will be heard in a group of arias.

## 'CLEAN HANDS'

By PHILIP HALE

Copley Theatre—Afternoon perform- ance for the first time on any stage of "Clean Hands," a play in three acts with a prologue by Ian Hay (Maj. John Hay Beith). There was an audience that filled the theatre, an audience that was deeply interested throughout the per- formance.

The cast was as follows:

Esther	.....	Elspeth Dudgeon
Rosemary Dent	.....	Gaby Fay
Roy Dent	.....	Martin Walker
Miss Jennings	.....	May Ediss
Mr. Rickett	.....	Ralph Roberts
Albert Henshaw	.....	David Clyde
Ernest	.....	W. E. Waite
Geoffrey Martin	.....	Norman Cannon
Georgie Martyn	.....	Norman Cannon
Jim Desborough	.....	Victor Becroft
Rev. John Mallaby	.....	E. E. Clive

Mr. Hay having written successful comedies now comes forward with a serious play, the first of this kind that he has put on the stage. It is said that the plot is based on a story that was told him by an English lawyer from his own knowledge of the persons and the fact in the case. At any rate the story was worth telling.

In the prologue the Dents, husband and wife, are in their flat in Chelsea. The husband has forged the name of one Henshaw, a bounder with money and an eye for women. Dent has been to see him in hope of obtain- ing escape from punishment. Hen- shaw will not press action if Mrs. Dent will take a three months' trip with him as his secretary. He had for some time wished to add her to his collection. Dent, a weak, con- temptible fellow, always in debt, dread- ing a jail sentence, urges her to accept the offer, and tries to persuade her that the bounder with "a heart of gold," though not one of our own kind, will treat her respectfully. Rosemary has no illusions. She despises the weakness, the cowardice of her hus- band, whom she had long ceased to love. One of her children is in need of an operation. She finally telephones Henshaw to call on her, saying to her husband that she no longer heeds the moral law; she will soon be unworthy of anyone's respect. Knowing that she cannot fulfil the duties of a sec- retary, she resigns herself to be Hen- shaw's mistress.

The play opens two years later. Hav- ing returned from Nassau, Rosemary went back to her husband and had stood him, though he was again con- stantly in debt and often drunk, until he went off with a woman. She then calls on an old and highly respected firm of lawyers, the Martyns, to con- sult them about a divorce. Geoffrey is the sedate member of the firm; Gerald who prides himself, like Henshaw, also a client, on being a man of the world, makes a specialty of divorce cases. Geof- frey tells her that a petitioner must come into court with clean hands. He asks her if she had had any illicit at- tachment. She lies. In the office she meets Henshaw and acts as if she had never met him. It is to be noted that Henshaw, in this and in following scenes, behaves decently. He doesn't even hint at the liaison, but without mentioning names in the recital of his amorous adventures to Gerald, he men- tions a delightful experience at Nassau. Gerald thinking Rosemary fair game, a peach that is ready to fall or be picked, undertakes her divorce case. In the course of idle conversation she, too, mentions Nassau as a charming place for a vacation.

The unsophisticated, high-mind- ed Geoffrey, and brother Gerald, experi- enced in amorous adventures, fall in

love with Rosemary; the former wishes to wed her; the latter looks on her as a passing amusement. They quarrel.

She obtains her divorce. In the sec- ond act Geoffrey and Rosemary rejoice in their approaching happiness. A man from the king's proctor's office calls and tells Geoffrey that through an anonymous letter and a photograph sent to the office the Nassau episode has been discovered; the divorce must be annulled. Rosemary overhears the talk and tells Geoffrey her story. If she had told the truth when he had ques- tioned her! But who sent the anony- mous letter?

Henshaw, now married, indignantly frees himself from suspicion. Lo and

behold, while the lovers are preparing for heroic resignation and separation, with Rosemary the stouter in her deter- mination, Gerald confesses to her that he was the anonymoucle (to borrow Charles Reade's term). He confesses likewise to his brother. The audience is prepared for this by stories told earlier in the play of Gerald's fits of jealousy, selfishness and rage even when he was a boy; of the succeeding fits of remorse. All is not lost, for Gerald will engage the services of the distinguished Aber- crombie who will show the king's pro- ctor that Rosemary was practically forced to join Henshaw.

They await the new decision. Enters the Rev. Mr. Mallaby to inform Rose- mary about a man named Dent, a poor actor in a cheap East side theatre, down and out, lying terribly injured in a hos- pital, needing care and sympathy. He begs her to see this man. At first she will not go, but is persuaded, and again farewells poor Geoffrey. The husband, even if he lives, will be a cripple for life. Mr. Hay, not eager to satisfy the audi- ence with the expected happy ending by having Dent killed by the falling weight in the theatre, leaves the audience in suspense that is far more effective.

The play is adroitly constructed; the story is plausible throughout; the di- alogue is for the most part to the point, and always natural; what amusing lines occur come from the characters themselves, who are not used as speak- ing tubes for the dramatist's desire to be witty. It is a play that holds the at- tention throughout. The men and wom- en interest the spectators by what they do and do not do; by what they say and leave unsaid.

For a first performance the play moved with surprising smoothness. Miss Fay gave an admirable portrayal of Rosemary in her lighter and more som- bre moments. She was not seen to act; she did not call the attention of the audience to the fact that she was acting. In the prologue her scorn, con- tempt, disgust did not find vent in rant- ing; her face and the very lowness of her speech revealed them. The trying meeting with Henshaw was another fea- ture of her portrayal. To us the chief scene was that between Mallaby and Rosemary. Finely written, it was beau- tifully played by Miss Fay and Mr. Clive, with a simplicity, a tenderness, a hu- man feeling worthy of all praise. It may be said that the other roles were ad- equately taken. Mr. Walker in a singu- larly unpleasant role, did not make it more unpleasant by exaggeration. Mr. Cannon and Mr. Lucas were well con- trasted as the brothers. We can think of Henshaw as played in a less farcical manner than it was yesterday.

The play will be performed at the Tuesday and Thursday matinees until further notice. There is no apparent reason why it should not prosper.

## Boston Symphony Orches- tra Pleases Young Peo- ple with Clever Program

Richard Burgin conducted, yesterday afternoon, the Boston Symphony Or- chestra which played "Overture to the King of Ys," Lalo; Second Movement (andante cantabile), from the Sym- phony in C Major, Beethoven; Prelude to Act III "Lohengrin," Wagner; An- dante Cantabile for strings, Tchaikov- sky; "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," scherzo, Rimsky-Korsakov; "The An- imal's Carnival," Saint-Saens; Hunga- rian March ("Rakoczy"), Berlioz.

Instead of a sea of carefully mar- celed gray and white coiffures, the floor of Symphony hall rippled and tossed with rough little brown and yellow and black heads. The balconies to the last row were full of 8 to 13-year- olds. Middy blouses and jumpers re- placed black silk and lace. A certain wriggling movement was apparent throughout the audience. Gone was the rapt religious hush of Friday after- noons. A spirit of zest filled the air.

Even the musicians were affected and broke into smiles over the Saint-Saens "Animals' Carnival." This group pro- vided the most popular piece of the afternoon, known on the program as E. "Personages With Long Ears." Mr. Burgin drew most entrancing long-eared sounds from his orchestra, gave one en- core, and was hardly allowed to pro- ceed to F. "The Cuckoo in the Depth of the Forest." H. was "The Swan," and the children loved that, too—unex- pectedly, for the andante movements were naturally the least popular.

There was much sitting, with slightly open mouths, on the edge of chairs dur- ing "The Overture to the King of Ys," and the "Lohengrin" prelude, and audible pleasure over the brief career of the Bumble Bee.

It was a charming concert, perfectly chosen and delicately played for its audience, and a delicious experience to see Symphony hall filled with "When We Were Very Young." The progra- m will be repeated this afternoon at 4, M. Burgin conducting.



## LYDIA GRAY SINGS

Lydia Gray, mezzo-soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall, to the excellent accompaniment of Reginald Boardman, and before a large audience:

Auf Flügeln Des Gesanges, Jagdlied, Das Erste Veilchen, Suleika, Mendelssohn; Friede, Alles Still, Knabe und Veilchen, Stark wie der Tod ist die Liebe, Erich Wolff; Sur Les Collines de Georgie, Soir Paisible, Tu et Vous, Rimsky-Korsakov; Treue Liebe, Brahms; Volksliedchen, Schumann; Die Lotosblume, Walfahrt, Franz; The Frozen Heart, Leginska; Three Jolly Gentlemen, Bliss; Symphony in Yellow, Griffes; Ecstasy, Rummel.

Miss Gray, it is plain to be seen, is one of those commendable singers who aim to offer their audiences something out of the ordinary; by singing Mendelssohn songs, today, she made her intention clear in no uncertain terms. She might have done worse; Mendelssohn, even at his weakest—and three of the four songs of his Miss Gray chose last night rise but little above his feeblest—knew how to write a song to "sound" and also to let the words sound. But why should Miss Gray, be her spirit one of reverence or one of adventure, put forward any of Mendelssohn's songs that are less than the best?

Why, by the same argument, did she sing three paltry songs in French, though Rimsky-Korsakov himself did write them? Not that their palisness, indeed, would matter; consider what Schipa sang. But their dulness! Erich Wolff, to come to him, must surely have been unjustly represented by Miss Gray's selection, though his "Friede" is not quite empty of melody of some expressiveness, and the ballad of the boy and the violets has about it a hint of gaiety.

Why will young singers make free with music they surely must know cannot by any chance please the audiences they are likely to attract? To cut a dash with the elect by singing impossibilities by men of note—Prohöff, say, if so be he wrote songs, or Malipiero, or the others—the dash may be worth the boredom it costs the non-elect. But to run the risk of raising cnuil for the sake of Erich Wolff or of Rimsky-Korsakov in mediocre vein or Arthur Bliss—that cannot show good judgment.

Brahms, Schumann, Franz! They sounded like gods, after what had come before.

Miss Gray brought to hearing a voice of excellent natural quality, especially in the upper and medium regions. This fine organ she is undoubtedly cultivating to good advantage; when she can be sure of always producing tones equal to her best, she will have at her disposal an admirable instrument.

In the matter of technique Miss Gray has already accomplished much, most notably a smooth delivery of tone, and distinct enunciation. Musically, too, she shows herself soundly taught, with a very good notion of phrasing, and a clear preception of how to sing a song as a whole, though without the former, at present, because of insufficient command of tonal variety and dynamics—to give full expression to all she apparently feels.

R. R. G.

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The concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York greatly pleased the audiences and the professional critics. All were loud in praise of Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. Let us quote from two leading critics:

William J. Henderson of the Sun speaking of "Daphnis and Chloe":

"To give such music its adequate value nothing short of a performance combining the most brilliant instrumental technic with flawless clarity will serve. It was that kind of a performance that we heard last evening. It was a triumph of orchestral splendor, thrilling in its confidence, its accuracy, its luminosity and its verve. This playing and that of the Weber overture demonstrated that the Boston Symphony Orchestra of today sustains the historical fame of the organization. Other orchestras must look to their laurels when this one plays with such gorgeous tone and such irresistible spirit. One may shake his head, if he likes, at some of Mr. Koussevitzky's readings, but about his skill in evoking all the tonal excellence of an orchestra, as well as its bold attack and its military precision and unanimity, there

can be no two opinions. The Weber overture was a veritable tumult of fiery sound and the Ravel work a sunburst. There is but one adjective for such playing—magnificent."

Lawrence Gilman of the Herald-Tribune:

"The art of life," wrote Mr. Santayana, "is to keep pace with the celestial orchestra that beats the measure of our career, and gives the cue for our exits and our entrances." It is not of record that the eminent philosopher was thinking of the Boston Symphony Orchestra when he wrote that sentence, with its "hiring adjective"—though if one were given to higher flights of rhapsody than the sober spectacle of a New England orchestra permits, one might find the term not wholly undeserved by the luminous beauty of Mr. Koussevitzky's strings. "A remarkable orchestra." "There is, we think, no conductor who makes more provocative programs than Mr. Koussevitzky; there is no conductor at present hereabouts who is so detaining in their performance as he. It is possible that, having been detained, you do not always agree with the discourse that has laid its arresting hand upon you. But the point is you are detained. And that is nearly everything."

Mr. Chotzinoff of the World: "Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra gave a truly masterly performance of 'Daphnis and Chloe,' a mixture of virtuosity and understanding which brought the audience to its feet. The 7th symphony of Beethoven was an impressive climax to an unusually interesting program. Mr. Koussevitzky played it in a straightforward manner, allowing Beethoven to speak for himself."

Mr. Downes of the Times: "Mr. Koussevitzky, that singular anomaly of the virtuoso and the interpreter of genius, when he leads as he led last evening, has probably not his equal for temperament, imagination and magnetism among conductors now in this country."

Evening Post: The performance of Ravel's suite provoked "not only prolonged applause for the leader and his men, but even shouts of approval."

All the seats and the standing room at Carnegie hall last Thursday night were occupied. The World added to its remarks about the great crowd: "The anticipatory excitement that prevailed in the auditorium must have been founded on a premonition of an unusual performance by the Bostonians and their Russian leader."

The program of the Symphony concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will be as follows: Cherubini, overture to "Ali-Baba or the Forty Thieves"; Schrecker, Prelude to a Drama; Brahms, Violin concerto (Mr. Spalding); Liszt, symphonic poem, "Mazeppa."

Cherubini's overture was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881. It had been played here by Theodore Thomas some years before that. The opera met with little success at Paris, but it met with favor in German cities. The griggish Mendelssohn did not like the overture; he complained of "thunder clap effects" and three or four trombones "blasting away." "Mazeppa" was last heard here six years ago this month. It would be a joyous idea to have a film with some play actress, after the manner of Adah Isaacs Menken, barebacked on the famous Ukraine steed, shown while the music was playing. As for the Brahms concerto—but Mr. Spalding is a good violinist. Some think that Schrecker was rightly named for his compositions.

Mr. Burgin will conduct the concerts this week.

Comdr. Richard E. Byrd will give an illustrated lecture, "The Atlantic and Other Flights," in Symphony Hall tonight, under the auspices of the Women's City Club of Boston.

Povla Frijsh will sing next Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the Denison House. The recital will be in the Hotel Statler ballroom (Columbus avenue entrance), at 3 P. M. At 3 P. M. in Jordan hall, Myra Hess will play the piano.

"How happy could I be with either, Were t' other dear charmer away."

Mr. Newman will give the third of his engrossing and richly illustrated Travel-talks on soviet Russia tomorrow evening and Saturday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The subject will be "Leningrad." No wonder that the hall has been filled at the preceding lectures, the largest audiences that we have seen at any one's traveltalk or "travelog"

for many seasons. Mr. Newman did not observe present conditions or obtain his photographs without personal risk. He might say with Walt Whitman: "I was the man, I suffered, I was there."

Mme. Schumann Heink will give her annual "Farewell" concert next Sunday afternoon in Symphony hall. The People's Symphony Orchestra will play in Jordan hall at the same time. The Vatican Chorus will be heard in Symphony hall that evening at 8:15. The orchestra of the Lincoln House Association, Jacques Hoffmann, conductor, will play at the Boston Public Library at 3:30.

Concerts of week beginning Dec. 5: Monday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Leon Sampaix, pianist. Tuesday, Jordan hall, Yclly d'Aranyi, violinist; Symphony hall, 8 P. M., Apollo Club. Wednesday, Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Walter Leary, baritone; 8:15, Florence Bowes, soprano; Steinert hall, 8:15, Marianne Kneisel string quartet. Thursday, Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Princess de Broglie, pianist; Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Harvard Glee Club; Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M., Vincent Spolizno, tenor, and Aidan Redmond, baritone. Friday, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra. Saturday, Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Many Huber, pianist; 8:15, Boston Symphony orchestra.

## MANZONI REQUIEM

There was a concert last night in Symphony hall under auspices of the League of Catholic Women of Boston for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Thompson Stone conducting, the "artistic director" of the occasion, Vincent V. Hubbard, Verdi's Manzoni Requiem came to a hearing. The soloists were Marguerite Porter, soprano; Anita Dale Seymour, contralto; Edward Ransom, tenor; Arthur Morse, bass. Seventy players from the Boston Symphony orchestra also lent their services.

This chorus sang the Requiem, under Mr. Stone's direction, last spring. Under the same adroit leadership the singers have made gain in these few months' time. The requiem and kyrie they sang last night with a softer degree of fine tone than they could have compassed at the earlier performance, with a much nearer approach to appreciation of the music's sentiment and melody, with a betterment of the already excellent attack and release.

In a movement like this, dependent largely on fine shades and only slightly on bulk of sound, Mr. Stone was able, to a considerable degree, to secure the rightful shading, maintaining the while a very fair balance of tone—bright tone, furthermore and vital, never half dead and alive. And when, on the other hand, Verdi exacted splendor of sound and bigness, behold Mr. Stone right at hand. The bigness, at all events, he absolutely would have, however got—if the tenors and basses, for example, could not make their quota good, he drove the orchestra till it filled, as adequately as it could, the deficiency. A certain effect of the required tonal splendor he was even able, here and there, to achieve, as in the magnificent "Pleni sunt."

Hats off to the man! By force of knowing what is what, by his sensitivity to rhythm and by his keen melodic sense—not to overlook his intelligence in recognizing what a given body of performers can manage, and concentrating his energies thereupon. Mr. Stone succeeded in giving a performance of a masterpiece that reproduced its spirit and, so far as possible, much of its beauty. Honor to him, and to the chorus for following his lead so valiantly and sonorously.

The orchestra played better, for the most part, than orchestras hereabouts always play in oratorios. The solo singers, equipped, in varying degrees, with good voices very well trained, did as well as they could with music highly exacting, music far beyond their present powers.

R. R. G.

## MISS SKINNER

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner appeared in a program of character sketches, for the benefit of the Church Home Society, in the Hotel Statler ballroom last night. She appeared very slight and appallingly young in her simple white frock, as she stepped on the stage. You trembled for her, alone before a certainly large and obviously distinguished audience. Thoughts of a lamb thrown to a great many beautiful wolves in ermine capes and dog collars crossed your mind. With her first words, fear vanished.

Actress, daughter of an actor father, her poise never wavered, and as she spoke, a charm of her own, young and fresh as herself, held her audience. The

first sketches were slight, their humor of the "human interest" type, more smiles than laughter. Everyone there could laugh over her American girl on the French telephone. Her struggles to get "Elysee, solxante-neuf quatre-vingt-cinq" and her conversation with the couturiere in best American-French, evidently struck a familiar note.

All in the audience who had been parents, and their names were legion, enjoyed the Philadelphia lady helping 10-year-old junior with his homework. If anyone had the least idea how many marbles did belong to A, B and C even with the problem repeated 10 times, their expressions certainly did not show it. How father at the Raquet Club could give the answer over the telephone, nonchalantly, between rubbers, was the remarkable part of the sketch.

The lady explorer was delightful. English, with a beaded coat, a gold headband, and an overpowering vagueness, she gave her hearers a scrambled idea of her experiences among the head-hunters of Bogandia, which is an African country belonging to—"Oh, I really don't remember, not England anyway." We've all heard English lecturers.

Miss Skinner struck a more poignant note in "Spring Evening," a paler echo of "Saturday's Children," with the little East Side girl defenseless and inarticulate as her boy friend slips away. The "Beach at Barbados" revealed the first real depth of emotion. The underlying tragedy of the sun-burned Barbadian girl was well done.

The obvious comparison is with Ruth Draper. In intelligence, in charm, Miss Skinner is her match. In technique, yes—but in passion she is lacking. She is a spring-like person, and has spring's charm, a "Where Brook and River Meet" quality. The intensity that goes with deep feeling is not hers. Her sketches, written by herself, reflect herself. They are all on the threshold of life. They have that appeal, and that lack.

R. H. G.

## HELEN DIEDRICHS

Helen Diedrichs, Boston pianist and teacher, played an excellent program of pianoforte music last evening, in Jordan Hall, to a large and discriminating audience. The program consisted of the Beethoven sonata in E flat major, Op. 27, No. 1, three Intermezzi by Brahms, sonata in F minor, Op. 6, by Scriabine, and three Chopin numbers: Prelude in C Major, Etude in F Major, and another "Revolutionary" Etude in C Minor.

Possessed of the finest musical instincts, together with strength, art, and beauty in abundance, it is little wonder that Miss Diedrichs captivated and satisfied her listeners to the marked degree which she did.

Her Beethoven sonata was just the one suited to her taste and she played it with reverence and true Beethoven understanding. Miss Diedrichs has enough varieties of piano touches to meet the demands of the music she plays, and her deft hands and excellent fingers obeyed her trained mind so that it was a delight to hear this beautiful sonata once more. A little more emphasis at the changes of harmony in the last movement would have been welcomed.

The three intermezzi by Brahms were well contrasted, and gave Miss Diedrichs a splendid opportunity to display some of her special gifts, one of them being the beauty of her singing phrases, just like clear enunciation in singing; another the feathery touch with which she played the last two made them a joy to hear.

How admirably Miss Diedrichs's whole nature is fitted for the playing of Chopin! In Chopin Miss Diedrichs will reach her highest artistic value—or here she understands the mysterious charm that pervades nearly all of this great Polish composer's piano music. Her technique in the last group—all Chopin—was easy, graceful, and even elegant in the Etudes.

Apropos of President John Adams' hearty recommendation of cider which we quoted a few days ago, a new edition of John Phillips's poems in which he extolled that beverage in ambitious "Cyder" has been published in London. The poem has been called the "immediate forerunner of the great didactic and descriptive poems of the 18th Century." Phillips brings out in verse "the 101 aspects of apple growing, its accidents and adversaries, its signs and seasons, its larger and lesser processes, its beauties, jollities and place in the life of the world." This was his pun nose in writing:



What Soil the Apple loves, what Care  
is due  
to Orchards, timeliest when to press the  
Fruits,  
thy Gift, Pomona, in Miltonian Verse  
adventurous I presume to sing; of Verse  
or skill'd, nor studious: But my Native  
Soil  
invites me, and the Theme as yet un-  
sung."

Even Dr. Johnson said that this poem  
deserves peculiar praise, for it was  
grounded on truth; "Its precepts were  
exact and just," therefore it was at  
once "a book of entertainment and of  
science."

"It does not follow," said Johnson,  
that a man who has written a good  
poem on an art, has practised it. Philip  
Miller told me that in Philip's Cyder  
the precepts were just, and indeed  
better than in books written for the  
purpose of instructing, yet Philips had  
never made cyder."

An Italian translation of the poem  
reached a second edition in 1752.

There were old worthies who frowned  
at cider as a beverage; as Robert Bur-  
ton: "Cider and perry are both cold  
and windy drinks and for that cause  
to be neglected."

John Adams liked his cider hard, very  
hard, so did the marketmen who drove  
their carts to sell produce in State  
street, Albany, in the 70's. At an early  
hour in the morning they would enter  
apron and Pike's and put down glass  
after glass of hard cider without any  
apparent effect, whereas one drink of  
would incite an ordinary citizen, even  
he of Dutch extraction, to dance de-  
ciously on the sidewalk, coming into  
the fresh air, or dispose him to sleep.  
Think of the Cider Cellars in Lon-  
don, in which that dreadful song "Sam  
all" was sung; in which Capt. Costi-  
an, howling a ribald ditty, disgusted  
ol. Newcome.

That Phillips never made cider did not  
prevent him from celebrating it in song.  
In like manner Swinburne chanted  
norously the praise of Venus, though  
he himself was not a man of amorous  
adventures. In private life he wor-  
shipped Bacchus until Watts-Dunton  
bused him, cut down pitifully his al-  
lowance of drink, and ruined him as a  
poet.

As the World Wags:  
They're talking of more protection of  
trade crossings. For absolute safety  
they carry the highway on an elevated  
structure over the railroad or dig a tun-  
nel and carry it under the railroad.  
And that wouldn't be absolute safety  
unless strong guards were stationed to  
prevent motorists from rigging up a  
rock and tackle and dragging their ma-  
chines, passengers and all, and placing  
them on the track just as the westbound  
nonball express is due. And yet Dr.  
orsey asks, "Why Do We Behave Like  
human Beings?" The answer is we  
don't. R. H. L.

DR. STEARNS "CHOSE"  
As the World Wags:  
The bringing in to a controversy the  
name of a former president of Amherst  
college, Dr. Stearns, brings to mind an  
incident of his reign. He taught a class  
in Mental Philosophy. On the question  
why we perform a certain act his  
reasoning was like this:  
"If you ask why I perform a certain  
act, I answer, because I choose to do so.  
If you ask why I choose to do so, I can-  
only say because I choose to choose to  
do so. If you ask why I choose to  
choose to act thus, I answer because I  
choose to choose to choose to do so, and  
so on.

From this dictum the boys made a  
song, which may have filtered down to  
President Coolidge's time, that ran like  
this:  
choose because I choose to choose to  
choose  
choose to choose to choose,  
choose to choose to choose,  
choose because I choose to choose to  
choose  
choose to choose to choose to choose  
to choose to choose to choose to choose  
SIXTY-SIX.

Home is the place where you don't  
have to engage reservations in advance.  
Arkansas Gazette.

HWUY-UNG'S VIEW  
From "A Chinaman's opinions of us and  
of his own country."  
Mr. Hwuy-ung, appreciating the  
value of western mechanical and other  
inventions, describing some of them  
as moved to ask:  
"Do all these wonders make people  
happier? It is difficult to answer such  
question; many ask it. All are in a  
mist of doubt. . . . It is certain the  
human race advances in knowledge.

Those who do not keep with the fore-  
most nations fall behind, and are vic-  
tims of those nations, as we have been.  
This is what happiness? Not happiness  
to be subjected to the will of foreigners  
deprived of territory. Not so! To be  
happy we must be strong, to be strong  
we must have riches. With riches we  
can be armed for defence and be re-  
spected. Therefore we must employ  
these western requirements, machinery,  
and the aid of science that create  
wealth and power."

ENTANGLEMENTS  
(Jagged beads may be worn on ladies' coats.)  
When in my arms I would enfold her,  
It needs a pair of tongs to hold her,  
So armed is she from waist to shoulder!

Her on my knee I fain would dangle,  
But tinctures were more safe to handle  
Or coral reef of Coromandel!

Her modiste now designs to garb her  
In fish-hook braid, revenge to harbor.  
And cruel Cupid is her "barb"-er!

"WE ARE NOT AMUSED"  
(As Queen Victoria once remarked.)  
As the World Wags:  
As Col. Lindbergh was honored by  
having boulevards named for him, so  
should we honor Ruth Elder. Why  
not name a circle for her in Washing-  
ton? A good location would be next  
to Logan circle in that city. Then  
wouldn't it be the "berries" to have  
Logan and Elder together? P. K. J.

As the World Wags:  
First Crossword—"Say, what does  
'bucolic' mean?"  
Second Crossword—"Why, that  
means 'rural.'"  
First Crossword—"Oh! I thought it  
was something about liquor."  
Second Crossword—"No, that's 'Bib-  
lical.'"  
B. T.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY  
The bicentenary of John Wilkes has  
been celebrated in England. "During  
the riots of 1769 caused by the refusal  
of Parliament to accept Wilkes as mem-  
ber for Middlesex, Boswell, dining with  
the sheriffs and judges at the Old  
Bailey, complained that he had had his  
pocket picked of his handkerchief. 'Oh,'  
said Wilkes, 'it is nothing but the  
ostentation of a Scotchman to let the  
world know that he had possessed a  
pocket-handkerchief.'"

## EMERSON PLAYERS PRESENT 'HISTORIE'

The Emerson College of Oratory last  
evening presented "The Honorable His-  
torie of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,"  
by Robert Greene.

With merely an arrangement of  
brown curtains for stage setting and  
bright saten for doublets and cloaks,  
the college produced a very creditable  
Elizabethan atmosphere. The rollick-  
ing, full-blooded spirit of the time of  
Henry the Third was abroad in Hunt-  
ington Chambers. Gay courtiers, curled  
to the shoulders, wandered about the  
countryside, full of the most dishonorable  
intentions. The peasantry, the country's  
pride, frolicked and flirted in the lanes  
and fairs of Fresingfield.

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay were  
alchemists, philosophers steeped in  
necromancy and the secrets of the  
cabal. The difference between them  
was that Friar Bacon was a very im-  
portant alchemist, while Friar Bungay  
was more of a retailer in the alchemist  
line. In fact, Friar Bungay didn't de-  
serve to get in the title at all.

The play was all about a passing fair  
maiden, Peggy, the keeper's daughter,  
of Fresingfield. Dishonorable love, on  
the part of Edward, Prince of Wales,  
with Friar Bacon as ally, and intent to  
wed on the part of Lacie, Earl of  
Lincoln, with purity of heart as his only  
hope, furnished the main conflict of the  
plot. There were delightful sub plots,  
and sub-sub plots. It is a gay play, as  
fresh as ever, a play like a cocktail if  
you've seen a few mystery and sex plots  
lately.

Miss Esther Bookheirn was passionate  
as Prince Edward, and even lent an il-  
lusion of nobility to her characterization.  
No one could ask more of a girl than  
that. Russell Harris made a mys-  
terious and powerful Friar Bacon, and  
Marguerite Mitchener a sweet and most  
respectable keeper's daughter, with long  
enough blonde braids for Lady Godiva.  
The play moved quickly. Scene fol-  
lowed scene with almost Elizabethan  
rapidity. The evening was enjoyable.  
R. H. G.

Mr. Burgin Conducts in  
Mr. Koussevitzky's  
Absence

By PHILIP HALE  
As Mr. Koussevitzky, having returned  
from New York, was suffering from a  
severe cold, Mr. Burgin conducted the  
seventh concert of the Boston Sym-  
phony Orchestra which took place yes-  
terday afternoon in Symphony hall. The  
program was as follows: Cherubini,  
Overture to the opera, "Ali Baba, or the  
Forty Thieves." Brahms, Violin Con-  
certo. Schreker, Prelude to a Drama.  
Liszt, Symphonic Poem "Mazeppa"  
(after Victor Hugo).

Every now and then an old overture  
or symphony is exhumed. The corpse is  
treated with apparent respect by the  
conductor and the players.

It is hard to believe that the over-  
ture to "Ali Baba," which had not been  
performed here at a symphony concert  
since 1881, was written by the composer  
of the noble overture to "Anacreon"; by  
the composer declared by Beethoven to  
be the greatest of his contemporaries;  
by the composer of the requiem mass in  
C minor. Cherubini himself thought  
little of his opera; he did not leave Ver-  
sailles to hear it when it was performed  
in Paris; he cracked one of his acid  
jests about it. The overture, written in  
a light manner and with janizary effects,  
is not comparable with many of Auber's  
delightful works in this field; it is no  
better than the inferior overtures of  
Adolphe Adam. Yet the opera is inter-  
esting in an anecdotal way; for the  
sneers of Berlioz and Mendelssohn; from  
the fact that though it failed in Paris,  
it pleased the Berliners. It was noted  
in the city of Weiss-bier that the King  
liked it so much at the dress rehearsal  
that he sat until the fall of the final  
curtain, though it was his habit to  
leave the opera house on the stroke of  
nine.

Yesterday this overture was loudly  
applauded. Surely out of compliment  
to Mr. Burgin and the players. It is  
not possible that the audience really  
enjoyed this foolish, perfunctorily man-  
ufactured music.

Mr. Spalding gave one of the finest  
performances of Brahms's concerto that  
we have heard for 40 years; certainly  
the finest that we have heard in Bos-  
ton. He humanized this music; he made  
even the first movement tolerable and  
to be endured, by not italicizing the  
asperities, the crabbedness, the padding,  
the wearisome repetitions. He played  
the lyrical passages as an accom-  
plished, emotional, interpretative singe-  
would have sung them; not in a lush  
manner; the phrases were charged with  
Italian grace, beauty, feeling. That Mr.  
Spalding has the technic of a violinist  
of the first rank has long been acknowl-  
edged; yesterday this technic served  
music and warm emotion. The dry  
bones of the concerto were clothed in  
flesh; they lived. There was engaging  
tonal quality; eloquent phrasing; direct  
appeal. In this performance Mr. Bur-  
gin stood side by side with Mr. Spalding  
in support and in interpretation. The  
accompaniment was more than the or-  
dinary accompaniment; it was an inte-  
gral part of the performance, so much  
so that the hearing of this accompani-  
ment alone was a delight. The ensem-  
ble passages were as conspicuous as Mr.  
Gillet's playing of the lovely melo-

for oboc at the beginning of the second  
movement. Mr. Spalding was recalled  
again and again.

When Schreker first brought out his  
"Prelude to a Drama" in Vienna, he  
gave no information concerning any  
drama he had in mind. Later he an-  
nounced that the prelude was for his  
own opera "Die Gezeichneten" (The  
Branded) which was not performed  
until 1918, four years after the pre-  
lude was first heard. For concert pur-  
poses this prelude is only music with-  
out a program, "absolute" music, al-  
though analysts of recent years have  
shown how this and that page refers  
to scenes in the opera. It has been  
said of Schreker's music in general  
that it is a mixture of Wagner, Puc-  
cini, Impressionism "with a Viennese  
tang," that "eroticism lies at the basis  
of his work, a half-repressed and  
crippled eroticism." Others find the in-  
fluence of Richard Strauss of the later  
period, and Debussy. In this Prelude  
there is certainly the remembrance of  
Wagner, but we fail to find any remi-  
niscences of Debussy—the more's the  
pity. Nor do we find sensuousness in  
the main theme, which is now said to  
typify the love of Alviano for Carlotta.  
This theme is a cheap one in its line  
and in its obviousness. Schreker  
evidently thinks that in brute orchestral  
force there is dramatic strength. One  
wearies soon of the unmeaning din.  
When there are dynamic contrasts,  
there is no sudden vision of beauty in  
tone or in emotion.

Good old "Mazeppa"! It is as bom-  
bastic in certain passages as Victor  
Hugo's poem, which inspired it; but the  
bombast of Liszt is more entertaining,  
yes, more impressive than the bombast  
of Schreker. This tone poem should  
be played for a film, with the Mazeppa  
a woman as fair to see as Adah Isaacs  
Menken in the old play. Much of it is  
true cinema music, but as a program  
composition it brings out the wild ride,

the Cossack, who for love of the Prin-  
cess Kotchoubey, was bound by her  
fussy husband to the fiery, untamed  
steed.

Mr. Burgin conducted throughout the  
concert with musical understanding,  
dramatic and poetic comprehension (as  
the composition in turn demanded),  
with a taste that was never chilling to  
emotion, with natural, not occasional  
authority. He richly deserved the trib-  
ute paid him by the audience and his  
colleagues in the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight.  
The program of next week: Carpenter,  
"Adventures in a Perambulator" and  
"Skyscrapers" (the latter for the first  
time in Boston); Beethoven, Symphony,  
No. 7.

## NEWMAN TALKS ON LENINGRAD

By PHILIP HALE  
The subject of Mr. Newman's travel  
talk last night in Symphony Hall was  
"Leningrad." It is needless to say that  
the lecture was richly illustrated with  
still and moving pictures, many of them  
taken by special permission of the soviet  
authorities.

Mr. Newman at first made some re-  
marks in answer to questions from cor-  
respondents, for these three lectures on  
soviet Russia have excited unusual at-  
tention and drawn great audiences. He  
was asked, for instance, how many com-  
munists are in Russia; are they happy;  
is it true that they are allowed to re-  
ceive only a comparatively small  
monthly sum?

He wished the audience to know that  
Leningrad is a western city, while Mos-  
cow is oriental and has been so for 400  
years. Peter the Great, who built St.  
Petersburg in the swamp on the bones  
of thousands of laborers, drew his ideas  
from his visit to Holland and England.  
He looked towards the west. And so in  
the days of the Tsars St. Petersburg  
was a cosmopolitan city, a city of mag-  
nificent palaces, shops filled with the  
finest costumes, furs and jewels; a city  
of luxurious life, in which the nobility  
did not acknowledge the existence of  
the common people; where the later  
Tsars lived in fear of assassination;  
where soldiers were everywhere to be  
seen; where the dungeons of St. Peter  
and St. Paul harbored political prison-  
ers who faced, after imprisonment,  
death or Siberia.

What wonder, then, that the Revolu-  
tion finally came; that the palaces are  
shabby, deserted or tenements; that the  
street life is no longer gay; that the shops  
either closed or containing only the  
cheapest goods.

The contrast between St. Petersburg  
and Leningrad was vividly shown by  
the pictures taken by Mr. Newman be-  
fore the world war and those of last  
summer.

He made it clear that while the pres-  
ent government discourages religion, it  
has not closed the churches of any sect.  
If a church is closed, it is because the  
worshippers are too poor to support it.  
Altars and icons are still undisturbed  
—and dusty.

There were countless pictures of the  
city of the past and the present; of the  
children of British communists, the ar-  
rival of German radicals and their en-  
tertain ent; of statues, streets,  
churches, markets and the great river  
Neva; of the excellent handling of the  
mails and garbage. Factories were vis-  
ited where the machinery is out of  
date. The Soviets are sorely in need of  
money, yet they will not pledge or part  
with the treasures of art in the Winter  
Palace and the Hermitage, treasures of  
incalculable worth, galleries of pictures  
unequaled in the world.

Then came minutes of tragic inter-  
est; the showing of the rooms, pre-  
served as the Tsar and his family had  
left them at Tsarskoye Selo when, af-  
ter imprisonment they were removed to  
be brutally killed. These rooms were  
plainly furnished, in what seems to  
westerners bourgeois taste; rooms show-  
ing the religious fanaticism of the Tsar's  
wife and the deep affection in which he  
held his family.

The travel talk—it will be repeated  
this afternoon—was the fitting ending  
of the lectures on Russia, lectures of  
compelling interest with pictures that  
were, many of them, unique; obtained  
at personal risk in the face of obstacles.  
The travel talk next week will have for  
its subject—"Normandy, Brittany, the  
Chateaux"

29 1927  
REPERTORY THEATRE—"A Doll's  
House," play in three acts by Henrik  
Ibsen. The cast:  
Nora Helmer.....Katherine Warren  
Porter.....Robert Cass  
Torvald Helmer.....Thayer Roberts  
Ellen.....Adelaide George  
Mrs. Linden.....Olga Birkbeck  
Nils Krogstad.....Arthur Soreen  
Dr. Rank.....Dennis Cleugh  
Anna.....Cecilia Radcliffe



Do the children of today read children's books? Would they welcome them as Christmas presents? Are there successors to books that pleased the girls and boys in the 60's, the Rollo books, the Franconia stories, the Trudy and Dottie Dimple series? Then there were Mayne Reid's yarns for boys a little older: Mayne Reid and Ballyntyne followed by Oliver Optic. Although we do not share Charles Lamb's opinion—children are unwholesome companions for grown people—we are unfortunately not acquainted with many: too often they are sophisticated, spoilt by parents. Some time ago a little prig of a girl told us that "Alice in Wonderland" was a "silly" book. We did not recover from the shock for several weeks. What would she have said to "Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics" which cheered our childhood? We see even now the thin red-covered treasure. Perhaps the best books for the children of 1927 are those which older persons will enjoy.

Do we dare to recommend some books for children published by E. P. Dutton & Co.? We do, we do. "Mrs. Leicester's School" by Charles and Mary Lamb, beautifully illustrated by Winifred Green; "Now We Are Six" by A. A. Milne with pleasing decorations by E. H. Sheppard; "The Wind That Wouldn't Blow" by Arthur Bowle Chrisman with silhouette decorations cut by Else Hasselriis; "The Magic Pawnshop" by Rachel Field, decorations by Elizabeth MacKinstry. One might quote in reference to them the long-standing motto on packages of Lone Jack tobacco:

"Or seek no further  
Better can't be found."

How many lovers of Charles Lamb have read "Mrs. Leicester's School," or the History of Several Young Ladies Related by Themselves? Stories of a sailor uncle, a father's wedding day, a young Mahometan, a witch aunt; tales of a farmhouse, a visit to cousins, a sea voyage. Who would not take ship with Arabella Hardy, who, born in the East Indies, lost her parents when she was five years old. She was to be sent to England in care of a young woman "who had a character for great humanity and discretion," but this woman suddenly fell sick. Nevertheless Arabella embarked. The unpolished sailors were my nursery-maids and my waiting-women, but Charles Atkinson, the first mate, who for his "gentleness of manners and a pale, feminine cast of face" was known as "Betty" took special charge of her. "I was a manageable girl at all times, and gave nobody much trouble." Atkinson told her that a whale was a gentle creature, a sort of sea elephant. Poor Atkinson died before Arabella landed in England, for long before he had been wounded, defending his captain, and had never recovered. The stories are all amusing, especially when the language of the narrators is stilted. The governess, as in the case of Elizabeth Villiers: "At this point, my dear Miss Villiers, you thought fit to break off your story, and the wet eyes of your young auditors seemed to confess that you had succeeded in moving their feelings with your pretty narrative." It's a most attractive book. We see the father adding it to his library after he has permitted his Mary Jane and Anna Louise to read it.

Mr. Milne and Mr. Sheppard are always delightful. It is no wonder that they enjoy great popularity. Of course, there is much more about Christopher Robin in "Now We Are Six"—which has already been reviewed in The Herald, but we hear of others:

"King John was not a good man—  
He had his little ways.

And sometimes no one spoke to him  
For days and days and days."

Sir Thomas Tom, who could multiply  
as far as four—

"No other Knight in all the land  
Could do the things which he could do.  
Not only did he understand  
The way to polish swords, but knew  
What remedy a Knight should seek  
Whose armor had begun to squeak."

We read again of Pooh; of the Emperor of Peru, who said to himself a rhyme on unpleasant occasions:

"Eight eights are sixty-four,  
Multiply by seven.  
When it's done,  
Carry one,  
And take away eleven.  
Nine nines are eighty-one,  
Multiply by three.  
If it's more,  
Carry four,  
And then it's time for tea."

Christopher Morley's "Tales from the Chinese" are known to all, poems that Chinese philosophers with a satirical vein might or should have written. Did Mr. Chrisman invent for "The Wind That Wouldn't Blow" his stories of "The Merry Middle Kingdom for Children, and Myself"? He says that they were old in China long before King Chieh Chung discovered the marks for writing; "Tongue tales, passed from story-man to story-man, in the bazaar and over the campfires," while some are no older than yesterday. He has a high regard for the Chinese. "For every wicked king in mention, I have sought to introduce a praise-deserving farmer." Did Mr. Chrisman write his little introduction with his tongue in his cheek? One likes to think that these amusing tales were and really are told in China; if they are not, they should be, for Aladdin was of that land, and the story of All Baba and the Forty Thieves came from there. In Mr. Chrisman's tales one reads of the simple man outwitting the powerful; of scamps who come to grief; of foolish monarchs, why is Peng Lal a chairless land? Why did Wan Erh paint ships and sheep and sheldrakes, cabbages and cockatoos, but not the king, not his people? Did ladies of the Queen's court use pheasant eggs as a new cosmetic for their hair? Finding many nests, Han Ching Chu grew rich so that his camels cover many acres and his horse is the finest in Chang An city. "Remarkable," exclaimed the landlord when he heard Gen. Han's story; "exceptional, but perfectly true." As Mr. Chrisman tells his tales, they all seem true, if exceptional.

Prinda, nine years old, went into Miss MacLoon's Magic Pawnshop to buy a miracle that would save her sick Uncle Oliver. He was an important man in the business world, "and no wonder, for he could do the most difficult long division problems in his head and add and subtract without using his fingers. Such feats of brain power had, however, taken heavy toll of his hair." Having read this who would not go on? Uncle Oliver came home from the office and had talked about being "on the curb." It had rained that day. No wonder he had a cough. Prinda thought. The doctor came and brought a "starched nurse." So Prinda went to the Pawn Shop and found Miss MacLoon telling a broom that it wasn't time for them to leave the shop. And what wonderful adventures came to Prinda!

If any father is tempted to give these four books to his children, let him first ask if he had not better keep them for his own enjoyment.

Some one asks why so many folk and fairy tales begin with "Once upon a time." This beginning is found in many countries through many years. The Arabic expression or an equivalent one in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" was translated by Burton in several ways: "In tide of yore and in times long gone before"; "once upon a time"; "In times of yore and in ages long gone before," etc.

Carlo Goldoni is best known to our lovers of the drama by his sparkling comedy "La Lorrainera" in which Duse shone. When the comedy was last played here by Eva Le Gallienne and her company, the suitors were portrayed as farcical, whereas in spite of the "humors," to use the old Elizabethan term, they were intended to be men of importance; so, with the exception of Miss Le Gallienne's excellent performance, the comedy was debased. The Russians gave a much finer performance. More in the spirit in which it was written.

Goldoni's "Memoirs" has been added by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf to his "Blue Jade Library." It is needless to say that it is in every way a handsome volume for Mr. Knopf does not regard books merely as articles of commerce. The translation from the Italian is by John Black, the editor from 1823 to 1844 of the London Morning Chronicle, the author of a life of Tasso, and a translator of Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. His translation of Goldoni's Memoirs was published in 1813.

While this book is of great interest to students of the drama, there are as many pages that will entertain those who delight in adventures and gossip about men and women. Mr. William A. Drake in his introduction admits that many passages are inconsistent with fact and logic; that no authority is less to be relied on for the true circumstances of Goldoni's life than Goldoni himself. It should be remembered, however, that Goldoni began dictating his recollections when he was 75 years old, tired and discouraged in Paris, and did not finish his work until he was

80. No wonder if in reciting his joyous and splendid years he found pleasure in the embroidery of plain stuff. Moncure D. Conway once said to us that a man should not write his memoirs until he had lost his memory; then his book would be entertaining. Those who wish to "check up" on the old Italian should read Chatfield-Taylor's "Goldoni" or the biography by J. S. Kennard.

As a wandering player recounting tales of a comedian's life, Goldoni brings to mind the "Roman Comique" by Scarron; or he might be called a respectable Casanova, respectable for those years. He loved the ladies; sou-brettes enchanted him; but he lived happily with his admirable wife and was eloquent in attesting her worth. To quote Mr. Drake: "The only time the 'Good Nicoletta' was sure of her wayward lord was during their stay of one month in Mantua, the only sou-brette there available being 80 years old."

As a youngster, Goldoni was fond of plays, and acted with amateurs collected by his father, a physician, then at Perugia. As women were not allowed on the stage in the Pope's dominions, Carlo took a female part. His father told him he would never be a good actor, "and he was not mistaken." Born in Venice, the boy had seen horses only in the country and he was afraid of them. (On page 29 we find references to the singers Farinello (sic) and Cozzoni (sic). Are these mistakes in spelling Goldoni's or Blacks?)

At the house of Count Lantieri, dinner consisted of a dish of roast, a fore leg of mutton or venison, or a breast of veal, hares or pheasants, red and gray partridges, woodcocks, snipes or thrushes, larks and fig-pickers. Every one laid hold of the game to cut it up. Three soups were served at each repast. A sort of red wine was called the "child-begetter." There was a drinking vessel, a foot long, composed of different falls, separated by small tubes terminated by a longitudinal aperture. The bottom of this machine, called the "glo-glo" was filled. When it was raised the wine passing through the tubes and balls made a harmonious sound. In those days a young man was glad to have a silver watch; "now the lackeys will not deign to carry one."

At Felice Goldoni thought he was in love with a delicate beauty, but her sister after her first child became ugly. "I was young, and if my wife were in a short time to have lost her bloom, I foresaw what would have been my despair."

This was only one of his many amorous adventures, in some of which he was mocked or threatened with breach-of-promise suits, or in danger of personal injury. These episodes in his life are told in a racy manner.

He gave a lyric tragedy of his composition to M. Prata for criticism, who said to him: "Were you in France, you might take more pains to please the public; but here you must begin by pleasing the actors and actresses; you must satisfy the musical composer; you must consult the scene-painter."

During an armistice in a war between Germans and Italians, a bridge was thrown over the breach between besieged and besiegers, tables were spread, officers entertained one another by turns; there was nothing but balls, feasting and concerts.

"In Italy we take 10 cups of coffee a day."

At Rimini "the only place to which she (his wife) did not accompany me was my female friends; she did not hinder me from going; but this actress was not to her taste and there is no disputing concerning taste."

Arriving in France they found that no one in that country took soup in the evening. His nephew maintained that supper took its name from soup, therefore there ought to be soup at evening supper. "The landlord, who understood nothing of these distinctions made his bow and went out." At Marseilles, Goldoni, his wife and nephew suffered from "the insupportable vermin which sting and infect at the same time."

When his comedy "The Surly Benefactor" was produced in Paris in 1771, he was dragged out on the stage by two of the actors.

"I had seen authors undergo a similar ceremony with courage, but I was not accustomed to it. In Italy poets are not called to appear on the stage for the purpose of being complimented by the audience; I could not conceive how a man could, as it were, say tacitly to the spectators, 'Here I am, gentlemen, ready for your applause.'"

Today dramatists are not so shy; composers of music have been seen in Symphony hall rushing wildly for the platform even before the applause began.

Goldoni noted that Dr. Preval in Paris had made enemies among his colleagues by distributing his remedies "It is said that there is a law among them that no member of their society shall make use of new remedies without communicating them to his brethren."

He was amazed that in Paris there were men so courageous as to confide their lives to cords supporting a sort of basket for balloons, "What was the use of all this risk and courage?"

We have quoted at random only to show that this book written with gusto is not only for students of the drama. There is hardly a page that does not contribute to the amusement of the general reader. We shall discuss next Sunday some of Goldoni's remarks about the theatre, pertinent today.

## MME. FRIJSH AT HOTEL STATLER

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Povla Frijsh sang yesterday afternoon in the Hotel Statler for the benefit of Denison House. The singer and the cause for which she sang drew a large audience. The program was as follows: Péri, Gioite al canto mio. Schubert, Das Lied; im Gruenen, Die Stadt, Gruppe aus dem Tartarus. Hue, Sonnez les matines.

L'An blanc, Hahn, Infidélité (by request). Loeffler, Priere. Busser, Devant le Bazar Aux jouets. G. Faure, Dans les ruines d'une abbaye. Marx, Valse de Chopin. Sjogren, Der Driver en Dug over Spangebro. Sinding, Der skreg en Flugl. Grig, The Dream. Celius Dcherty was the pianist.

While Mme. Frijsh has arranged programs of a more unusual nature and perhaps of greater interest, the one of yesterday was suited to the occasion, and so varied as to display her great ability as an interpreter; for as there are fiddlers and violinists, so there are singers (or those who in the catalogue pass as singers) and interpreters of poets and composers. Her voice was well disposed toward the display of her emotional art. As a singer pure and simple, her performance would have excited praise. But it is as a woman, sensitive to moods, sentiments, emotions, with the power to communicate them to the hearer, that Mme. Frijsh is pre-eminent among concert singers now before the public.

Take the three songs of Schubert, for example. The first, with its naive spirit, its joy in the green of spring, a song of innocence, in which the composer found no music for the obvious lesson taught by the poet; "The Town," a song of the greater Schubert, the Schubert of the "Doppelgänger"; the "Group in Tartarus," a song Aeschylean in its tragic intensity—how admirably Mme. Frijsh differentiated the three, gave to one its sylvan charm; to the second its mournfulness, its melancholy regret; to the third—although it is really a man's song—its sombre grandeur, its wild despair!

And so one might go through the list, praising the smiling delicacy and haunting rhythm of her interpretation of Hue's "White Donkey"; of the simple religious spirit with which she emphasized Loeffler's song, music that is a prayer even without a text. With the children, poor Peter and poor John, she stood before the toyshop and saw the fate of the silver paper hat for which they longed; with Victor Hugo and his composer she watched the lovers billing and cooing in the ruins of the old abbey.

Not even her art could give distinction or charm to the song of Marx, who no doubt thought he was playing Chopin a graceful compliment. The songs by the Scandinavian composers she sang as if her aim was to glorify them by giving them a force and an emotional

significance not always to be found in the music itself.

The audience, always appreciative, at times enthusiastic, demanded a repetition of "The White Donkey" and the interpellation of other songs. Mr. Doherty gave Mme. Frijsh sympathetic, musical support; comprehending her intentions, sharing her moods. His playing of the accompaniment to "The White Donkey" will be long associated with the song as it was sung by her.



Recitals will be given in Boston this week by men and women who are unknown, except possibly by reputation gained in other cities. In years gone by there was curiosity to hear strangers. We regret to say that this curiosity has died, except in cases where women, prominent in the society notes of newspapers, have passed the word: "You must hear Miss Hammerkuls—a friend in New York says she is wonderful and well connected. You really must go to her recital." Then arises the curiosity to learn whether this pianist is really worth hearing, a curiosity also excited by the wish to please Mrs. Golightly, who perhaps will help Mmes. Brown, Jones and Robinson in climbing the society ladder.

Leon Sampalx, who will play the piano tomorrow night, is at the head of a piano department at Ithaca, N. Y. He gave a recital recently in New York.

Jelly (Yelly) d'Aranyi, the celebrated violinist who will play for the first time in Boston next Tuesday afternoon, was born at Budapest on May 30, 1895. She studied there under Hubay at the Royal High School for Music. For some time she has lived in England, where she has introduced modern works for the violin, among them Bartok's two sonatas. Ravel wrote his "Tzigane" for her. Her success in New York a few days ago was immediate and great. This is her first visit to this country.

Florence Bowes will sing in Jordan hall next Wednesday evening. A Virginian by birth, she received her early musical education in Washington, D. C. There she won a three-year scholarship which had been offered by a newspaper of that city. For several years she toured in operetta. Later she went to Paris, where she lives for the greater part of each year, and is the solo singer of the American cathedral in that city. She has given recitals in Paris and New York.

Walter Leary, a baritone, who will give a recital next Wednesday afternoon, was born in Worcester. He began as a pianist, but studied singing with Gwynn Miles, for some years a popular singer in oratorio. Mr. Leary served in the world war for two years. After that he took lessons of Herbert Witherspoon, and is now his assistant. He made his first appearance in New York in March, 1924.

The Princesse Jacques de Broglie—her maiden name was Marie Antoinette Aussenac—will give a piano recital next Thursday afternoon. She has already played here in private musicales. It is said that she appeared for the first time in public at Oporto when she was five years old.

It is told of her that at her entrance examination at the Paris Conservatory she passed first "out of more than 400 competitors." She has played with leading European orchestras, and sung under the leadership of Strauss, d'Indy, Ronald. As Mlle. Aussenac "she met Prince de Broglie at Monte Carlo. He followed her to Australia, where she was touring with Clara Butt, to win her hand. She, however, does not allow her personal life to interfere with her musical life."

On Saturday afternoon Manya Huber will play the piano. She was born in New York of Russian parentage, 18 years ago. Four years ago she was awarded the gold medal in the National Music Week in New York. It was in that city that she made her first professional appearance last season.

Here is the story of the baritone, James E. Downs, who will give a recital in Bates hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 14. Mr. Downs took the part in Boston of Truffaldino when "Turandot" was performed. In New York he has been applauded as Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and in that city and other towns as a singer of negro spirituals arranged by Burleigh and others. The story is as follows:

"He was born in Goshen, N. Y. At a very early age he entered the public school of that city and later moved to Middletown, N. Y., where he continued his schooling under adverse circumstances. His parents later moved to Washingtonville, N. Y. He was compelled to take a job working on a farm some four miles from the nearest town for five dollars per month, getting up at 4 A. M. and working until 6 P. M. Eager to learn he would walk after a day's work four miles to this little town of Washingtonville in order to get help in short division, which assistance was given him by the minister. After his lesson was given he would journey back his four miles to his place of employment ready to arise the next morning at 4 as usual. Downs at this time was 12 years old.

"His parents had an offer of a place where a house and a quart of milk a day were found, but the assistance of their son was required, so James left the above job to join his humble parents. His mother took in washing and ironing for the neighboring families, while James helped his father about the farm. At this junction James had been attending school from time to time as best he could.

"This brings James to the age of 16 years, when an inward ambition came to leave home to seek a schooling. He left home, and later entered the Berean Manual Training and Industrial School in Philadelphia, Pa., finishing there in 1915. He entered Howard University, where he spent three years in the commercial department until the war. It was at Howard he was inspired to study the voice.

"Upon his return from France he started studying the voice under various teachers under discouraging surroundings. So ends the story of a struggling student who never lost light of the rainbow that might some day shine for him."

Helen Hogan will give an organ recital under the auspices of the N. E. Chapter, American Guild of Organists, tomorrow night, at the First Church at 8 o'clock. Her program will comprise pieces by Maleingreau, Buxtehude, Mozart, Brahms, Bach, Grace, Bonnet, Karg-Elert, Vierne.

This reminds us of a Rialto yarn told by Bide Dudley: The fact that "Abie's Irish Rose" has left the Republic Theatre, after a run of more than five years there, seems to be slow in becoming known over Greater New York. "Abie" left on a Saturday. The following Wednesday evening a little

old Jewish man bought a ticket at the Republic's box office and went into the theatre. "The Mulberry Bush" was the attraction at the house then. About 9 o'clock he came out.

"Vot have they done to 'Abie'?" he demanded of the theatre's treasurer. "Vhy have they changed it?"

"The play you've been seeing isn't 'Abie,'" came the reply. It's "The Mulberry Bush."

"A bush, eh? Vell, I don't vant no bush."

His money was returned. As he moved away—a bit sadly—he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"So 'Abie' iss gone! Now vat vill I do with my Wednesday nights?"

Mr. William J. Henderson, speaking of Chaliapin's "Pages from My Life," says: "The volume does not err on the side of reticence."

Yet a New York reviewer complained that pages relating Chaliapin's early numerous adventures had been expurgated in the translation. By the way, the French version of the memoirs costs only 85 cents.

Ernest Newman, reviewing the new Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, writes:

"There are far too many survivals in the new 'Grove' of the complacent academic critical attitude of 20 years ago, that came from the pathetic belief that everything that was really vital in music, or in the talk about music, lay in an area comprised between the Vienna of Brahms, the Berlin of Joachim, the Frankfort of Clara Schumann and the Oxford of the Dons."

The Imperial Russian Ballet is coming to this country. "It will endeavor to give a world premiere of a new ballet to express the effect of modern jazz music, and will invite Irving Berlin, Gershwin, Kern, Youmans and other composers of jazz to enter a contest to supply the music, for which a substantial prize has been offered by an anonymous American music lover."

A Russian basso cantante, Leff Sibiriakoff, gave recitals last month in New York. It was said that he had not previously sung in this country.

Is he not Leon Sibiriakoff who took the part of Boito's Mephistopheles at the Boston Opera House on Nov. 7, 1910, Gounod's Mephistopheles on Nov. 14 of that year, and Don Basilio in "The Barber of Seville" on Nov. 19? He left the company in December, on account of some personal disagreement. He was, to the best of our recollection, what the Germans described as a "beer bass," but his performances were enjoyed by some of the subscribers. We remember one going up to Mr. Jordan in the lobby after Sibiriakoff's first appearance and saying in an authoritative manner: "There, that's what I call a bass," with a heavy accent on the "I."

P. H.

## HENRY WILSON SAVAGE

### A Manager with Ambitions and Ideals—Goldoni's Memoirs—Stage Detectives

Henry W. Savage was something more than a commercial manager; he was ambitious; he had ideals. He naturally wished to make money, but he was willing to risk pecuniary loss for the sake of artistic success. Otherwise he would not have had the desire to bring out Wagnerian operas in English. He was not content to be known as the producer of "The Merry Widow," "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Yankee Consul," "King Dodo" and many other musical comedies and operettas. He took pride in bringing out "Parsifal," "The Valkyrie," "Lohengrin."

The first performance of "Parsifal" in English on any stage was in Boston at the Tremont Theatre on October 17, 1904. The singers were Mme. Kirkby-Lunn and Messrs. Pennarini, Bischoff, Griswold (who died all too soon), Parker, Lind. Mr. Rothwell conducted. Mr. Savage had provided a double cast and a second conductor; thus Mr. MacLennan alternated with Mr. Pennarini; Mme. Mara with Mme. Kirkby-Lunn.

Other important operas in English, as "Othello," "Aida," "Rigoletto," were performed. The excellent Goff, whose Iago was impressive, vocally and dramatically, was in Mr. Savage's company. So was that admirable singer, Florence Easton, then a slight young woman, the wife of MacLennan. One night in Boston she was suddenly called on to take the role of Gilda in "Rigoletto." Although she then had had little experience she made a favorable impression by the purity of her song and her sympathetic girlishness.

The story of Savage leaving the real estate business to manage the Castle Square Theatre has been told in The Herald and need not now be repeated. We were then a tenant of Mr. Savage's and saw much of him. He would talk about his company, the repertoire that might please the public. He himself was not easily satisfied. Well do we remember his disappointment when Benedict's "Lily of Killarney" failed to draw. He had been advised not to mount the opera; he was told that it was too old-fashioned, in fact, dull; but he argued that the subject, even the title, would appeal to his Irish constituency. He was always desirous of improvements in stage settings and stage management. The Castle Square company was, under his direction, personally conducted. His singers were his friends; they were loyal to him.

In after years when his fame was fully established he was still as vigilant, always anxious to better a production. An indefatigable worker, he demanded work from those immediately connected with him in his office. The lazy thought him a hard task master; the inefficient were quickly found out and dismissed. He had no inclination to put on the stage plays that would pander to a debased taste, even though by so doing profits might accrue. He kept faith with his public; his public had reason to believe in him.

It has been stated that he was graduated from Harvard. It is our im-



pression that he entered Harvard, but was obliged to leave before graduation, lacking funds, and so he went to work; but he was not a one-sided man, interested only in the theatre, indifferent to everything else. His natural acumen, his knowledge of men and women, his desire for efficiency, his belief that the great public preferred that which was clean to that which was dirty gave him a high rank among managers. He would rather hear, as he sat watching one of his productions, an honest, hearty laugh than a lubricious snicker, even if the honest laughers were few in number.

Reviewing Carlo Goldoni's Memoirs, published by Alfred Knopf, Inc., in an attractive form, we deferred quotation of certain comments made by the Italian until today.

When Goldoni showed the libretto of a tragic opera to Prata, one of the directors of the Milan Theatre, Prata said to him:

"You do not seem to be aware that a musical drama is an imperfect work, subject to rules and customs destitute of common sense, I am willing to allow, but which still require to be literally followed. Were you in France, you might take more pains to please the public; but here you must begin by pleasing the actors and the actresses; you must satisfy the musical composer; you must consult the scene-painter; every department has its rules, and it would be treason against the drama to dare to intringe on them, or to fail in their observance. . . . The three principal personages of the drama ought to sing five airs each; two in the first act, two in the second, and one in the third. The second actress and the second soprano can only have three, and the inferior characters must be satisfied with a single air, or two at the most. The author of the words must furnish the musician with the different shades which form the chiaroscuro of music, and take care that two pathetic airs do not succeed one another. He must distribute with the same precaution the bravura airs, the airs of action, the inferior airs, and the minuets and rondeaus. He must above all things avoid giving impassioned airs, bravura airs, or rondeaus to inferior characters; those poor devils must be satisfied with what they get, and every opportunity of distinguishing themselves is denied them."

Whereupon Goldoni went to his lodgings, burnt his libretto, and called the waiter. "I ate heartily, and drank still more so; I then went to bed, and enjoyed a profound sleep."

The time came when Goldoni made up his mind to reform the abuses of the Italian theatre. He began by studying his actors and actresses. "Every person has his peculiar character from nature; if the author gives him a part to represent in unison with his own, he may lay his account with success. Yes, I must treat subjects of character; this is the source of good comedy; with this the great Moliere began his career, and he carried it to a degree of perfection which the ancients merely indicated to us, and which the moderns have never seen equalled."

In Paris our Goldoni saw for the first time a mixture of prose and airs on the stage. "I was at first led to think that if musical drama were in itself an imperfect work, this novelty rendered it still more monstrous. However, after further reflection, I felt dissatisfied with the Italian recitative, and still more so with the French; and as, in the comic opera rules and probabilities are not attended to, it is better to hear a dialogue well recited than to suffer the monotony of a wearisome recitative."

"I am not a musician, but I am fond of impassioned music; if an air affects or amuses me, I listen to it with delight, and never examine whether it is French or Italian. There is but one music, in my opinion."

In 1781 Goldoni noticed a change in the French theatre. The public was seated in the pit, but it paid the double of what had been charged before. "Young people, accustomed to pay 20 sous, will look twice before they pay 48; and those who used to take places at six francs, will be induced perhaps to put up with this economical seat. I have another observation to make respecting this change. The pit used formerly to judge the new pieces; this pit is no longer the same; authors give tickets to insure the success of their works; and those who are jealous of them, give tickets to effect their condemnation. The doubling of the price must diminish the number of both the supporters and enemies. Is it an advantage or a disadvantage? I refer to the receipts of the theatre; but they are so great and so certain, from the boxes hired out by the year, that one can hardly perceive the change."

He did not at first like operatic performances in Paris. At one he was asked by his acquaintances what he thought of the opera. "My answer flew from my lips like lightning: 'It is paradise for the eyes, and hell for the ears.'"

There are many pages of these memoirs of great interest to lovers of the theatre.

We spoke last Tuesday of the roaring, bullying detective in that entertaining play "Tenth Avenue." The actor follows a tradition which we believe is a bad one. The late Harrison Hunter, an experienced actor, was another roarer and browbeater in his efforts to find out the guilty one. Contrast this type with that of the suave, apparently easy going, smiling detective, with the smile so irritating, in "Broadway." In novels and short stories the great detectives are not bullies—witness M. Dupin, M. Lecocq, Sergeant Cuff, Sherlock Holmes, Inspector Bucket could be smooth and insinuating.

## MYRA HESS IN RECITAL HERE

Myra Hess, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled every corner of Jordan hall, including a portion of the stage. She

played two sonatas, Schubert's in A major, op. 120, and Brahms's, in F minor; Schumann's "Papillons"; Grieg's "The White Peacock," and two preludes by Rachmaninoff, op. 32, No. 10, op. 23, No. 2.

Miss Hess had manifestly devoted much consideration to her performance of the Schubert sonata. She clothed it in a tone quaintly small and thin, tone such as a Baesendorfer pianoforte of

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Madame Schumann-Heink, contralto. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Henry Warren, baritone. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M., orchestra of the Lincoln House Association, Jacques Hoffmann, conductor.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Vatican choir, the Rt. Rev. Mons. Raffaele C. Casimiri, conductor. See special notice.

Ford Hall Forum, 7:30 P. M., Filipino String orchestra, Mr. Langsin, conductor.

**MONDAY**—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Leon Sampaix, pianist. Tchaikovsky sonata, op. 37; Chopin ballade, G minor, nocturne, D flat, Waltz, op. 42, Polonaise, A flat, op. 53; Medtner novelette, op. 17; Saint-Saens Wedding Cake Waltz; Liszt legend of St. Francis Walking on the Billows, Hungarian rhapsody No. 2.

**TUESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Yelley d'Aranyi, violinist; Ethel Hobday, accompanist. Purcell, Air; Galuppi-Craxton, Largo, allegro giocoso; Bach, Chaconne; Mozart, Concerto No. 5, D major; Ravel, Tzigane (written for Miss d'Aranyi); N. Gatty, Bagatelle; Paganini, Caprice No. 23; Da Falla, Vana and Jota; Granados-Thibaud, Spanish Dance.

Symphony hall, 8 P. M., Apollo Club in aid of a charity. See special notice.

**WEDNESDAY**—Jordan Hall, 2 P. M., Walter Leary, baritone; Emil J. Polak, accompanist. Peri, Invocation of Orfeo; Mozart, Non piu Andrai from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Strauss, Traum durch die Daemmerung, Zueignung; Brahms, Die Mainacht, O liebliche Wangen; Lully, Bois epais; Moreau, Pedro; Lenormand, Quelle Souffrance; Poldowski, Dansons la Gigue; Gliere, Ah, Twine No Blossoms; Hegeman, Happiness; Woodside, Twilight; Homer, The Pauper's Drive, Sing to Me Sing.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Florence Bowes, soprano; Richard Malaby, accompanist. Santoliquido, Poesie Persiana; Scarlatti, Se Florido e fedele; Massenet, Les Larmes ("Werther"); Koechlin, Situ le Vaux; Poldowski, Dansons la Gigue; Gibbs, To One Who Passed Whistling Through the Night, Five Eyes; Peel, The Early Morning; Holbrooke, Come Not When I am Dead; Liszt, Du bist wie eine Blume; Strauss, Staendchen; Wolf, Zur Ruh Zur Ruh, Er ist's; Campbell-Tipton, Elegy; Head, The Piper; Gross, June; M. Cole, When I Love You.

Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M., Marianne Kneisel string quartet (Marianne Kneisel, Elizabeth Worth, Mary Lackland, Nancy Wilson). Haydn, Quartet, D major, op. 64, No. 5; Debussy, Quartet; Smetana, Quartet, E minor (Aus meinem Leben).

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Prince Jacques de Broglie, pianist, Bach-Busoni, Now Comes the Gentiles' Saviour, Rejoice, Beloved Christians; Schumann, Toccata; Chopin, Etudes, C major, C sharp minor, G sharp minor; Nocturne, C minor, Impromptu, G minor, Polonaise, A flat.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor; Frank Ramsayer, pianist. See special notice.

Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M., Vincenzo Spalino, tenor; Aidan Redmond, baritone. Arias by Handel, Donizetti, Massenet, Messager, Diaz; songs by Scott, Doda, LaForge; duets by Benedict and Verdi; Irish and Neapolitan folk songs.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra. See special notice.

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Manya Huber, pianist. Mozart, sonata, A major; Beethoven, Appassionata sonata; Chopin, ballade, F minor; Mazurka, A flat, two preludes, two etudes, scherzo, C sharp minor.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

the earliest make might be supposed to give forth. In keeping with this diminutive tone she gauged her accentuation; very delicate it all must be. The melodies she phrased exquisitely, but she held them rigorously within the narrow musical bounds she had set herself; of emotional force she allowed them not a vestige.

Miss Hess pleased many people with her sonata thus, in miniature vein, conceived. On others she made an impression something like that of a gracious lady, who does not in her heart like children, in graceful condescension playing with the young. The sonata, at her hands, savored more strongly of Miss Hess than of the Schubert we all have read of, an eager man, robust, a man who expressed by melody and rhythm all emotions of all natures—by no manner of means a composer given to dainty conceits.

So firmly established was Miss Hess's quiet mood by the end of Schubert's sonata that she could not immediately discover the tone fitting that by Brahms. Its ornaments, indeed, she added to the structure with charming grace; for its fundamentals she had a hand only tone something to brittle and dry. Its melodies, though she let them sing, she found no more emotion than she did those of Schubert. The sturdy pronouncements of the first movement she delivered as though, to her, they lacked significance and coherence; she brought no sympathy to the vigorous rhythmic roughness of the scherzo.

With the closing pages of the final Miss Hess began to show a greater vigor to employ a fuller tone; not, perhaps, at the start in the vein, by degree she had worked herself into it. Although in livelier mood, Miss Hess was surely unwise to tackle the endless Papillons after the endless Brahms sonata; not everybody, even those who wanted to hear more, could risk staying till their close. Miss Hess was warmly applauded.

R. F. G.

The complete repertory as it is now planned is as follows:

Monday, Jan. 30, Ponchielli's "La Gioconda"; Tuesday, Jan. 31, Massenet's "Sapho"; Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 1, Wagner's "Lohengrin"; Wednesday evening, Feb. 1, Puccini's "Tosca"; Thursday evening, Feb. 2, Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," preceded by Cadman's "Witch of Salem"; Friday evening, Feb. 3, Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"—a ballet to follow; Saturday afternoon, Feb. 4, Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday evening, Feb. 4, Verdi's "Aida"; Monday, Feb. 6, Charpentier's "Louise"; Tuesday, Feb. 7, Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna"; Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 8, Bizet's "Carmen"; Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, Wagner's "Tannhauser"; Thursday, Feb. 9, Flotow's "Martha"; Friday, Feb. 10, Verdi's "La Traviata"; Saturday after-

noon, Feb. 11, Saint-Saens "Samson and Delilah"; Saturday evening, Feb. 12, Verdi's "Rigoletto."

## DIX SCORES AS "GAY DEFENDER"

Favorite Star Makes Hit at  
Metropolitan

Richard Dix, past master at giving the public what it wants, seems to have done it again with his new starring picture, "The Gay Defender," presented by Paramount last night at the Metropolitan Theatre.

Dix has turned to early California for the setting and to the gold rush of '49 for the time of his new screen drama. Against the vivid background of the adventurous days when desperados and ruffians stormed into the newly acquired United States territory, the star has opportunity for distinctive work in the character of Joaquín Murrieta, son of a wealthy and aristocratic Spanish family.

Murrieta, as the picture opens, sees complete happiness in store for himself as the accepted suitor of the daughter of the United States commissioner.

How the murder of the girl's father is charged to the hero, how he finds Americans plundering his gold mines, how his uncle is killed, his people oppressed and how he finally turns to banditry to right the wrongs done him, provide the plot. As a night-riding, knife-throwing, whip-cracking outlaw, Dix rages through the rest of the picture, as bold and spectacular a figure as ever froze action fans to their seats in delicious paralysis.

Thelma Todd, blonde and beautiful, is the American heroine. Worthily does she represent her sisters in the setting in which she is practically the only woman character. Fred Kohler, "wolf of the screen," is such a villain as is required to balance the virtues of Dix as Maurieta.

"The Gay Defender" was directed by Gregory La Cava; the original story was by Grover Jones; and the adaptation by Ray Harris, Sam Mintz and Kenneth Raisbeck.



# As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

A man that tells his dreams at the breakfast table or later in the day at his office or his club is ranked as a bore. Yet there have been famous dreams in poetry and in fiction: the dream of Clarence, which has been spouted by school boys; the dreams in Holy Writ; the dream of Eugene Aram; Jean Valjean's dream; the one in "Armada"; the wild one in "The Brothers Karamazov." Byron did not hesitate to give the world his dream.

A valued contributor, a man of many names for the press, deserves the attention of Dr. Freud. What would he make of this? Our friend writes:

"Knowing that the universality of the super-eminent Mr. Herkimer Johnson naturally includes the science and practical art of psycho-analytic interpretation of dreams, I beg that you submit to his inerrant mind my dream of three nights since.

"It seemed that I was bound upon a railway journey with a lifelong friend now nearly five years dead. As we neared the huge railway station central in a great city we realized that we knew neither the exact hour at which the train was to depart nor the precise mode of access to the ticket office.

"Noticing a smithy down a stairway exterior to the station, I bade my friend go on, while I went down to seek information, telling if he chanced upon the ticket office he should buy tickets for both. He flung back: 'They don't sell two tickets to one person; and sped on. I found the blacksmith removing an old shoe from a kicking white horse. He said nothing to my queries, but having pulled off the shoe, he came and placed in the palm of my hand a pearl button about a quarter inch in diameter and a thin iron ring of like size. I asked him what these things meant. 'That's two,' he said. 'Two o'clock; the hour of the train,' he answered. 'But it goes this morning,' I objected. Without another word, he turned again to the kicking beast, and I hastened after my friend, suddenly anguished at the realization that I had not enough money to pay for my ticket. I anguish relieved by my waking up.

"I lease assure the Great Man that I had eaten no pie at dinner and gone to bed cold sober. You may add as an aid to the interpretation of my dream that no red-haired Godiva bestrode the white horse."

JOSEPH THE DREAMER.

We have not heard from Mr. Johnson for some time. Two or three years ago he borrowed from us "Napoleon's Dream Book." If it is still in his possession he may forward an interpretation which he will insist is his own.

Speculative biography is dangerous.—John Freeman.

## MA'S COLLEGE

Millions for Harvard!  
Millions for Yale!  
To train the mind  
Of the youthful male,

Pennies for Smith!  
Pennies for Vassar!  
Three cheers for the gift of  
An antimacassar!

A stadium for us,  
The old one is worn,  
But theirs is as good  
As when mother was born!

We do the work,  
They do the chores,  
The apples for us—  
And for them, the cores!

—Wheaton.

## THE "HESPERUS"

As the World Wags:

The comments as to the facts about the Hesperus should warn future poets to value statistics. How easily Longfellow could have inserted tonnage, port of entry, birthplace or skipper and nature of ballast. Then these critics could have slept easy. Longfellow could have written:

'And four score was the vessel's tonnage  
In canvas bags and seamen's dunage.'

And  
'And Salem was her port of entry,  
The captain he was of the gentry.'

It is regrettable indeed. Inspired by these criticisms I have sought for the facts about "Old Dog Tray." Ranging from the tax on chronicles to the statistics of the latest rabies scare, I find no trace whatsoever of an "Old Dog Tray." There are thousands of Tousers and

Carlos. Hence apply the usual theological method, and declare it an allegory—as it cannot be explained by reason. It means the Democratic party, notice the lines:

"If to him you are kind, you will never find  
A better friend than old dog Tray."

The obvious allegorical interpretation of these lines is that if you vote the Democratic ticket you will get a job in the postoffice, if that party wins.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## OUR OLD FRIEND PETER

As the World Wags:

About 70 years ago in eastern New York and western Vermont I used to read Preface as follows: "Peter Rice Eats Fat Alligators Catch Eels." Reversed: "Eels Catch Alligators Father Eats Raw Potatoes." I believe the above is the better version. I did not learn to spell by this method.

ALLEN S. WOODWARD.  
Hubbardston.

As the World Wags:

When in school 60 years ago we were taught to read our Preface forward and backward, like this:

"Peter Relish Eats Fish and Catches Eels. Eels Catches Alligators, Father Eats Raw Potatoes."

Dudley. JOHN SMITH.

As the World Wags:

Under the caption, "Singing in School," recently, you quote two versions of the "ingenious method of learning to spell a word by memorizing a sentence." In my 'way down East home of the memorable 60's the following was the version: "Peter Rice eats fish, alligators catch eels." Then we would go in the reverse thus: "Eels catch alligators, fish eat raw potatoes."

Another example was in the word "Contents," which went thus: "Charles one night told Edward not to be malodorous; though a single word more emphatic and less polite was used to end with. My recollection is that these were used more as word plays than as aids to spelling."

D. SENECHUTE.  
Cambridge.

## VENOM

I am ashamed that you were once my friend.

There is no slug spreads ruin in a rose,  
There is no thing that creeps, nor crawls, nor goes

Deep into slime that you could comprehend.

There have been liars, traitors without end;

Their dust returns on every wind that blows

To make your breath. My eyelids will not close

For thinking on the virtue you pretend. This is no matter of returning bread:

You are not human in your evil boast. Some morning the obituary file

Will bear your name, and knowing you are dead

I will spoon jam and turn the brown-ing toast

And pour my coffee carefully, and smile,

NANCY SHORES.

# SCHUMANN-HEINK

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, with the help of Florence Hardeman, violinist, and Katherine Hoffmann, accompanist. This was her program: Mitrane, Aria, Rossi; Before the Crucifix, La Forge; Die Allmacht, Schubert; When the Roses Bloom, Reichardt; Gute Nacht, Franz; Es muss ein Wunderbares sein, Liszt; Wiegenlied, Von Ewig Liebe, Six Gypsy Songs, Brahms; Dawn in the Desert, Ross; Danza; Chadwick; Down in the Forest, Ronald; Bolero, Ardit; Taps, arranged by Pasternack.

When Mme. Schumann-Heink made her entrance yesterday, she was greeted by a standing audience that filled every possible inch of space in Symphony hall. The thunder of applause these people raised was overwhelming; it lasted long; and it was renewed at every possible opportunity while the concert continued, not merely when there seemed a likely chance for an added song or two. At the close of the concert everybody, moved by a simultaneous impulse, stood once more. Mme. Schumann-Heink made a speech; her words roused enthusiasm even as did her song. And so ended what, to the regret of all lovers of good singing, we are told was this great singer's farewell concert in Boston.

Now is no time to review Mme. Schumann-Heink's glorious career; its details, its triumphs and some of its trials, are well known. Endowed with one of the most notable voices of her epoch, having developed a technique second to none and musicianship in accord, Mme. Schumann-Heink has been able to use her magnificent voice to such full advantage that today, when, at the age

of 67, she chooses to retire, she is abandoning a commanding position in the concert world that must be the envy of

all singers living, but two or three.

Her genuineness has done it for her. There are singers with voices as superb as hers—though indeed they are scarce, with techniques to equal hers—they too are rare; with musician-ship as sound; singers, even, who can rival her in force of personality; few though they be.

But in genuineness, in sincerity, very few there are fit to stand beside her. Such roles as she has sung on the stage, such songs as she has sung in concert, she has felt them to the depth of her soul—the "felt" should be spelled with a capital letter. To make her programs impressive, she has never tricked them out with songs, be they good or only knowing, at the moment in fashion, unless she liked them herself and knew she could do them justice. Songs she has fancied, by the same token, and knew would please her public, she has insisted in singing, year in, year out, let the judicious grieve as they would.

She has had her reward. Like almost no other singer, longer by far than any other singer, she has held a wide public, those people capable of appreciating her amazingly fine art—at its best—both technical and musical, and those more numerous folk to be stirred only by warm sentiment and sonorous tones. To all alike her genuineness has made its appeal. Long may she live and prosper.

R. R. G.

## People's Symphony Program Greatly Enjoyed

At the fourth concert of the People's Symphony orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, the following program was played: Suppe, "Overture Isabella"; Borodin, "Steppe-skizze"; Tschalkowsky, "Pilgrims' Song"; Handel, "Why Do the Nations," from "The Messiah"; Schubert, "Unfinished Symphony"; Henberger, "En chambre separee"; Beethoven, "Turkish March"; Herbert, "Pan-Americana"; German, "Three Dances"; Herbert, "Irish Rhapsody."

The overture, "Isabella" is one not often heard for the obvious reason that it does not possess as beautiful melodies as do, "Poet and Peasant," and other favorite overtures of Suppe. But it was received with hearty approval just the same.

The "Steppe-skizze" is a most graphic bit of program music with its picturesque suggestions. The orchestra played this number with a real oriental tang to it. One could hear the melancholy folk songs, and easily imagine a caravan of camels crossing the great desert; both finally are lost in the distance—and one could actually see and feel that distance yesterday.

The "Pilgrims' Song," and "Why Do the Nations" were then sung by Henry J. Warren, baritone, with orchestral accompaniment. Both were admirably sung by Mr. Warren, who possesses a full voice of pleasing color, adaptable to what he sang. He was applauded.

It was in the "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert, that the concert reached its climax. There only exist one symphony and a half of Schubert's which really represent him thoroughly. Yesterday we heard, not the one, but the half—the "Unfinished Symphony," in which there is an abiding sense of peace and poetry that could not possibly reflect the physical life of the composer, for that was, for the most part, made wretched by extreme poverty—but his mind—his soul—they were ever that of the poet and dreamer.

After the first climax in the first movement, the music sinks and dissolves into major, and then, like a ray of warm sunshine breaking through the clouded sky, comes the lovely second theme, given out by the cello in yesterday's concert, in a clean, musical fashion. The delicate treatment of the whole symphony, especially in the strings, proves that this group of musicians are destined to play much grand music in the future.

After several lighter numbers, among them Beethoven's "Turkish March," than which no more war-like tune exists, the concert closed with Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsody," a fiery piece of music introducing familiar airs of Irish origin. The latter once more gave the orchestra opportunity to show its unquestioned ability to meet all demands in exacting descriptive music.

Mr. Mollenhauer should congratulate himself on having such a fine collection of exceptionally sensitive and cultivated musicians. All sections brought honor to themselves yesterday, in the Unfinished Symphony especially. It is with keenest interest and confidence that we note the following much larger dimensioned program announced for next Sunday:

Herold, overture, "Pre aux Clercs;" Glinka, "Kamariskaja;" Mendelssohn concerto in G minor for piano and orchestra; soloist, Miss Ruth Webb, Liszt, Hungarian rhapsody No. 2; Tschalkowsky, Symphony No. 4, in F minor, Op. 36.

A. H. D.

## Roman Polyphonic Singers in Symphony Hall

The Roman Polyphonic Singers, known as the Vatican choir, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. These 60 chorists, from St. Peter's in Rome, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore and the Sistine Chapel, are under the leadership of the Rt. Rev. Raffaele Casimiri. They sang last night two motets and an offertory by Palestrina as well as the Credo from the Pope Marcellus mass, an Ave Maria and the Tenebrae by Vittoria, and four secular pieces, madrigals by Marenzio, Gesualdo da Venosa and Donati, and a cantata by Mgr. Casimiri himself.

It is much to be hoped that all persons who have to do with choirs of men and boys were in attendance last night; there were points in the performance which the most of them could make note of to their advantage.

To Mgr. Casimiri's way, for instance, with 16th century music, all choir leaders might wisely lend their attention. His way, quite like, is not that of Palestrina himself, or of Vittoria; who shall say? But it is a way that makes this music tolerable to modern ears, reasonable, beautiful, alive.

This director insists that his music shall be heard; he tolerates no tone so weak and spread to suggest the final gasps of strangulation. Not holding, manifestly, with that mode of dynamics which alternates between whispers and noisy barks, he has trained his singers to all degrees of a wide scale, from a soft—but firm—pianissimo to a tone mightily loud indeed.

Liking, sometimes, a full body of tone solid as any boulder, from it he can let flow at will the voices clearly distinguished, one, two, three or four. The color that derives from bass tones judiciously managed, from trebles, from tenors, or from timbres in combination, he knows how to secure, and to employ with taste. And because, above all, he marks the rhythm of a church motet as definitely as though he were leading his forces through a waltz, Mgr. Casimiri holds this ancient music well out of the slough of shapelessness into which it often falls.

It is not that his singers stand, by their voices, apart; his sopranos are not remarkable; his tenors are even less so. But he has taught them admirably the technique of choral singing. Of deeper significance still, he has determined that church music of the old school should be sung to the glory of God as though it were worth the singing, rhythmically, that is to say, melodiously, with sentiment—as though "exultate" means what it says, or "peccantem." In the glare, even, of Symphony hall, the music last night left an impression of beauty behind it, of vitality. To hear it in Santa Maria Maggiore must afford an experience in very truth.

R. R. G.

As the history of politics has been written by caricaturists even before the Napoleonic wars, so the life, costumes, manners of the people have been shown to the passing generations by masters of comic or satirical drawing, instructive illustrations even when exaggerated. The great men of political cartoons have naturally been partisans, strongly prejudiced, from the savage Gillray who did not hesitate to lampoon scandalously the sisters of Napoleon down the line—the older Doyle, Leech—on account of whose attacks on Napoleon the Third Thackeray left Punch—Tenniel: in this country Stephens, Nast, Keppler, Oppen, Gilman, Davenport, Kirby and others; in France the great Daumier and those who at the time of the Boer war treated Queen Victoria obscenely. As an illustration of social life Rowlandson was coarse, at times worse than coarse; then came Doyle, the son of "H. B." Leech in his gentler moods, Keene, Du Maurier; as in this country Taylor, Gibson, Briggs, Hill, Culter with his admirable sketches of life in the "gay Nineties." Unlike Gavarni, Forain and the illustrators of La Vie Parisienne, Journal Amusant, Le Rire, these draughtsmen were not obsessed by sex and could find amusing subjects outside of adventures in the land of cuckolds.

It has been said that the subjects in Punch have long been monotonously the same: The curate and his parishioner, the charwoman, the innocent or sophisticated child, the amateur hunter, the talk in the "pub," horrors of amateur theatricals or concerts, the sea-sick, the links, the cricket field; but do not these subjects and others enter constantly into the panorama of English life? Were the subjects entertaining only to the English. Today Punch is still the most entertaining, the



ablest of all comic papers in the English language. It is also a political power, as Puck was in the days of Joseph Keppler and H. C. Bunner.

Ernest H. Shepard, already known in this country by his delightful illustrations for Milne's books for children, has collected his drawings from Punch. Under the title "Fun and Fantasy," the handsome book of seven plates in color and nearly 100 in black and white, in series or of a single subject, is published in this country by E. P. Dutton and Company; a book for a Christmas gift and for every day in the year.

Mr. Milne contributes an introduction. He asks why "an artist of reputation who illustrates advertisements of soap is an object of nothing but envy to his fellows, whereas a writer of similar reputation, who had been exposed as the author of such dialogues as precede the arrival of furniture in plain vans, would deem it necessary to slink past Sir Edmund Gosse with his hat over his eyes." He asks why when an author produces a book entirely on his own, no artist is asked to write an introduction, whereas Shepard's book cannot make its bow to the world until "Milne, or somebody moderately respectable, has agreed to chaperone it."

Milne discovered Shepard? When the latter began to draw for Punch—it was before the war—Milne used to say to the art editor: "What on earth do you see in this man? He's perfectly hopeless." Townsend, the editor, would reply: "You wait." Milne waited, and now admits that the discovery was made by somebody else. (Milne, alas, writes no more for Punch. He does not like to be tied down to a weekly task; besides, his children's books have brought him a fortune.)

According to this graceful, amusing writer, art is not life, but an exaggeration of it. "A work of art is literally 'too good to be true.' That is why we shall never see Turner's sunsets in this world, nor meet Mr. Micawber." Yet life keeps the artist in sight. "The du Maurier women came in a stately procession well behind du Maurier, and banting youth toils after Shepperson in vain. Kensington Gardens children are said to be the most beautiful in the world, but in a little while Shepard will make them more beautiful than ever. Every mother prays simply for a little Shepard child, and leaves it to Mr. Shepard whether it is a boy or a girl."

Now there are not many pictures of children in "Fun and Fantasy." Milne sees Shepard saying wearily when their legends were sent to him for illustration: "Children again! But I can do children! Give me something I'm not so sure about, like the inside of a battleship or a Bargee's Saturday Night." "Ah! Drawings of children, some fool will say, seeing our names together on the title page. But he will be wrong. They are just drawings of Shepard's."

We have quoted freely from this introduction, because Mr. Milne has said things which we should like to say, though not so gracefully, not with so light and whimsical a touch.

The verses, when there are verses in the book are by E. V. Knox; they are worthy of the illustrations and the introduction. The great majority of the pictures are from Punch of the Twenties. What a variety of subjects! In the pages devoted to series one sees the elusive pillow in the railway carriage; the servant problem, from the years of great-great-great-grandmothers down to 1923; the inspired musician cuts a ham as he would draw his bow across a fiddle; Grannie gets out of hand; the emancipation of the young down the ages; the "exemplary ancestors" gave rise to scandal in their days; Great-Uncle Percival, for example, flirting with ballet girls behind the scenes—"Well, the less said about HIM the better"; games and the girl, a Victorian retrospect; the newness of the new woman (from the time of the cave-dwellers); Christmas a l'Anglaise, or the attempt of an English couple to avoid the English Christmas by going to Paris; taking our pleasures (after Watteau and Fragonard); the debutante in the good old days and the bad new ones.

The single illustrations are on subjects that would amuse the student of sociology in Munich, Rome, Madrid, Rio Janeiro, Terry Haute, or Deadwood, as in London. In this age of unrest, a thwarted grandmother goes on a hunger strike; a bored girl in a hall of statues exclaims: "If only they cleared these gures away, wouldn't it make a lovely play de dance." Dentist and small boy: "My little man, I am not going to you." "Liar." At the theatre; Lady

to a girl behind her who is explaining the plot. "Would you mind waiting till this scene is over, please? They're making such a noise on the stage, I can't hear what you're saying." At a country hotel: "What kind of soup do you call this, waiter?" "Ain't no particular kind, sir, just soup." Visitor—"M-M—only just."

And so these delightfully drawn pictures remind us again: "What fools these mortals be!"

#### As the World Wags:

We took the paper to the breakfast table and read all about the Chicago woman who killed her husband because he didn't eat the meal she had cooked for him. "How do you like the biscuits?" said Shelby suddenly. "I—" "The most delicious things we have ever tasted," said we hurriedly, and we ate twelve.

R. H. L.

### CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

**HOLLIS**—"Tenth Avenue," crook melodrama with William Boyd and others. Second week.

**MAJESTIC**—"Oh Kay," musical comedy with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. Fourth week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"Broadway," Jed Harris's sensational drama of night club life. Last two weeks.

**SHUBERT**—"My Maryland," operetta based on Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Fritchie." Second week.

**TREMONT**—"Rang-Tang," Miller and Lyles star in colored revue. Third week. Midnight performance this Thursday evening.

**WILBUR**—"Peggy-Ann," musical comedy starring Helen Ford and featuring Lulu McConnell. Second week.

**ARLINGTON**—"In Abraham's Bosom," Paul Green's Pulitzer prize play, enters its last week. Original New York company direct from the Provincetown Playhouse.

**COPELY**—"No. 17," mystery play enters its fifth week. "Clean Hands," Ian Hay's much talked of new play will be given on Tuesday and Thursday matinees only until further notice.

### 'GARDEN OF ALLAH'

"The Garden of Allah," a film adaptation of the Robert Hichens novel, directed by Rex Ingram and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Domini Enfiliden ..... Alice Terry  
Father Adrien ..... Ivan Petrovich  
Boris Androvsky ..... Marcel Vibert  
Count Antonio ..... Mme. Paquerette  
Suzanne ..... Armand Duertre  
Father Roubier ..... Ben Sadour  
Sand-Diviner ..... Ben Sadour

There is supposed to be a subtle spell in that part of the world where the sands of the desert never grow cold. Rex Ingram has made a valiant attempt to catch it and, what is more interesting, he has succeeded. No 2 by 4 Hollywood desert this. There may have been some electric fans in the offing for the sand storm, but we will wager it was the real thing, blinding, cutting, careening sand which vies with the description in the original text by Mr. Hichens.

As we remember this novel it was rather a thick volume, finely printed on thin paper and Mr. Ingram has put its substance in an hour's film entertainment. More than that he has caught the heat of the desert, the rock of the the camels and the story is sincerely told.

"The Garden of Allah," is a fact. It exists and Mr. Ingram has used it for his film. Because of the publicity it received from the book and the play it has been put on some of the touring itineraries. After the picture which shows it as a green patch of paradise surrounded by endless waves of sand, the business of camel caravans may pick up in Biskra, Algeria. The travelers will miss the sight of the caravan crawling like a dull knobby worm on a bright background which the camera caught and they may not see the Sand-Diviner with his crooked finger and impressive manner, all of which in the picture.

Mr. Ingram was also wise in his choice of types and other characters besides the Sand-Diviner. Alice Terry is delightfully feminine and has a warm dignity which helped Domini Enfiliden in her difficult roll of looking pretty and having a strong character at the same time. Ivan Petrovich gives the necessary impression of smoldering emotions and feeling. They dictate the path he follows.

All in all, there is a rich texture about the film, a pleasant difference in material and a sane adaptation of a novel which is most satisfactory.

C. M. D.

## LEON SAMPAIX

Leon Sampaix, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall: Sonate, op. 37, Tschaiakowsky; ballade, G. minor, nocturne, D flat, waltz, op. 42, Polonaise, A flat, Chopin; Novelette, op. 17, Medtner; Wedding Cake Waltz, Saint-Saens; Saint Francois marchant sur les flots, Liszt; Second Rhapsody, Liszt.

Mr. Sampaix is a pianist unlike the most of those who come and go. Technically he stands very high. He has developed his finger work to a superlative degree of excellence; he can run a scale of extraordinary evenness and clarity; his chords he makes sound full and massive; he turns off melodies in tone of proper singing quality. In the important matter of tone, indeed, Mr. Sampaix is extremely successful; he likes a curiously individual tone, cool yet rich, firm, but never hard, though sometimes impressively strong.

His power, however, Mr. Sampaix rarely exhibited last night any oftener than he did his skill in what is soft. Too much of the time he plunged straight before him, not putting himself about to strengthen his tone or to diminish it to any degree worth noting. With the same nonchalance or doggedness—to determine which mood moved him would not be easy—Mr. Sampaix drove his time, regardless of many a point in the music's course where an instant's pause would have served that music well.

Why did he play so relentlessly? Stiff he is not or pedantic or dull. By nature he is not, if one is permitted to guess, the opposite of temperamental; the very quality of his technique showed as much. Here and there, furthermore, especially in certain parts of the ballade, he let a listener suspect the presence of feeling and romance if he cared to show it.

Mr. Sampaix, last night, did not so choose; he preferred the plain, prosaic way, with only vigor to quicken it. It would be interesting to hear him another time, when stirred by more than restlessness.

R. R. G.

## COMEDY SHOWING AT 5 THEATRES

Beery and Hatton Team in  
"Now We're in the Air"

## BELLE BAKER HEAD OF B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Every one went away from B. F. Keith's last night a friend to Belle Baker. She took them all right into her confidence; and oh, what she confided! Old Home Week, Lindbergh's return and Coolidge's entering the presidential running were all put in the shade by the welcome the audience accorded her. She sang, finally, the much yelled for favorite "Yiddisher Momma" but not before she had joined the ranks of Fannie Brice, and Milt Gross with her songs and stories of Salem street inhabitants.

The surrounding acts on the bill were for the most part very entertaining. The "Pest House" was a bit of raucous foolery that transpired when Michael Casey spent an evening at Rose's Rowdy Roost. The make up and properties in this act were exceedingly clever.

The evening started off well with Brown and Larhart doing a skiffel bit on roller skates. The act not only taxed their sense of equilibrium but also brought rhythm and grace into full play.

Rubin Beckwith, the boy with one hundred fingers, played the piano with a slap dash ease and a concert touch. Following him came Gaston and Andree and a surrounding company in a dancing act. For ourselves we prefer a number like Miss Jermaine's "Pas Seul"—to the acrobatic running and leaping about but, of its kind, this act is no doubt superior.

George Austin Moore told of "Rufus Lindbergh Chamberlain Johnson Jefferson Lee" in the appropriate dialect and sang the conventional Dixie songs. He, however, finished off his act with a rendering of "Magnolia" better than which we have not yet heard. Other acts were Calts brothers in monkey shins, monkey faces and some good co-operative clogging and the Weymouth Post No. 79 American Legion band.

The usual Pathe and the inimitable Aesop's Fable rounded out a well-balanced, varied bill.

F. B. B.

St. James Theatre: "Lombardi Ltd.," a comedy in three acts, by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. The cast:

Muriel ..... Sydel Landrew  
Daisy ..... Clara Joel  
James Hodgkins ..... John Winthrop  
An Expressman ..... Robert Storer  
Tito Lombardi ..... Walter Gilbert  
Phyllis Manning ..... Flora Maud Gade  
Robert Tarrant ..... Mildred Southwick  
Lida Moore ..... Frank Charlton  
Richard Tosello ..... Edith Speare  
Max Stronin ..... Day Manson  
Mrs. Warrington Brown ..... Mary Hill  
Models in fashion parade: Mao Downey,  
Marion Sampson, Ruth Larson.

To those playgoers who demand that a drama shall be logically worked out with suspense, climax, and catastrophe in the proper order, "Lombardi Ltd." would probably seem unsatisfactory. To those in search of good entertainment without perfect technique it affords a highly amusing way to pass the time.

The story is relatively unimportant and somewhat disjointed, mingling low comedy and emotional drama in a somewhat illogical and decidedly jerky manner. What plot there is concerns itself with the trials of one Tito Lombardi, a fashionable dressermaker for ladies. With a romantic manner-quin to disillusion, an erring one to reform, a disagreeable customer to flatter into buying innumerable gowns, a practical bookkeeper to pacify, and a mercenary sweetheart to get rid of, Tito leads anything but a happy life. Desertion and failure stare him in the face when all at once money is fairly hurled at him by a millionaire friend and he finds true love waiting him in his invaluable assistant, Norah Blake. It is a pleasant, if unlikely conclusion—the proper fairytale ending for a romantic farce.

Upon the shoulders of Walter Gilbert fell the chief burden of the play, one which demands a good, in fact, a very good leading man if it is to succeed. Mr. Gilbert may fairly be said to have surpassed himself—the part of Tito is long and difficult, requiring an infinite display of temperament, a command of broken English, and extreme volubility, none of which are qualities that he has usually been called on to display. He did not falter once and, aside from his rather too obvious wig, was the perfect picture of an excitable warm-hearted Italian. The remainder of the cast was excellent, with special mention for Miss Clara Joel, who played the mannequin with the firm intentions of sacrificing herself for a "career." Her awkward, nervous walk, her gawky movements, and her languishing voice were irresistible. The part of Norah Blake is somewhat conventional and colorless, but Miss Flora Maud Gade played charmingly—her quiet manner making an effective foil for the flamboyant Tito.

Mr. Day Manson was once more pleasing to hear and to behold his sartorial magnificence as the "Vermicelli King" was quite beyond words—and he played admirably in a part that would easily have been very tiresome. Miss Edith Speare as the mannequin who went astray was forced to be very emotional and even melodramatic. It was not her fault but the intrigue of which she was a part seemed out of place and jarring. The play should not be marred by moralizing and series emotional upheavals—it begins as comedy and should not be forced into a solemn object lesson. Frank Charlton, cast as usual for a villain, played the conventional man-about-town with his usual suavity, and John Winthrop grumbled pleasantly as Tito's harassed business manager. The unspeakable Mrs. Warrington Brown, for whom the decorative models paraded, was well acted by Mary Hill, though at times she seemed needlessly grotesque. Miss Southwick as Tito's faithless sweetheart, played with suitable callousness, and Miss Sydel Landrew was most amusing as the gum-chewing model with the perfect figure.

E. L. H.

### 'A MAN'S PAST' AT MODERN AND BEACON

"A Man's Past," the feature picture this week at the Modern and Beacon theatres, deals principally with the question of whether a doctor has a right to put an incurable sufferer out of his misery. The story concerns a noted physician who is sentenced to prison for such a deed. He escapes and is well on the road to rehabilitate himself when he is discovered. The climax of the piece is both thrilling and original. Conrad Veidt, one of the foremost actors of Europe takes the leading role. It is his first American-made picture.

The companion picture, "Night Life," tells the story of a couple of slight-of-hand performers, who are engaged to amuse the crowds in one of the Vienna popular beer gardens. When the war comes on they become soldiers and afterwards, having no market for their talents, become crooks. One of them falls in love with a girl and then both reform. Alice Day and John Haron play the leads.



REPERTORY THEATRE - "Mer-  
chants of Glory," a play in four acts,  
with a prologue, by Marcel Pagnol and  
Jul Nivolo; the translation by Ralph  
Bieder. First time in Boston. The  
cast:

Yvonne Bachelet..... Cecelia Radcliffe  
Gladys Bachelet..... Olga Birkbeck  
Gladys Bachelet..... Adelaide George  
Gladys Bachelet..... Arthur Bowyer  
Gladys Bachelet..... Thomas Shearer  
Gladys Bachelet..... William Mason  
Gladys Bachelet..... George Stevin  
Gladys Bachelet..... Robert Casa  
Gladys Bachelet..... Arthur Siroom  
Gladys Bachelet..... William Faversham Jr  
Gladys Bachelet..... Milton Owen  
Gladys Bachelet..... Thayer Roberts  
Gladys Bachelet..... Josef Lazarovitch

By a sort of satire which the psycho-  
logists may explain, it has come to be  
understood that in speaking of the war  
we use a reversion—a celebration of  
America's soldiers we belittle under  
the title of "The Big Parade," and  
conversely, any title containing the  
word "Glory" is understood to mean a  
disaster.

The French play which last night de-  
lighted and stirred deeply the regula-  
tion Repertory audience does not, how-  
ever, so must satirize the war as the  
men who made their profit from it. It  
is excellently written, and though in  
their ways of thought, their reactions,  
their psychology, all the persons are  
the portraits of French people, the  
play has been enthusiastically received  
in other countries, where people have  
recognized these peoples as their very  
selves.

One is introduced to a wildly anxious  
family in the provinces; the father a  
clerk in a Government office of a pro-  
vincial town; the mother, the daugh-  
ter-in-law, and the niece who is hope-  
lessly in love with her cousin, all agon-  
izing over the lack of news of the boy  
in the family, serving with his regi-  
ment.

An embusque who is making his  
profit out of war by means of an  
ammunition factory, buys a chain of  
retail shops with the idea of getting  
better contracts from the Government.  
He proposes to the father that he shall  
rescue the boy from military service  
and give him a safe berth at home,  
the father in return to open the butch-  
er's bid last among the bids; having  
even bids, he can open the one which  
will just shade the lowest of the others.  
The father indignantly refuses—and on  
the heels of his gesture comes the news  
that the boy has been killed. So ends  
the prologue.

The first act leaps ahead to 1924; the  
father has now won to a high place in  
the provincial bureau; the widow has  
remarried, is prosperous and has a 4-  
year-old child. Only the boy's mother  
and his cousin remain inconsolable.  
The father has even won some little  
time as an orator—and the first note of  
bitterness is sounded when it becomes  
known that he has made his profit from  
being president of the Society for Aid-  
ing the Families of French Soldiers.

The embusque now comes back, with  
comic editor whose waistcoat parts  
down his trousers in his over-upright  
posture, and a comic colonel of ram-  
ped proportions, with an excellent  
comedy sniff after each pistol-shot  
speech. They propose to the father  
that he join them and run for deputy  
in the coming election, his platform  
being that he is the father of one  
of the heroes of France.

He consents, and when the Socialists  
put out a letter written by his son  
claiming that the boy was a Socialist  
hated the war, the father allows  
the politicians to mutilate one of the  
boy's letters home to show that he  
was really a devoted hero. There is a  
powerful scene here, with the treasured  
relics of the dead boy scattered over  
the floor, and the girl who loved him  
in a frenzy of grief at the sight.

To cap the situation, on the eve of a  
political procession to his grave, the  
boy himself turns up, after nearly 10  
years of amnesia. The father even al-  
lows the politicians to persuade the  
boy to conceal himself, and the pro-  
cession to the false grave goes along.  
The boy himself is principally interest-  
ed in finding his wife again—only to  
receive the final blow when he dis-  
covers her unwilling to turn back and  
from her new and richer life.

Even yet the climax has not been  
reached, for the new deputy makes  
such an impression that he is promptly  
slated for the cabinet post of minister  
of pensions. This time the boy has  
definitely disappeared, and the ready  
embusque provides him with a new set  
of citizenship papers and a new name.  
Utterly disillusioned, the boy accepts  
even this, and says that if they are  
all swine he too will be one. His  
father's constituents send him a gift—  
a terrible daub supposed to be a por-  
trait of his hero son, and the boy af-  
fects great emotion. "You see" he  
cries, in masterly bitterness, "I knew  
him so well!"

The play is well cast. Thomas  
Shearer, the father, is the provincial  
Frenchman of official life to the very  
line, and the huge William Mason as  
the scheming politician, is immense  
in two senses. Milton Owen has the  
difficult role of the returned soldier,  
a part alternately full of emotion and  
of dazed bitterness, and is extremely  
moving in his portrayal. But the  
greatest height is reached by Olga Bir-  
beck, who plays the devoted cousin.  
She was well chosen for the role, and  
plays it beautifully. The other charac-  
ters, all of them portraits, are as good  
as the lines given to them—and there  
is irony in almost every line.

Dec 7 1924

### A QUERY (For As the World Wags)

Why do magazines, I wonder,  
Place the "Contents" of a number  
Where one rarely finds the feature  
Ere he sinks into a slumber?

When one wants to find a poem,  
Or an interesting story,  
He must turn and turn the pages  
Till his hair is long and hoary.

II, at last, he finds the table  
(Hidden where no eye would heed it),  
Turning to the song or story,  
He is too blamed tired to read it.  
CHARLES EDGAR ALLEN.

### LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY

It is a pleasure to find the Rev. Dr.  
van Allen so tolerant in regard to the  
dress of women; one might say so ap-  
preciative of short skirts and bobbed hair.  
In this he shows a true Christian spirit.  
How greatly he differs from fathers of  
the early church with their savage dia-  
tribes against this or that fashion and  
against epidemic exposure!

How much more charitable is the Rev.  
Dr. van Allen than that lay preacher,  
Mr. Chesterton, who is always thumping  
the pulpit of his writing desk and  
screaming paradoxes. Only this week  
he sneered at women cropping their  
hair to resemble convicts. If a woman  
thinks she would be more alluring to  
men with bobbed hair, let her go to it.  
Still, we would say with Carlo Goldoni,  
passing his last years in Paris: "Women  
are wrong, in my opinion, in following  
any general mode of dressing their  
heads; every one ought to consult her  
glass, to examine her features, and  
adapt the arrangement of her hair to  
the style of her countenance, and make  
her hairdressers follow her orders."

In other words, if dear Arabella's  
head runs up to a peak, she should not  
bob her hair. Judge Crawford of an  
English court gave it as his opinion last  
month that 9s. 11d. for a pair of silk  
stockings was a "ridiculous" price for a  
working girl to pay. But, judge, have a  
heart! Would you see a stenographer  
lose her position?

It is a pleasure to see a leading light  
of the church in Boston so open-minded,  
so human. What a contrast to the Rev.  
Nathaniel Ward, at one time pastor of  
Agawam or Ipswich, who wrote when he  
was in this country the following sour  
remarks published in 1647:

"To speak moderately, I truly confesse  
it is beyond the ken of my understand-  
ing to conceive, how those women  
should have any true grace, or valuable  
virtue, that have so little wit, as to  
disfigure themselves with such exotic  
garbs as not only dismantles their  
native lovely lustre, but transclouts them  
into gant-bar-geese, ill-shapen-shotten-  
shellfish, Egyptian Hyeroglyphicks, or at  
best into French flirts of the pastery,  
which a proper English woman should  
scorne with her heels.

"The very troublers and impoverishers  
of mankind, I can hardly forbear to  
commend to the world a saying of a  
Lady living sometime with the Queen of  
Bohemia. I know not where shee found  
it, but it is pitty it should be lost.  
"The world is full of care, much like  
unto a bubble;  
Women and care, and care and women,  
and women and care and trouble."

### MARY SANDERS

As the World Wags:

I've just learned the sad news of the  
passing of Mary Sanders at the home  
of her granddaughter, Mrs. Walter Feld-  
kamp, Long Island City, N. Y., on Nov.  
1, following an operation for cancer.  
It must be that there are a great many  
theatre lovers still in the prime of life  
who will feel an interest in the final  
exit of the dear little actress who was  
the idol of Boston's splendid stock com-  
panies from 1898 to 1908. She was a  
member of the original Castle Square  
stock company, and during later years  
played at the Boston, the Globe, the  
Bijou, the Tremont, and Music Hall.  
Such popularity as she enjoyed is quite  
unknown among artists nowadays. Her  
combination of art and personality is  
not developed under present conditions  
in the mimic world.

Her nature was gentle and unselfish  
always. It was a delightful experience  
to act in company with her. My hap-  
piest recollections of the theatre are of

the times I was "cast" to play parts  
"opposite" hers. She deserves high dis-  
tinction in the history of Boston the-  
atres.  
THOMAS MacLARNIE.  
Dec. 4.

As the World Wags:  
"I have quoted the letter verbatim,"  
dictates I to my stenographer. "How do  
you spell 'verbatim'?" says she.  
"Haven't you a dictionary?" says I.  
"Yes," says she. "Do you want to  
use it?"  
KAINTUCKEE.

### JOY UNCONFINED

As the World Wags:

Saturday night I was invited to a  
very exclusive little party—one of those  
where, if a guest committed any of the  
major improprieties, such as spanking  
the hostess or refusing the 27th  
schooner, he would be found in the alley  
the next morning by the coroner—quite  
excluded. Our host had 10 barrels of  
beer and four barrels of wine. Or  
maybe it was four barrels of beer and  
10 barrels of wine. Anyhow, there were  
16 barrels. And our host was such a  
cut-up! When he emptied a barrel, he  
would pick it up and throw it at one of  
the guests. He was, if I may coin an  
expression, the life of the party. I left  
just as three enterprising young bomb-  
throwers with bulging coat pockets be-  
gan to grow convivial. Oh, dear! It all  
makes me so homesick for the dear old  
fraternity parties back at college!  
OSWALD OF WESLAYAN.

### IN THE MILLENIUM

As the World Wags:

Tell me: How long will the world wag  
when the rank and file of the army  
and navy become unionized? Is it true  
that the I. W. W. is to unionize the en-  
listed forces of the military and naval  
services and limit their laboring hours  
to eight of each day and only five days  
a week? What would be the effect  
when a bombardment is raging and a  
walking delegate comes along and, at  
the stroke of "one bell," i. e., 4:30 P. M.,  
shrieks out: "Time's up, cease firing!"  
Would the enemy, civilized or uncivil-  
ized, heed the demand, except the or-  
ganizations should be internationalized  
unions? Until the scheme of the I.  
W. W. shall be fully effected, the fight-  
ing forces will be expected to follow  
the present order of things, be subject  
to call at any hour, day or night, even  
24 hours of the day and seven days a  
week, and not receive "time-and-a-half"  
or "double-time" pay. Such has been  
the practice since the days of the "gal-  
ley war-boats" propelled by oars 50 or  
60 feet of length, each oar pulled by  
a half-dozen slaves for hours on a  
stretch, without stopping to eat or to  
rest; yes, I might say since the day that  
Cain slew Abel.

### AN OLD DEFENDER.

The more law breakers, the more  
laws; the more laws, the more breakers.  
That explains everything.—Detroit  
News.

H. F. W. writes: "I enclose these  
headlines from the sporting page in the  
Traveler of Dec. 1:

### "GATE OF HEAVEN TO CLOSE SUNDAY"

"It seems to me some of us should  
have had at least seven days' notice for  
ample preparation."

### THE NEW MYTHOLOGY

Once a critic reviewed a so-called  
realistic book and did not say: "It is a  
mirror held up to life."  
GEORGE THE RED MAN.

### JELLY D'ARANYI

By PHILIP HALE

Jelly (Yelly) d'Aranyi played the  
violin last night in Jordan hall. She  
was well accompanied by Ethel Hobday,  
pianist. This was Miss d'Aranyi's first  
appearance here in public. She was  
heard last week in a private musicale.  
Mrs. Hobday (Ethel Sharpe) is the wife  
of Alfred Charles Hobday, a prominent  
viola player in London.

The program, not the one that had  
been announced, was as follows: Tar-  
tini, Sonata, G minor, No. 2. Mozart  
Concerto, D major. Bach, Chaconne.  
Ravel, Tzigane (written for Miss d'Ar-  
anyi). N. Gatty, Bagatelle. Paganini,  
Caprice No. 23. De Falla-Kochansky.  
Nana and Jota. Brahms-Joachim, Hun-  
garian Dances. (The earlier program,  
which included Mozart's Concerto,  
Bach's Chaconne, and Ravel's Tzigane  
with three of the smaller pieces, was  
the more interesting.)

Miss d'Aranyi is not only a violinist  
of brilliant, dazzling technic, she is  
among the few of recent years who can  
justly be called a creative violinist; that  
is to say, whether she plays the music  
of the ancients or of contemporary  
composers she, comprehending the spirit  
and the period in which it was written,  
uses the notes only as material for  
eloquent speech. Let violinists discuss  
in detail the excellence of her mech-

anism, for they alone would be able to  
praise intelligently. It may be permitted  
others to speak of Miss d'Aranyi's poise,  
the ease with which she surmounts  
obvious and hidden difficulties, the  
purity of her intonation, the charm of  
her tonal quality, the significance of  
her phrasing, the constant revelation of  
beauty in her musical thought and in  
the expression of it.

After she had played a few pages of  
Tartini's sonata, playing it in the "grand  
style," one realized that her European  
reputation was not the fiction of pas-  
sionate press agents and critics too  
easily persuaded by the grace of her  
appearance and behavior on the stage.  
It was at once evident that she is a  
musical virtuoso of the very first rank.  
Mozart wrote his violin concertos—two,  
perhaps three, are in D major—for his  
own use at Salzburg. The glorious boy,  
the son of a violinist, was no mean per-  
former on the instrument. Hearing the  
concerto last night, one was reminded  
of Hazlitt's remark about an operatic  
song of Mozart: that it seemed to come  
from the air and to return there. What-  
ever Mozart wrote, his music demands  
perfection of performance and a heart  
in the breast of the performer. This  
concerto cannot be reckoned among his  
chief works; but who can suggest  
changes that would heighten it? Who  
would have it other than it is—as Miss  
d'Aranyi played it? Beneath the dainti-  
ness, the suavity, the joyousness of the  
music there is the suggestion of the  
melancholy peculiar to Mozart, the  
melancholy that hints at the mystery  
of his life.

Great violinists, including Joachim,  
playing Bach's Chaconne have left us  
cold and consulting the watch, timing,  
in desperation, not wishing to yawn in  
public, the length of the performance.

Some of the hysterical worshippers of  
Bach have felt the same. Mr. W. G.  
Whittaker, an honest Englishman, will  
not confess that the Chaconne bores  
him; but he hems and haws, says it  
might sound better if the violinist  
should use a flatter bridge and the  
loose haired arched bow of Bach's time,  
and concludes by calling this Chaconne,  
a "training ground" for violinists. Miss  
d'Aranyi did not treat the work as a  
technical exercise. Her imagination gave  
color and beauty to the notes. She  
supplied what others, with the excep-  
tion of Mr. Thibaud, have not found.

Ravel sufferers perhaps from the  
charge brought against him that he is  
in music as in speech an ironist. Did  
he intend in this Tzigane to parody the  
Hungarian music by Joachim, Hubay,  
Remenyi and the others? Did he write  
this piece as a joke, piling difficulty on  
difficulty, introducing it with a long  
cadenza that might have been improv-  
vised by a wandering gypsy unable to  
read music, but by nature a rapt im-  
provisatore? However this may be, the  
music has little substance. It is with-  
out the fascination, the maddening spell  
exercised by lesser composers writing  
"in the Hungarian manner."

Tzigane was performed for the first  
time by Miss d'Aranyi and Henri Gil-  
Marchez at a concert of Ravel's works  
in London on April 26, 1924. The work  
was completed just before the concert. It  
was said at the time that Miss d'Aranyi  
had only two days in which to learn it.

The large audience on floor and in  
the balcony last night was enthusiastic,  
and deservedly so.

### GIVE PERFORMANCE FOR FLOOD SUFFERERS

A benefit performance of "The Mer-  
chants of Glory," was held last night  
at the Repertory theatre in aid of  
the Vermont flood sufferers. The play  
was sponsored by the Daughters of Ver-  
mont, of which Mrs. Edward H. Rugg  
of Brookline is president. Between the  
acts refreshments were served by Mrs.  
William Underhill, who was in charge  
of the management of the play, assisted  
by Mrs. Rugg and Mrs. E. Wilson Lin-  
coln. The large audience joined in  
singing "Vermont," a song dedicated to  
the sons and daughters of that state,  
which was written by Miss Helen M.  
Winslow, founder of the Daughters.

### "CHISHOLM TRAIL" AT BRATTLE HALL

BRATTLE HALL, Cambridge—"The  
Chisholm Trail," a play in nine scenes,  
by Elizabeth Higgins Sullivan. The  
cast:

Sabine Barker	Frances Small	R. 28
Mary Simmons	Sue Birnie	R. 29
Glen Barker	E. C. Carter	R. 31
Aunt Carrie Mitchell	Helen Field	R. 32
Pole	Orazio Vaccaro	R. 33
Polish Woman	Margaret Cook	R. 34
Hank Moran	Charles Leatherbee	R. 35
Jessie Thayer	Jessie Hill	R. 36
Buck Painter	Robert Sweezey	R. 37
Shorty Beno	B. D. Hanishan	R. 38
Jim Moran	K. A. Perry	R. 39
Ernie Roney	Margaret Childs	R. 40
Tom Stevens	J. M. Sargent	R. 41
Andy McAllister	R. H. Jones	R. 42
Eph Simmons	M. J. Egan	R. 43
Bill Jerome	J. K. Rye	R. 44
Lafe Jenkins	G. R. Holden	R. 45
Ned Forsyth	G. L. Leach	R. 46
Dr. Webster		



Coroner... R. M. Bennett '28  
Foreman of the Jury... C. A. Hicks '06  
Sergeant of Militia... Sara Sherburne  
O. M. Gale '31

Brattle hall, so often the setting for festive gatherings, seems of late destined to witness the tragedy of defeat—the old order going down in bitter despair, crushed by the onward thrust of progress. A few nights ago the play was "White Wings" by Philip Barry, dealing with the decline and fall of the horse, and those who followed him—a strange, pathetic drama that made trivialities seem all important. Last evening it was "The Chisholm Trail," the struggles of the cattlemen against the farmers who would drive the herds from their old ranges. Here again there was defeat and desolation, but on a larger, more terrible scale. No feeble protests were used, but six shooters spoke plainly and to the point. Violence was met with violence and the ranchers banded together to drive the nesters out of the state, were in their moment of triumph shot down by the militia. Like a falling tower, the old order crashed to the ground, destroying those who had foreseen the uselessness of resistance with those who would never yield. As a play, "The Chisholm Trail" lacks unity, but as a magnificent epic of glorious defeat it would be hard to surpass.

The story is very simple: Jim Morgan, leader of the cattlemen, has a son Hank, who is entirely out of sympathy with his father's ideas. In love with a girl who shares his dislikes for violence and cruelty and driven out by the enraged Jim, who calls him a coward and disowns him, Hank leaves his sweetheart to warn the cattlemen of their impending destruction at the hands of the militia, and dies fighting by his father's side. The pity, waste and futility of the whole bitter struggle was almost unbearable. In the end Jim Morgan, dying, looks at his dead son, realizes that if the boy's advice had been followed he would have still been alive, and yet refuses to admit that he was in the wrong. So it will always be—we look on the work of our hands, knowing it a failure, yet cannot wish it otherwise. Old against new, stone against steel—tragedy always, but the world must go on.

It seemed to us last night that the production of the play under the direction of Mr. Massey reflected tremendous credit on the Harvard Dramatic Club. "The Chisholm Trail" is worthy of production far more so than the modernistic nightmares sometimes attempted. It is powerful though sometimes, notably in the first act, too didactic. Mrs. Sullivan writes with force, clarity, sympathy, and understanding; she needs only the ability to draw her scenes closer together. Last night's audience, disgracefully small, was strenuously enthusiastic, and it was applause best bestowed. The acting was of a very high order and would not suffer from comparison with professional productions. The finest work was done by Kingsley Perry as Jim Morgan—brusque, forceful, unyielding, lion-hearted, a true veteran of the Confederate army—it was no easy job for a young man to make him convincing. Mr. Perry never faltered and from first to last he was magnificent.

As the unlikely son of such a father, Charles Leatherbee was also very fine, showing as he did Hank's terrible struggle between his loyalty and his love, his reason and his family pride. The scene between father and son, in which the latter is repudiated by the former, was highly dramatic, well written and well acted, while the parting of Hank and Jessie was unutterably tragic. Tom Stevens, the hard-boiled ranchman, was excellently played by G. W. Harrington, and afforded the chief comedy of the evening. Frances Small, as Sabina Barker, made an excellent picture of a strong-minded, righteous, yet attractive woman. Jessica Hill, as Jessie Thayer, was wholly admirable, pretty yet determined, a pioneer but too tender-hearted to revel in bloodshed and battle, as did her fiery Aunt Carrie, excellently played by Helen Field. The costumes were excellent, the atmosphere well sustained, and the mobs excellently handled. A serious, rather depressing evening, if you will, but interesting and commanding from start to finish.

E. L. H.

## APOLLO CLUB GIVES BENEFIT CONCERT

Event in Symphony to Aid Boston Lying-In Hospital

The Apollo Club of Boston gave a benefit concert in Symphony hall last evening before an audience most appreciative, but somewhat lost in so large a hall. The concert was in aid of the Boston Lying-In Hospital, and under the auspices of the Nurses' Alumnae Association. The club sang under the direction of Mr. Thompson Stone, and

the assisting artists were: Miss Maria Conde, soprano; Mr. George Boynton, tenor; Mr. Ary Dulfer, violinist, and Mr. E. Rupert Sircom, organist.

The opening number was "Trelawny," by Thayer, followed by "Chorus of Bacchantes" by Gounod, both by the chorus.

These were followed by Miss Conde singing three numbers, but the space was too large for Miss Conde's voice, which together with the use of too much tremolo, did not show off her voice to its best advantage. Mr. Ary Dulfer, a Dutch violinist, who made his first Boston appearance, was twice encored.

One of the most effective numbers was Horatio Parker's setting of Longfellow's "The Leap of Roushnan Beg," which Mr. Ellsworth E. Blanchard sang.

Mr. E. Rupert Sircom played a suite for the organ by Handel. Mr. George Boynton, tenor, sang "Non Vidi Fronde in Ramo"; "Aubade," by Lalo; and "Sail Forth," by Rogers.

The concert closed with Chadwick's stirring hymn by St. Gregory.

A. H. D.

Two of Mr. Carpenter's compositions will be played at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 is also on the program.

Mr. Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" has been performed here several times and enjoyed. His "Skyscrapers, a Ballet of American Life," has not been heard here. It was intended originally for Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. He had heard of Mr. Carpenter's ballet pantomime, "Krazy Kat"—it was performed here at an entertainment in aid of the Rheims music school, but with a wretched orchestra. Diaghilev saw the score and some photographs of the action. He suggested that Mr. Carpenter should write a ballet based on an American subject. The latter returning from Paris, where he had talked with the impresario, thought of a composition in which he should embody the rush and din of the United States in its association with jazz; but Diaghilev insisted that the music should not depend on any planned story; when the score was completed, he and his associates would provide a scenario.

The music was ready in 1924. Mr. Carpenter and Diaghilev met again. Diaghilev expressed himself as delighted—like Clara in the old story. The production was to be at Monte Carlo in March 1925, but there was a hitch. The Metropolitan Opera House made a bid for the ballet; Gatti-Casazza invited Mr. Carpenter to follow his own ideas about the mounting of the work. Robert Edmond Jones was chosen to aid him. As the dancing would be of an unusual nature as far as that opera house was concerned, Samuel Lee, a Broadway producer, was called in to regulate the evolutions of the dancers. The ballet was produced in New York on Feb. 19, 1926. As a concert piece it has also been performed, as in Chicago on Nov. 5-6, 1926.

The pianoforte arrangement of the ballet includes argument:

"Skyscrapers" is a ballet which seeks to reflect some of the many rhythmic movements and sounds of modern American life. It has no story, in the usually accepted sense; but proceeds on the simple fact that American life reduces itself essentially to violent alternations of work and play, each with its own peculiar and distinctive rhythmic character. The action of the ballet is merely a series of moving decorations reflecting some of the obvious external features of this life, as follows:

"Scene 1—Symbols of restlessness.  
"Scene 2—An abstraction of the skyscraper and of the work that produces it—and the interminable crowd that passes by.  
"Scene 3—The transition from work to play.  
"Scene 4—Any 'Coney Island' and a reflection of a few of its manifold activities—interrupted presently by a 'throw back,' in the movie sense, to the idea of work, and reverting with equal suddenness to play.  
"Scene 5—The return from play to work.  
"Scene 6—Skyscrapers."

It has been said of the music that Mr. Carpenter's jazz and semi-jazz are not "bald" incorporations of cabaret tunes . . . not literal jazz, but jazz as it has filtered through the mind of a musician who thinks in terms of art, whose purpose was to write an art work.

not merely to add to America's store of popular music."

In the ballet there were singing negroes. The music contained a few phrases of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," a fleeting suggestion of "Yankee Doodle," "Dem Goo-Goo Eyes" and "various vaguely remembered Blues."

And for the production at the Metropolitan the orchestration called for three saxophones, two pianofortes, a tenor banjo, celesta, drums of all kinds, wood block, tam-tam, anvils, glockenspiel, cylinder bells, xylophone in addition to a great symphony orchestra of strings, woodwind and brass.

Mr. Carpenter's symphony, pianoforte concertino, and ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta" have already been performed here at symphony concerts.

The Princess Jacques de Broglie, pianist, will play for the first time publicly in Boston this afternoon in Jordan hall. Bach-Busoni, Now Comes the Gentiles' Saviour, and Rejoice, Beloved Christians. Schumann, Toccata, Franch, Prelude, Choral and Fugue. Chopin, Etudes, C major, C sharp minor, G sharp minor; Nocturne, C minor; Impromptu, G minor; Polonaise, A flat.

The Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor, will give a concert, assisted by Frank Ramseyer, pianist, in Symphony hall tonight. Part songs: Christmas Carols—(Christmas song, Le Miracle de St. Nicholas, Touro-Louro-Louro; Bring a Torch, Les Anges dans Nos Campagnes). Brahms, Der Gang zum Liebschen. Sullivan, Choruses from "Yeomen of the Guard." Viadana, O Sacrum Convivium. Krug, Morning Hymn. Byrd, Ave Verum. Morley, My Bonny Lass. French Canadian Folk Songs (J'tends le Moulin, La-bas sur ces montagnes, Les trois filles d'un prince). Franch, Choeur des Chameliers. Rimsky-Korsakov, Choruses from "Sadko." Piano solos: Bach, French Suite No. 6. Bizet-Rachmaninoff, minuet from "L'Arlesienne" Suite No. 1. Palmgren, Arietta. Debussy, Les Collines d'Anacapri. Heilmann, April Green. Leonard, Adagio. Balakirev, Islamey. Mr. Ramseyer is the pianist of the Glee Club.

Aidan Redmond, baritone and announcer of station WBZ, and Vincent Spolizino, tenor, also of that station, will give a concert tonight in Steinert hall. Arias by Donizetti, Handel, Massenet, Diaz, Messager; songs by Donaudy, Scott, Doda, La Forge, Neapolitan and Irish folksongs; duets by Benedict and Verdi.

Manya Huber, a young pianist of New York, will give her first recital in Boston, Saturday afternoon, in Jordan hall. Mozart's Sonata, A major; Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, a ballade, a mazurka, two preludes, two etudes and a scherzo by Chopin. Four years ago she was awarded the gold medal in the national music week in New York. In that city she made her first appearance as a professional last season.

Mme. Gall-Curel will give next Sunday afternoon's concert in Symphony hall. The People's Symphony orchestra will play in Jordan hall that afternoon; the Boston Flute Players' Club at the Boston Art Club; Mrs. M. H. Gulesian, composer and pianist, and Mme. Avierino, soprano, will be heard at the Boston Public Library at 8 P. M. Native Chinese music will be performed at Ford hall the same evening at 7:30 o'clock.

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert next Monday night in Symphony hall, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will be as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. and H., No. 13); Strauss, "Don Juan"; Martinu, La Bagarre; Honegger, incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Fedra"; Stravinsky, suite from the ballet, "Petrouchka."

## WALTER LEARY

By PHILIP HALE

Walter Leary, baritone, gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. His program read as follows: Peri, Invocazione di Orfeo. Mozart, Nor piu andrai (Nozze di Figaro). Strauss, Traum durch die Dammernung, Zuignung. Brahms, Die Mainung, O hebbliche Wangen. Lully, Bois epais, Moreau, Pedro Lenormand, Luelle Souffrance, Poldowski, Dansons la Gigue. Gliere, Ah, twine no blossoms. Hageman, Happiness. Woodside, Twilight. Homer, The Pauper's Drive, Sing to Me, Sing. Emil J. Polak was the accompanist.

The quality of Mr. Leary's voice seemed yesterday rather that of a basso cantante than that of a baritone. Only

occasionally and in his lighter moments did it have the peculiar baritone timbre, though as regards compass the voice might be what the singer says it is. This voice is for robust declamation, not at present for sensuous music, not for the expression of lyric sentiment. Mr. Leary has good control of breath. It is the more surprising that he indulged too often in spasmodic outbursts; yet at times he succeeded in maintaining a fine melodic line. In forte passages his tones were now and then "tubby" and guttural, yet in the upper part of his voice they were firm, with body, and agreeable when discreetly used.

As an interpreter he has much to learn, not perhaps on the intellectual side; he manifestly realized the significance of the songs, but was seldom able to carry out his no doubt honorable intentions. He lacks finesse, subtlety; has yet to learn the art of expressive coloring. At present he might be described as a "straight away" singer.

Features of the program were the noble air of Peri and the air of Lully. Mr. Leary was more fortunate in the former than in the latter; it was better suited to his voice and rhetorical force. Loeffler's setting of Verlaaine's sinister verses has much more of the irony and macabre than that of the amiable Mme. Poldowski's. The audience, a small one, applauded liberally. Mr. Leary added to the program, which was of the conventional order in this respect: Italian, German, French, with English or American composers bringing up the rear. If a singer should dare to reverse the order, begin with American and English songs and let Strauss and Brahms be at the end of the procession—would there be a perturbation of nature? Would an avenging shaft leaving Apollo's twanging bow pierce the rash singer's heart or liver—said by some of the ancients to be the seat of the emotions?

## KNEISEL QUARTET

The Marianne Kneisel string quartet (Marianne Kneisel, Elizabeth Worth, Mary Lackland, Nancy Wilson) gave a concert last night in Steinert hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Quartet D major, op. 64 No. 5; Debussy, Quartet. Smetana, Quartet E minor ("Aus meinem Leben").

For sentimental reasons alone the audience of good size would have been interested in this Quartet with its leader, the daughter of Franz Kneisel, affectionately remembered in Boston as musician and man, but there were other reasons for the applause last night. The ensemble playing showed improvement. When the Quartet first visited Boston it was a case of first violin always prominent; the associates meekly accompanied. Now there is a finer sense of proportion. It was a pleasure to hear the old music of Haydn, fresher today than some written within a few years. It was played tastefully and with spirit for the most part. The Minuet was not strongly enough rhythmized, nor was the performance of the trio clear. As for the music by Debussy and Smetana—it requires quartet players of full stature and long association.

## FLORENCE BOWES

Florence Bowes, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall, accompanied by Richard Malaby:

Poesie Persiana, Santoliquido; Se Florindo e fedele, Scarlatti; Les Larmes (Werther), Massenet; Si tu le veux, Koechlin; Dansons la gigue, Poldowski; To one who passed whistling through the night, Five Eyes, Armstrong Gibbs; The Early Morning, Graham Peel; Come not when I am dead, Holbrooke; Du bist wie eine Blume, Liszt; Staendchen, Strauss; Zur Zuh Zur Zuh, Er ist's, Wolf; Elegy, Campbell-Tipton; The Piper, Michael Head; Junc, Ariel Gross; When I love you, Martin Cole.

It is the preliminary announcements which designated Miss Bowes a soprano; the program last night was silent as to the nature of her voice. It seems, in fact, a mezzo-soprano, of long range and of beautiful quality, notably warm and resonant in the medium register, though endowed with high notes of a remarkable delicacy and purity.

A singer, beyond question, of real intelligence, Miss Bowes has evidently devoted much time—time wisely spent—to the training of this admirable organ. She has acquired, in consequence, an



exceedingly smooth legato; she knows the value of resonance of various kinds; she rejoices in a clean attack. Though she has it in her power to sustain a long phrase with firmness. It seems a pity that a singer of Miss Bowes's talent should not be able to draw the breath of life more quietly than she appeared able to do last night. Because, furthermore, of this unfortunate system of breathing—so, at least, some people must believe—she could not, last night, attain the bodily freedom which alone can lead to distinct enunciation.

A pity this is, for Miss Bowes is surely a person who understands the worth of clear speech and who has worked hard to achieve it. If only she had worked wisely as well she would have doubled the effect of songs so excellently sung as those by Peel and by Armstrong Gibbs. Well sung they were, with phrasing both nice and intelligent, with tone quality fitting their meaning, their atmosphere firmly established.

As such might be said for her other songs, all sung with feeling and with fine musical taste—if one may except two where singer and pianist seemed not in fullest accord. It is much to be hoped that Miss Bowes will see her way to remedying a defect which is doing her fine art real damage. R. R. G.

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**FIRST APPEARANCE  
OF DE BROGLIE HERE**

By PHILIP HALE

The Princess Jacques de Broglie, anist, played at Jordan hall yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston. (She had been heard here at a private musicale.) She would much prefer to appear as a pianist in this country with the name by which she is known in Europe, by which her reputation was won and is established. In her New York manager who insists on her being billed as a real live princess, though she herself laughingly says she is only a princess by accident, not by birth.

Her program read as follows: Bach-tusoni, "Now Comes the Gentiles aviaour," and "Rejoice, Beloved Christians." Schumann, Toccata. Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue. Chopin, Etudes, C major, C sharp minor, G sharp minor; Nocturne, C minor; Impromptu, G minor; Polonaise, A flat major.

When one remembers what enormities Busoni committed in Bach's name by transcribing works for the organ and the violin Chaconne, it was with fear and trembling that one saw the Chorale transcriptions on the program. In this instance Busoni moderated his fell rage, was not violently impudent, and was for him, discreet. The Princess made the most of them. Schumann's Toccata was once a favorite concert piece. Of late years it is seldom played, except by students as a technical exercise. The performance yesterday was brilliant in the virtuoso manner.

The interpretation of the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue was disappointing, though not on the technical side. One missed the mysticism, the spiritual longing and exaltation that give this work its peculiar place in the modern literature of the piano. As played yesterday, often feverishly, this noble composition might have been a piece by Liszt revised and edited by Busoni. Played as it should be played this music is intensely religious (the most religious music is that without a text of "sacred" words; music that appeals most intimately to the soul and lifts it into the region of celestial air and light).

The princess fared better with the pieces by Chopin. There were exquisite details in the performance; often a dazzling exhibition of polished mechanism working with the utmost smoothness and ease. Yet in the interpretation there was at times merely the impression of mere glitter; brilliance not always free from hardness, pleasing superficiality without emotional substance beneath.

An interesting, perplexing, modest appearing pianist of marked technical ability. It is to be hoped that she will play here again, with a more carefully considered program, with an audience large enough to inspire her. The small number of hearers yesterday applauded heartily.

There are "wandering melodies," as Wilhelm Tappert called tunes that are found to be the same in different countries at different periods, and thus expose a modern composer using them for thematic material to the charge of plagiarism. So there are wandering jokes, sometimes of an anecdotal nature, that have been handed down through the centuries. Plutarch, for example, in one of his essays, tells a first-class joke about a man, who, throwing a stone at a dog and hittin-

his mother-in-law, shouted: "Not so bad."

Challapin, in "Pages of My Life"—we speak of the translation from the Russian into French by H. Pernot—we have not seen the English version, which is said to be expurgated—tells of Gen. Ernst, military governor at Tiflis. It was said of this general that whenever he began to abuse his wife, she would go to the piano and play the national anthem, whereupon he would fall into the martial position, hands on the seams of his trousers. His box in the theatre was just above the brass instruments in the orchestra. He noticed one night that the trombones suddenly stopped playing. This breach of duty he thought intolerable. He summoned the manager:

"Why are those trombones not playing?"  
"Because they have rests."  
"Do they receive the same salary as the others?"  
"To be sure."

"Then be good enough to tell them to play the next time without stopping. I'm not going to support loafers."

A very good story, very well told, O Flodior. It is also one of the many stories told of John Stetson when he was manager of the Globe Theatre. In the Boston version the instruments were clarinets.

As the World Wags:  
I have observed a sad remissness in the story of one of The Herald reporters. I am grieved at his failure to reach those heights of which he was capable. In a colorless way he stated: "The Winfield A. C. defeated the Gate of Heaven A. C." It is apparent that he really should have said: The Winfield A. C. crashed the Gate of Heaven.  
Yours for a brighter world,  
Cambridge. UTWARE.

**THE STORY OF MY LIFE**  
(As told to Joseph Bazooopus by Ira P. Kahn, the Famous Nut King.)

My first aim in life was not to be a nut king. Rather, it was at an older brother whom I crowned with a bottle of dinner he had attempted to appropriate for his own use at a time when he made the mistake of thinking I was asleep. Encouraged by my success in this I took another crack at him—this time just on general principles—a week or so later. I missed, and was so upset by my failure that I fell out of my two story high chair and caressed several square yards of hardwood floor with my head, which thereupon assumed the awry posture it has since maintained.

To my mother (and bankers) I owe everything. She was not one to spare the rod and spoil the child. Not she! I was scarce able to toddle before she was dealing out jurisdiction to me with abundant frequency. I recall finding a match one day and gleefully setting fire to the house. When the fire and excitement had died down, mother started for me—she got me. I felt as though the fire had broken out anew. Just in the midst of her activities, mother stopped and suddenly emitted a terrified shriek! It had.

(The next installment of this exciting, inspiring story by Mr. Bazooopus will appear in an early issue.)

**CHRISTMASTIDE**  
(For As the World Wags)

Christmas spirit in the air  
Christmas chatter everywhere  
hear the sounds of Christmas mirth  
joy and peace to all the earth  
Christmas shoppers in the shops  
Christmas dolls and Christmas tops  
Mamie steps on someone's toes  
green umbrella stabs her nose  
portly matron crashes through  
knocks her for a loop or two  
Mamie staggers to the front  
hits the line for two-yard bunt  
fast cross-buck and fighting hard  
tallies off another yard  
snappy end run fails to gain  
thrown for loss by slinky jane  
up and fighting, nerves on edge  
plunges through with flying wedge  
wriggles through the final yard  
buys her nickel Christmas card  
tinsel star and manger low  
hovel draped in tinsel snow  
message sweet of Christmas mirth—  
Joy and peace to all the earth  
H. F. M.

As the World Wags:  
"Sees Record Yule Business."—Chicago Journal of Commerce. Oh, how we hate that Yule. It's as bad as kiddies. The only time we like to hear that word is when it comes in songs such as "Then Yule Remember Me" and "Yule Never Miss the Water 'Til the Well Runs Dry," "Yule Be Sorry That You Made Me Cry." But outside of the dear old songs we detest the word.  
R. H. L.

**THE SUN SHALL BE DARKENED**  
When one begins to thicken round the hips,  
He knows the lure of youth is on the wane;  
And so he grasps at every love that passes,  
For who can tell when love will pass again?

In youth when hips are slim and figur-slender,  
Love grows in great profusion everywhere;  
But when one's girth is more than six and thirty,  
He deems the tawdriest rose an orchid rare.

It's then the future seems to lie before him  
A barren waste of bran and gluten bread,  
Then spinach takes the place of baked potatoes,  
And virtue like a vulture guards his bed.

—The Phantom Lover.

"Many ask to see Ruth (Snyder) die in chair. Hundreds of requests reach Sing Sing."

We have always maintained that streets in Boston would be blocked, pick-pockets would rejoice, the crowd on the Common and nearby would rival that in the Harvard stadium or Yale bowl on the great football day if it were announced that a woman was to be burned alive near the band stand. Even Uncle Amos and Aunt Clarissa would leave the farm for Boston in the early morning.

**THE REQUEST COURTEOUS**  
(Albany Centinel, April 13, 1798)

Post rider, informs his customers that he stands in need of a little cash. He requests all in arrears to make payment: Due attention to this notice will enable him to travel the bad roads this spring with a merry heart.

**THE HORSE RACE**  
(From the Clinton Primer, Philadelphia, 1822)

Who loves a horse race? Are not too many fond of it? Does it not lead to many evils, and to frequent ruin? Never go to a horse race. Mr. Mix had one child, whom he called Irene; he had also a good farm, and some money. He went to the races with his child, dressed in black crape, for the loss of her dear mother. Here Mr. Mix drank freely, and bet largely, and lost all he was worth. At night, he went home a beggar; took a dose of brandy, and died before morning, leaving his child a penniless orphan. Never go to a horse race.

**HARASSING DOMESTICITY**  
(Boston Post Boy, May 14, 1744)

These are to give notice that I the Subscriber will not pay Debts, from this Date which shall be contracted by Hannah my wife, for sundry Reasons too aggravating to be mentioned. May 7, 1744.  
JOHN MUNSON.

**THE SAFETY PIN**

As the World Wags:  
The other night I needed some safety pins. No, not that; I wanted to pin up an oversize costume. But where does one go to buy safety pins? Undoubtedly, I thought, a laundry will have safety pins. I explained my need to three bewildered orientals. "Safety pins!" I said, trying to imitate, to impersonate a safety pin. "See? Stickum through—pin—fasten—the little children!" Finally one yellow face brightened. "Bling um in eight clock morning," said the yellow face. I slammed the door; there was an American laundry hard by. The American laundryman listened to my plea, then laughed long and heartily while I blushed. He hadn't seen a safety pin for years. I bid adieu to the bachelor and ducked into an apothecary. Success at last! A drug store sells everything. GEORGE THE RED MAN.

A. M. M. asks: "Have you in this wagging world happened to hear of the ultra-dramatic selection entitled 'Wild Nell, or the Pet of the Plain,' or 'Her Final Sacrifice'? I am interested in finding this story and the name of its perpetrator."

**HARVARD GLEE CLUB**

The Harvard Glee Club gave the first concert of the season in Symphony hall last evening. Dr. Archibald T. Davison conducting. They were assisted by Frank Ramseyer, pianist, who played the French Suite No. 6 by Bach, and a half dozen smaller compositions.

The first series on the program was Christmas carols for chorus, and these were sung in charming Christmas spirit. Very delicate efforts were attained in the chorus throughout the evening, and the excellent training by Dr. Davison was clearly evident. At places there was a lack of force for purposes of contrast, and this was particularly true in the tenors. Their best work occurred in the choruses from "The Yeomen of the Guard," by Arthur Sullivan, in which W. Clark Atwater sang the tenor solos. His singing was in good taste and, without forcing a tone, was audible above the chorus at all times.

Mr. Ramseyer, accompanist to the club, played a number of piano solos, opening with a French Suite by Bach, and other shorter pieces. Mr. Ramseyer proved himself a most promising student, but the need of further training was evident. He is somewhat inclined to sentimentalism, which often overtakes him as a climax is nearing, and all forces need to be gathered in to reach it. Mr. Ramseyer then seems to droop and hold back the fire which would make it effective. Other numbers showed a technique of widening range, but some lacked continuity of ideas, and needed building of a more symmetrical phrasing.

The next concert of the series will be given on Feb. 16 next, when the assisting artists will be Pablo Casals the cellist.  
A. H. D.

**Tenor and Baritone Give Acceptable Program**

Vincent Spolzino, tenor, and Aidan Redmond, baritone, gave a concert together last night in Steinert hall. Mr. Spolzino sang Donizetti's "Una Furtiva Lagrime," a Handel air, "Would You Gain the Tender Creature"; one of Danaudy's pseudo-ancient airs, a song by Scott and two Neapolitan songs. Mr. Redmond contributed the big aria from Massenet's "Herodiade," an arioso from Diaz's "Benvenuto," a song from Messager's "La Maison Grise," a "Cavalcata Zingaresca" by Doda, La Forge's "Before the Crucifix" and two Irish folk songs. There were also duets, one from Benedict's "The Lily of Killarney" and another from "La Forza del Destino."

These young concert-givers are men of wise judgment. Pupils still, if one may make bold to guess, pupils, however, who already have gained a considerable experience in singing before a public, they showed the good sense, when the spirit moved them to venture a concert of their own, to confine their program strictly to such music as they know how to sing—music, no doubt, they love to sing, and the average audience loves to hear. No Debussy for these intelligent young men, let alone Hindemith or Stravinsky or Szymanowski. Why should they bore themselves or the people out to hear them?

Choosing the better part, they confined their efforts to music more closely fitted to their smooth, fresh young voices and their present state of musical development. Thus they were able to sing their program very acceptably. And they were also able to please, right heartily, an audience of good size. If all young singers were to look facts full in the face, in the way of Mr. Spolzino and Mr. Redmond, musical life in Boston would wax the healthier. In their choice of an accompanist, by the way, they gave further evidence of their sound judgment.  
R. R. G.

**ROSALIE OPENS  
AT THE COLONIAL**

COLONIAL—"Rosalie," Florenz Ziegfeld's newest musical comedy starring Marilyn Miller and featuring Jack Donahue. Music by Sigmund Romberg and George Gershwin. Book by William Anthony Maguire and Guy Bolton. Dances by Seymour Felix and scenes by Joseph Urban. First time on any stage. The cast:

Marinka	Antonina Lalaew
Capt. Carl Rabisco	Halford Young
James O'Brien	Clarence Oliver
Mary O'Brien	Bobbe Arust
Prince Rabisco	A. P. Kane
King Cyril	Frank Morgan
Queen	Margaret Dale
Rosita	Claudia Dell
Narcia	Gladys Glad
Alla	Jeanne Audree
Nenia	Hazel Forbes
Sister Angelica	Katherine Burke
Bill Delroy	Jack Donahue
Capt. Richard Fay, U. S. A.	Oliver McLennan
Princess Rosalie	Marilyn Miller
Steward, on the S. S. Isle de France	Edward Graham
Head Steward	Charles Goothold
Corps Lieutenant	Edward Graham
Superintendent of West Point	Charles Goothold
Capt. Banner	Clay Clement
The ex-King of Portugal	Clarence Oliver
The ex-King of Bulgaria	Joe Davy
The ex-King of Prussia	Harry Donahy
The ex-King of Greece	Clarence de Silva
The ex-King of Bavaria	Edgar Welch
The ex-Sultan of Turkey	Henri Jackin

Florenz Ziegfeld can always be depended upon to produce a show of the glorified sort as far as sets and costumes go, and in "Rosalie" he has furnished his star, Marilyn Miller, now returned to the fold, with a background of trappings that dazzle and glimmer and do all those things that make for glorification. Lindbergh and Queen Marie have influenced the authors of the book of "Rosalie," so we have for hero a daring West Point student who flies across the ocean to the romantic country of Romanza in order to find the girl of his dreams, the princess



whom he has met previously in Paris. The lovers are separated when the daring aviator discovers that his loved one is of royal birth. West Point on the Hudson is the next scene for the Queen of Romanza is visiting America and with her are her daughter and the king. Again the lovers meet, only to be separated by the irate queen. This sort of thing goes on in rousing musical comedy style until everybody, principals, ladies of the ensemble and all, find themselves in Paris, where true love reigns.

Jack Donahue, who needs only to show his foot on Boston stages to be greeted with wild applause, has a lot of fun with his role of almost aviator. He is the "pal" of the hero, the two of them are West Point students. Donahue is the sort of Mr. Fix-It who helps along the romance between the fair princess and his "buddy," and incidentally has time to carry on an interesting love affair of his own with Mary O'Brien, a pert, bright little lady in the company. F. E. Arst, who works beautifully with him in their various numbers.

Marilyn Miller is a lovely picture every moment she is on the stage. Her entrance, a regular daughter of the regiment touch, gives her wonderful background. Her voice has improved tremendously and she has developed a surprisingly rich contralto quality. Her song, "Kingdom of Dreams," at the close of act one, showed this to best advantage. Her dancing, as always, was exquisite.

The second act did not start until about 11 o'clock. Jack Donahue made an announcement for Mr. Ziegfeld to the effect that the show was at present one hour too long and that producer was leaving it to the judgment of Boston audiences for judicious cutting. This to be demonstrated by their applause and laughter or lack of it.

The music appears to satisfy all the demands of the piece, and although there are no tunes that stand out the orchestration of all of them was interesting. Frank Morgan, Margaret Dale and A. F. Kaye, all well known on the legitimate stage, brought rich experience to their respective roles. Oliver McLennan, a young Australian actor, was an outstanding figure as the hero. He had youth and freshness and managed to achieve a sort of Lindbergh air.

The sets are unusually artistic. Gershwin furnishes one kind of blues in his tunes and Joseph Urban supplies some warm blues for his scenery. The West Point set achieves remarkable depth, the Hudson to the right, and the tall buildings to the left. Military manoeuvres by the entire company on the terrace brought rounds of applause. It is impossible to even touch on many of the high lights of the performance. The house was crowded with as many standees as possible. A Ziegfeld opening is always a gala one and the glamour is included as part of your enjoyment of the show. A. F.

## EIGHTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its eighth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Carpenter, "Adventures in a Perambulator" and "Skyscrapers" (a Ballet of Modern American Life); Beethoven, Symphony No. 7. The soprano and tenor music in "Skyscrapers" was sung by Mme. Claire Mager and Rulon Y. Robison.

If Mr. Carpenter's symphony had been played instead of Beethoven's, the concert might have been announced as "L'Après-midi d'un Charpentier."

The juxtaposition of his "Perambulator" suite and his "Skyscrapers" was happily conceived; the former, a lyrical, contemplative, pictorial work with humorous episodes; the latter intensely contemporaneous, whereas the "Perambulator" might have been dated anywhere in the last 20 or 30 years, though as a matter of fact it was composed in 1914. "Skyscrapers," completed in 1924, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1926.

A powerful locomotive engine, a tin-lizzie, a football game and the landing of an aeroplane have inspired composers of our day. Mr. Carpenter wishing to reflect some of the many rhythmic movements and sounds of modern life bethought himself of our Towers of Babel, riveters, workmen at play, Coney Island and like places of amusement. The result is an ingenious, exciting,

characteristic composition, music not of the past, but of the present and possibly of the future.

Does any one cry out against the sources of his inspiration? Deplore that his Muse chants the toil and sport of workmen, glorifies the heaven-defying buildings of American invention?

The magnificent Corliss engine at the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876 was poetic music. Kipling was not the first, nor the only one to find romance in machinery. Walt Whitman, chanting: "Strange and hard that paradox true I give,

Objects gross and the unseen soul are one."

did not hesitate to sing of house-building, nail-making, tin-roofing, the pump, the pile-driver, the great derrick, the coal-kiln, and the rolling mill. He invited the Muse to migrate from Greece and Ionia, to seat herself in a machinery hall. He saw her "by shrill steam-whistle undismay'd, Bluff'd not a bit" by drain-pipe or gasometer.

Or does one reproach Mr. Carpenter for portraying in tones the joyous scenes and sounds of a Coney island, with jazz skillfully designed for a symphonic orchestra, with reminiscences of negro minstrel ditties, with the rush and roar of workmen and their girls bent on making a day and a night of it? The objectors would applaud a musician for a pagan festival, a Bacchic orgy. Why shrink at the musical suggestion of gaily riotous Americans?

Mr. Carpenter has told us in music the outing of a child. One of his first compositions was a collection of humorous "Improving Songs for Children." This fondness for children as subjects for art, he shares with Victor Hugo; with Swinburne, who abandoned the shrine of Venus to sing of children's beauty and innocence—after Watts-Dunton had docked him of his rum. In the "Perambulator" there is no sentimentalism, no Sunday school address to "you little girl with the blue sash"; but his music is as his child saw and thought, when wheeled about. He has been equally successful in catching the spirit of the skyscraper and of the builders thereof. Because he is an

American, it does not necessarily follow that his music must be good. He is first of all a musician and an accomplished one, sensitive to impressions of every sort, blessed with a sense of humor, not afraid to unbend, to let himself go; but in his "Skyscraper" he is an American. We doubt if any foreigner, enamored of "jazz," endeavoring to write in this manner, playing the sedulous ape to our masters of these demoniacal rhythms, now broken, now persistent, always maddening, could have even imagined "Skyscrapers."

The performance was of the virtuoso nature that has won for this orchestra international reputation. Mr. Koussevitzky, a warm appreciator of Mr. Carpenter's talent, conducted with amazing gusto; the orchestra responded in fine frenzy. The audience seemed ready to join in the delirious revelry. Enjoyment was evident; applause was spontaneous, honest, not merely complimentary, hearty. Mr. Carpenter modestly acknowledged the tribute.

Then followed an admirable performance of the great symphony, without any attempt at surprising, sensational "readings," or italicization of Beethoven's eloquence. It would be a pleasure to speak of certain details of the performance: as the manner in which Mr. Koussevitzky built up the crescendo leading to the great climax at the end of the first movement.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week, as announced, is as follows: Liadov, "From the Apocalypse." Bax, Symphony in E flat minor (first time at these concerts). Schumann, Piano Concerto (Myra Hess). Wagner, Overture to "Tannhauser."

## NEWMAN TALKS ON "NORMANDY"

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Traveltalk in Symphony Hall last night was "Normandy, Brittany and the Chateaux." The hall was well filled on floor and in the balconies.

Mr. Newman said at the beginning that he sought in his traveltalk to show a variety of pictures, still and moving; illustrative of the Breton villages and peasants rather than to seek novelty in much visited provinces. Nevertheless, he took his audience to spots unfamiliar even to experienced and adventurous travelers in France. Leaving Rouen with its old houses, its famous churches, the square where Englishmen burned good, brave, inspired Joan of Arc; stopping at Beauvais of interesting tapestries and Lisieu with its shrine visited by thousands, the audience came to Palais where Robert the Devil seeing the fair Arlotto in a tanyard beneath the tower fell in love with her. Mr. Newman spoke of the "marriage" of

which William the Conqueror was the result. Old chroniclers were not so courteous as Mr. Newman; some etymologists derived our word "harlot" from the name of this fair woman.

Especially interesting were the views of St. Malo. Even the cooking of the world-renowned and expensive omelette, was shown. It seemed to us a careless, haphazard method; but the contrary proof is in the eating, as deep thinkers remarked on various occasions years ago. In Brittany, many towns and villages were visited; one became acquainted with the peasants, their costumes, a primitive folk with enviable beliefs and superstitions; religious and not as a matter of form. (Gustave Flaubert's account of his excursion in Brittany would have been an excellent preparation for this travel talk.) How did the Druidical stones happen to be at Carnac? Is there any connection between them and Stonehenge?

The great chateaux along the Loire were pictured handsomely, chateaux rich in historical associations. What uncomfortable dwellings they must have been in the old days—no hot and cold water—an absence of sanitary plumbing and what are euphemistically known as "modern conveniences" undreamed of. Splendid architecturally, with gardens in which it would be a delight to stroll. Then Lourdes, with its thousands of pilgrims, praying for a miraculous cure. Impressive scenes that brought to mind the books about the shrine by Zola and Huysmans, different in spirit, but both graphic in description.

It was a traveltalk of great interest with its wealth of illustrations, its reminder of ancient beliefs still potent in the conduct of Breton life; the living faith that draws the devout and the curious to holy places. Mr. Newman, never at a loss for a date or the name of a ruler, gave out his information in his customary easy and familiar manner.

The traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week the subject will be "Paris by Night and the Pyrenees." To the regret of many, this will be the last traveltalk of a series that has delighted the eye and enriched the mind. P. H.

## Film Comedy-Drama "Serenade" Is Presented

"Serenade," a film comedy drama starring Adolphe Menjou, directed by Harry d'Abbadie d'Arrast, written by Earnest Vajda and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Franz Rossi ..... Adolphe Menjou  
Gretchen ..... Katherine Carver  
Josef Bruckner ..... Lawrence Grant  
The Dancer ..... Lina Basquette  
Gretchen's Aunt ..... Martha Franklin

For over a year H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast told everyone in Hollywood he could direct a picture—everyone who would listen—and for a year everyone in Hollywood answered that that was what everybody thought they could do—direct a picture. The part of the plot is missing as to how he persuaded the officials at Paramount to let him have his chance but a first picture appeared, "Service for Ladies," and was a gem. A second picture, "A Gentleman from Paris," was easily as clever as the first effort and now comes "Serenade," comparable with the other two.

The plot is negligible. It is the detail in this picture which makes it remarkable. D'Arrast and Vajda have tied up the emotions of their principal players in separate paper bags and arranged them carefully. They open them one at a time and the contents are displayed engagingly, cleverly. There is originality, delightful pictorial progression and a glorious use of comedy and dramatic values.

The setting on this occasion is Austrian and musical. Adolphe Menjou as Franz Rossi is a young composer whose music lacks heart appeal until he meets the bewitching Gretchen, and then he is fired to write his masterpiece.

They are married with the understanding that Mrs. Franz shall not interfere with her husband's career in the theatre, and she promises to stay home and not to enter the portals where her husband directs his musical comedy success nightly.

The sex appeal is well promoted by Lina Basquette as the dancer. Lawrence Grant is as good in the part of the elderly musical friend as he was as the human king in "Service for Ladies." Katherine Carver is a bit Mary Pickfordish in one scene, but perhaps some of the rest of us would be if we were young, if it was spring and we were in love. Adolphe Menjou, as the centre of attraction, carries the shimmering humor of this photoplay to a fine finish with his usual éclat.

A Jack Partington revue is on the stage, featuring Gene Rodemich, some pretty girls and a musical comedy idea. Rudy Wiedoeft and his Revue Saxo-

phone have returned. There is something for everyone this week, from a well-costumed and staged bit of "The Barber of Seville" to a tumbling film comedy.

Mae Murray is making a personal appearance in the stage show next week. C. M. D.

## MISS HUBER HEARD IN PIANO RECITAL

Manya Huber, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, before an audience of unusual size. She played two sonatas, Mozart's in A, and Beethoven's op. 57. By Chopin she played a mazurka, two preludes, a nocturne, two studies, and the C sharp minor scherzo.

Miss Huber has developed a remarkable finger technique; she might venture to play scales for a wager against almost any pianist in this country alive and at work today. She moves her fingers fleetly and evenly; she manages chords successfully; she produces fine tone; she makes her melodies sing. In the matter of technique, in short, Miss Huber is thoroughly competent.

She appears to be, furthermore, a sound enough musician and she has her own definite ideas as to the proper course her music should take; Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin—she reads them by no means alike. Any listener, therefore, though, he may cordially dislike her way with Mozart—tinting up a fine engraving and pasting on paper lace till it looks like a valentine—or her curious interpretation of Beethoven's meaning when he wrote "andante con moto," or her extravagant violence in a Chopin prelude—the listener must recognize Miss Huber is not dull.

She had, indeed, fine movements, yesterday. Very engagingly she played Mozart's final variation, and so she played the rondo, if one could forgive its excessive speed. The Beethoven andante theme she delivered musically—granted its immoderate languor of pace—and the finale she worked up well.

But surely Miss Huber would be wise to consider thoughtfully her feeling for rhythm. Is she conscious that she shows a tendency—a tendency strongly marked—to alter her tempo in almost every measure she plays? In her mazurka, for instance, the first prelude, most of the Mozart variations and in his minuet, she seemed loath to keep on speaking terms with time. Not by any means one of those players who rush and bounce because they don't know what they are about, Miss Huber undoubtedly spoils meter thus in the pursuit of a finer rhythm. The greater quality, however, does include the less. A daily hour with the metronome would do Miss Huber good. The rhythmic nuances she likes so well she would find are not incompatible with time. R. R. G.

## MOLLENHAUER, MUSICIAN, DEAD

Funeral services for Emil Mollenhauer, one of Boston's most noted musicians and conductors who died at his residence, 189 Huntington avenue, yesterday morning, will be held tomorrow at 2 P. M., in Convention Hall, 56 St. Botolph street. The services will consist of a eulogy to be delivered by Courtenay Guild, for many years a close friend of Mr. Mollenhauer, and selections to be sung by the Apollo Club.

Mr. Mollenhauer was 72 years old and had been connected with musical organizations here before 1899, when he was unanimously named to conduct the famous Handel and Haydn Society chorus. He held this post until a year ago, when he resigned, he had also conducted the Apollo Club, a famous chorus of men's voices until the same time.

### HEADED PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

In 1920 he was appointed conductor of the People's Symphony Orchestra, and at the conclusion of the five-year period ending in 1925, resigned. As a tribute to the memory of their former conductor, the concert originally scheduled by the orchestra for today will be postponed until next Sunday. William F. Hofmann, concert master of the orchestra, will then give the same program, and tickets purchased for today's concert will be accepted next week.

Largely through the efforts of Mr. Guild, who contributed \$500, a gift of \$1000 from the Handel and Haydn Society's members was to have been presented Mr. Mollenhauer next Sunday at Symphony hall at the joint presentation of "The Messiah" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the society chorus.



It is a curious fact that some believe this singer or that pianist, queen or king, as so regarded, can do no wrong. Take the case of Miss Myra Hess, for example, who gave a recital here a week ago yesterday. Because some experienced and fair-minded admirers of hers thought her interpretation of the sonatas by Schubert and Brahms mistaken, out of character with the music itself, her fanatical admirers, believing in the plenary inspiration of her performance, waxed exceeding wroth.

Now no pianist, however great, is always fortunate as an interpreter. A man may excel in Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, yet disappoint as an interpreter of Liszt, Chopin or Debussy. It is not merely a question of playing the notes and making agreeable sounds. It is a matter of the spirit, not of the fingers. That Miss Hess is an excellent pianist, admirable in many ways, is indisputable; but even Miss Hess is mortal. The greatest pianist is not a machine that never disappoints; if he were, he would not be great. Nor are his interpretations always to be accepted. There is more than one way of playing Hamlet. To say that Edwin Booth's was the ONLY way would be to forget E. L. Davenport, Fichter, Rossi.

Karl Zeise, who will play the violoncello next Tuesday evening, studied here with Mr. Schroeder, and in Berlin with Hugo Becker. He has been a member of the Philadelphia and Cleveland orchestras. Becker's Fantastic Suite, which is on Mr. Zeise's program, will be heard here, it is said, for the first time. Becker visited this country in 1909-01, and played here at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Jan. 12, 1901. He also gave a recital in Steinert Hall.

We believe that Mme. Cobina Wright sang here once with the People's Symphony Orchestra. She will give a recital at the Women's Republican Club next Tuesday evening. Her program is a refreshingly unconventional one. According to our information, she began at an early age to study the piano, but going to Europe when she was 14 years old, she turned her attention to singing. "She made her first appearance on the stage at Mayence as the Queen of Night in 'The Magic Flute.' She then toured; was for a season at the Wiesbaden Opera House, and sang in opera at Monte Carlo and Deauville. She studied with Lombardi, Lamperti and Jean de Reszke."

Irvin Schenkman will play the piano on Wednesday afternoon. Born in this country he studied here, beginning at an early age. He came before the public when he was 19 years old.

Samuel Wilenski, also a pianist, will play next Thursday afternoon. He began to take lessons of his mother when he was 7 years old. Later he studied the piano and composition in the Institute of Musical Art, New York. His teachers have been Godowski, Stojowski. For two years he pursued his studies at High School of Music in Berlin. He has played in Berlin, Paris, Vienna.

The Flonzaley Quartet has included on its program for next Wednesday night a manuscript quartet by Leopold Damrosch Mannes. He is the son of David and Clara (Damrosch) Mannes. Graduated at Harvard in 1920, he won a Pulitzer prize in 1925; a Guggenheim fellowship in 1926.

"Mr. Mannes quartet was begun in 1923, completed in 1925, but completely rewritten last year. It was composed in New York and Italy. There is no descriptive program, and the form is described as conventional with a first movement in ordinary sonata form, a second which is a hybrid between an extended three-part form and a theme with two free variations. The third movement is a scherzo with trio, the fourth a rondo."

Apropos of the concert to be given by the Boston Women's Orchestra next Monday night. We quote from Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier" to show what the old Italian thought of women playing: "The instruments of music which she useth (in mine opinion) ought to be fit for this purpose. Imagine with yourself what an unsightly matter it were to see a woman play upon a labour or drum, or blow in a flute or trumpet, or any like instrument; and this because the boisterousness of them doth both cover and take away that sweet mildness which setteth so forth every deed that a woman doth."

This book is of the 16th century. In that century the Duchess of Ferrara had her own orchestra composed of women.

James E. Downs's recital of negro spirituals in Bates hall, Y. M. C. A. building next Wednesday night should not be overlooked. An account of his interesting and courageous life was published in The Herald of last Sunday.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Tiny ash-motes drifted down as she flicked her cigarette at the walls of the studio. The dusk outside came in dimly to hush against her vivid gown of ore.

"Rene," she said, as she stopped in front of the glossy piano, "I'm simply bored to death."

A few rippling notes like a shower of stars as her fingers touched the ivory keys. Then the magic of Debussy's Cathedral spilled into the room . . . the heavy fog over the streets . . . the dim figures of people disappearing in the great door . . . the chiming of the great nest bells as they tossed and rolled high in the fog . . . and then the deep organ music swelling to a paean the praying voices of shopkeepers and old women who sold flowers down the length of glittering streets.

He was lost in the silence of her inactive fingers when she had finished. Bored . . . she who could break all silence with such music. He could find nothing to say . . . it was as ironic as two deaf mutes conversing in the dark. . . .

DONFARRAN.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

I have discovered how a stranger, without the slightest dramatic or artistic sense, can discover the star from among the other actors and actresses, in all the modern, "smart" plays. All others, but more especially the females, immediately upon entering the room, with almost indecent haste, stride to a small table, usually placed left front, and help themselves to the host's cigarettes. I do not recall a case in which any actress lady has carried her own, but the ownership is less important than the rather frantic haste with which they absorb the soothing nicotine.

Of course it is very helpful small business to those who have not acquired the distinguished ease of the greater lights. Many and many an almost tolerable after-dinner speaker is lost without a cigar to wave and

finger and mouth and search for inspiration, and many a non- would be more brilliant in ordinary converse if he might carry a str those "conversation beads" which are used in some parts of the world.

FORREST F. HARBOUR.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

It has often been remarked that none of the corrupt readings in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" has proved less responsive to persistent inquiry than the following line: "I am commanded him to murder you." (1-II.)

The early editors fully recognized the cause of the obscurity but did not see how it could be removed. To delete the offending pronoun, as some proposed, and join the ends to form a literal meaning would have damaged both rhythm and metre. The proposal has never been adopted nor even will be. Later editors rarely notice the passage, apparently deeming it to be hopelessly corrupt. Despite of the dismal array of past failures, the aim of this note is to strike out a new reading that may well be considered as the likeliest yet offered. Assuming that the compositor had Shakespeare's autograph MS. of the play directly before him; in that case, those who have seen the facsimiles of the extant specimens of the poet's handwriting, including the Addition to the Play of Sir Thomas More (unearthed by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson in the British Museum), should not find it hard to believe that the obtrusive "him" is merely a compositor's misreading for the carelessly written word—here, the adverb of place: here—defined as the place where the speaker is, thus:

"I am commanded here to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King."

In support of this bit of imaginative proofreading, the context points to the imminent danger the two friends are in and urges immediate flight from the court as the only way to frustrate the malicious designs of the king.

The significance of the emended line lines in bridging the space between the episodic flight of the friends and the past scenes and events that follow, bringing unity, peace and concord to lives estranged through misunderstanding.

Dorchester.

CHARLES DELAMAINE.

That keen and philosophical observer, Mr. Hwuy Ung, has this to say in a letter written to his brother Tseng Ching:

"Great is the power of this pictures. They can teach many good and noble deeds and repovate virtue. They can give examples of filial piety and love of parents for children. Of charity, of pity, of help to the poor . . . It is vertex means for education, for knowing about countries and foreigners, and thus not despise them. Great power for instructing children be honest, truthful and kind-hearted. But this top good instruction I not time time see at here; character of people not improved by pictures in Mei-li-pang. . . One time I go away having shame. . . Yet there are at here many small boys and mosquito girls with foolish parents who not think

of harm to children. Ai-ya! Stupidity is twin brother to crime. You will see at these pictures thieves at half-night opening cash-boxes, bullies using violence, murder done, seduction of friend's wife, drunken orgies, brigands stealing horses. The ten vices of humanity are displayed, and criminals are heroes simple boys imitate."

P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Mme. Galli-Curci. See special notice. Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony orchestra. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Ruth Webb, pianist. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street, Dartmouth street entrance. Boston Flute Players' Club, George Laurent, musical director. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M., Mrs. M. H. Gulesian, composer-pianist and Olga Avierino, soprano.

Ford hall, corner Bowdoin street and Ashburton place, 7:30 P. M., Native Chinese music. Eng Sang, Chin Sue Ting, Kwun Fun Chang.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Boston Women's Symphony orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor; Reginald Boardman, pianist. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Karl Zeise, violoncellist; Nicolas Slobinsky, pianist. Schubert, Sonata, A minor; Becker, Fantastic Suite. Tcherapnin, Four Preludes from Op. 38; Tartini, Adagio; Mozart, Allegretto.

Women's Republican Club, 45 Beacon street, 8:15 P. M. Mme. Cobina Wright, soprano; Pierre Luboshutz, accompanist. Bach, Bist du bei Mir; Mozart, Un mota de gioia und Ah lo se piu; Cesti, Aria di Filaura; Szymanowski, O Bien Aimee; Ravel, O la pitoyable aventure, and air from L'enfant et les sortilages; Debussy, De Greve and Ballade; De Falla, Palo, Nana, Jota, Nin, Fane Murciano and El Vito; La Forge, Hills; Manning, The Lamplighter and The Street Fair; H. Hughes, The Light of the Moon (County Derry air); Whittag, A Birthday.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Irvin Schenkman, pianist; Brahms, Sonata, F minor; Chopin, Nocturne, E major; Mazurka, A minor; Three Preludes, Op. 28; Prelude, Op. 45; Ballade, F minor; Ravel, Sonatine, Reflets dans l'eau; Debussy, Poissons d'or, L'Isle joyeuse.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, d'Archembeau, Moldavin; Mozart, Quartet, D minor (K. 421); Leopold Mannes, Quartet, C minor (ms.); Dohnanyi, Quartet, D flat major, Op. 15.

Bates hall, Y. M. C. A. building, 8:15 P. M., James E. Downs, baritone; Ethel Ramos, pianist. H. T. Burleigh, 'Tis Me Oh Lord, Were You There, Swing Low Sweet Chariot; Nevin, Mighty Lak a Rose; Strickland, Mah Lindy Lou; Avery Robinson, Water Boy; Jessie L. Deppen, Oh, Miss Hannah. Piano pieces: Polonaise by Rubinstein; A Negro Medley, by Ramos. Songs: H. T. Burleigh, Hard Trials, Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler, By and By, Go Down Moses, I Don't Feel Nowadays Tired, I Want To Be Ready; J. R. Johnson, Roll de Ole Chariot Along.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Samuel Wilenski, pianist. Beethoven, Theme and Variations, C minor; Bach, Prelude, A minor (English suite); Mozart, Sonata, D major; Schumann, Des Abends; Chopin, Impromptu, A flat; Nocturne, B major; Etude, Op. 25 No. 9; Schubert, Fantasie, C major; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, G minor; Tchaikovsky, Humoresque; Sinding, Caprice, C minor; Debussy, Ballade in F; Ravel, Jeux d'eau.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Mount Holyoke College Carol Choir. Dr. William C. Hammond, conductor and organist. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.



# SIR HENRY WOOD

## His Extraordinary but Sane Book—"The Gentle Art of Singing"

Sir Henry Wood is best known as an orchestral conductor. When he first came to the United States in 1903-04 as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York (the others that season were Colonne, Kogel, Herbert, Weingartner, Sofonov and Strauss) he visited Boston. There was some talk at one time of engaging him as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Not long ago he conducted concerts in the Hollywood Bowl.

He has always been interested in singing. His mother was an accomplished singer who first instructed him musically. As a young man he was a church organist. As a conductor of opera in London and in the provinces he was necessarily associated with singers. In the early Nineties he taught singing, gave private lessons, held operatic classes, knew the work of prominent teachers. His first wife, the Princess Sofie Ouroussov, was often applauded as a singer by the London public, as a singer of "rare charm and distinction." In the life of Sir Henry, by Rosa Newmarch, one of the chapters is entitled "Henry J. Wood and Vocal Art."

Now he comes before the public as the author of "The Gentle Art of Singing," in four volumes. The first volume, a handsome quarto 13½x10, with nearly 1000 short exercises, a preface, a portrait, and many comments and words of advice, has been published by the Oxford University Press. It may truly be called an amazing work.

Sir Henry says in his preface—which might be described as a defiant one: "This book is my magnum opus as pianist, organist, accompanist, conductor (opera and concert), composer (a very poor one), all-around, general musician, and teacher, since the age of twelve, of singing. It is not the work of a voice producer, for, to that mystery I never sought admission. . . . Teaching singing is not a science, but an art, which must be practised as well as studied. . . . I myself have had lessons from seventeen of the most celebrated vocal professors, British and foreign, and, in my opinion, only two of them were qualified and gifted to teach singing."

There is plenty of what Horace Greeley would call "mighty interesting singing" in this book. Sir Henry's father had taken vocal lessons from Dr. Ah and Manuel Garcia. The boy being present heard many pupils of his father, who would say to him: "Now, what would you do with that voice?"

Sir Henry has no illusions about singers. "They do not work as hard as instrumentalists; on the whole they are seldom as serious and earnest." As singers begin later in life, they have time to acquire a good musical education, "but they want to get on too fast when they start. Look how long the best Continental singers study before they will undertake Wagner, for instance; here, our singers expect to appear in Wagner after a very short period of study of the difficult music. They are not free from anxiety, and so ease and purity suffer; they get stiff, and have not sufficient resource."

"Another point is that they don't develop themselves physically. You must have good stamina and fine control of a well-developed body to be a good singer. You will notice that almost all the best vocal artists are fine, big men and women."

But is it given to every girl or youth, having intelligence and a fine physique, to be a good singer? We remember Ffrangcon-Davis saying that he could go into the street, take at random a laboring man and turn him into a singer of ability with a few days of lessons. Sir Henry has not this sublime confidence in himself.

"So many young people, or their parents, imagine that the possession of what they think is a splendid voice promises success in the musical profession. The voices are generally of only average quality, and very often there are few of the qualities necessary to back up even the finest natural voice. In the whole of my experience I have only come across one man whose equipment was so good that I felt justified in advising him to give up everything and go in for singing. I have never found a woman to whom I could give that advice."

"To begin with, parents and guardians, before they definitely decide to educate their sons and daughters for a singer's career, should secure an honest opinion from some leading musician whose judgment can be trusted (a wood-wind player will often give a much more valuable and correct opinion about a voice than a vocalist), and who is not in want of singing pupils. His estimate and analysis should bear his signature and should, roughly, embody the following points:

"Breathing, ear training, intonation; pitch; previous training; quality of voice; compass of voice; if tone is free; if tone is choked, stuffy, or tight; equality of tone; if any bad breaks or holes in the voice; diction; good or bad speaking voice; absolute pitch; technique in vocalization; any gift for languages; any love of art; general physique; appearance. Parents armed with such a document can make their own decision, although if they are prepared to take no risks they would do well to obtain a second opinion. The important thing is to secure a disinterested opinion, not that of a crank, who may be a charlatan, or of a man who has failed to make a living out of singing himself and is all too anxious to teach the methods which have brought about his failure. Avoid the so-called specialist, who advocates

year's training under himself and guarantees that after it perfect production, style, bel canto, and, not least, professional engagements will, be at the disposal of the poor pupil.

"Beware of the master who believes in the aspirant turned down by men qualified to give an opinion on his voice, the master in whom this aspirant believes. Some vocal teachers have a wonderful, an unlimited professional jargon and a stream of incessant flattery which they turn on to possible pupils. They will tell them, for instance, that every top note they sing is worth five pounds. I myself was told by one of my many great London teachers, and I possess a terrible voice. Garcia said it would go through a brick wall. In fact a real conductor's voice."

A pupil should not expect miracles from a teacher. "Don't go in for grand opera if you cannot approximately look a grand opera part. Almost every day miserable little light sopranos attempt the closing scene from 'Goetterdaemmerung,' little light drawing room tenors the 'Forging Songs' from 'Siegfried.' What strange lack of judgment in themselves! What dishonesty in the teachers who have encouraged them; . . . During the years of a singing student's training he should be allowed to accept no engagements; he should never in any circumstances 'come out' before he is ready. And it is the teacher who should decide the moment of readiness."

Singing students in London do not go to hear the great exponents of their art. For the first three years these students should be trained to make their voices like a beautiful even instrument. Registers, muscles, reeds, breathing should never show. The modern singer's besetting sin is overblowing in the attempt to turn a poor, thin voice into a big, warm resonant one. They have these vocal taints: "A heady taint, a nosy taint, a lippy taint, a teathy taint, a tonguey taint, a throaty taint, a chesty taint, etc." Gramophone records have done good and harm. The singer's own individuality should predominate. "No imitation of prominent and popular singers having a voice like his own should ever be allowed in a student. . . . Half baked, I might say quarter baked singers, begin after a single year of training to attempt vocal acting, to lay emotional color on to voices which are not yet tuned, clear, of even quality or settled intonation, to do this when they possess practically no breath control or sostenuto. . . . As a ruled beautiful voice cannot sing Beckmesser or Mime any more than a Mime or Beckmesser voice can sing Elijah, the Messiah, or Jesus in the Matthew Passion."

It's a long preface, but every word of it is worth a teacher's or pupil's attention. It is a preface of 13 large pages double columns. The value of the many exercises is for an excellent teacher to determine, not for a layman. At the end there are tone production exercises for the various voices; also a suggested daily time table for students.

Let no one think that Sir Henry is only a "destructive" writer on the vocal art. On the contrary; inveighing against incompetent teachers, or those only greedy for money, he is really "constructive" in his warnings, criticisms, advice. We know of no treatise on the vocal art that is so full of sane comments, exposure of charlatans, and so valuable to a conscientious teacher and a serious and patient pupil, willing, eager to learn. P. H.

Last night Mr. Guild said that the directors of the society expected to present the gift to Mr. Mollenhauer, who is the only survivor.

Mr. and Mrs. Mollenhauer were married here in 1884. Mrs. Mollenhauer before her marriage was Mary E. Laverty.

Only those devotees of oratorio music who for many years have been guided by the baton of Mr. Mollenhauer can fully realize the close attachment of Mr. and Mrs. Mollenhauer. Whenever his wife entered Huntington hall in the old M. I. T. building on Huntington avenue, where rehearsals for the Handel and Haydn Society were held, Mr. Mollenhauer waved to "Peggy," as she is affectionately called, and she waved back. There were only a few such rehearsals that Mrs. Mollenhauer missed and she is as well known to the members as her distinguished husband had been.

### NATIVE OF BROOKLYN

Emil Mollenhauer was born in Brooklyn, Aug. 4, 1855, and became a member of Booth's Theatre orchestra at the age of 14. He was selected as a member of the Theodore Thomas orchestra when he was 16, playing first violin.

His father, Frederick Mollenhauer, a native of Erfurt, Germany, was a violinist of distinction and his father's brother, Edward, was with Julien's orchestra, which made a tour of this country in 1853, appearing in all the principal cities. The boy Emil undoubtedly inherited the talent which caused him to be hailed as a musical prodigy.

While he was a member of the orchestra at Booth's Theatre, Joseph Jefferson played there in his great success, "Rip Van Winkle." He remained with the Thomas orchestra for about eight years and then became a member of Dr. Damrosch's orchestra. Here his talent as a pianist was developed and he was frequently called upon to act as accompanist.

The musical promise of Boston appealed to the young man and he came to the Hub in 1884 and played with the Symphony orchestra for four years. He was chosen conductor of the Germania and Boston Festival orchestras and toured the country. He also had the distinction of conducting accompaniments for such operatic stars as Calve, Melba, Nordica and others, as well as many famous instrumentalists, including Ysaye and Henri Marteau.

Grief at the passing of Mr. Mollenhauer was expressed yesterday by Courtenay Guild, president of the organiza-

tion. He said:

"I was very much grieved to learn of the death of Mr. Mollenhauer. I had sung under his leadership for 28 years in the Handel and Haydn Society and for 23 years in the Apollo Club. As president of both societies, I was closely associated with him in musical work. He rendered valuable service at all times and throughout the long period of his leadership I never knew him to be late to a rehearsal or a concert."

"His skill as conductor brought new honors to the society that he led and he was respected and held in affectionate regard by all who were associated with him. It was because of failing health that he felt obliged to resign as conductor of the society last spring, but we had hoped he might still be with us as a friend for many years."

"His passing will be regretted by a large circle of friends."

With music strong I come, with my  
cornets and my drums,  
I play not marches for accepted victors  
only, I play marches for conquer'd  
and slain persons.  
Have you heard that it was good to gain  
the day?  
I also say it is good to fall, battles are  
lost in the same spirit in which  
they are won.  
I beat and pound for the dead,  
I blow through my embouchures my  
loudest and gayest for them.  
Viras to those who have failed!  
And to those whose war vessels sank  
in the sea!  
And to those themselves who sank in  
the sea!  
And to all generals that lost engage-  
ments, and all overcome heroes  
And the numberless unknown heroes  
equal to the greatest heroes  
known!

WALT WHITMAN.

The title of Ben Ames Williams' story of an unsuccessful newspaper man unsuccessful in the eyes of the business world, is "Splendor," for his hero, on of the unknown, is splendid in his struggles, his ambition, his confidence in himself, his illusions, his quiet acceptance of his fate.

The publishers of "Splendor," E. P. Dutton & Company, have paid Mr. Williams a compliment, not customary, by expressing their opinion of the novel, not on a jacket but opposite the title page. This compliment is just, not perfume



tory, not fulsome. It is worthy of quotation—it only goes to show that some publishers are after all human, critical, and able to answer Byron's famous sneer.

"This is a book of such unmistakable beauty that it has had the wholehearted approval of our entire publishing staff. It is a splendid example of the mature work of an author who has come to be recognized as one of the most sensitive interpreters of American life. 'Splendor' is a sympathetic study of an interesting phase of American life—that of the newspaper world, and the publishers recommend it as a quietly, finely written book—a book to live in and to remember."

Mr. Williams's hero is a newspaper man. The newspaper man has been shabbily treated by many novelists and dramatists. He has been made ridiculous; he has been unduly glorified; he has been vilified. He has been portrayed as a detective shrewder and more daring than Dupin, Lecoq, Holmes, Cuff or Bucket; as one who by his brilliance and his energy, rises in the ranks till he weds the publisher's daughter and is in receipt of an enormous salary; as a meddling, impudent fellow, ruthless in his desire to secure a "scoop"; as envious, mendacious, dissipated, venal. Look at the journalists in Balzac's novels of Parisian life; the reporter in "The Doctor's Dilemma"; in Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants" and James Bernard Fagan's bitter play. Jefferson Brick still writes for American newspapers. Thackeray, respecting journalism, saw the humorous side of it.

Mr. Williams, having been one of the brotherhood, extenuates nothing, puts nothing down in malice. The newspaper men in his story may have been suggested by men he knew, but we doubt if they are exact portraits; they are men to be found in the newspaper offices of any large city. We have known his Henry Becker.

Henry, born of poor parents in the West end, with the street for a playground, without opportunity for a solid education, after various childhood adventures, becomes an office boy in the employment of a conservative newspaper. In the course of his life he is assistant in the reference department, reporter, bicycle editor, desk man, assigned to the State House, make-up man; at last he is shelved, put in charge of the reference department at \$45 a week. This was the answer to his burning desire. "He had expected from life the opportunity to do great things in great ways; but he was to perceive that his years of doing were finished, that hereafter it were folly for him to aspire

He had never had an adventure in his life; never a moment upon which he could look back and say: 'That was a narrow escape!' Or: 'That was a turning point!' Or: 'That changed the whole current of my days.' For his life, it seemed to him, had been predestined from the first. He had never done less than the best that he could do; but on the other hand, his best was never much better than his worst."

He had written a novel, but a friend of literary taste showed him how poor it was. There was always a novel to be written. Even when he was back in the reference room—in his case justly called the "morgue"—he said to his devoted wife, a plain, sensible woman who loved him dearly but had no illusions about his mental ability: "This new work will give me more time. I think I'll try and write a novel about that (law-breaking) Shirley, and work in the automobile laws, and prohibition, and the war, and all. I'll bet I could do something with that idea."

"She smiled sleepily; and without opening her eyes, she reached out and caught his hand. 'I know you can, Henry,' she agreed."

"When he went to his own room he was full of this new project, his despair forgotten. It was always easier for Henry to look ahead." Mr. Williams thus ends his novel.

It is a long one—there are nearly 600 pages—but there is no padding, no digressions; interest is steadily maintained. It is a story not only of newspaper life, of the various newspaper men, the hustlers, the lazy, the despondent, the intruders on domestic privacy and the respecters of it—the changes in the form and character of newspapers in Boston, the inroads of the sensational press; by narrating the procession of events, historical, political, social that affected Henry, the reader sees a panorama of American life during his years of servitude.

Mr. Williams has hung many striking portraits in his large gallery, portraits of men and women, admirable, negligible and despicable, far from the roaring of the presses: Henry's noble sister, self-sacrificing, cruelly disappointed in love, yearning for children; her first husband, Coster, the blowhard, the man of schemes, the ingratiating swindler; old Prior, the father-in-law of Henry, the bankrupt who finally went to work,

Thinking at first it was beneath his dignity, content to smoke his pipe and advise others until he was driven to do something through a feeling of shame; Shirley, the wife, a type to be envied by any one working ambitiously for any newspaper; her son, Dan, who promises to succeed where his father failed. But did Henry fail? The splendor of his life may have been pale, unscen by the crowd, but it cheered and warmed those for whom he toiled without complaint.

The publishers have spoken of "Splendor" as "quietly" written. By its very quiet, this novel (as well as Mr. Williams's "Immortal Longings") is the more engrossing, the more likely to be read, remembered, valued, as the years go on. In these days of shrieking for attention, of hifalutin, of purple phrases by writers obsessed by sex, "Splendor" is the more welcome, the more to be praised for the artistic reserve and simplicity that emphasize directness and effect.

## GALLI-CURCI SINGS

Amelita Galli-Curci, soprano, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, assisted by that excellent pianist, Homer Samuels, and the flutist Manuel Berenguer. "Se tu m'ami," Pergolesi; "Should He Upbraid," Bishop; "Vol che sapete," Mozart; "La Fauvette," from "Zemire et Azor," Gretry; "Die Lotusblume," Schumann; "Mandoline," Szulc; "Wie einst," Mark; "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark," Bishop; "An Old Song," Buchanan; "My Shadow," Samuels; "At the Edge of the Sea," Dobson; "Qui la voce," from "Puritani," Bellini.

What a voice the woman has! sigh pupils when they hear Mme. Galli-Curci sing. How easily she lets her florid passages run! If only we had her organ and her agility, wouldn't we dazzle the world!

Why not wish, while wishing is in order, for a little of Mme. Galli-Curci's musicianship? A tenth of the rhythm at her command would stock full 10 of the usual run of singers: rhythm like hers is quite enough in itself to carry her songs though half her voice's beauty were shorn away—yesterday, in point of fact, the singer's amazingly adroit technique notwithstanding, scarcely once in the afternoon did the voice sound forth at its loveliest, lovely it was, in its delicate way, but rarely of that richness in the medium register peculiar to Mme. Galli-Curci.

But her keen rhythm Mme. Galli-Curci had right at hand. She had also with her her sensitiveness to the shape of a phrase; how dexterously, with what exquisite taste she shapes her phrases according to the words—Italian words, at all events, and only to a slightly lesser degree English words and French! Her German yesterday baffled her a little, enough, however, to cost her some of that ease which, in company with rhythm and musical grace, makes her art so delightful; for a moment or two, along with her ease, she lost her extraordinary command of breath. Very soon, though, she recovered herself, till presently she could sing, as can few other singers, an Italian "patter" song—not just snap out the words tonelessly—but sing it with fine vocal tone, though every syllable came tapping out precise as a drum, all at a prodigious pace.

Rhythm, musical taste, runs as even as pearls, distinct enunciation, tone delicious though small and sometimes pale, her technique sound at every point, sentiment of varying moods including humor delicately felt—all these had Mme. Galli-Curci yesterday for her use and behoof. They stood her in grand stead; though unable for the moment to attain brilliancy or her most entrancing tones, she sang very beautifully indeed, and by her song she delighted a very large audience.

Let young singers, instead of envying Mme. Galli-Curci her natural endowments, try rather to emulate her accomplishment. To sing as she sang yesterday means hard, intelligent work. R. R. G.

Emil Mollenhauer, who is now mourned by musicians and the public, was of a family of violinists. Edward and Friedrich came to this country as members of Jullien's famous orchestra in 1853. Edward, who died in 1914, wrote an opera, "The Corsican Bride," produced at Tripler hall, on June 15, 1863; comedies, symphonies, a violin concerto, string quartets. He was a pupil of Ernst and Spohr. He played in Boston as a soloist at Keith's Theatre in the season of 1905-6. His brother Friedrich, who died in 1885, played and taught the violin in New York. He was the father of Emil.

We first saw Emil when he was a valued member of Theodore Thomas's orchestra. This was in the early '70s. Emil was then about 17 years old. His

career in this city is known to all, as conductor, violinist, teacher; a long and honorable career. Nor were his activities confined to this city. As a conductor of music festivals he was esteemed throughout New England; as an orchestral conductor he was known in cities of the West. As leader of the Handel and Haydn he was a disciplinarian who retained the affection of those drilled by him. He had no patience with pretence and puppyry, but was quick to recognize and encourage singers and players who were willing, anxious to learn. He did not court the favor of audiences by the performance of music that he knew was of an inferior quality, but provocative of cheap applause. As conductor of the Apollo, he was a warm friend of the members as well as their respected leader. Loyal in his friendships, he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, nor was he anxious to court those who might perhaps have benefited him, such was his independence of character. The future historian of music in Boston will record his labors for musical righteousness.

One of the "I's," the one that formerly went to those feasts of barbarians called dinners in the city, where for the men in white and the women half-naked and plumed, values are so reversed that anyone who does not dine, having accepted the invitation, or arrives only at the roast, commits an action more culpable than the immoral actions discussed lightly at this dinner, so that a recent death or a serious sickness is the only excuse for not coming, provided one had given notice in time for the invitation of the 14th that one was dying, this I in me had kept its scruples and lost its memory.—Marcel Proust in "Le Temps Retrouve."

What a pity that Mr. Walkley of the London Times, who wrote so enthusiastically about Proust, died before he could read the final volumes, recently published, of the remarkable study of the times and of the sub-conscious mind. Death has its disadvantages, as in the case of Mr. Walkley, but perhaps even now Proust and his admirers are discussing these last volumes.

### FOR A FRIEND WHO LIMPS

His is a sour story. I know the first part well; But wine will ever wilt his lips and so, he cannot tell.

Haltingly and fearfully, the quaver of a churl—

"Once there was a blonde girl . . . Once there was a girl."

He is a tawny chieftain with wounds upon his legs, But stars may never sing for him as on his way he pegs.

(We heard the pipes together. And ever they will skirl:

"Once there was a blonde girl . . . once there was a girl")

Staggering through the whiteness with planets in our eyes, We leashed a pack of hungry hounds and led them o'er the skies;

But always in our flagons deep, the ruddy pulp will purr, "Once there was a blonde girl . . . once there was a girl."

MACKINLAY KANTOR.

### NEW FORDS: NEW JOKES

As the World Wags: A dealer was driving one of the new Fords home. He pulled up suddenly to try the new four-wheel brakes. Can you imagine his embarrassment when they worked and some one ran into him from the rear? JAZBO.

### COMRADES ALL

As the World Wags: Over the coffee cup: Ruthie—I'm going to a luncheon Saturday. One of the girls in the office is giving it.

Cuthie—Is she giving it for just the girls in the office or for her friends, too? O'KAY.

As the World Wags: I had always wondered about the nationality of Santa Claus. Was he Norwegian, German, English? Was he African, Bohemian, Semitic? Was he Scotch? I saw him standing on a street corner yesterday ringing a little bell beside a pot not very much boiling. I decided then and there to find out.

"Pardon me, old chap," I let go, "but you are Santa Claus, aren't you?" "Hah!" he grunted. Anyhow, it sounded like "hah."

"What nationality are you, if you don't mind?" was my second shot. "Yumpf!" said Santa Claus.

"What's a yumpf?" asked I. "Nicht spreken polsker ravioli hombre cesky parlez IN-EXZ czyck wumpfoey!" said Santa Claus. I quote verbatim.

And now, at last, I know. Santa Claus is an American! OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

As the World Wags: My applicant for admission to your Hall of Fame is Miss Wave Finger, teacher of music in the Pond du Lac, Wis., high school. BILL SOUSE.

Mr. Herklmer Johnson is trying to find in our bookshops a copy of A LITTLE HANDFUL OF CORDIAL

COMFORTS

For Fainting Souls:

Intended chiefly for the good of those who walk mournfully with God.

By Richard Standfast, Boston, 1690.

W. H. D. proposes for membership in our Hall of Fame

J. VIRGIN

USED CARS

WHEN KATHLEEN SINGS

(For As the World Wags)

She sings— Warm, rich, melodious, her voice envelops me—

Like velvet cloak on shoulders that are chill,

Like healing hand on tired aching brow, Like luscious grass to weary road-sore feet,

Like bread to hunger, wine to thirst, And open-doored, the wanderer to greet, Like home!

I think of sunlight on the quiet lake, I think of shadow in the forest pool, I think of stars and mountain-tops and sky,

Of flowing water, deep and clear and cool;

I think of children in their mother's arms,

Of lovers happy in sweet confidence, Of dear desires and longing unconfessed, Of sorrow soothed, of vibrant joy expressed—

When Kathleen sings!

AGNES WELCH.

## WOMEN'S SYMPHONY

Jordan hall: Boston Women's Symphony orchestra.

Last night, in Jordan hall, the Boston Women's Symphony orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor, gave its first public concert. Miss Leginska, following a judicious scheme, began her program with Weber's "Oberon" overture, which she followed with Beethoven's C minor symphony. For a work new to Boston she chose Delius's piano concerto in C minor, Reginald Boardman playing the solo part. She closed the concert with Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" suite.

Let us forget, for the moment, Dr. Johnson's famous dictum regarding the powers of women in professional work, and consider this new orchestra merely as a new orchestra. Why not? Who, with eyes blindfolded, could state that only men were performing, or only women, or men and women together? A pity it is, not to say a scandal, that the most competent players available, be they women or men, or children, should not be willing to join their forces and thus give a community the best orchestra possible under any given conditions.

For her new organization Miss Leginska has assembled an able body of players. Some choirs, inevitably, are not so satisfactory as others. Not to go, however, into needless details, it may be said that she is blessed in her strings, and that she has been fortunate in securing capable soloists in pretty much every division.

These players Miss Leginska has trained to do her will in many a matter of phrasing, of accent, of sonority in passages at full strength. If she has not yet taught them the invariable precision of attack she of course must wish, if sometimes she undoubtedly could fancy an inner voice more definitely set forward, presently she will surely take her forces with her to a finer technical finish. In the more significant matter of spirit, she has already taken them far.

In the Delius concerto, indeed—a work of pleasant melody richly dressed in orchestral color, with horns in plenty to make it mellow, with oboes cunningly disposed to add to its savor, its violins given much suave song most romantic and even poetic—Miss Leginska made her band play so stirringly that it would seem as though she must have done the attractive score full justice. It sounded well, at all events, with melodies both agreeable and expressive, its whole refreshingly coherent and free from futile padding. All thanks to her for letting us hear it.

Mr. Boardman, dealing with music obviously written for a pianist of virtuosity, managed it extremely well. Given his head for once, Mr. Boardman, under Miss Leginska's lively, sympathetic guidance, played with an approach to ardor and brilliancy that exhibited his art in an unusual light. That he played with finesse, musical intelligence and excellent tone goes of course without saying. He was enthusiastically applauded.

In the Weber overture Miss Leginska did much admirable work; the music's poetry she made felt; she clothed it in tone that was often beautiful, and she built up a noble climax. In the symphony she alternated admirable moments with some not so satisfactory.



10  
now and again, in the working out of the first movement, for instance, and in the lengths of the andante, she appeared to let her interest flag. Remarkably, though, she bridged the transition from the scherzo to the finale, and her choice of tempi, as always, gave one joy.

The audience, good sized, showed pleasure the evening through, and sometimes enthusiasm. And so, felicitations on this successful launching of a worthy undertaking.

R. R. G.

Arlington Theatre—"Red Dust," by Wilson Collison, with Sydney Shields. Produced by Hugo W. Romberg, with the following cast:

McHarg	Lucien Fourville	Joseph Smiley
Maurice Chauvenet	Andre Chauvenet	Donizlas Dunbrille
Andre Chauvenet	Leonard Maudie	Shirley Ward
Jacques Gaudon	Sydney Shields	Jerome Collamore
Vantone	Ho	Reo Sara
To-Ke		M. Roi

Quadrangular love in the superheated tropics keeps the wheels of drama grinding for three acts and an epilogue in this fierce and turgid new play, suggestive of "Rain," "White Cargo," and other pieces of the white duck school.

Lucien Fourville, self-exiled Parisian, is the stern master of a couple of thousand coolies on a plantation in French Indo-China. The action of the play takes place in the living room of his bungalow, with wide door giving out on the steaming jungle. Fourville is also unrelenting master of his household and his own emotions, scorning with austere courtesy or sharp rebuke the attentions of two women, one of whom wears the white of virtue, while the other appears in scant kimonos and calmly admits a versatile past. Gaudon, newly arrived from civilization, adds another interesting angle to the plot by falling in love with the tall and serene Maurice and drinking himself crazy. Twice he stalks across the stage to her door with questionable motive, the second time with fatal results.

The two women continued their battle for Lucien, fighting point by point with unmasked weapons of feminine savagery. With the situation reduced to the lowest common denominator, the best animal wins; the other packs her finery and leaves for Paris.

The three songly conceived characters of the play are Lucien, Vantone and the jungle. Each has an affinity for the other two, yet is hostile until the final curtain. As Vantone says to Lucien: "Sometimes I hate you, and when I hate you I love you." Miss Shields plays the torrid part in a sensitive manner, avoiding excessive histrionics in a role well favored by the playwright. The setting and lighting effects were admirable.

H. F. M.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Cobra," a play in four acts by Martin Brown. The cast:

Jack Race	Walter Gilbert
Tony Dornine	Day Manson
Judith Drake	Edith Speare
Elsie Van Zile	Clara Joel
Rosie Binmer	Flora Maud Gade
Rosier	John Winthrop

When the company at the St. James give a serious play they are often, unfortunately, handicapped by their audience. It is a curious fact that any emotions, save those of a most trivial variety, are apt to call forth titters. Last night was no exception. "Cobra," except for the first act, is by no means a humorous drama, yet so it was received. The story deals of the friendship between two men, Jack Race and Tony Dornine; the former is too easily attracted by girls and the latter too little. Elsie Van Zile, a lady of fatal attraction, loves Jack but marries Tony for his wealth. Tony worships her, but Elsie, still unsatisfied, woos Jack and he, having been refused by Judith Drake, whom he really loves, yields for an instant only, to repent almost at once and leave her. The hotel where they were dining burns, and she dies in the fire. Tony is frantic with grief at her disappearance, and Jack dares not tell him the truth as it would break his heart. A year afterward Tony opens his wife's desk and discovers that she had betrayed him often in the past. He puts her out of his life and goes on to face his future.

With this highly emotional and rather unpleasant drama, the company did an excellent job. To Miss Clara Joel fell the part of Elsie, the cobra, by no means an easy task. Miss Joel made her fascinating and almost credible, using her excellent voice to good purpose. If at times she seemed curiously obvious, it may have been due to the lack of subtlety in her lines and a certain repetition, perhaps inevitable, but unfortunately, and one could be grateful for the absence of melodrama. Mr. Gilbert as the much fought-over Jack Race, had a decidedly thankless part—his yielding to temptation was so frequent that his struggles seemed futile. Yet in the really serious moments of the play he was excellent, showing a surprising aptitude for emotional feeling. Playing Tony Dornine, Mr. Day Manson was forced to be unutterably noble and pure. If any criticism could

be made of his acting it would be that he seemed too young to have attained such depth and fineness of character. He played very well indeed, and it was not his fault if the audience laughed in the wrong places. Miss Edith Speare, playing the part of Judith Drake, Jack's final love, succeeded admirably in a conventional part. As a whole the play suffers from obvious symbolism, such as the bronze cobra on Tony's desk, and Jack's cast-off flame in the first act points a little too boldly to his fallings in the past, but it is effective as drama only, however, for those who like their entertainment strongly flavored.

E. L. H.

Repertory Theatre. "Charley's Aunt," the farcical comedy in three acts by Brandon Thomas. The cast:

Jack Chesney	Arthur Siron
Charles Wykeham	William Faversham, Jr.
Dord Fancourt Babberley	Milton Owen
Kitty Verdin	Katharine Warren
Amey Spettigue	Adelaide George
Col. Sir Francis Chesney	Dennis Cleugh
Stephen Soettigoe	Thomas Shearer
Gillen	Robert Cass
Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez	Olga Birckbeck
Ellie Delahay	Mary Stuart

Christmas approaches slowly over the calendar's horizon. Everything is decorated; every one is singing carols; all dash madly from one last-minute gift to the next; take the children to lisp their wants into Santa Claus's ear, and finally, just before the tree is actually decorated, there comes the annual revival of "Charley's Aunt."

The season would not be complete without this side-splitting farce, but just why they go together is a question. And yet a little thought brings the answer, for is not Christmas the time of joviality and can one be far from jolly if he attends this play? What a rest it is to temporarily cease wondering what to give Aunt Mary, that she can't give back next year, and have a hearty laugh at the escapades of college youths in their less studious moments.

Admirably cast as the "aunt from Brazil where the nuts come from," is Milton Owen. He drew every possible bit of comedy from his rich part and we even suspect that he added a few impromptu remarks of his own vintage as the humor waxed warm.

William Faversham, Jr., and Arthur Siron were alternately the love-sick swains and scheming collegiates bent on keeping his lordship in character. They carried the pace of the fun along with very few pauses.

The other parts were well taken, especially Mrs. Butterscotch Smythe, who was a thorough good sport and took her caricature standing. Thomas Shearer, as Spettigue, lapsed occasionally into speech from another of the British Isles than Merri-England, but withal he was uproariously funny and even a bit pathetic as the jilted and mistaken lover of the fair fake, Donna Lucia.

The feminine roles were all charmingly handled. They added just enough, of the pleasantly sentimental to keep the thread of the play but not to take the foreground.

Forget your shopping cares and drop into the Repertory for a laugh tonic. You might even take the cat along; the lights outside the theatre promise that "Charley's Aunt" will make even a cat laugh. It might be worth the experiment.

F. B. B.

COPLEY—"The Ghost Train," revival of Arnold Ridley's popular mystery play which ran for 23 weeks at this house last season. The cast:

Saul Hodekin	Ralph Roberts
Richard Winthrop	David Clyde
Elsie Winthrop	Gaby Fay
Charles Murdock	Rupert Lucas
Peggy Murdock	May Ediss
Miss Bourne	Elspeth Dudgeon
Teddy Deakin	E. E. Clive
Julia Price	Margaret Mullen
Herbert Price	Victor Beecroft
John Sterling	Norman Cannon
Jackson	Roger Wheeler

Twenty-three weeks of capacity business was the accomplishment of this play at the Copley last season, and in spite of that long run, the public remains unsatisfied and Mr. Clive has seen fit to revive "The Ghost Train." It has all the elements that make for good mystery plays, opportunities for thrills and shudders with the women of the audience and those of the cast giving splendid exhibitions of feminine screams. And there is the good old comedy relief without which no mystery play is complete. Elspeth Dudgeon, gotten up like one of the Whoops Sisters in the New Yorker, carries on considerably as a spinster who likes her drop of brandy. Mr. Clive is seen once more as the "silly awes" and he appears to be having a good deal of fun clowning through the part to the great amusement of the audience.

The entire action of the play takes place in the railway station of Axworthy Junction. Six persons find themselves forced to spend the night there, and things begin to look pretty bad when the station master tells his weird story of "The Ghost Train," while the remainder of the cast registers various degrees of awe and bewilderment. The play, on the whole, is well acted and unusually well staged. The back stage effects of the train are very realistic. Margaret Mullen, a local girl, brought an interesting low voice and the right amount of repression to the role of Julia Price. A large and enthusiastic audience

## SYMPHONY IN 2D OF MONDAY SERIES

Haydn, Strauss, Honegger and Stravinsky on Program

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the second concert of the Monday series last night in Symphony hall. The program, which met with great favor, was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13); Strauss, "Don Juan"; Martini, "The Tumult"; Honegger, Prelude to the third act of d'Annunzio's "Fedra"; Stravinsky, Suite from the ballet "Petrouchka."

A varied program, one calculated to display both the delicacy and the fiery eloquence of the orchestra; one that showed the versatility of the famous conductor, to whom no school of music, no period of music is foreign. As the compositions have already been performed at the regular concerts of the orchestra, there is now no need of critical inquiry into their contents.

Of the two least familiar pieces, Martini's graphic impression of the rush and excitement of a crowd on any great occasion, as a football game, or the landing of Lindbergh in France, made naturally the more marked impression. One hopes to hear other compositions by this gifted Czech.

The large audience was warm in appreciation.

"The Thirteenth Hour" featuring Lionel Barrymore, a film mystery drama, directed by Chester M. Franklin and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Prof. Leroy	Lionel Barrymore
Mary Lyle	Jacqueline Gadsdon
Matt Gray	Charles Delaney
Polly	Polly Moran

The dog "Napoleon"

It is the business of mystery plays to breed chills and suspense like watching several swords a la Damocles dangle invitingly over someone else's head. "The Thirteenth Hour" succeeds very well in most of this. It has all of the secret passages even a greedy, small boy could wish; it has the noble Lionel Barrymore changing his demeanor for the occasion; it has an intelligent canine and Polly Moran.

There are a few weak threads binding the garments of this plot together. The chief of detectives smokes a large cigar, chewing upon it in his more thoughtful moments. The love theme is as usual when spotting a mystery film, love at first sight, several reels of trying to trace the bound and gagged young woman and a happy fade-out.

Jacqueline Gadsdon, the young heroine, has her name proudly beside that of Mr. Barrymore. This is a bit of a mystery as Miss Gadsdon seems to be a personable girl of average talent, whereas Polly Moran strides into the film with her comedy and aggressive neck and causes vibrations to flow from the screen.

There are too many subtitles in this film. The producers have filled up most of the chinks with words, some of them rather silly, but the photography is excellent. The rain storm that starts the "The Thirteenth Hour" on its way, the murder as seen through the down-pour, is dramatic, weird. This pace may have been difficult to keep. It must have been. The shadows and clutching hands do their share but Mr. Barrymore takes the responsibility of giving the eerily atmosphere punch. He is a clever performer.

Another Ufa film is at the State Theatre this week, showing under-sea life. A jelly fish has always been that and no more to some of us until the film shows him an intelligent efficiency expert and his colony a study in perfect suburban life.

C. M. D.

## "THE FAIR CO-ED" AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Marion Davies Stars in Film from George Ade Play

Marion Davies is starred in "The Fair Co-ed," a comedy of college life, on view this week at Loew's Orpheum Theatre. The story was pictured by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and adapted from the stage comedy by George Ade and Gustav Luders.

Johnny Mack Brown, former Alabama athlete, makes his screen debut in the leading male role. Other prominent members of the cast are Jane Winton and Thelma Hill.

## "ANGEL OF BROADWAY" AT TWIN THEATRES

Followers of Leatrice Joy, popular De Mille star, have a treat in store for them when they see her latest stellar

vehicle, "The Angel of Broadway," now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The story deals with a night club dancer and a truckman. Victor Varconi, DeMille featured player, plays opposite Miss Joy for the first time since the filming of "Triumph."

In the associate picture, "Women's Wares," Evelyn Brent, playing opposite Bert Lytell, depicts a poor little shop girl. She falls in love with a poor young chap, but has many experiences with other men before becoming convinced that he is really the man whom she would wish to marry.

## "JUDGMENT OF THE HILLS" AT SCOLLAY SQ.

Virginia Valli Has Leading Role in Mountain Film

"Judgment of the Hills" is now playing at the Scollay Square Olympia and Fenway. The picture is a story of the Blue Ridge mountains of Kentucky, and throughout the whole film there runs a spirit that belongs wholly to that country.

## WILL FYFFE SCORES AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Miss Juliet Wins Audience with Clever Mimicry

Will Fyffe, "Scotland's character comedian," and Miss Juliet, the "one-girl revue," share honors this week as headliners of the B. F. Keith bill.

Mr. Fyffe, touring America for the first time, took to Boston at sight, he told his first night audience. Boston, quite easily, took to him. Repeated encores brought him before the curtain until his act had borrowed time enough to make it almost twice its intended length.

Miss Juliet, in a series of startling accurate mimics, danced, sang, and "spoke lines" as "Nazimova," "Ethel Barrymore," "Julia Sanderson," "Fannie Brice," "Ed Wynne," and a dozen others.

Aesop's screen fables and "Topics of the Day" open the bill. On the program Brosius and Barton, comedy cyclists Rubini and Rosa, dancing singing "sisters," Gracella and Theodore, dance on tableau artists; Bob Hall, monologist Jack Norton and Lucile Haley, a "gag team, and Victoria and Frank, "lavin statues" up-to-date.

## DOROTHY MACKAILL IN "MAN CRAZY"

When the old-fashioned dignity of prim and proper New England clashes with modern youth the sparks are sure to fly. This is just what happens in "Man Crazy," featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre. "Man Crazy" is from the Saturday Evening Post story, "Clarissa and the Pos road," a tale dealing with the survivor of an aristocratic New England family. The girl of the family is not so strong for the old conventions. She opens "hot-dog" stand at the side of the Boston post road to help a crippled boy make a living, and all this horrifies her old grandmother. Then to top it all she falls in love with a truck driver. Their love affair is punctuated by auto chases, bootleggers' plots and a series of exciting events, all contributing to picture that is lively and spontaneous with surprises and thrills. Dorothy Mackaill is sweet and charming as the girl, and gives an excellent performance. Mulhall doffs the evening dress and the array of tailor-made suits appear in the uniform of the truck driver, old clothes and a cap, and give a likeable characterization. Edyth Chapman, veteran of the stage at screen, is the grandmother. Walter McGrail, Phillips Smalley, Ray Hallor, are adequate. John Francis Dillon has made a fast moving picture and a though the title is reminiscent of "Flaming Youth," there is a real story. For stage attractions there are the De Ortegos, with a revue of song and dance flashes, and other entertaining acts.

## CONTINUING ATTRactions

COLONIAL—"Rosalie," Ziegfeld's new musical, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. Second week.

HOLLIS—"Tenth Avenue," croo melodrama, with William Boyd and Harry Bannister. Last week.



MAJESTIC—"Oh Kay," musical comedy, with Julia Sanderson and Hank Crumit. Will be dark the week of Dec. 19, reopening on Dec. 20.

PLYMOUTH—"Broadway," Jedd Harris's sensational drama of night club life. Last week.

SHUBERT—"My Maryland," musical version of Clyde Fitch's Barbara Frietchie." Romberg's music. Third week.

TREMONT—"Rang-Tang," Miles and Lyles star in colored revue. Last week.

WILBUR—"Peggy-Ann," musical comedy, starring Helen Ford and featuring Lulu McConnell. Third week.

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Lord Birkenhead found fault with Mr. G. Wells for introducing men now by, and by their real names, in his recent novels. Mr. Wells countered by saying Lord Birkenhead all sorts of names, and in his fury misspelt Tullaghorn of "Bleak House." In the course of his abuse, Mr. Wells argued that it is nonsensical for novelists to disguise characters and places as Disraeli, Tackray, Hardy, Bennett and others, especially when the disguise is third hand and the reader is expected to identify man, woman and town.

This brings up the question: Were the men and women in Harold Nicolson's "Some People" known to him in the flesh, described with semi-maliciousness, or merely suggested to him by persons unnamed? Of course, there was a Lord Curzon. But was he always writing letters with lightning rapidity, and as a rule giving an imitation of Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears"? Did he ever use a valet by the name of Arketall? Is valet, who hid his master's trousers, carried, drunk or sober, a green velvet foot rest for Curzon, when they were traveling? When the valet, helping his master on with his socks, slipped and fell, did Curzon say to him: "Arketall, you are either very ill or very drunk," and was the reply, "Both, my lord," which pleased his master so much that his affection for the valet came unassailable? Arketall? The name itself arouses suspicion. Was anybody so named?

If Mr. Nicolson, who was in the British diplomatic service, invented the characters, from Miss Plimsoll to the Codd and the Polish pianist, he is not the first to present creatures of his fancy as living and moving in the world of reality. Max Beerbohm, to name only one ingenious author, was before him. Did Mr. Nicolson, in his youth, have a governess named Plimsoll, who will always be remembered by her nose, so sensitive to cold? "When the thermometer fell below 60 deg., it turned scarlet; below 50 deg., it assumed a blue tinge, with a little white, orbicled circle at the end; and at 40 deg. became sniffling and bore a permanent, though precarious, drop below its point." Her passion was the navy, when she was with young Nicolson, and she kept begging him to enter that service. Could she have been related to the good Samuel Plimsoll, who protected the lives of sailors by his act of enforcing a compulsory loadline, the Plimsoll mark?

Who was Mrs. Miriam Cobb of Nashville, an experimenter at the Harriet Lutzheim Medical School, who on the way to Persia tried to convince the pianist "that the unconscious is not a repression, but an un verbalized, auditory habit"? She spoke no French, the pianist spoke no English, and to every one of her remarks said feebly, "Plait-il?"

Mr. Nicolson surely knew J. D. Marstock at school, of whom the tutor said: "One can see that Marstock has never had a mean or nasty thought." "It took me six years to realize that Marstock, although stuffed with opinions, had never had a thought at all." And Lambert Orme, whose walk rippled, "It would be impossible, I feel, to actually see as decadent as Lambert looked. I split the infinitive deliberately, being in the first place no non-split diehard, oh, the admirable Mr. Fowler!" and desiring secondly to emphasize what was in fact the dominant and immediate consideration which Lambert evoked." Later Lambert represented to Mr. Nicolson "the rotted rose leaves of the Yellow Book"; yet his poems "Lay figures" and his war-poems gave him a definite position. He would have been

important, if he had not died in Mesopotamia, said by those who knew him there to be "rather a good regimental officer; he put up a good show at Sheikh Sa'ad, a very good show. We liked him on the whole."

It is in this sketch that Mr. Nicolson introduces himself when others would have kept silence. He has written biographies of Byron (The Poet's Last Journey), Tennyson, Verlaine. In 1925 he

went to a party in Bloomsbury. "I went with much diffidence, alarmed at entering the Areopagus of British culture." He took up a copy of Hugh Fausset's "Tennyson" and began to read. An untidy man looked over his shoulder. "I asked him whether he had read the book, and he answered that he had, and that he felt it was so far more intelligent than the other one that had been published simultaneously. I agreed that it was, it was."

In "The Marquis de Chaumont" there is a pleasant glimpse of Marcel Proust, who wondered if the marquis would object to figuring by name in "Pastiches et Melanges."

"He did not wish to offend Proust, yet on the other hand, well, really . . . I said that I, for my part, would have been in the seventh heaven had Proust showed any inclination to insert me in 'Pastiches et Melanges.' De Chaumont said, 'It might be jolly well all right for a foreigner but my mother would not like it.' I told him that I had met his mother, and was convinced that she would not mind in the least. He was only slightly disconcerted. 'Then there's my aunt, de Maubize. She 'ates Jews.' I began to get a little angry at this, and told him that I doubted whether Proust would live for long, that he was the greatest living writer, that Jacques was sacrificing a free gift of immortality, and that what on earth could it matter about his aunt? Jacques tore up the letter and said, 'No, no, no. It would spoil my chances for the Jockey Club.' The book appeared and Jacques was not mentioned. Nor was he elected to the Jockey Club. Jacques—by the way, he had learned English from a Cockney nurse and recited the line of Shelley's: 'Toime, loike a dom of many-colored glass'—wrote volumes of poetry. His early poems were free from 'the stage properties which enlivened his later works, the aquariums, cocktail shakers, and the Otis elevators.'

It is hard to give preference to any one of these delightful sketches. It would be a pleasure to describe how at last the bumptious Professor Malone, with his cock-sure knowledge, his surprising sources of information, his influence in governmental circles, came to grief. Then there is "Titty," the incompetent Titty of the Foreign Office, who could not be induced to resign even when he was sent to Adia Ababa. "I have always wanted to go to Abyssinia." There is the noble Jeanne de Henault who kept a pension in Paris, taught French. She would not go down to the cellar when there was an air-raid. "No sir! The cousin-german of General Mangin sleeps on the fifth floor!" After her death Mr. Nicolson told Mangin about Jeanne, thinking he would be diverted. The general drew himself rigidly to attention, struck his chest so that the medals danced and shouted: "That's France!"

"On recovering from my astonishment at this outburst, I reflected that, after all, the General might be right."

Houghton Mifflin Company publishes "Some People," also "Later Years of the Saturday Club," a collection of biographical articles written by various men and edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. This is an age when the popular biographer is in fact a novelist. Mr. Paxton Hibben, for example, has turned Henry Ward Beecher into a fictitious character. Would it not have been a good idea to introduce these members of the Saturday Club into an elaborate novel, showing their adventures in the literary world, at the bar, in politics and in the church, portraying them as alive, acting and talking? Misrepresentation should not have been allowed. The estimable gentlemen should not have met the fate of Byron, grossly abused, of Beecher, and others that have furnished copy for novelists.

## ZEISE RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Karl Zeise, violoncellist, assisted by Nicolas Slonimsky, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan hall last night. There was an audience of fair size that applauded liberally. The program read as follows: Schubert, Sonata in A, Becker,

Fantastic Suite for violoncello alone. Tchernin, Four Preludes from op. 38. Tartini, Adagio. Mozart, Allegretto.

In 1823 one Stauper of Vienna invented a musical instrument which was called an arpeggione, or a guitar violoncello, also a guitar of love. It was about the size of a small violoncello. The shape of the body was something like that of a guitar. There were six strings. The player used a bow. In 1824 Vinc. Schuster of Vienna played this arpeggione, and for him Schubert wrote the sonata heard last night. Aside from the historical interest, this music is not worthy of a performance; the themes are trivial, the running passages in the development are conventional, perfunctory, while the slow movement in folk-song spirit at the beginning is an excellent example of Schubert falling into rank sentimentalism.

We understand that Mr. Zeise studied with Hugo Becker after he had taken lessons here. No doubt he wished to pay tribute to his excellent master, who once visited Boston and played at a Symphony concert. The Suite is a good example of old-fashioned romanticism that now seems grotesque. The forest murmurs; the mountain king has a heavy tread, a centaur gallops after a faun or holds conversation, there is a love song followed by a storm. It is all music easy to hear, and still easier to forget.

Mr. Zeise has evidently studied seriously and to good purpose, for he has a certain technical proficiency, and he phrased last night with understanding. His intonation, however, was not always sure, and he was not wholly free from unnecessary harshness in forte passages. The more important pieces on the program were not favorable to a display of emotion or brilliance. When he visits Boston again, let him be more careful in the matter of selections.

## MRS. WRIGHT HEARD IN SONG RECITAL

Cobina Wright, soprano, gave a song recital last night at the Women's Republican Club, very well accompanied by Pierre Luboshutz. She sang first that air by Bach, "Bist du bei mir," then a Mozart song, "Un Moto di Gioia"—who, by the way, gave it place in "Figaro"—Pamina's air from the "Magic Flute," and an air by Cesti as well.

In French Mrs. Wright sang one of Debussy's "Proses Lyriques," "Des Fleurs," by Szymanowski "O! Bien Aimee"—a song not equal to his best—a graceful song by Moret, "Le Nelumbo," the soprano's monologue from Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," and, to close the group, a song by Satie, "La Statue de Bronze."

Presently, in German, Mme. Wright set forth the song to the lute from Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt," a charming, unfamiliar song by Wolf, "Nixe Binsess," and Strauss's "Schlechtes Wetter."

Next came Spanish. Mrs. Wright

sang two De Falla songs, "Jota" and "Nana," one by Villa Lobos, "Amor y Perfidia," and one by Nin, "El Vito." English, as usual, brought up the rear, with Hadley's "Time of Parting," "The Lamplighter," by Manning, Rachmaninoff's "Before My Window," and Watt's stirring "Joy," to Sara Teasdale's words.

Either nature gave Mrs. Wright, or Mrs. Wright has chosen to develop, a voice nicely suited to songs like that by Satie, a voice adapted to send the words clearly over, with force, with point. Uncommonly cleverly, therefore Mrs. Wright sang this Satie song. Other songs she sang well or not so well, according to how happily she could make use of her specialized diction and how adroitly she could conceal the peculiar quality of her lower register when she knew it would not answer. Because of her diction, she made the Ravel fragment as effective as may be in concert; the Moret little song she sang smoothly and with very nice tone; in Debussy's song she showed appreciation of what melodic line there is, and to the words she gave a certain definite character—energy, that is, and passionateness; of poetry, the term "prose" notwithstanding, there might have been more to advantage.

The Spanish songs, most likely, Mrs. Wright sang excellently. But how dull they are! A pity it is those Spaniards, when they moved to Paris to learn the

ways of musical France, so frequently left their spontaneity behind them. What labored music, by the same token, did young Mr. Korngold write! They do say the song to the lute is the best music his opera affords!

Mrs. Wright sang the song with every air of conviction, with pleasant tone, furthermore, though scarcely colored in variety. To the classic songs and airs she gave their fitting beauty and grace. Satie and Mozart—not every singer is equal to both!

A large audience applauded Mrs. Wright cordially. R. B. G.

At the Symphony concerts, to be led by Mr. Koussevitzky, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening a symphony by Arnold Bax will be performed. It has been heard only once in Boston—when it was performed in February 1926 by the visiting Cleveland orchestra. (The first performance in this country was by the Chicago Symphony orchestra.) The symphony is in three movements. It has no "program"; it's just music.

The symphony was produced in London five years ago this month. Mr. Edwin Evans then wrote of it:

"The impressions it has left are marked and powerful. The music is more robust than any Bax has hitherto given us. It is virile—in parts aggressively so—and if, at the same time, it is gloomy and oppressive, it has not the romantic gloom of the south, where passion engenders tragedy, but the far fiercer gloom of the north. One might almost, braving the composer's injunction to hear it as 'abstract music,' imagine some racial crusade against a background of sunless forests. Conflict there is assuredly, and one suspects a smoldering hatred that is as noble as hatred may be. Never before has Bax so completely relegated the gentler elements to the minor episodes. Perhaps because of this the symphony differs in every way from his earlier works. It is more stringently rhythmical, more concise and vigorous, and even the orchestral coloring is of a kind which Bax has not used before. Harshness there was in 'November Woods,' but this is something more lurid, more devastating, if one may use the word. But when a composer writes like this he does not woo the audience. He almost runs the risk of repelling it, for audiences are reluctant to dwell upon unamiable subjects unless treated with becoming pathos. Even in the slow movement, which suggests scenes suited to pathetic treatment, Bax makes no such concession to our sentimental self-indulgence. The grief is as fierce as the anger. And the brief scherzo which precedes the finale is not light of heart. This is a warlike symphony. Musically it is compellingly big. Even at a first hearing the audience was conscious of this. There was a perceptible pause at the end of each movement before the applause broke out, a sure sign that emotions had been aroused."

The audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra have already heard Bax's "In the Faery Hills," "November Woods" and the "Garden of Fand."

The other pieces to be heard at the concerts of this week are Liadov's symphonic picture, "From the Apocalypse," in which the Russian attempted to represent the mighty angel, thundering, roaring like a lion; Schumann's piano concerto (Myra Hess, pianist), and the overture to "Tannhauser."

The program of the Symphony concerts next week has been announced: Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboes, trumpet (edited by Mottl); Rimsky-Korsakov, "Night on Mount Triglav," act three of the opera-ballet, "Mlada," arranged in concert form; Schmitt, Psalm XLVII, for orchestra, organ, chorus and solo voice, Cecilia Society (Malcolm Lang, conductor; soprano, Nina Kochetz).

Samuel Wilenski, pianist, will play this evening in Jordan hall music by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, Sinding, Debussy, Ravel.

The Mount Holyoke College carol choir, Dr. William C. Hammond, conductor, will sing carols of all nations and periods in Jordan hall on Saturday afternoon. Dr. Hammond will play organ pieces by Frescobaldi, Lully, Bach, Guilmant.

What would Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke seminary, say to this? The Herald of the 14th told us how "in the old days applicants were expected to know how to wash potatoes, kindle a fire, repeat the multiplication table and at least two-thirds of the shorter catechism." The pupils were not expected to see any men, except "returned missionaries or agents of benevolent societies."

From our bedroom in the little village of the sixties we could see the spire of the church at South Hadley. It was currently reported by our villagers that whenever a missionary came to the Mount Holyoke seminary, the girls toed a line and the missionary took his pick, to carry her off as his bride to some far-off island in the South Seas, where he—possibly they—would be eaten by cannibals. And this story was told: There was an old song, "The King of



the Cannibal Islands," popular with college students. A sophomore from Amherst, wishing to shine at a party in our village, where waltzes were forbidden, sang: "O have you heard the news of late," in which he described the mighty potentate who dined on clergymen cold and raw, and had a nice appreciation of

"Woman pudding and baby sauce And little boy pie for a second course." In the middle of his song, a woman fainted and was carried into an adjoining room. Her father, a missionary, had been devoured by cannibals, although he was lank and lean.

The orchestra of the N. E. Conservatory, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will give a concert in Jordan hall tomorrow night. A suite by William C. Hellman.

of the Harvard University music department will be performed from manuscript for the first time. The program will also include the overture to Rossini's "Barber of Seville," two movements of Haydn's concerto, D major, for violoncello and orchestra (Harriet E. Curtis, '27, violoncellist); the first movement of Rheinberger's concerto, F major, for organ, three horns and strings (William S. Self, '26, organist); Johann Strauss's "Emperor" Waltzes, and Saint-Saens's "Marche Heroique."

Frank Ramseyer, pianist, and Aidan Redmond, baritone, will give a concert at the Statler Hotel tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, for the benefit of the Boston Tuberculosis Association.

Mr. Newman will bring his series of traveltalks to an end tomorrow evening and Saturday afternoon. The subject will be "Paris by Night; the Pyrenees and the French Alps." This series, beginning with three engrossing talks about soviet Russia, with uncensored pictures, has been of unusual interest. The final one promises to be of equal interest.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the "Messiah" in Symphony hall Sunday afternoon and Monday evening. The Handel and Haydn Society; the Boston Symphony orchestra; Mmes. Hempel and Meislie; Messrs. Arthur Hackett and Gange.

Next Monday afternoon Constance McGlinchey, pianist, will play music by Gluck-Saint-Saens, Chopin, Schumann, Busoni, Ibert, Sgambati, Strauss-Godowsky in Jordan hall.

## FLONZALEY FOUR

The Flonzaley quartet—Adolfo Betth, Alfred Pachon, Iwan d'Archembeau, Nicolas Moldavan—gave their first concert of the season last night in Jordan hall. They played Mozart's D minor quartet (K. 421), a quartet in C minor, new, by Leopold Mannes, and Dohmanzy's D flat major quartet, op. 15.

The quartet had not progressed through the first four bars before they had made it clear they stood in their finest fettle. Their tone had a beauty about it that long will haunt the ear, tone transparent and pure as crystal, yet jewel-like in its color and lustre. Their absolute balance of tone, of course, the world has taken for granted this many a year, also their finish of phrasing. For sheer beauty—the beauty resulting from exquisite sound, from melodies shaped to a turn—the performance of the quartet by Mozart stands in a place by itself, something to be at the moment adored, and ever after remembered.

But, as well as beauty, the Flonzaley quartet last night did educational work; they told their public how Mozart should be played. Their work should bear fruit, most people will agree that these players know a thing or two worth knowing as to the proper way of dealing with the classics. Mozart, say Schubert, Beethoven in his earlier days or Haydn.

Then let it be noted, pray, that the Flonzaleys did not once diminish their tone, as though belittlement were in order because a gay Viennese had come to a hearing. Far from it; they played lustily. They let not one melody slip out as though it meant just the same as the next—that same being nothing at all. They gave Mozart's melodies, on the contrary, force or grace as the case might be, also warmth and high spirits, and once, in the minuet's first theme, downright rudeness. A pretty, vapid Mozart indeed! They would have none of him. Nor would they fancy better, the guess is safe, any other classic composer of worth degraded to the likeness of a china shepherdess.

To play their Mozart thus virilely and vitally, the Flonzaley quartet made use of the incisive accentuation the man-

himself, if we may believe what we read, employed. The respected his wishes, furthermore, in regard to tempo; when he said *allegretto*, they did not crawl, at the bidding of "allegretto" they did not rush. Their feeling for rhythm would forbid them such ill-judgment. All thanks to them, for the object lesson they gave the world last night.

They did as well by the Mannes quartet, so well, indeed, the audience applauded the finale heartily. To a listener hearing the work for the first time the first part of the *andante* seemed its most interesting portion; a grave beauty suffused it, a beauty of almost religious suggestion, music, different though it be, of the spirit of Palestrina.

If the opening *allegro* is more than a skillful juggling of two themes—the first a slight rhythmic pattern, the other an arbitrary collection of notes, not to be recalled once sounded—what is it, pray?

By a certain piquancy of rhythm the scherzo made an effect, and the finale surely pleased; it had at least a rousing close, well calculated to please. Please the whole quartet did by its sound. If only its composer had ideas worthy of his learning! R. R. G.

## IRVIN SCHENKMAN

Irvin Schenkman, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. His program read as follows: Brahms, Sonata, F minor; Chopin, Nocturne, B major; Mazurka, A minor; Three Preludes, op. 28; Prelude, op. 45; Ballade, F Minor; Ravel, Sonatine; Debussy, *Reflets dans l'eau*, *Poissons d'or*, *L'Isle joyeuse*.

Mr. Schenkman, born in this country, having studied the piano in this country, has given recitals in New York. His last appearance there was early in this month when his program was that of yesterday.

There seems to be a run this season on Brahms's Sonata in F minor, yet it was only in 1905 that a biographer of Brahms wrote of it: "It seems not impossible that it may some day be frequently heard in the concert-room. The sonata made its way slowly after it was composed (1853). Clara Schumann ventured to play the *Andante* and *Scherzo* in public. The audiences were indifferent or frankly bored. The admirers of Brahms who believe in his plenary inspiration, have described him, the composer of this sonata, as a seer of visions, but one had the courage to add that it requires an interpreter who can decipher the vision, and hearers capable of understanding and appreciating the vision.

Whatever one may think of the sonata as music, it must be acknowledged that it is not a work for a young pianist, nor for a woman whose greatest charm lies in the tonal beauty, the poetic expression of her interpretation.

Brahms, Chopin, Ravel, Debussy. One might well ask, what is Brahms doing in that gallery? Would not Mr. Schenkman's program have been more in harmony if, instead of the Sonata by Brahms, he had played one by Mozart, or a group of pieces by French masters of the Clavocin?

One might have wished a greater command of nuances in his interpretation of the groups that followed the sonata, a greater variety of color. It is not given to every pianist, however famous he may be, to play Debussy's music with the desirable atmospheric effect.

The audience enjoyed Mr. Schenkman's playing.

One of the rules governing girls at Mt. Holyoke Seminary in early days, as reported in The Herald of last Wednesday, was this:

"No young lady shall devote more than one hour a day to miscellaneous reading. The Atlantic Monthly, Shakespeare, Scott's Works, Robinson Crusoe, and other immoral works are strictly prohibited."

The Atlantic "Immoral" in those early years when the old guard contributed, when Poe was still thought to be only a "jingle-man"?

How different the attitude of Artemus Ward when he visited Boston in the 'sixties from that of Miss Lyon and her associates.

"The Atlantic Monthly, Betsy, is a regular visitor to our western home. I like it because it has good sense. I don't print stories with pirats and honest young men into 'em, making the pirats splendid fellers and the honest young men disgreeble idiots—so that our darters very natrally prefer the pirats to the honest young idiots; but it gives us good square American literature. The chaps that write for the Atlantic, Betsy, understand their business. They can sling ink, they can. I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified and asked me if I had seen the Grate Origin."

"Immoral." This reminds us of a Boston newspaper's report of a sermon on "Companionate Union," preached by the Rev. Dr. Conrad, in which he spoke of "Bertrand Russell, with his brazen effrontery and shameless advocacy of immortality (sic)."

A contributor sends us an advertisement which may help those who are perplexed about appropriate, i.e., perfunctory Christmas gifts:

"Modern Steel Draw-Bridge for Sale." This would be handy in case of a flood.

Another suitable Christmas present for a Scot would be the book we find in the catalogue of a book seller in New York:

"437. Scottish Clams and Their Tartans."

We doubt if tartans would improve a clam chowder, still the Scots have strong stomachs; they relish haggis.

The greatest sin of smokers is their unutterable and horrible selfishness.—Prof. R. K. Sorabji.

### SKRAZILIAN BETCHAS

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling's new poem in Liberty)

I had some friends, but I dreamed that they were dead—

Who used to dance with corkscrews round a nice young man in bed. Big and little corkscrews that wavered to and fro,

But I haven't seen Old Taylor since ever so long ago.

I had some friends—their memory makes me cry—

Who used to jump and caper, when a nice young man went by.

And the ice clinked in the shaker and its frosty sides would glow;

But I haven't seen a cocktail since ever so long ago.

I had a friend—he was yellow as the corn,

He'd doff his golden crown to a nice young man forlorn;

He taught me how to smile and he made my stories go,

But I haven't seen a dry champagne since ever so long ago.

I'll get a boat—in France I will arrive, And I'll find my dreams are foolish, all my friends are still alive;

Old Taylor will be real, and the cocktails will be true;

And the champagne will be sparkling—so I'll be sparkling, too.

R. H. L.

### A NARROW ESCAPE

As the World Wags:

Boston knew nothing of its peril last Saturday night. H. L. Mencken was here, at liberty, and not under surveillance of any kind. He was apparently unarmed, although his two unidentified companions may have had bombs about their persons. Neither Watch and Ward nor the committee of book censors knew of his presence, and he passed unnoticed by the local gendarmerie.

With singular daring Mr. Mencken chose for his sally the night when the Fusiliers, plumed and scarlet-coated defenders of military tradition, held their annual ball, and with staggering bravado chose as his domicile the Copple Plaza, which was for the evening the bailiwick of Boston's stalwart veteran forces.

In a lobby brilliantly studded with resplendent uniforms and gleaming swords the dark knight of Baltimore sat quietly and gazed at the passing throng. He was there at 8:30, and at 9. No general alarm was given out. He was there at 10, and at 11. At about 1 he rose and slipped into a waiting elevator. The week-end passed without incident. The danger is over. Now it can be told.

H. F. M.

### FOR YOUNG AUGUSTUS

As the World Wags:

If a bootlegger is traveling in his automobile at the rate of 40 miles an hour and if a hi-jacker is following a half-mile in the rear at 30 miles an hour, at what speed must the hi-jacker proceed to overtake the bootlegger in five minutes?

C. W. T.

This is only one of the problems in the new Arithmetic that should be introduced in our public schools.—Ed.

### COLOR BLIND

As the World Wags:

I've been all worked into a glow over this system of traffic lights, trying to get the meanings of the red and the green. The other evening I drove right on through the red same as if I'd been way out in the country somewhere. A shrill whistle blew a blast. I stopped short, and the nicest policeman came up to the side of the family gig and said: "Pardon me for delaying you, sir, but might I call your attention to the fact that the red means to stop?" I passed the time of day with him, spoke of the coldness of the weather, and then explained: "You see, I'm color-blind, so red looks pretty much like the

amber to me." The nice policeman almost broke down and wept. "Color-blind!" exclaimed he, almost a sob breaking in his voice, "well, isn't that terrible? I don't know when I've heard anything that's made me feel so bad as that. Here—take this!" and he reached inside his coat and gave me a card with an optometrist's name on it, also a cigar, and said: "He's my brother-in-law and he'll treat you right." Then we chatted a moment about the new Ford, the show at the Colonial, wished each other a merry Christmas, etc., and after asking me to come and have supper with him some night and meet the wife and kiddies, he waved me a very friendly goodbye. JAZBO.

G. W. B. wishes to know the exact height of Napoleon; also the height of Josephine. Will someone give the measurements in feet and inches?

Any competent journalist will tell you that he can make any man famous with a bicycle pump and one or two facts.—Philip Guedella.

For A. M. M., who asked the question. "Wild Neil, the Pet of the Plains, or Her Final Sacrifice" may be found in the book of games and stunts entitled "Ice Breakers." It is compiled by a Miss Gelsner. Whether she is the author of that thrilling 'movie,' I cannot say. R. P. K.

## SAMUEL WILENSKI

Samuel Wilenski, pianist, played his program last night in Jordan hall: Theme and Variations, C minor, Beethoven; Prelude, A minor (from English Suite), Bach; Sonata, D major, Mozart; Des Abends, Schumann; Impromptu, A flat, Nocturne, B major; Etude, Opus 10, No. 12, Chopin; Impromptu, E flat, Schubert; Prelude, G minor, Rachmaninoff; Humoresque, Tchaikowsky; Jeux d'Eau, Ravel.

Mr. Wilenski has put much time and thought, we may safely assume, to acquiring a fine technique. He has not been at his pains in vain. Firm, even scales he has at his command, scales as well that ripple softly, such as he displayed in the Schubert Impromptu. Chords he manages dexterously, and with power; he need not stand aghast

at any sort of arpeggio passage, or feel fear of broken chords. He knows how to make a melody sing; he understands the production of excellent tone, be it soft or loud. Mr. Wilenski has equipped himself with a technique extremely good.

Now, the question arises, what sort of a musical nature is this thoroughly capable mechanism destined to serve? The question is easier to ask than to answer. Either, last night, he was ill, or else Mr. Wilenski belongs to that class of pianists who mistake heedlessness for abandon, indifference for repose. His Bach and Beethoven would lead a listener to suspect—and to feel, all sympathy for—a devastating case of stage fright. But the Chopin Impromptu? Surely no attack of nerves, ever drove pianist to a tempo like that. Mr. Wilenski essayed.

Let us all admit ourselves baffled. When Mr. Wilenski plays again we can judge better if his way last night was unusual with him or usual. Something about his intelligent reading of the little Mozart sonata, especially the second part of the slow movement, something, too, despite its scampering grace, about the Schubert Impromptu, would lead one to guess that Mr. Wilenski did not play all his pieces last night quite as he had planned them. R. R. G.

The Herald has received this pathetic poem:

### THE HICKORY TREE

It hurt her so to be spoken cross to. Her soul was so warm and true But she went about her work with a will While her thoughts were sad and blue

Her spirit was crushed and her heart was sore But that not any one knew For her firm lips never a word would tell

But to him she loved was true. She waited and prayed for his safe return

But ne'er a word did she hear And at midnight on a dark stormy night She learned that her death was near

A child was born to this maiden so fair As her soul passed on to God They buried her by the Hickory tree And under the cold damp sod.

But when midnight comes you can see her form Watching and waiting so true For her lover 'neath the Hickory tree Her lover that was untrue.

Edgewood, R. I. ANN WILLIAMS.



## THE "GRATE ORIGIN"

o, the editors of the Atlantic Monthly did not ask Artemus Ward when he had on them if he had seen the "Grate Origin," as was stated in The Herald of 16. They asked him if he had seen "Grate Origin."

his was the organ built by Walcker of Ludwigsburg for the Boston hall. It was installed in that hall in the summer of 1863. The Handel and Society took part in the "Grand Inauguration" on Nov. 28 of that year. There was such local pride in this instrument—which proved to be a disappointment—that many jokes were cracked about it in the newspapers of other cities. Bostonians were represented as thinking of nothing else. Artemus in his letter from Boston took advantage of this local rejoicing. He went to Lexington. "My Boosom hove with my emotions. And this," I said to an who was drivin a yoke of oxen, is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and their Blud. Classic ground!" Wall, the man said, 'it's good for the beans and potatoes, but as regards the wheat, 'taint worth a dam. But you seen the Grate Origin?'"

## TRADE "VICES"

nd printers in Boston ever take snuff from the nose the lead and any dust of the types? We read that Edinburgh, at one time a great printing centre, the use of snuff was the printers' trade vice. As consumption prevalent among printers it was thought that snuff was a foe to "the snuffing microbe as well as a clean dust from the nose."

ses? We prefer the loud-sounding form, as in Christopher Marlowe's efficient lines:

horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,  
blow the morning from their nostrils."

ndon printers as late as the seven-look snuff, some in great quantities, using it loose in a waistcoat pocket. A usual resting place for the snuff when not in use was on the lower of the upper case." A little horn was sometimes used.

merican printers, no doubt, preferred to in another form. Walt Whitman he type for the first edition of his "Leaves of Grass" and wrote knowingly:

four printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case,  
turns his quid of tobacco while his eyes blur with the manuscript."

ides had, and probably have, their J. G. wrote to the Observer of last month: "Girls chew dry work. Field worker women chew and split peas while at work in the field. Domestic maids used to drink beer, and so on. As regard the field workers many used to suffer from ulcer of the stomach and anaemia, possibly due to their 'vice'; on the other hand, it has been found to satisfy a 'craving,' as the vinegar drinkers, due to their 'vice'."

doubt because my laziness had me the habit of putting off my work from day to day till tomorrow, I had to myself that it could be the end with death.—Marcel Proust.

see the statement in a letter written by E. S. Johnson, now in France. Vermont was originally colonized than 300 years ago "by genuine Frenchmen, from his most Catholic country's dominion of New France. We are still many country districts where French has been the language in family through many generations, where the English imposed by the United States government is kept in for school and business."

ll Mr. (or Mrs. or Miss) Johnson name the towns and villages in Vermont where French is the common language, not of the descendants of the "French-Canadian millers," but of the descendants of the "Frenchmen"; where the harsh United States government has imposed English on these oppressed Frenchmen?

am getting to an age when I can enjoy the last sport left. It is "hunting for your spectacles."—Mont Grey.

## HOLIDAY JOYS

(For Asks the World Ways.)  
les blink through frosted window panes,  
as chime with sneezing in the snow sacrifice of pretty trees is made, its, stiff and bloody, little woodland babes,  
head-down round the barrel tops time of peace and love to all is here Yule log gleams upon the hearth, anything which is burning gas—the synthetic age, viz—silk and gin plexions, teeth, and curls of Chink pigtailed,  
lovely curves which are tied or with tape.

You can't tell what is real, and what is false.

Queer squawking toys are sold along the curbs.

A month of frenzied shopping crowds, Ends in a day of saccharine good-will, A day of Africa savage feasts

With lethal pudding, crammed with plums.

Foreboding, black but holly-decked, The casualty list begins to grow

"Quick, Auntie, the doctor! Grandma cannot breathe!"

The radio starts but no one hears a note—

Little Bobby tries to uproot Kitten's tail. He is his mother's truly angel child,

His father longs to lay him on his knees, And hand him an old-fashioned rub-a-dub.

His grandpapa was hung out West in '33—

Mistaking some one else's horses for his own.

The minister tells Bob of Santa's sleigh He sniffs and says "Why don't he buy a Ford?"

The Big Show has its tragic side— A garret child, awaking in the cold,

And finding not the prayed for doll, Would sober down most any scribbling fool.

Boston. JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## Bax's E Flat Minor Played for the First Time by Orchestra

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Liadov, "From the Apocalypse," symphonic picture; Bax, symphony in E flat minor (first time at these concerts); Schumann, piano concerto (Myra Hess, pianist); Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Liadov, good man, attempted to portray in tones a vision seen by John on Patmos, lonely isle: The vision of a mighty angel, clothed with a cloud, a rainbow on his head with face like the sun, setting his right foot on the sea, his left foot on the earth, crying with a voice as when a lion roareth. Seven thunders answered his cry.

The Russian's attempt reminds us of a drama written by "Jake" Fisher, a reporter on the staff of the N. Y. Herald in times of yore and in years gone by. The title of this play was "The Last Judgment." Fisher said his drama was of a spectacular, thrilling nature, requiring a great cast. "I sent it to a manager in San Francisco, for I knew him," he told his colleague, Harry Macdonald, "and do you know, the beggar says he can't produce it. He wrote that he could have a company for me, but his stage wasn't big enough for the last act."

The symphony by Bax was played here for the first time by the visiting Cleveland orchestra early in 1926. The Boston Symphony orchestra has performed his symphonic poems "In the Fairy Hills," "November Woods" and "The Garden of Fand," all works that belong to the Neo-Celtic movement in the arts, for though Bax was born in London, he is of Irish stock. In these tone-poems he showed a delicate, fancy, imagination; his technical ability was never displayed in a pedantic way; his orchestration, full of color, was eloquent; these works, with all their excellent qualities, were rather diffuse. There were pages that disappointed, because, as Mr. Cecil Gray puts it, one expected so much.

In this symphony he has left the Irish hills behind him, forgotten the tunes of fairy pipers—though there is a vague suggestion of one in the middle of the first movement; he has lost sight of the Island of Fand; the woods in which he once found inspiration are now naked except for the icy coating of the boughs.

He was always a serious composer in his more important works, but never so persistently serious as in this symphony. He was wont to search for beauty. In the symphony beauty is austere, the beauty of Egdon Heath, of the amphitheatre at Truro on the cape. Never bidding for popularity, he now seems, and defiantly, to despise it.

In his own analysis of the symphony he dwells on the idea of strife expressed in the first movement. In almost every symphony from the time of Beethoven, there is a strong contrast between the heroic first theme and the lyric second, each desirous of triumph. His own chief themes, he calls them motives, are not so impressive as to speak with arresting authority, while the development is not so continuous—there are puzzling interruptions with violent outburst of brass and drums—as to be easily followed by an audience.

The second movement, with its mystical, sombre spirit, is the most striking portion of a work which, however enigmatical it may be in certain respects, is not without interesting ideas and un-

usual, skilful expression of them. This is the movement that reminds one the most vividly of Bax, the seer of visions, the dreamer of dreams. The finale is in his later manner. Does one wish that in future he would be again in fairyland, or does this symphony give the promise of greater works to come, works of universal, not insular, perhaps limited significance? For Bax is to be reckoned with as a composer. We do not believe that he has left his inspiration in the hills haunted by spirits benignant, mischievous or evil.

Miss Hess was heard yesterday in music that one gladly associates with her peculiar talent. She gave a poetic interpretation of Schumann's concerto, for which Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra provided so beautiful an accompaniment that the audience realized the sympathy and rhythmic perfection, the entrancing euphony and, after Miss Hess had left the platform—she was recalled several times insisted that leader and players should acknowledge the applause that was justly due them. A stirring performance of Wagner's overture brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week's concerts will take place on Thursday evening and on Friday afternoon; the regular Saturday night concert coming on Thursday evening. The program will be as follows: Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet (Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet, Mager); Mendelssohn, "Italian" symphony. Florent Schmitt, Psalm XLVII for orchestra, organ, chorus (the Cecilia, prepared by Malcolm Lang) and solo voice (Nina Koshetz).

## COLORED MOVIES OF FOLIES BERGERE

Mr. Newman gave the last of his remarkable series of traveltalks in Symphony hall last evening. It is not surprising to learn that this series broke the record of all travelogues and traveltalks ever given in this hall in the matter of attendance. It might also be said that the series surpassed in interest all the others, including Mr. Newman's.

The subject of the last one was "Paris by Night; the Pyrenices; the French Alps." It would be hard to say which part of the program was the more engrossing, the first with its views of Biarritz, Pau, Luchon, the picturesque Basque country with scenes in the life of this strange, proud, primitive people of mysterious origin, the stupendous gorges of the Tarn and Daluis, the great French Alps, the Mer de Glace, or the Parisian views in the second part with moving pictures of a revue at the Folies Bergere.

Mr. Newman in order to picture on the screen this long revue was obliged to have special performances for photography. He then succeeded in having the films colored by the one woman in Paris capable of doing the work. As is known to many, the film is the size of a postage stamp. That this artist succeeded in reproducing the gorgeous colors of the costumes worn in the revue—when costumes were worn—and of the novel stage settings seems incredible, but these moving pictures are a proof of her amazing skill. Mr. Newman, having conceived the idea of bringing this pictured revue before his audiences, had the patience, the means and the courage to carry out the idea. Others will in time imitate him, no doubt; but he is the first and to him will remain the honor.

So varied, so vivid, so beautiful are these pictures, that the attention of the great audience was riveted for nearly 40 minutes, seeing a moving picture without music, without the development of an exciting story. There were the Parisian stars of revue, dances and tableaux of all descriptions. Josephine Baker, who looked and danced as if she were fresh from the African jungle, sensual but not seductive, though she has long been the rage in Paris. Add to the glittering stage settings, the show of young and handsome women, the feats of the artistic directors inventing original and animated scenes, as the descent of the sword of Damocles.

And so this travel talk, in which the glories of nature, glimpses of country and social life were contrasted with the artistic frivolity of the City of Light, was the fitting climax to an engrossing series; in some respects unique—as in the pictures and description of soviet Russia, and in the Parisian Revue.

There will be a repetition this afternoon. P. H.

## MAE MURRAY IS HERE IN PERSON

Movie Star Appearing on Metropolitan Stage

Mae Murray is at the Metropolitan Theatre in person this week. Most of Boston is interested in seeing Miss Murray, so we were wafled to the top of the theatre where the cupids sit around the rosey roof and gazed down upon her dressed as all the rural acreage of this ample land would have Miss Murray dress, in black velvet and diamonds.

Mae Murray was a dancer and a very delightful one before she was lured to the silver screen to act. It doesn't seem so long ago that her joyous heels were starting the dust from between the cracks at the Amsterdam Theatre in the Follies. In those days Miss Murray danced—well—like a zephyr. Now—Miss Murray lifts her thanks in a blond voice. Are the movies introspective or prospective?

The Frank Cambria production in which Miss Murray steps is better than usual. Joseph Griffith and Virginia Johnson are able singers. The Felecia Sorel girls are beautifully trained and costumed and the spirit of the dance is captured by Born and Lawrence in spite of their lead title as "Two Rookies from the Awkward Squad."

The Metropolitan being primarily a film theatre, one finally comes to the film. "Wild Geese" is an adaptation of Martha Ostenso's prize novel of a season or so ago with plenty of meat for the camera to get its teeth into and a hateful figure in Caleb Gare to delight the producers.

Needless to say they did not overlook any chances to make him a mean man. Simon Legree was an exponent of the milk of human kindness in comparison to the screen Caleb Gare, and Russell Simpson did a convincing piece of work in rousing the audience to applause when he finally sank beneath the surface of a mire.

Amelia Gare was strenuously played by Belle Bennet. Sometimes she made her a believable character, distraught, unhappy, and carrying a load too heavy for human endurance. At other times she was over-directed, losing the fineness of her work, making it harsh. The average was a creditable performance of a difficult role.

But—Eve Southern, with her limpid eyes, her ropes of blond, but not too-blond hair, and her marvelous physique was a joy, a fairly new joy to screen circles. For 10 years Miss Southern has been in Hollywood doing insignificant things. When one sees her now one wonders if all the movie makers are blind. Here role in the present picture is Judith Gare, a very fortunate choice of part and player.

The men do well enough. Wesley Barry. Austen Jewel and Raida Rae, are superlative as the junior Gares, and Anita Stewart comes back to the screen looking as young as ever and making some of the rest of us feel 15 years less old, or as we did "before the war." C. M. D.

## MT. HOLYOKE CHOIR

The Mt. Holyoke College carol choir, William Churchill Hammond, conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall of Christmas carols. They drew a very large audience, every seat being sold. The program, generously inclusive, drew from the carol stores of France, Austria, Germany, Russia, Bohemia, Franconia, Alsace; from Bach, from the 13th century, the 14th and the 15th, from one composer, John J. Bishop, of today, with "O Come, All Ye Faithful," for a close. Mr. Hammond, to add variety, played organ pieces by Frescobaldi, Bach, Lulli and Guilman.

These young women, exceedingly well trained, did careful work yesterday. They made their entrances with the nicest precision; neatly they brought their phrases to an end. They had manifestly given thought to the shaping of their melodies; with their enunciation they took pains. Because of Mr. Hammond's definite scheme of dynamics, too, they were able to sing their songs with a considerable variation of light and shade; if their altos were numerically stronger, of course, they would make use of the increased richness of sound to add a wider range of color to their tone.

Though it is scarcely possible to sing, at a carol concert, music that is not a carol, would not this choir be wise, another time, to plan a concert that should include music other than carols? One sombre note, or one strain of forthright hilarity, would have been of value yesterday toward relieving a certain strain of monotony that made itself felt before the end of the second group. The spirit of carols, be they of the 13th century or of the 20th, come they from Franconia or from these United States, must needs be much the same. R. R. G.



Peggy Wood has written an entertaining little book entitled "A Splendid Gypsy: John Drew," a book of only 64 pages, but one showing her appreciation of the "great actor, fine friend, gallant gentleman," shown not in a fulsome or sentimental manner. The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co.

Taking her title from the words of Sir William Gower characterizing the great Kean as "a splendid gypsy," Miss Wood does not pretend to write the life of Drew; she records incidents of his last tour in this country and calls her book "a log of 'Mr. Drew's Company.'" Many along the line of the coast-to-coast tour of "Trelawney of the Wells," wished to know how old Mrs. Whiffen was, what Mr. Drew was like "close to," so in self-defense the answers were written out where all could read.

When Miss Wood took Pauline Lord's place as Imogen Parrot in the revival of "Trelawney of the Wells," for the proposed tour of six weeks, Mrs. Whiffen was 82; Drew was 73 years old. She, joining the company with trepidation, at once found that somehow it was his company, not because he assumed extra authority, but because of "an indefinable something which drew to itself homage, admiration, humility—the recognition of greatness." She had always in mind a remark once made by William Sampson: "A lot of people consider John Drew mostly as a sartorial delight and tell you they'd rather see him draw on a glove than any other actor play Hamlet. Let me tell you, my lady, you get on the stage with him and see how much more there is to it than drawing on a glove."

On the stage with him at last she wondered at his effortless, vibrant voice, "bitingly clear even to the last row in the house"; the timing that made his points. She enjoyed his running fire of sotto voce comment through the play, mostly caustic, on the weather, the audience, the town, his fellow artists, "Whether or not Lawrence D'Orsay would get a hand on his first speech." The D'Orsays traveled with a canary bird. Their arrival at a station caused a flurry. "It took then the form of a procession: first came a red cap staggering under many English kit bags, then Mrs. D'Orsay with the bird, and about 10 feet back of her Mr. D'Orsay with a bouquet of flowers."

Effie Shannon told Miss Wood that she used to play poker on long jumps with Mrs. Whiffen and Daniel Frohman; long after she'd be worn out, Mrs. Whiffen would still be going strong. Frohman refused to play for money, so they played far into the night for coffee beans. John Kellard, on the "Trelawney" tour, played bridge, "short on rules, perhaps, but long on memory."

At Washington, D. C., Mr. Coolidge, seeing the comedy, upset all traditions—he laughed and applauded. Drew saw him the next day and was greeted with these words: "Well, Mr. Drew, I never expected to see you again."

As is well known, Drew, always a true artist, disliked making curtain speeches. When an audience at last badgered him into one, he would form a variant of "The sum and substance of it all would be from my colleagues and myself simply—we thank you."

Before the play he would take tea and toast—after the play whatever he liked, steak, lobster, chicken, anything. On this tour he read Ludwig's "William Hohenzollern," which he swapped with Miss Wood for Ludwig's "Napoleon," New York newspapers, all the magazines, especially the American Mercury. "And five years ago his sight had been despaired of."

Mrs. Whiffen never missed a cue, never fumbled a line. Kellard said of her one night: "It makes you feel there is something after all, in right living and doing your job well. There's Mrs. Whiffen; she never was a star in her life; she's always played old ladies—played them well, too—but with not much acknowledgment; yet here she is at the end of her life receiving more acclaim than ever, and loved as never before."

(By the way, the elderly gentleman at Mt. Vernon who told her he had seen her "debut" as Buttercup in December, 1879, was unconsciously gallant. She was seen for the first time in New York at Wood's Museum in Offenbach's "Mariage aux Lanternes" in 1868. In 1879 she did take the part of Buttercup as the "elderly gentleman" remarked.)

In Springfield, Ill., two newspaper girls boarded the private car and asked Wilton Lackaye: "To what do you attribute the extraordinary success of this company?" He told them they should ask Mr. Drew. "We did, but he seemed to be in a hurry. Do tell us." At last, most reluctantly, Lackaye said: "Well, I'll tell you. It's Mrs. Whiffen's sex appeal."

It was Lackaye who described the "all-star aggregation" as "The Old Folk's Concert Company." Frieda Inescourt heard in a hotel elevator two women talking about the play, which they had enjoyed. One of them said: "Isn't it terrible? None of these wonderful actors can get a job, and they had to get up this company for them, to give them work!"

Kruger kept falling off chairs, bouncing bread off his head, kidding pomposity, "although we all knew how ill he was, sometimes in too much pain to talk to us backstage, and facing a siege at the hospital on his return."

The company could not escape bores, among them autograph collectors. One woman told them she had 450 autographs, including seven Presidents, and had shaken hands with them all. Once in the supper scene a bit of bread bounced off the stage into the lap of a man sitting in front of the spotlights. Lackaye said aloud, wearily: "Tell him to send it around and we'll autograph it."

Southern Baptists were in convention at Louisville. One reverend gentleman accosted Drew in the hotel lobby, saying he had read about him, seen his pictures, just wished to shake his hand. "I'm here with the Southern Baptists, you know."

"Indeed," said Drew, "Is Elmer Gantry here?"  
"I don't know, Mr. Drew, but I'll try to find him for you."

At Victoria J. M. Kerrigan, always looking in the newspapers for second-hand book shops, found two copies of a Conrad first edition for 30 cents apiece. Rollo Peters hunted for antiques.

The story of Drew's illness is told simply. Heggie, who had insisted that Drew was the only man to play the role, when Tyler was planning the revival, replaced him. When the news of Drew's death came, the property man had before that pronounced a heartfelt eulogy: "I been wit' them all, and I tell you John Drew's got class. There's a real guy."

Miss Wood tells her story well. She surprises those who know the women of the stage, opera, or concert hall—she says very little about herself.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Has the great controversy over "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" completely died? Your dear Vicar has never heard the song. To what tune was it set? Often we hear earnest street-corner evangelists singing sacred songs to very bawdy airs. There was a topical air, "Iola," popular with the Sallies, and another sacred song was sung to Cohan's "Love Nest" tune.

The forbidding of "Beautiful Isle" was rather a shock. Your dear Vicar had supposed that overelaborateness was the sin in question. He recalls the story of Bishop Ullathorne, who after hearing a choir sing "genitum non factum" for the ninth time, rose in his place and chanted, "Factum, vel non factum, Dominus vobiscum."

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

To the Editor of The Herald:

We must admit that Mascagni, who composed "Cavaleria Rusticana," is a brave of the bravest. He dared to say in Berlin the other day that "the youth of today really know nothing of classical music," and declared that "music must be tune and not noise." If Richard Wagner was a Theosophist (there is no hint that he was) when he has passed his period of karma, and is reincarnated, there may be a bitter dispute. As one who lived in New York City many years and had the privilege of listening to most of the choice operas in the old Academy of Music and the more recent Metropolitan Opera House, I could assume to be a musical critic and express myself of some of Wagnerian production, especially two or three that rank with the "Goetterdaemmerung," but I refrain from all controversy. Those who have heard some of the thunderings of the semi-profanic opera (as pronounced), can imagine what I have in mind. It now comes to my mind that I once heard a great (so-called) contralto—I'll call her Imogene—sing "Sleep, Sweetly Sleep." She aroused a great many of the audience, myself included, to a wakefulness that continued all through the night.

H. E. R.

## A NEW ORCHESTRA

### Unfamiliar Music to Be Played by a Small, Select Body

The first concert of the Chamber Orchestra of Boston will take place in Jordan hall, next Tuesday evening. The members of this orchestra are from the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and are as follows: Gaston Elcus, concertmaster; Boris Kreinin, Paul Cherkassky, Einar Hansen, Paul Fedorovsky, violins; George Fourel, viola; Alfred Zighera, violoncello; Alois Vondrak, double bass.

George Bladet, flute; Jean Devergie, oboe; Edmond Allegra, clarinet; R. Allard, bassoon; W. Valkenier, horn; Gustave Perret, trumpet; Joannes Rochut, trombone; Jacob Raichman, percussion.

Nicholas Slonimsky, conductor; Clifford Kemp, pianist.

Some of the composers to be represented on Tuesday are unknown to the concertgoers of this city. Michael Esposito is not one of them, though his name is not too familiar. Born near Naples in 1855, he lived in Paris for some years after 1878, but in 1882 became chief piano teacher in Dublin at the Royal Irish Academy of Music. He established an orchestral society, and conducted it until 1914; he conducted other concerts and gave recitals. Among his works are his "Irish" symphony, his cantata, "Deirdre," two one-act operas, a piano concerto, chamber music. His violoncello sonata gained the prize offered by La Societe Nouvelle of Paris. His orchestration of Scarlatti's Prelude, Siciliana and Pastorale will be heard here for the first time, according to Mr. Slonimsky, as will the arrangement of the excerpt from Bach's cantata.

The ballet music from "Alcina" (1735)—the subject of the opera is taken from "Orlando Furioso"—consists of the Entry of the Pleasant Thoughts, The Entry of the Unpleasant Thoughts, The Entry of the Frightened Pleasant Thoughts, and the Fight between the Pleasant and the Unpleasant. The opera was well received in London. Handel conducted every performance. Whittaker's arrangement is made from Handel's score, with certain wind instruments added. Mr. Whittaker, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1876, studied under various teachers the piano, organ, singing (Santley was one of his instructors), and theory. As a conductor, he gave a Bach Festival of three days in London in 1922. He has written choruses and songs, also a piano quintet which received the Carnegie award. Being in sympathy with contemporary French music, he shows modern harmonizations in his piano pieces; in his original vocal works, "modern choralism." He is the author of "Notes on Bach's Cantatas and Motets." The article on Bach in "The Heritage of Music" (1927) is by him. In it he insists that Bach was not an unvoiced writer, yet he admits that some of the arias test the patience of the hearer unwisely; that some of Bach's singers must have had exceptional capacity.

Gebhard's "Divertissement" was written in June, July and August of 1927; the first movement at his farm in Norfolk, and the second movement while the composer was sojourning on Bailey's island, Casco Bay, Me. "The composer felt the atmosphere of both places keenly while at work, so there may be a little flavor of the country-side in the first movement, and some of the sea in the second movement. The piece is scored for piano, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone, percussion and strings. Th



iano has an important solo part. The first movement commences in a quiet, idyllic mood, rises toward an emotional climax toward the end, and from there subsiding back into tranquillity. The second movement is fast, rousing and breezy in character. It ends brilliantly." The composer has dedicated the piece to "his friend and teacher," Clayton Johns.

Robin Milford, born at Oxford, Eng., in 1903, is apparently unknown to the compilers of the latest musical encyclopedias. He began his studies when he was at Rugby. Among his teachers at the Royal Academy of Music, London, were Vaughan Williams and Holst. Among his compositions are an opera for children, "The Shoemaker," a Suite for chamber orchestra, a Suite for oboe and strings, double fugue for orchestra, organ pieces and songs.

This Suite is described as a modern interpretation of an old idea. "The interpolation of the 2-4 time in the Minuet, curiously enough, does not disrupt the continuity of the sanctified form. Rhythms are varied freely while the harmonies never wander beyond the boundaries of the chosen tonality."

The program says that the performance on Tuesday will be the first. Is this Suite the one composed in 1925 and performed on Nov. 24 of this year?

Otto Straub lives and teaches in Boston. His "Revolte," in its present form, was written especially for the Boston Chamber orchestra. "It was composed originally for violin and piano, but its sharp rhythms and pathetic accents, in fact the whole texture seemed to call for an instrument of more sonorities and contrasts. The chamber orchestra was the ideal medium, for the piece as recast reveals still the adherence to chamber music in the individualistic and contrapuntal treatment of the instruments; yet in its massive effects it is orchestral. The piano is mostly used as a percussion instrument. The harmonic scheme is neither atonal nor polytonal. The harmonies are composed of intervals augmented or diminished successively by half-tones. The fact that our old harmonies, based on thirds, fit into that system makes it all the more interesting."

Lazare Saminsky's "Lament of Rachel" and "The Wedding Feast" from the ballet "The Lament of Rachel," were played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on March 3, 1922. Born at Odessa in 1883, Saminsky now lives in New York. A pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and other Russian teachers, he has composed orchestral pieces—three symphonies—an opera, incidental music for plays, choral works. His "Litanies of Women," five songs for soprano with chamber orchestra were composed in 1925 for voice accompanied by an ensemble of instruments including two violins, viola, violoncello, two flutes, clarinet (interchangeable with the bass clarinet), horn, piano (interchangeable with celesta), campanelli, tam-tam, cymbals and small cymbals. The texts were written by Alice Hunt, Lillian Morgan, Saminsky, Sophie Doubnova, Olga Ehrhardt and Tatiana Lurie.

Frank Martin, a Swiss composer, was born at Geneva in 1890. He studied composition with Joseph Lauber of that city. He has written a cantata, "Les Dithyrambes," orchestral suites, a violin sonata, a piano quintet, a "Pavane couleur du temps" for strings, and many songs. "His Fox Trot is an attempt to introduce syncopated rhythms into the concert hall. He dispenses with percussion in his score, thus eliminating all external paraphernalia of this much abused form. Its musical value is enhanced by the same token. The Fox Trot was composed in 1925 for Julian Sazonova's Marionette Theatre in Paris. The present arrangement is made especially for the Chamber orchestra of Boston."

"The main purpose of the Chamber orchestra of Boston is to further the development of an instrumental ensemble forming an intermediate link between chamber music and compositions for full orchestra. The increase of interest in orchestra of small dimensions is partly due to economic reasons, coincidentally with a decided return of the masters of today to the older and purer forms in music. It has been said that the noisy era in music is at an end, Strauss, Stravinsky and Varese having severally and variously produced the last word in the music of the Brobdingnagians. The composer of today is in search of Simplicity Lost.

P. H.

#### CHARLES STREET

(For As the World Wags)

"different shapes and sizes huddled people waiting for an omnibus, tinkling motors, tumultuous trucks and the Italian fruit man's apple cart ve on beneath your windows, voracious cats constant visitors, whether baritone or soprano accompanied by the neighbor's radio in silent companions in comparison. V. W. C.

Readers of Jean Jacques Brousson's satire France in Slippers" either in French or in the expurgated translation into English, will welcome, no doubt, his "Itinerary from Paris to Buenos Ayres" in hope of finding more scandalous stories about this secretary's employer. Brousson writes about France in a manner to make one think that had been forced to leave the service of the writer; or he took France seriously when he was only joking in a belabored manner.

It will be remembered that France was invited to Buenos Aires to give a series of lectures. Amusing stories about adventures on the steamship and in the city were told before Brousson took flight in representing his master as a le satyr.

Admirers of the novelist, essayist, poet, how much was done for him as a writer by Mme. de Caillavet; France is accused of having saddened her last years by neglect and attitude. Brousson tells this story in latest book, but one should note that Mme. de Caillavet disliked, in fact hated the secretary, who now records what she said about her on the voyage. He can now admit since we are sail-towards another hemisphere, that

everytime I was desirous of jumping over the wale, of dodging service, I sent to myself, a special, a telegram signed with your name. It was about Joan of Arc. You asked me to meet you at a distant book shop, some imaginary library. You were anxious to show me one important document about the Virgin of Domremy. That nearly always worked. I called a cab and went to see maidens who were not of Orleans. You cannot imagine the hatred that madame nourishes in her heart for the Maid and you."

✦ ✦ ✦

On the way to Buenos Aires a dinner was given to France at Lisbon. The leading man of the theatre company that was going to the Argentine arose at dessert and spoke, without an invitation, as follows:

"We shall never forget Barcelona. Barcelona, your name is engraved on our hearts and our memory. Returning to France we shall say to our countrymen, Barcelona loves us, and they will be proud."

The tragedian emptied his glass and sat down. The guests were naturally stupefied. They forgot that the French are not famous for their knowledge of geography. But Anatole France, in an ironical manner, came near saving the day. Complimenting the actor, he said: "Your praise of Barcelona was most ingenious, most apropos, for I have heard it said by those who have visited Barcelona that it strongly resembles Lisbon."

Albert Silverman has been putting Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the Untrodden Ways" into prose for the readers of the New York World.

#### THE BUS TALKERS

"Remember Lucy Gray?"  
"Billy Wordsworth's girl, you mean?"  
"Yes. Well, she died."

"Gee, that's too bad. She was a queer girl, though, wasn't she? Lived all by herself, and all. People didn't take to her much."

"Billy did. He was stuck on Lucy all right. He told me Lucy's death may not have meant much to other people, but that it certainly made a great difference to him."

Mr. Silverman then gives the story as told on the witne; stand and in "Business English" ending with the version for the

#### KEITH CIRCUIT

I knew a girl and she lived way down South in a one-horse Tennessee town. Lucy was her name and she lived all alone.

Just like a violet by a mossy stone. I said a mossy stone. Nobody loved her, nobody praised her, But me and the dear old mammy who raised her.

She was fair as a star and a dozen times as pretty As the Misses Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Now she's in her grave and I'm sad and gloomy,

For I'll tell the cockeyed world it made a big diff to me.

As the World Wags:

Every now and then we forgive the New Yorker for everything. Here's a new Coolidge story (a new one, mind you) they're sponsoring that tickles us immensely. It seems that Mr. Coolidge was visiting the estate of the Du Pont family in Delaware. During the afternoon he was taken through the immense greenhouses, rich in a thousand varieties of exotic growth. But let them tell it: "He walked in silence through the aisles of rare orchids, strange fruits, and colorful blooms, as the chief gardener pointed out fragile and flaring wonders. It was not until the end of the tour that the party reached a room where grew certain familiar fruit-bearing tropical plants. The President stopped short, looked on them with evident interest, and spoke for the first and only time that afternoon. 'Bananas,' he said."

R. H. L.

#### RUBES AT SEA

As the World Wags:

I quote from a letter of Mr. Henry E. Rhoades in The Herald's "Mail Bag" recently on the subject of Naval Terms.

"Vasco da Gama in the 15th century was forced to enlist lads from the farms and vineyards of Portugal, fellows ignorant of the meanings of the terms 'starboard' and 'port', and to avoid misunderstandings, secured a bundle of garlic on one side and a string of onions on the other. And then instead of 'hard-a-starboard' or 'hard-a-port' the commands were 'garlic your helm' or 'onions your helm.'"

With this introduction I shall now, following the example of Mr. Wegg of melodious memory, though without extra charge, drop into poetry:

In days of yore  
We who on shore  
Were very safely harbored,  
Land-lubbers true  
But dimly knew

A vessel's "port" from "starboard."

Josephus D.  
Of our Navee,

Who sat, but ne'er got, tight,  
Knew not the "starboard"

From the "larboard"

So he said "left" and "right."

Vasco da Gama's  
Old wind jammers

Were manned by country rונים.

He says "by heck  
"When you're on deck

"You guys must know your onions."

Cambridge. NOAH SARK.

As the World Wags:  
As to the revival of Mount Holyoke Seminary traditions, I suppose you know that in the Sixties the young women there were trained to translate the Seminary's motto as: "Not to be ministered but ministers' wives."

YOUR LITTLE VILLAGE

## 'MESSIAH' SANG AT PENSION CONCERT

For this year's Pension Fund concert Mr. Koussevitsky gave yesterday afternoon, in Symphony hall, a performance of Handel's "Messiah," his orchestra co-operating with the Handel and Haydn Society. Frieda Hempel sang the soprano solos, Kathryn Meisle those for alto, Arthur Hackett the tenor, Fraser Gange the bass. The organist was William Burbank. A very large audience sat in attendance.

The occasion was one to stir interest. A pension concert in itself is always something; whatever Mr. Koussevitsky undertakes cannot fail to rivet attention; yesterday's concert, furthermore, was the first in which the Handel and Haydn Society has sung since its new

conductor, Thompson Stone, has been at work.

Mr. Stone has done some admirable work. In the short time at his disposal he has transformed that body of singers into a well-balanced chorus, with all four parts able to hold their own. He has seen to it that they can offer a full body of tone, when called for, that never once turns hard or shrill; a carrying soft tone he has also developed. The notable precision of this chorus, its capable technique, Mr. Stone has not allowed to suffer; he has, if anything added to it. So let us congratulate the ancient society on securing the services of a drill master who knows how to drill, a musician who knows what should be done and how, and a choral conductor who has an understanding of the human voice. We have a right to look for something excellent in the future.

Yesterday, of course, technique aside, was Mr. Koussevitsky's day. A reader, perhaps, of the redoubtable Runciman, Mr. Koussevitsky, at all events, had evidently put his foot down that his own performance of the "Messiah" should be lifted out of the stodgy dullness against which that eminent critic railed so vehemently. Anyone, knowing Mr. Koussevitsky's work, would expect as much.

He had a definite plan in his mind for attaining his end. Some music—not so much as might have been looked for—he heard very slow, like the opening movement marked "grave," and the last bar of two or three airs. Other numbers he fancied faster than usual, so fast, in the case of "The Glory of the Lord" that the music's exultant stride broke into a scamper. "Lift Up Your Heads" suffered likewise a loss of splendor from its suggestion of briskness, and the rapidity with which "His Yoke Is Easy" was sung made anything more than neatness impossible.

More at home, no doubt, with an orchestra than with a chorus, Mr. Koussevitsky quite naturally relied less on his singers for his effects than on his players. Set on sharpness of accent, he secured it frequently from loud beating of the kettledrum more usual with Prokofieff than with Handel: brasses

perhaps for brilliancy's sake, he suffered to blow very loud. Then, since balance must be preserved, he urged on the strings till too often the first violins lost quality. Quality the chorus did not lose, but their proper place in the ensemble they could scarcely fill. Fineness of phrasing, furthermore, was often lacking from the orchestra in this performance where vigor was chiefly stressed.

His best results Mr. Koussevitsky gained in the pastoral symphony—for once it sounded really pastoral—and in a highly successful rhythmic effect in the "Hallelujah."

Each of the soloists had something good to offer, Miss Hempel a superior sense of style, Miss Meisle a dramatic force that made "He Was Despised" more interesting than usual, Mrs. Gange a fine voice and very competent vocalization. If only the difficulties of a genuinely fine "Messiah" performance, from everybody concerned, were not so great!

R. R. G.

### People's Orchestra Program in Jordan Hall

The People's Symphony orchestra gave the fifth of the season's concerts yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The following program was played: "Pre aux Clercs," Herold; "Kamarinskaja," Glinka; Concerto for Piano in G minor, Mendelssohn; Symphony No. 4, Tschalkowsky. The concert was conducted by Mr. William F. Hoffmann, and Miss Ruth Webb was the pianist for the concerto.

The opening number "Pre aux Clercs" is a bright and cheerful overture, even though it is not as masterful, nor by any means as enduring, as the same composer's overture to "Zampa." The orchestra played with per-

cision and opened the concert with assurance of better things to come. And so they did. After Glinka's "Fantasy" came the G minor concerto by Mendelssohn. This concerto was composed in 1831, and played in Munich that same year by the composer. The G minor has stood the test of time better than the D minor—its companion and only other piano concerto by Mendelssohn. It is written in the traditional three movement form, the first movement leading to the second without pause. Although there were unusual departures made in this concerto, they only add to the interest and unity of it, and make one feel the truth that Mendelssohn was a master of form. Miss Webb played the piano part with fine musical feeling. There was a freshness and lightness to her touch that added to the smoothness of the concerto as a whole, and made up at least partially for the lack of power that would have added much



to the effectiveness of her playing. Her slight body could have furnished it. This was particularly true in her chord playing and also in defining the melody of the last movement, which lies among rapid groupings of notes, much of the time. For one so young, Miss Webb handled the concerto admirably, and gave distinct pleasure to her

audience, and certainly gives promise of greater things if she will persevere in forcing more power into her playing, for otherwise her technique is clear, her taste refined, and her general musicianship excellent. Tchaikowsky's fourth Symphony closed the concert.

A. H. D.

### ONLY A BOOTLEGGERS DAUGHTER

She was only a bootlegger's daughter,  
But she sure could deliver the goods,  
For her cunning old pater had taught her  
Every revenue man in the woods.

So well had he taught her, his daughter,  
To distinguish the chaff from the wheat,  
That she always would stop when she oughter  
To chaff with the wheat in the street.

She swung a delectable garter,  
And the snouters all let her slip by  
To deliver a jag to some martyr  
Who lived in a ward that was dry.

E. LESLIE SPAULDING.

One should begin the day by reading a poem; verses that will sustain and encourage the worker on the farm, in the factory or in the office. Having thus fulfilled our duty to the readers of this column, we'll talk about a book about books.

But what a beautiful line is that first one: "She was only a bootlegger's daughter." Composers will rush to write music for it, but it's music itself. The simplicity of it! Wordsworth might have written it, for there were smugglers of fire water in his day and generation. There should be a "Volstead Anthology"; as there is "The Boy's Own Book" and "The Pirate's Own Book" so there should be "The Bootlegger's Own Book," also "The Bootlegger's Who's Who," in which records of previous jail service, encounters with hi-jackers should be accurately noted. A list of prominent patrons and patronesses with their addresses would be an agreeable appendix.

Perhaps some day Mr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, or a successor, will bid extravagantly for first editions of these books, as yet unwritten. What a royal price will Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast," bring in the auction room! (We had hoped to see the first volume before Christmas, but the printer, a grossly commercial person, is still hard-hearted.)

To a lover of books give for a Christmas or any day, Fourth of July, April Fools, or March 24th present, "Books and Bidders" by Mr. Rosenbach. Little, Brown & Co. publish it for the Atlantic Monthly Press. There are about 80 full-page illustrations. Mr. Rosenbach, as collector, a purchaser for others, the buyer of a Gutenberg Bible at a cost of more than \$100,000, is known to thousands who do not search after first editions or haunt auction rooms. It is not so generally known—but the jacket of this book provides the information—that the good Doctor never wears jewelry. He can point to his books, as Cornelia, the Roman matron, to her sons, and proudly say: "There's my jewels." We also are told that wherever he dines, at the table of the rich or in a humble restaurant, he insists on dressing—"fatiguing" as our French neighbors say—the salad; his butler buys his hats and shoes; when the Doctor is not attending a sale or looking at his books—perhaps, unlike other collectors, reading them—he goes a-fishing when the omens are propitious.

If there is pleasure in reading, some have found as great pleasure if not more, in writing and reading about books, from the time of Thomas Frognall Dibden of the "Bibliographical Decameron." Isaac Disraeli, and Gabriel Peignot of the "Manuel du Bibliophile," "Dictionnaire raisonne de Bibliologie," "Dictionnaire des Livres Condamnes au feu" and other works, to the recent writings of Messrs. Newton, Orcutt and Rosenbach. Mr. Rosenbach gives to his handsomely printed and fascinating volume the sub-title "The Adventures of a Bibliophile." He describes his adventures from his boyhood days with the gusto of Mr. Tomlinson relating his adventures on the sea and in the jungle. He talks of old Bibles, literary forgeries, books published in this country for children, why Americans buy England's books, maps and charts, pamphlets and

folios, the best bet for a collector. He thinks Americana is the best bet; he tells of maniacal but belated collectors.

"The most ordinary, sane and prosaic type of business man will suddenly appear at your door, a searching look in his eye, a suppressed tone of excitement in his voice. Like the Ancient Mariner, he takes hold of you to tell his story—for he has suddenly discovered book collecting. And if it happens to be at the end of a very long day, you feel like the Wedding Guest figuratively beating your breast the while you listen. . . . If he is wealthy, he already may be surfeited with luxuries of one sort or another; but here is something akin to the friendship of a charming and secretive woman. He takes no risk of becoming satiated; there is no possibility of being bored; always some new experience or unexpected discovery may be lurking just around the corner of a bookshelf." And apropos of bookshelves Mr. Rosenbach then goes on to talk about "A Million Dollar" shelf.

A glance at the full index of this book will show that there is curious information in the preceding pages for those who do not have collecting in their blood. Years ago in France small books, easily handled, were in favor. Diane de Poitiers was one of the first cabinet collectors. "The beloved of Henry II, she would doubtless be forgotten by collectors today, if she had not, like Cardinal Wolsey, loved her books more than her king. When she became a widow, Diane immediately stamped her volumes with a laurel springing from a tomb, with the motto, 'I live alone in grief.' But when she began her friendship with Henry she suppressed both the tomb and the legend."

Now Pierre Bayle, discussing Clement Marot, quotes a letter sent to Catherine de Medicis shortly after the death of Henry, in which the writer calls poor Diane all sorts of abominable names, but says nothing about her taste in books and bindings. One would infer from this letter that she had no time for collecting, let alone reading her treasures; time only for collecting lovers.

And so one might quote at random from Mr. Rosenbach's pages and find some entertaining story and anecdote, some shrewd comment, valuable advice to those who, with a slender purse, would purchase wisely. Mr. Rosenbach shows how rare books follow the flow of gold. A century ago England was the great offender in raiding European collections. Today it is the United States. He regrets that enormous sums are spent on library buildings, but nothing on the volumes. "Books, not edifices, make libraries. . . . Buildings pass; they soon become obsolete. Books alone are everlasting." He speaks of the volumes turned out regularly by candidates for the Ph.D. degree. "I would do almost anything rather than be compelled to read most of them." College professors and great scholars in forming a collection generally make "a sad mess of it."

We are not of those who would sell their soul for a first edition; yet it is pleasant to look at a shelf and see a set of first editions of Herman Melville's romances, including that extraordinary novel, "Pierre," "Piazza Tales" and "The Confidence Man," or to hold in one's hand the original "Drum Taps" of Walt Whitman. The word "collector" is sometimes synonymous with "thief," i. e. "borrower." In more than one set of Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night" the 10th volume containing the Terminus Essay is missing. "I'll return it to you next week." "Books that I have lent" would be a good subject for a pathetic essay.

### Constance McGlinchey Proves Herself Sound Musician

Constance McGlinchey, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall: Caprice—sur les airs de ballet d'Alceste, Gluck-Saint Saens; Sonata op. 58, Chopin; Kreisleriana, Schumann; Alcove of Turandot, Busoni; Nenia, Sgambati; The Little White Donkey, Ibert; Mephisto Waltz, Liszt.

Miss McGlinchey, a sound musician, and a pianist of excellent technique, would play more interestingly than she played the main part of yesterday's program if only she could bring herself to trust more confidently to Schumann, Chopin and the rest. Here is a case to prove the point.

On perhaps the second page of Schumann's first little piece there comes a songful episode that must be played quietly to produce its effect, quietly and with beautiful tone, all elegantly phrased. Delightfully Miss McGlinchey played this passage, in every respect precisely as it ought to be played—precisely, furthermore, so her musical taste and intelligence must have told her, as Schumann had it in mind. She trusted Schumann.

Why, then, could not Miss McGlinchey trust Schumann to know what he wanted in the brilliant contrasting passage that followed, a passage that should

sweep up the piano louder and louder, and, quite like, faster and quicker to the very end? It is inconceivable that Schumann heard that ascending roll uttered on a level—and so Miss McGlinchey must know.

She plays too continuously on a level—for a level it is she likes; not the dead level, indeed, that proceeds from over-repose, but rather the uneasy flatness resulting from too constant agitation. Chopin's second theme, for instance, in the sonata's first movement, was surely never meant to be played "agitato." If it be so played, what becomes of the contrast which is the very soul of the sonata form? There are places, too, in that first movement, which tolerate no emotional overweight at all; playful they are, no more. Certain technical passages there are, brushed in partly for display, which go for nothing unless they go with a rush, a rhythmic quickening, a dazzle of color, a veritable blaze.

Miss McGlinchey, so intelligent is she, must recognize that Schumann and Chopin, both masters of their instrument, as well as composers of imagination, seldom or never wrote just notes; their notes carry meaning. This meaning Miss McGlinchey must discover, if she would do her talent full justice.

R. R. G.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE.** Keith-Albee Players in "Mam'zelle," a farce in comedy sensation with vaudeville acts

The cast:

Toinette	Clara Joel
The Great Fleur de Lyse	Clara Joel
Mrs. Louise Tupper	Mary Hill
Mary	Flora Maud Gade
T. Tupper	John Winthrop
Lionel Leslie	Walter Gilbert
Bob Pritchard	Day Manson
Col. Biram Poster	Frank Charlton
Francois	Charles Schofield
Toppley	Malcolm Arthur
A Woman	Betty Ann White

Like "Rosalie," the last act was just beginning at 11 o'clock, so perhaps the point to the entire performance came a few moments after a hurried departure. The pathos of the farce might be attributed to the fact that this is gala week for the St. James company, this, the first anniversary of their taking up their abode in the heart of Boston and in the weekly schedule of many Bostonians. Being a birthday performance, we hazard a guess that the company put their heads together and said, "Let's give them an evening which is entirely different." That they certainly did!

The whole pot-pourri concerns a milliner's assistant—a regular Irene Bordoni part, without the genuine Bordoni accent—who has aspirations to the stage and who is willing to participate in a scheme in order to realize these ambitions. If she can make a doddering, old, but married, man fall in love with her; if she can seem to play up to his overtures, she is to be blessed with a bounteous dowry for her approaching marriage with a near lawyer, and a chance to appear in a vaudeville act. So the thing evolves, the old man falls in love with her; his wife is made to see what a sweet old thing he really is and so one of life's minor tragedies is averted.

All this, though weak in plot is well enough and mildly amusing because of the variety of the stock company, but the vaudeville acts which were imported for the occasion and which contributed nothing to the play, were mostly inexcusable. Here again, we make exception to Edith Spear. Her voice is sweet and her personality is radiating and genuine. Exception is also made to the singing of Mrs. Mansfield. Her voice is deep, true and pleasant.

The thoroughly informal hokum which was spread on thickly gave the regular patrons, acquainted with the cast, a most amusing time. A sincere wish, however, is that when the second anniversary for these people is celebrated, they take something particularly popular from their preceding repertoire and product that. F. B. B.

### CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

**COLONIAL**—"Rosalie." Ziegfeld's new musical comedy, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. Third week.

**SHUBERT**—"My Maryland," operetta based on Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Fritchie," with Olga Cook and others. Fourth week.

**WILBUR**—"Peggy Ann," musical comedy, starring Helen Ford and featuring Lulu McConnell. Third week.

**COPLEY**—"The Ghost Train." Mr. Clive revives popular mystery play of last season. Second week.

**REPERTORY**—"Charley's Aunt," perennial comedy favorite, acted

by Mr. Jewett's company. Second week.

### "2 ARABIAN KNIGHTS" AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Louis Wolheim, William Boyd and Mary Astor in Cast

Two American soldiers and an Arab girl are the principals in "Two Arabian Knights," post-war comedy-drama showing this week at Loew's Orpheum Theatre.

The story is concerned with the highly amusing experiences of a rich, young private and a hard-boiled first sergeant, fated to be buddies throughout a series of hilarious adventures, though they had been natural enemies.

William Boyd and Louis Wolheim give excellent portrayals as doughboys, and Mary Astor makes a charming Arab girl who causes most of the trouble.

### STARK LOVE GIVEN

"Stark Love," a film drama written and directed by Karl Brown and presented at the Modern and Beacon theatres by Paramount with the following cast:

Barbara Allen	Forest James
Rob Warwick	Silas Miracle
Jason Warwick	Reb Grahan
Quill Allen	

Anything original is refreshing. Anything away from the beaten track is interesting and not so liable to be covered with dust. This is especially true of film entertainment. The dust may be only that of mediocrity and sameness, but it clogs the pores of many film appetites nevertheless.

An original film is, therefore, more than welcome on more counts than one and "Stark Love" is original. It has the Smokey mountains of North Carolina for a background where few "furriners" have penetrated and only one camera—so far. The people who actually live in the mountains are the players, ably directed by Karl Brown and he has also woven a sincere, dramatic and plausible story. He shows them in their primitive homes and does not soften or blur it. At times the meat he throws for our cinematic consumption is strong, but there is no doubt in one's mind that it is honest.

Mr. Brown has taken two representative families. They are both cluttered with many children, but from this multitudinous brood steps Barbara from the Allens and Rob from the Warwicks. They are young, handsome and—ambitious, an uncommon quality in the mountain people. Rob has learned to read, and he passes on to Barbara some of the 18th century ideas on chivalry he has come across. This, of course, is upsetting where the present man is king of his domain. He sits before the fire with his male children while the feminine members of the household do the work in the house, in the fields and on the wood-pile. It is almost a perfect life for the king, but Warwick is dethroned and left a mere helpless male when the insidious poison of "book larin'" works in the blood of Barbara and his son, Rob. They upset the practical—if not legal—customs of their families and float and walk to lower and more learned climes.

There is a father and son encounter when the former brings the efficient Barbara to his wifeless home to take charge. Here is a display of fisticuffs that does not repel one, because it is not overdone and seems the natural course of events. Even a burning gun that one is well aware is going to explode, does so without charging the scene with unreality.

The acting could not be different or better than it is for this species of drama. The mountain people are a type. They give the impression of silence, perhaps the mountains in which they have lived for generations have contributed this characteristic. It is doubtful whether the cleverest studio players could have made this picture. Mr. Brown has won his place in the cinema hall of fame. He admits that he should have more than a medal for all he went through getting it.

Wishing to satisfy the lighter side of some of their patrons, the management of the twin theatres has added another picture to their program, Clara Bow in "Get Your Man."

### 'HARVESTER' SHOWN AT TWO THEATRES

Again a Gene Stratton-Porter story has been transferred to the screen. "The Harvester," directed by Leo McCahan, son-in-law of Mrs. Porter, is now playing at the Washington-St. Olympia and Fenway theatres. Cast, director



and cameramen have combined to produce a photoplay which tells a tender love story against a background of unusual beauty, the famous Limberlost Cabin estate in Indiana. In the title role of the "Harvester," Orville Caldwell, a strapping young giant with a most engaging personality delivers a performance of the first rank. Caldwell gained prominence by his playing of the role of the Knight in Morris Gest's "The Miracle," Natalie Kingston, in the feminine lead, is fast becoming a talented actress. Jack Hunt, of "Lightning" fame, Will R. Walling, Fanny Midgely, Edward Hearn and others stand out as a fine example of intelligent casting.

## "WINGS" THRILLING FILM OF AIR WAR

"Wings" a film drama concerned with the aeronautics of the late war, story by John Monk Saunders, directed by William A. Wellman and presented at the Tremont Theatre by Paramount with the following cast:

Mary Preston	Clara Bow
John Powell	Charles Rogers
David Armstrong	Richard Arlen
Robert White	Gary Cooper
Sylvia Lewis	Jobyna Ralston
Patrick O'Brien	El Brende
Mr. Armstrong	Henry Walthall
Mrs. Armstrong	Julia Swayne Gordon

Coming directly from the screen where airplanes have been flashing, where angry-eyed men ride their floatin steeds as easily as a rocking chair on to have them suddenly start for the earth like heedless comets leaving trail of smoke and fire behind, one wonders if the camera has accomplished its greatest moment. One wonders if there is anything else on the earth or in the depths of the sea as photographically dramatic as these huge beetles controlled by human hands and doing battle with other beetles above and through the clouds.

The producers of "Wings" centered the war about two middle-western boys and fought it with their airplanes respectively and respectfully. This was probably necessary in order to have a story. The picture would have been a glorified newsreel otherwise, but, even without the love interest the flying is capable of taking the breath and heart out of one, turning it upside down and putting it back in place a little warmer for the thrills.

The picture starts in the ordinary way before the war. There are two girls for the two boys but both love the same girl in the manner of mice and men. The regular formula of tom-boy getting the worst of the deal until the last reel is followed out with all of the heart throbs and glycerine tears necessary. But, anything can be forgiven for the scenes that follow.

The battle of St. Mihiel is put on the screen during the play. Various flying squadrons are shown and a bombing trip is especially graphic. It is immense and cleverly done.

Charles Rogers is not the finished player that he will be some day, perhaps, but his enthusiasm carries him far. Richard Arlen is splendid. The character parts are good and Gary Cooper in a bit as the unfortunate Cadet White is very clever. Henry Walthall fills the screen, as he always does when he is on it, and makes the father of David Armstrong a character to be remembered as one of the most important in the play. Is it not strange that this can be accomplished by one man with only a few minutes to work, while others have larger parts and leave nothing positive to mull over? Mulling is one of the nice things about entertainment—it lasts for so long a time and "Wings" is splendid material for mulling. One will probably go dashing through the clouds for months without being able to help it or come to earth.

C. M. D.

## "SILK STOCKINGS" AT KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON

Laura La Plante Stars in Domestic Comedy

Laura La Plante's famous comedy flair was never better evidenced than in her portrayal of the young bride in "Silk Stockings," which is shown at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre this week.

This is a comedy which skits along the border of tragedy but never touches it, and hence, it is superbly funny. The story is logical and concerns the troubles of a newly married couple, their little spats and their decision to air their differences in a divorce court.

John Harron is ideally cast as the young husband. He is young and full of the fire of youth and unsophisticated. The supporting cast is admirably

chosen. His Hallan as the attorney for both parties, is extremely ludicrous. The court sequence is about the funniest bit of work that has been seen on the screen for a long while.

The vaudeville bill is headed by "Yesterthoughts," a musical display of the days of long ago. Gen. Pisano shows remarkable skill as a marksman. Jim and Betty Page do a hokum skit. Clara Howard sings a few of the modern songs in an original way. The Pathe News, Topics and Fables; an educational feature, "Pieces of China," and a comedy entitled "Capt. Kidd's Kittens" complete this program.

## "IN OLD KENTUCKY"

"In Old Kentucky," racing melodrama which was given its first Boston showing at Loew's State Theatre yesterday, sees the return of Wesley Barry, who has been out of pictures during the last two years.

James Murray, a newcomer to the screen, carries the difficult male lead with the ease of a veteran. He has personality, good looks and ability.

Helene Costello proves her beauty and acting ability as the featured feminine player, while Wesley Barry is the jockey and plays an important part in the story.

The picture, based on an original screen play by A. P. Younger, is said to have been suggested by the Daze play. It resembles that old favorite of the speaking stage, yet it is far better from an entertainment standpoint, because it has been modernized, and the characters move in our own times.

On the stage are presented the Yale collegians, student synopators, Don Lydon and Thelma Farman and Bert Darrell.

## TOM MIX FEATURE AT SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA

Has Leadnig Role in "Tumbling River," a Western

Tom Mix sets the nerves atingle in his latest western "Tumbling River" which opened yesterday at the Scollay Square Olympia theatre. It is an exciting story of the desert.

Dorothy Dwan plays the leading feminine role and Wallace McDonald is the villain. Ed Peil, Sr., and Jim Barton also have prominent parts. In passing it might be well to note that "Tumbling River" marks the 72nd production for Mix under one studio.

## JOE FRISCO, "LOW-BROW," IS KEITH ATTRACTION

Margaret Severn and Neal Sisters Also Make Hit

Joe Frisco, "low-brow" and proud of bids for top honors on the B. F. Keith's bill this week against Margaret Severn and the three Neal sisters, who are "high-brows," and make you like it. Joe labels himself the "international humorist and dancing comedian," and lists as his partners his cigar and baby. He tells the audience that the Frisco dance is his invention. He demonstrates how he did it.

Miss Severn dances delightfully. The Neal sisters play and sing. Other acts on the bill are: Al Gordon's dogs, Ewing Eaton, ex-luminary of the musical comedy stage; Mason and Keller, comedy dramatists; Miss Rene Dietrich, temporarily soloing at the piano; Flo Lewis and Sam Coslow, eccentric giggle makers; and Burt Shephard, the "whip crack." "Topics of the Day" and "Aesop's Fables" on the screen open the show. The News precedes the final curtain.

The Symphony concert of Saturday will be given this week and next week on Thursday night. The Friday afternoon concerts will not be transferred.

The program of the concert Thursday night of this week comprises Bach's concerto for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet; Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, and Florent Schmitt's "Psalm 46" (47 in the King James version). The Psalm is composed for solo voice, chorus, organ and orchestra. The chorus on this occasion will be the Cecilia, which has been prepared by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. The solo singer will be Nina Koshetz.

The Psalm will be performed for the first time at a Symphony concert. The Cecilia brought it out when Arthur Mees was its conductor. Marie Sundelius sang the soprano solo. This was the first performance in the United States. The work calls for a large orchestra

and capable singers. Florent Schmitt, born in 1870, was awarded the grand prix de Rome. The Psalm was composed in that city, and with other works was the fourth "enrol." (Recipients of the prize are required to send compositions to Paris at stated times.)

Schmitt is not unknown to audiences of the Symphony concerts. His "Tragedy of Salome" has been performed at least twice, and his "Music for the Open Air" and "Reves" have been heard. We believe his name first appeared on a program in Boston when that admirable English pianist, Winifred Christie, now Mrs. Emmanuel Moor, played "The Passing Bell." His "Viennese Rhapsody" was brought out at one of Mrs. R. J. Hall's orchestral concerts; his "Songs for Four Voices" were first heard here at a Sunday orchestral concert at the Boston Opera House when the opera singers were accompanied by two pianists—one of them, Mr. Straram, has been for some seasons conducting orchestral concerts in Paris; his "Lied and Scherzo" for double quintet of wind instruments, one a solo horn, was performed at a Longy Club concert; his Polish and Viennese Rhapsodies for two pianos were played by Messrs. De Voto and Mason at a Ceciliaian concert; his "Chant de Guerre," we believe, has been heard here, also his piano quintet.

One of his latest compositions is music for a film representation of Flaubert's "Salammbô." Neither one of his suites from the incidental music for a French version of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" has been heard here, though other American cities have been more fortunate. Nor has the Symphonic Etude, "The Haunted Palace," been played here, although it is over 20 years old and is reckoned among his best works.

According to all reports, Schmitt is personally a singular character. Brusque, even rude, a "ferociously" solitary person, he has been called "The Wild Boar of Ardennes." Let us hope that at the coming concert no one will spell "boar" differently.

Though he was born in Lorraine, he is of Alsatian parentage. His father was a musician, especially interested in music of the church, violently opposed to Wagner. The boy's teachers at Nancy were Henri Hess and Gustave Sandre; at the Paris Conservatory, Dubois, Lavignac, Massenet, G. Faure. After his military service, he took the prix de Rome. He traveled, after he left Rome, in Germany and Austria, Turkey and North Africa. In 1914 he was called to the French colors; after the war he was appointed director of the Lyons Conservatory. It is said that as a director, he shirked responsibility, preferring to spend most of his time in Paris, gruff, impatient at Lyons toward his pupils.

Nina Koshetz, who will sing the solo music in the Psalm this week, was heard in Boston at a Symphony concert on March 3, 1922, when her selections were an air from Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Bride of the Tsar," Prokofieff's "Song Without Words" and Parasha's Reverie and Dance from Moussorgsky's "The Fair of Sorotchinsk."

She was born at Moscow. Her father was a tenor in the Imperial Opera of that city. At the age of 4 she began to study the piano, and at 9 she gave a recital. When she was 11 she entered the Moscow Conservatory to study with Saffonov and Igoumenev. When she was 18, she took vocal lessons of Masetti, and studied composition with Taneiev. At Paris she was coached by Fella Litvenne. Her first engagement in opera was at Moscow, where her repertoire included Russian, Italian and French operas. She appeared as a "guest" at the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). After the upheaval, she escaped from Russia and came to the United States.

She sang for the first time in the United States at a lecture recital of the Schola Cantorum at the house of Mrs. Vincent Astor in New York, on Dec. 16, 1920. In 1921 she sang at a concert of the Schola Cantorum songs by Russian composers, and at a recital in that year songs by Handel, Mozart, Lalo, Brahms, Debussy, Scriabin, Barlow, Bibb and Prokofieff. On Dec. 30, 1921, in Chicago, as a member of the Chicago Opera company, she "created" the role of Fata Morgana, the witch, in Prokofieff's opera, "The Love for Three Oranges" (sung in French), and took that role when the opera was performed at the Manhattan Opera House in New York on Feb. 14, 1922.

The program for the Symphony concerts next week, Thursday night and Friday afternoon, will be, as now announced, as follows: Brahms, Symphony, E minor, No. 4; Tansman, Piano Concerto (first performance); Mr. Tansman, pianist); Tchaikovsky, "Romeo and Juliet."

The excellent English Singers will give the Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony hall on Jan. 1. The advance programs show them seated at a table,

displaying well-kept teeth while they lift up their voices in song, as if they had been engaged by an enterprising manufacturer of tooth paste for the purpose of advertisement. Thus they share the lot of debutantes and brides as portrayed in the newspapers of American cities.

## BOSTON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA HEARD

The Chamber Orchestra of Boston, Nicolas Slonimsky, conductor, gave last night its initial concert in Jordan hall. This was the program: Domenico Scarlatti, three pieces, arranged by Michele Esposito; Bach, Wachtet Auf, arranged by Michele Esposito; Handel, ballet scene from "Alcina," arranged by W. G. Whittaker; Gebhard, divertissement for piano and chamber orchestra; Robin Milford, suite for Chamber orchestra; Otto Straub, "Revolte"; Saminsky, litanies of women; Frank Martin, Chamber fox trot.

The history of this orchestra, so far as it has any history to date, has been fully rehearsed in the papers. Since its aims as well have been fully set forth, it may answer just now to sum them up in Mr. Slonimsky's own words: "It has been said that the noisy era in music is at an end. The composer of today is in search of simplicity lost."

Heaven grant Mr. Slonimsky is right! To aid, at all events, this composer of today, Mr. Slonimsky has organized his orchestra of 17 men, with Gaston Elins, as concert master, at their head. To prove, furthermore, his good faith, every line of music he performed last night was performed for the first time in Boston.

May it not be that, in his zeal, Mr. Slonimsky offered too much of a very good thing? There are those, of course, who cannot hear too much of the ancients. Vast numbers of them, though, there can scarcely be—and most of them must hear, at pious recitals, Scarlatti's Pastoral fairly often, in its more engaging form.

Others there are keenly interested in all forms of modern music. They like to hear how genteel a piece of music a refined composer can make of a fox trot—Mr. Martin, by the way, made something very pleasant. They find aesthetic delight in songs with words that are chiefly words set out in a melodic line so unvoiced that scarcely a singer under the sun could sing them freely, with unction—the greater the praise to Miss Gertrude Ehrhardt, therefore, for doing so well with Mr. Slonimsky's curious compositions.

Many people are eager to hear what a sound musician like Mr. Gebhard will do with music in a modern way; pleased they were to find how well he knew how to make his instruments sound, how neatly he adorned his straightforward melodies with the harmonic devices of the day; how interestingly he experimented with rhythm, with what ingenuity he contrived the surprises now a musical necessity. Admirably he played his piano part, with a firmness, an energy, a sonority, that gave the evening a certain stoutness of texture it did not always enjoy.

Some folk enjoy, to go on, bright little pieces like those Mr. Milford wrote. And when a resident composer like Mr. Straub essays dramatic work, his fellow musicians naturally wish to hear it; for music frankly expressive rather than beautiful, program notes would surely have proved a help to the proper understanding of Mr. Straub's piece.

Of all last night's pieces, from Scarlatti's to Mr. Martin's, all well worth hearing, each one drew a certain number, quite like, to Jordan hall. A very fine audience, at all events, sat in attendance, a fairly large one too. But, to put the question roundly, was there much offered to appeal to the general public, the public of non-specialists—the public, after all, that makes concerts possible.

Let the ancients, by all means, be heard, such of their music especially, as gains by being heard in a small hall. Let the moderns, too, have their opportunity. Moderation, though, should be the rule; the general public should be considered. Too much of a good thing—that has been the ruin of many a promising movement in many an art. Pray let Mr. Slonimsky be prudent and not spoil a good thing by giving too much.

For last night he proved that, at his best, he can conduct an orchestra extremely well, with due regard for color, balance, rhythm, his music's force. Do let him be prudent!

R. R. G.



In years gone by composers of operas were not, as a rule, particular about the character of a libretto, nor did they hesitate to take one that had already served a fellow-laborer in the operatic vineyard. Metastasio, the poet, who was also musical, wrote many librettos; some of them were used over 30 times by as many composers.

Composers of later years grew more and more careful in the choice of a dramatist. Failing to find an original subject, they bethought themselves of popular plays and novels on which to build a dramatic or poetic frame for their musical decoration. Verdi collaborated with Boito, with the result that "Othello" and "Falstaff" are among the few great operas. From Verdi's letters we know how strongly he insisted on a libretto that would inspire him: how his unerring instinct for dramatic effects led him to suggest changes, curtailments, developments, erasures in that which was offered to him.

The "Correspondence Between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, 1907-1918," published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, not only gives interesting views of the workshop in which a poet and a composer, both of indisputable talent, vied, the one with the other, in the attempt to produce operas that would have long life; these letters also throw light on the character of each one, and lead one to think that Hofmannsthal was the finer, the more conscientious artist, the one less anxious to spread sails for favoring winds to reach the port of popularity.

The erotic side of Strauss's art is revealed. Hofmannsthal had sketched a "Semiramis." Strauss looked forward to music for some amorous adventure, a "great love duet in which the lover experiences the fatal consequences of Semiramis's favors and expires forthwith." He wished a "goatish" element in "Der Rosenkavalier." (When this opera was first planned the Princess in the opening scene was in bed.) D'Annunzio intimated that he would like to write something for Strauss, who "particularly expressed his desire that the subject should be quite modern, very intimate and extremely neurotic." He wrote to Hofmannsthal that the composition of "The Joseph Legend" was not going quickly: "The chaste Joseph himself is hardly in my line, and I find it difficult to write music for a character that bores me; a God-fearing Joseph like this I find infernally hard to tackle. However, I may yet find lurking in some queer ancestral corner of my nature some pious melody that will do for our good Joseph." The librettist confessed that Joseph as Strauss described him, a "figure of chastity who must have a pious melody found for him," bored him too; he then described in eloquent words the Joseph in his mind, the shepherd lad in quest for God, whom "he summons to his aid, while the world with its dark, enervating, stifling atmosphere from which he shrinks with every fibre of his body, stretches out her arms to him, to take him captive"; and Hofmannsthal found the motive of refusal, the same motive underlying the whole of Strindberg's work—"arising from the struggle between the lofty intellectual development in the man and the hostile stupidity of the woman, always seeking to drag him down, to render him effeminate."

When "The Joseph Legend" was produced in London, Strauss wrote from that city that the ballet-pantomime had a great success, "although most of the critics abused it, and the lower sort of English women even went so far as to find it indecent." And so when "Der Rosenkavalier" was first handed to German managers, they insisted on expurgations in scenes and dialogue.

Yet Strauss declared that nothing stimulated his ambition and fertilized his creative powers so much as an adverse criticism from one whose opinion he valued. He criticized Hofmannsthal as sharply as he in turn was criticized by the librettist. From the letters it is plain that neither one thought small beer of himself.

There are many letters about the making of "Der Rosenkavalier," an opera which Boston has seen, and "Die Frau ohne Schatten," which is known here only by report. Concerning the former, Strauss reminded the librettist that the public must be made to laugh, "laugh, not smile or grin." Subjects for operas, "Semiramis," "Casanova," a ballet "Kythre," suggested by Watteau's famous picture, were discussed, as was "Das steinerne Herz." Hofmannsthal wished Strauss to write a symphonic

poem to last from 30 to 40 minutes on Orestes and the Furies. "And think of Orestes as represented by Nijinsky, the greatest mimic genius on the stage today!"

Hofmannsthal, in 1908, thought that the Viennese public was opposed to anything new; it was less interested in the play itself than in the "Why and Wherefore," and a conductor "whom they, fancying themselves connoisseurs, imagine to be a great man." Outside Reinhardt's company, no German actors could play real comedy. Moliere had never been justly treated on the German stage—"his plays have invariably been killed by the acting."

"Only those works survive which by the uniform novelty of their style at first offend, then gradually come to be accepted."

In 1916 Strauss wrote that he had always a special leaning to comedies of intrigue for music, something like Scribe's "Glass of Water." He thought of a plot laid among the diplomatic milieu of the Vienna Congress, an aristocratic female spy, "the beautiful wife of an ambassador, who becomes a traitor for love's sake and is made use of by a secret agent, or something else, really amusing, and then, on top of this, the famous sitting of the Congress, at which Napoleon's return was made known. I dare say you will say: 'Rub-bish!' Yes! but we musicians are known for our rather poor taste in matters aesthetic."

Composer and librettist had their quarrels. Each at times assumed a high and mighty air toward the other. Speaking of a failure of the "receptive faculty" in Strauss, the librettist found as an excuse a long period of domestic loneliness when Strauss's wife was away, and "the slight but constant depression resulting from your giving up cigarette smoking."

There are few references to the world war. In 1914 Strauss wrote about the "splendid deeds" of the German army, but the news was gloomy: "Our only refuge is hard work; otherwise one would fret oneself to death over the stupidity of our diplomacy and our press, the Kaiser's apologetic telegram to President Wilson, and all the indignities one has to swallow." The Kaiser had cut down the salaries of the artists; the Duchess of Meiningen had turned her orchestra into the street. French operas were performed at Frankfurt. "How can one ever hope to understand the German people, that blend of stupidity and genius, heroism and servility?" Of course we shall win, and when we have won, heaven only knows whether they won't mess everything up again!

Dr. Franz Strauss writes the preface to this uncommonly interesting book. Paul England is the translator. On page 222 "Masin" should be "Massine."

## 10TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 10th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program comprised Bach's Concerto, No. 2, F major, for violin (Mr. Burgin), flute (Mr. Laurent), oboe (Mr. Gillet) and trumpet (Mr. Mager); Mendelssohn's, "Italian" symphony; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade." Florent Schmitt's "Psalm 47" had been announced for performance. As the orchestral parts had not arrived, the performance was postponed. "Scheherazade" was substituted at so late a day that an uncorrected and abbreviated description of that Suite was hurriedly inserted in the Program Book at the printing office.

The concert was a remarkable one, even for this orchestra and its leader. It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at Mendelssohn, although radical French composers now speak of him respectfully, perhaps to irritate those who bow before certain German idols—Wagner and Brahms. No doubt Mendelssohn would have been a greater composer if he had known poverty; if the way had not been made smooth for him from his boyhood; if he had not been so smug and genteel as man and composer; if he had seen the seven stars and heard the chimes at midnight. The last movement of the "Italian" symphony is a remembrance of a Roman carnival he once saw, where, as he wrote, a young Englishwoman threw confetti at him—the shameless hussy!—"So I became quite desperate and catching the confetti, I flung them back bravely." From his portrait—especially the one by Aubrey Beardsley—it is hard to fancy this man with the large stick-pin in his ruffled shirt, the man who was shocked by Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo" undressing before the looking glass,

shocked by the rising of the nuns from their graves in "Robert the Devil," becoming "desperate." He was intolerant in his opinions, often unjust towards other composers, envious no doubt, but he wrote the overture the "Hebrides," the "Italian" symphony and the "First Walpurgis Night"; works still heard with pleasure. Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of this symphony was a miracle of fine, poetic taste, exquisite in its proportion, its treatment of detail, its choice of tempi; its understanding and appreciation of the composer's state of mind and musical purpose. The orchestra responded with the utmost sympathy and euphony to every nuance indicated by the conductor.

"Scheherazade" has been said to reek of benzoin, of all Eastern gums "strewn by swart kings when they wax amorous." One might as well say that Mendelssohn put on white kid gloves to sit down at his desk after he had washed his hands in scented soap. "Scheherazade" sums up in music the wildness, the splendor, the gorgeousness, the fascination of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." It is in music what Sir Richard Burton's eulogy of the famous tales is in prose. The performance was oriental in its sensuous luxuriousness, its glitter, its startling dramatic strokes.

Such is the versatility of Mr. Koussevitzky's musical nature that it would be hard to say from his interpretations last night whether Bach, Mendelssohn, or the Russian is dearer to him. The lively movements of the concerto were

played with rhythmic virility, in expression of the joy in living, while the middle movement had the tenderness, one might say the wistfulness, found not too often in Bach's orchestral writings. The solo players—virtuosi all.

The audience was enthusiastic. The concert will be repeated this afternoon. The program of Thursday evening and Friday afternoon is thus announced: Tchaikovsky, "Romeo and Juliet"; Tansman, second concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Tansman, pianist); Schmitt, "Psalm 47" for orchestra, organ, Chorus (The Cecilia), and solo voice (Nina Koshetz).

### EYES WHICH SEE NOT . . .

("Sacaís sos ne dicobelan calochin ne brida-quelan." Spanish Gypsy for "Eyes which see not break no heart.")

It's a long day and a far day

To the dawn you said good-by;

Straight down the dusty road you stalked,

Into the blazing sky.

(And your heart was cold as you thought ahead

To the high adventures due;

And never a look to right or left

Was paid as penance by you. . . )

Ho! Youth is hard — and swift and brave—

And easily friendships part;

And the gypsy's song (like a brazen gong)

Is: Eyes which see not break no heart. . . . GYPSY KAY. .

Grape fruit are now sold in the streets of London at 4 and 5 cents apiece. In Boston—?

"I do not think that early enthusiasts did the grape fruit much service by insisting that its flavor should be emphasized with wine and sugar."

And so there are men and women who pollute a raw oyster by plastering it with horseradish, or vexing it with pepper or some destroying sauce. And so there are tea-drinkers who insist on sugar and cream.

"Acedallus" asks if the J. Parkin Co. "Auto Repairs" are not entitled to honorable seats in our Hall of Fame.

### FROM HER SUB-CONSCIOUSNESS

As the World Wags:

The new office girl is a quiet little mouse and I had been wondering if she had enough pep to swing the job. During lunch hour when the offices were deserted I secreted myself in a nearby office to listen to her management of the switchboard.

She was typing some notes in a slow, careful hunt and pick manner in a corner of the room when the switchboard buzzed.

I picked up the receiver and heard a gruff voice say, "Can I lay that lineoleum this afternoon?" She answered in a sweet little voice that there was some mistake, giving him the correct phone number, and explaining that these were doctors' offices. A few seconds later the same voice was calling again to know if he could lay that lineoleum that afternoon. Again a patient little voice explained that he must have the wrong number.

In a short time the phone rang again, and much to my delight, the same gruff voice was asking if he could lay that lineoleum that afternoon?

I nearly dropped the receiver when a snappy retort came back, "Say fer the love o' Mike, Big Boy, if you must lay lineoleum make a nest somewhere else,

or hire yer sugar mammy to sash-weigh yuh. Gooda-by!" L. R.

### OFF THE HILL

As the World Wags:

I used to reside on ancient and honorable Beacon Hill.

I have moved away recently, and my good and gracious friends have asked me why have I left such a gentle domicile. I used to go along minding my own business so thoroughly that I was hardly known by my neighborly associates. To tell the truth, the place is so near to everything that it takes one a great deal of courage to get out. In case one should think of drowning, there is the beautiful "Charles." Then there is the comfortable hostelry on Charles street. I had almost forgotten the quaint abode of the tea rooms that burn candle lights. Sometimes the lights go out. The new addition is, the one-room apartment with bath; that was too much for me. Whenever I wanted to exasperate some of my friends I would mention the fact that I slept on the hill, and that I was some sort of exceptional person.

L. C. ODIAN.

### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Not long ago we referred to books for the young Augustus and little Arabella published in time for Christmas gifts. The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

We have a current event forum in the Brightelmstone Club. Last Monday a member (who has no children) read what you said "Do children of today like children's books? Do they want them for Christmas presents?" Oh! yes. Grandmothers and mothers spoke as fast as they could get the floor. "Little Women," "Peter Pan," "Mother Goose" all had their place in the sun. Those who spoke for boys said that boys do not care for Reld, Optic, Alger, etc.; they want stories that deal with the things of today—football, aviation, athletics, etc. One woman whose husband is a big publisher says thousands of "Little Women" are sold every year. New editions all the time.

Is this, do you suppose, because the eternal feminine is eternal and unchanging while the masculine is—well, something else?

A member who was many years a librarian tells me in a letter that libraries do not think the stories by Reld, Optic and Alger are good reading for children because they give a false idea of life and business success.

By the way, I read Capes and bought a "Moby Dick" through reading your column. I am an old lady and I love the old writers. C. W. R.

### DE GUSTIBUS

As the World Wags:

A friend of mine who not rarely has the misfortune of getting his shoes polished shortly in advance of a rain or snow storm, and who unperturbed consumes a clamless chowder, has a rare philosophical vein, which glows in company with the business end of a fragrant stogie. (There is such a thing, but not in common use.)

By chance I met him recently. It was on one of those wind-blown nights, when glass in windows rattle, and heads are bowed with eyes not in consonance with the 18th amendment to our national destruction. He was just starting on the second box of matches, in a persistent and dubious endeavor to light a fragrant stogie. (He always carries a supply.) Silently I protruded my lighter—redolent with the odor of that substance, which so many buy from hand to mouth. He sniffed—relented—then capitulated—and the vein of philosophy began to glow with the end of the stogie.

"We can always hope for the best," he remarked. "The worst happens, so we save our hopes." "Just about the time the world was expecting a new order to issue from the world war, the country began to get arid, in the minds of some imaginative persons." "We've developed a great thirst, everybody has it. Even the 'drys' are thirsting for the wets, and the 'wets' are able to slake their thirst, and among the leading popular words of our polyglot American language is the word 'still.' 'The Dry Brigade' is quiet, 'still' seeking."

His stogie having gone the way of all earthly things, he called my attention to the latest proof of his philosophy by a reference to the passing of the Adams House. "I was hoping for the best, but the worst happened," he remarked. Thus did my friend prove his brief thesis de excellentissimo more, which in the veracular signifies that he per-cussed the nail in the caputal region.

If the death warrant of Lady Nicotine is ever signed, philosophy will have to be bootlegged. J. D. RUSSELL.

West Roxbury.



## THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

(For As the World Wags)

Upon the threshold of the lonely heart,  
On Christmas eve, an angel stands;  
Melodious music, golden light  
Come with him—in his hands are gifts:  
Sweet memories and messages  
From other hearts, alone.

Upon his brow there shines a star—  
Emblem of Bethlehem,  
Emblem of hope,  
Emblem of love new-born.

Receive these gifts, O lonely heart,  
And, comforted,  
Go singing through the night  
Unto the Christmas morn!

AGNES WELCH.

## OUR BEST FRIENDS

The Fall River Master Plumbers' Association has issued a circular that makes one think better of those who have long been regarded as foes to the human race. We quote from this fear-dispelling document:

"Many ladies when it comes to talking to their plumber are a bit timid. They feel that bathtubs \* \* \* and the like are delicate subjects.

"Of course, everything that has to do with the plumbing has to do with the care of the human body, with a body's health, with a body's better living.

"Well, then, this being true, why not treat your plumber just as you do your doctor.

"You talk to your doctor about delicate subjects. It is necessary. And there is no embarrassment. Talk to your plumber in the same way.

"Plumbers and doctors are the great health agents. The plumber comes first. For it is his business to prevent many of the diseases the doctor is called upon to cure.

"If you see your plumber first—talk to him in an open and frank way—you will save many calls from the doctor."

## ARNOLD BAX, IRISH TENOR, WITH SYMPHONY CONCERT TONIGHT

(Boston Evening Transcript)

We are told that Mr. Bax disappointed the audience by not appearing last Saturday night, because he was confined to his room at his hotel and was not in good voice, although he had sprayed his throat during the day.

## As the World Wags:

Up to a few days ago I was going through the annual figuring to find where the money was coming from for Christmas presents.

Then a great light came to me in the advertisement below:

"Express Travelers' Cheques are issued in \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 denominations—bound in a small, handy wallet—and cost only 75c for each \$100." And my troubles are all over. I am going to go to the express office this afternoon and am going to spend \$150 and will be all set to buy \$200 worth of presents right off.

Yours for a Merry Christmas,  
LAWRENCE FROM LOWELL.

## THE FESTIVE SEASON

### As the World Wags:

Aunt to niece at a masquerade—Aren't you a little—er—decolletee, my dear?

Niece—Perhaps so, auntie dear; you see I'm Christmas Eve. JOSELYN.

F. S. suggests to the Journal American Medical Association  
"Alaska girl to be my wife and share my Frigidaire."

## OLD POEM REVISED

(For As the World Wags)

Give me three drinks of gin, mother,  
Only three drinks of gin;  
It will keep the little life I have  
Till the party does begin.

I am dying of aches and shakes, mother,  
Dying of aches and shakes;  
But the droning tones of saxophones  
My weary soul awakes.

Light me a cigarette, mother,  
Just one more cigarette;  
I'm as cold as a frog on an icy log,  
But I'm far from croaking yet.

A cat has nine lives, mother,  
And rarely needs but one;  
But I'd like a new life, mother,  
At the rising of every sun.

What is that honking sound, mother,  
That weird and soothing sound?  
Oh, yes, it's Jack, in his Cadillac,  
Who promised to take me 'round.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## FILIAL REGARD

(Onancock, Va., News)

NOTICE!

Mrs. Sarah Allen is seriously sick at her home in Bayly's Neck and all persons are requested by her sons to stop coming to see the big hog until she improves. They will let you know when she improves.

## JACKET LITERATURE

(Brighter outside than in)

As the World Wags:

Scene: Rainy day. Busy mother, trying to write, to son wandering aimlessly around the room: "Can't you find anything to read?"

Son: "Well, if I knew what I was reading and where I left it, I'd go and get it."

Mother blots her letter in disgust. Son chuckles gently. M. K. J. S.

## CLOTHED BUT ASHAMED

(From the New York World)

DAVENPORT, Ia.—The death of Alason Coleman, a 46-year-old machinist, whose wounded body was found in a gas-filled room of his home by his wife, was solved today by police. He tried to clean his trousers with a vacuum cleaner without removing the garments. Blood and flesh were found in the sweeper. Humiliated, he had turned on the gas.

As the World Wags:

To say that the ships of Vasco da Gama were manned by greenhorns unable to distinguish between port and starboard is something of a libel on a nation that, whatever its present estate, may lay claim to a great and glamorous maritime past.

The anecdote, moreover, is told more properly of Francisco d'Almeida, first Portuguese viceroy of India. When he went out to India in 1505, one of his vessels was filled with rustics in a state of foggy bewilderment regarding nautical terms; and it was manned with rustics because centuries of warfare against Moors and Castilians had drained Portugal almost dry of trained seamen and soldiers. Later they were forced to recruit convicts and slaves.

The Portuguese of the age of discoveries and explorations, which lasted roughly from 1415 to 1499, were a race of adventurous seamen greatly different from the later Portuguese who intermarried so freely with the subject races of their colonies in Africa, India, and South America. A contemporary Chinese critic said of them that they were like fishes, "remove them from the water and they straightway die."

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

As the World Wags:

We took the paper to the breakfast table and read all about the Chicago woman who killed her husband because he didn't eat the meal she had cooked for him. "How do you like the biscuits?" said Shelby suddenly. "I—the most delicious things we have ever tasted," said we hurriedly, and we ate 12.

R. H. L.

## '2 FLAMING YOUTHS'

"Two Flaming Youths" a film comedy with W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre this week.

Some film prospectors have to salt their comedy mines in order to fool themselves and anyone else who happens to be around but the streaks of glittering, gleaming golden comedy in "Two Flaming Youths" are the real thing. Field and Conklin are funsters who can impress pessimists singly and together—they can make film critics laugh.

W. C. Fields plays a circus and "con" man in a gay checked vest and a debonaire manner while Chester Conklin is a brave village sheriff once again.

The daughter of the circus man is pretty Mary Brian, who longs for a home that won't fold up at night, longs so steadfastly and tearfully when she does find herself within four walls and a roof that her father decides to get her a hotel—for good measure—even if he has to marry the widow who owns it.

The sheriff also loves the widow and it is a case of the best man winning. In and out of the side-show with Conklin and Fields doing whatever they have to do in a manner all their own and in a way that teases one's humor and tangles the heartstrings at the same time. This then, is the heights of comedy—not altogether the adult brand, but good enough to satisfy our silly sides.

Fields and Conklin share honors equally. It is hard to tell which one deserves the widow and it seems a great stroke of fortune when they decide to go into business together selling Yale locks to Harvard students—after the daughter gets her wedding ring and roof. The hero, by the way, is

Several plays will be seen for the first time in Boston tomorrow night. No recitals are announced for the week: the wicked will cease temporarily from troubling and weary audiences will be at rest.

There will be three new "mystery" plays. My darling, what wouldn't thou have more? "Cock Robin" will be performed for the first time on any stage at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night. Elmer L. Rice, one of the authors, born in New York in 1892, was a lawyer's clerk in that city before his first play, "The Trial" (1914) attracted attention. He has written eight or nine plays, of which "It Is the Law" (1922) and "The Adding Machine" are probably the best known. The latter was recently produced in Paris and favorably criticized as an unusual, engrossing, if pessimistic drama.

A fourth mystery play, "The Ghost Train," is still running at the Copley. It is a mystery play in more senses than one.

"The Letter" by Somerset Maugham will begin what promises to be a prosperous run at the Plymouth tomorrow afternoon. This play was produced at the Playhouse, London, on Feb. 24 of this year: Leslie Crosby, Gladys Cooper; Nigel Bruce, Robert Crosbie; Geoffrey Hammond, S. J. Worthington; a Chinese woman, Marie Chen Sing; Ong Chi Seng, George Carr; Howard Joyce, Leslie Faber.

The play is a dramatization of one of Mr. Maugham's short stories in "The Casuarina Tree." In London he was criticised for taking the plot from a murder trial in Malaya a few years ago. A woman was accused of shooting her lover, as the lover is shot in the play, but she was not acquitted. She was found guilty and sentenced to death. Afterwards pardoned, she was sent back to England. But why should not a dramatist take his material where he can find it? Shakespeare, Moliere, the elder Dumas had no scruples; a few weeks ago a play based on a comparatively recent murder case was seen in Boston.

When the curtain rises on "The Letter," Leslie is busily engaged in shooting Geoffrey Hammond. She succeeds in killing him. He lies dead on the veranda of her husband's house in Belanda. Chinese boys gather about her. She tells them to telephone her husband at Singapore, and then goes to her bedroom. The curtain falls and rises again. Three hours are supposed to elapse. Then the story of what had happened before the shooting is told.

In the original version of this play, which has been characterized as "polite melodrama," the murderess recites, in the last act, to her husband and her attorney the details of her guilt. But Maugham provided another ending which was adopted by the London company. He says of this in the published play:

"Since a play is published not only to gratify an author's vanity, but also for the convenience of amateurs, I have thought it well to print here the version acted at the Playhouse. After two or three rehearsals I replaced Leslie Crosbie's final confession with a 'throwback,' because I thought it would bore an audience to listen to two long narratives in one play. I have a notion that an author may prudently take a risk to avoid tediousness."

It was said in London that Mr. Maugham devised this film trick after Gladys Cooper had found the straight confession "a bit too stiff." The London critics thought the "cut-back" ruinously interrupted the drama of the last act. Mr. Ervine reminded the dramatist that the technique of the moving picture and the technique of the theatre are distinct and separate. Mr. Agate wrote: "It was naughty of Mr. Maugham to assume so much lack of perception in playgoers. This scene should be cut out and kept for the film. What we want in the theatre is that Miss Cooper should tell us what happened. The contrast between the two narratives was a great chance for an actress thrown away."

On this side of the Atlantic the play was first seen in Toronto on Sept. 12th. It came to New York (Morosco Theatre) on Sept. 26. Leslie Crosby, Katharine Cornell, Robert Crosbie, J. W. Austin, Geoffrey Hammond, Burton McEvilly, Ong Chi Seng, James Vincent, a Chinese woman, Lady Chong Goe; Howard Joyce, Allan Jeayes.

The first performance on the European continent was at the Budapest Vigzinhaz on Oct. 14; Leslie Crosby, Freda Gombaszoegei, Robert Crosby, Kuerti; Ong Chi Seng, Maklary.

"The Spider, a play of the Varieties" was first seen in New York at Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre on March 22 of this year. It will be at the Majestic Theatre tomorrow afternoon. Percy Hammond wrote: "The Spider" is so full of actors that they get under your feet and drop upon you from the chandelier. Nearly all the front chairs are occupied by players, and if your broker has been vigilant you may find yourself adjacent to the villain or the heroine. . . . The final act was played with the aisles patrolled by officers with drawn pistols, and the assassin was arrested just as he was about to crawl between your correspondent's legs."

The play begins with a vaudeville show. There is a magician, Chartrand the Great (John Halliday) assisted by Alexander of the radio eyes and others. The lights go out as Chartrand is performing. A man in the audience is shot. A doctor comes out from the audience. "Uproar prevails and the shrieks of hysterical persons disarrange the air. 'The Spider' is no place for an expectant mother."

Who shot and killed Old Man Carrington? Mr. Atkinson, of the Times, listing those under suspicion, wrote: "House lights go out several times. In the blackness ectoplasm dances around the theatre; ghastly objects swing across the darkness; strange voices and eerie faces shuffle off this worldly coil. And all in good time the slippery scoundrel is discovered in the audience. Things being as they are this year, one cannot be too snobbish about one's neighbors in the theatre. Leave your jewelry and valuables at home."

On Oct. 6 a fourth suit for plagiarism was brought against the authors and producers of "The Spider." In answer to one suit the defendants said that the idea of having the police in the audience and conducting



an investigation was used in "The Knight of the Burning Castle," produced in 1613.

Fulton Oursley, one of the authors, is a novelist whose "Sandalwood" was dramatised by Owen Davis. Lowell Brentano, the other author, is a member of the firm of book sellers and publishers.

"Out of the Night: a Mystery Comedy," by Harold Hutchinson and Margery Williams, first seen in New York at the Lyric Theatre, on Oct. 17 of this year, is said to be very funny. It will be seen at the Arlington Theatre tomorrow. The story includes a murder or two, valuable papers in a wall safe, bootleggers, the nephew of the rich old man whose papers are in the safe, "a moosehead on the wall which has at times green lights like railroad signals, and a ghost that flies to the ceiling and disappears." James Spottswood takes the part of Tom Holland, Spencer Charters that of Ichabod Blivens, the local constable. He takes a drink of bootleg gin. Somebody switches off the lights. Ichabod exclaims: "My God, I'm blind."

"The new guess—who contrivance proved to be better than passable diversion, containing much that was ingenious."

The authors are said to be a Chicago man, once an actor, now a stockbroker, and his wife, who was an actress.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" will be seen at the Repertory. The title brings the remembrance of pantomimes of our youth, with Harlequin and Columbine triumphant in the "gorgeous transformation scene." There was R. A. Barnett's play, with music by A. B. Sloane. The cast included Madge Lessing, the Hollins girls, Hilda and Maude—were they not nieces of Julian Edwardes—Henry V. Donnelly, Eddie Girard, Hubert Wilkie.

At the St. James, "Bird of Paradise."

"The Student Prince," with De Wolf Hopper, will return, and be seen at the Boston Opera House.

Surely here is variety enough for those seeking amusement on Monday.

The Literary Supplement of the London Times says of Miss Millay's "King's Henchman." "This drama of Saxon England is conceived mainly as drama, but partly we fear, as an experiment in history—and linguistic history at that. At least, so we are persuaded by Miss Millay's insistent fondness for archaic words and turns of speech and what appears to be in general the language of Caedmon. Her play, a variant of the theme of 'Tristram and Iseult,' is stirring and has splendid passages; but its verbal manner, although almost a triumph of virtuosity at times, is not really the better for recalling, 'The Dream of the Holy Rood.'"

Nor was the poem well suited for the requirements of composer and singers.

## "ANGEL'S FLIGHT"

And This in Los Angeles, of All Places in the Wide, Wide World

There are people who have the habit of reading the "jacket" of a new book, the introduction, if there is one, the dedication and the list of contents before they finally turn to the subject matter, settle themselves comfortably so that it will be easy to slip along the tide of imagination and always hope that the tide is strong enough to carry them away or at least have interesting undercurrents.

Other people dive into the work as they would into deep water, without first trying the heat of it on their wading extremities, and there are those who even take their cake before their oysters, and glance into the last chapter, taking the frosting off in large hunks. It is more intelligent, perhaps, to get as clear an understanding as possible as to what prompts the book. Publishers have a way of knowing their authors as wives do their husbands. Publishers' notes are instructive at times.

Boni & Liveright have published the story of Don Ryan on the back "jacket" of his first novel, "Angel's Flight," and one finds upon reading it that it is materially the same character one finds in the book "former newspaper man, at present a motion picture title writer . . . actor, playing screen villains . . . finished 'Angel's Flight,' a book for which he had been seven years accumulating material."

Inside the "jacket" the publishers have apologized for this story in a mild way. They call "Angel's Flight," a mental book, admit that "it outrages the traditions of novel writing" but that "there is deep thought underlying the action . . . it is undoubtedly a novel holding the germs of a hundred other novels." The treatment is styled "poetic realism."

Now—one turns to the opening paragraphs and is immediately caught in the whirlpool of a struggling human creature, snarling his bitterness through tightly set teeth, grinning at times, tossing his head angrily and lamenting that the oranges "so easy to steal in California," keep one from starving so "that many a wretch, clinging fatuously to life, prolongs with them the agony of destruction."

One is introduced to other creatures struggling in the backwash. Some accept their fate, eat their charity soup, paddle with their hands just enough to keep afloat and do that more from habit than anything else. Poetic realism indeed! The man is bitter. The man continues bitter for 296 pages. There are times when his cleverness blends this dressing he has poured upon his particular salad of life until it is rich and smooth, palatable. There are other times when the vinegar is so sharp, one wishes to push the entire dish away and even a few articles in this vivid concoction are unwholesome.

So varying are the moods in this one book that one is reminded of the realism of Sinclair Lewis, the verbosity of Carl von Vechten and the tenacity of Gertrude Stein.

Don Ryan has a glib pen. He paints his pictures in strong colors. His characters are from life. Some of these are so thinly disguised that only the backwoodsman whose horizon has been the village postoffice for the last 10 years will fail to recognize them.

There is the lady novelist called Mrs. Laura Hackensorter for practical purposes. She is in her glory addressing the Friday Morning Club. Before she is brought forth by the members of the club as the piece de resistance, there are some visiting males who speak or "coo sweetly," as Don Ryan says. "Some purred. One fellow tried to shock the girls a trifle. But that was expected of him—he was an exhibiting bolshevist."

"The auditorium is packed with women. Mrs. Hackensorter, substantially confident in brocade georgette with wing sleeves" reminds the author of other persons he has known. Among them "a famous educator of the opposite sex now gone to his reward. As she pauses forensically in the middle of an apostrophe she might be the reincarnation of William Jennings Bryan in skirts and wig, except that she outweighs the Commoner by a few stone."

"At the present moment," says Mrs. Hackensorter, "I am writing to the largest audience that any woman ever had or ever will have . . . I can write for the Atlantic Monthly and the Bookman if I wanna. I can write for any magazine alive—but I don't wanna do magazine work."

Later in her florid speech Mrs. Hackensorter resumes "with a large dignity. 'I strenuously object to Sherwood Anderson and Joseph Hergesheimer and Theodore Dreiser (she pronounces it Dreiser) and James Cabell putting between the covers of books to be handed out and read indiscriminately by our boys and girls, things I would be arrested for if I stood up and said by word of mouth before this convention."

"I gotta keep sweet," and Mrs. Hackensorter is said to have smiled resolutely.

We all know a Mr. Galens. Poor timid Galens and this story of human flotsam is sympathetically and beautifully written. It perhaps is the one germ out of the hundred in the book one would like to see mature.

Galens takes shape in front of one, materializes as Don Ryan's cryptographic words chip him from the mass. One sees his slightly stooped shoulders lift, his dull skin brighten when he buys from the fine, big girl, Winona, who attends the vegetable stall near his small home.

Galens attends lectures on "Personality—the Key to Success." He tries to sell insurance. He tries to sell advertising. He is fired twice in six months, "thrown away, exactly as he had thrown away the straw hat he had worn for three successive summers and of which he had been so proud when it was new."

Galens—fired—and his wife in one of her spells because she had learned that he had ridden home in the dilapidated car of the fine young girl who worked at the vegetable stand.

Don Ryan pushes one into a sticky swarm of a dance, describing it so fluently that the jumble of bobbing heads can be seen and hot, uneven breaths felt as they sift through the wild beat of jazz music. Then he exclaims vibrantly "On with the dance!" The tribe "is mad with the moon—the many-colored moon which sends purple and red and green rays filtering through the fronds of the jungle."

After this it is not pleasant to be slapped in the face with words. This is not the place to speak of paunches and bunions. Your wrath is righteous. This is not the only instance a little editing would be helpful to this book.

At last one comes to an easy and well defined path in this story after slipping over mountains of thought and wading painfully through rushing torrents of icy experience which chills one every step of the way.

The principal character (one can hardly call him a hero) quits his job as vituperative columnist on a California newspaper because his new boss tells him to calm down and be sweet tempered. Jobless he wanders into a cafe and meets the motion picture director Karl von Stechman—so-called for practical purposes.

For several chapters one is taken inside the motion picture studios. It is instructive to know that the blood runs thinly, the senses pile in a disordered heap during a screen test. "Von" has given his ex-newspaper friend the opportunity of playing the heavy lead in the picture he is about to make. The screen test is not good. He is switched to a minor role but he has the studio and its players before him and he casts the white-light of his powers of observation at them and disenchantments, in his book, those who think the "movies" are made with little work, inspiring work, big pay and beauty.

How do actors keep occupied during the dull work of taking a picture?

The women are always at the craze of the moment whether it is cross-word puzzles or black-bottom. The men play poker or do a bit of furtive crap-shooting, but, "there is just one sport in which male and female of the celluloid species gladly join and of which they never tire."

This sport is the neuromuscular activity produced by one actor creeping upon another and giving him—or her—an unexpected jab, forcing the victim to be propelled in squirming and disordered fashion through the air.

Doug Fairbanks is reported the recognized leader of this game. When one young woman was removed from the set in a hysterical condition, an old timer remarked: "She'll never make good in pictures. Doug Fairbanks wouldn't have her on the lot."

"Angel's Flight" rounds up its course on the beach of Scituate, Mass., where the principal of our tale discovers that the meeting of sky and sea is a stage of incredible magnitude.

He has left Hollywood, some time since as guardian to the reels made by Director von Stechman, reels which would be ruthlessly cut without a guardian. He is soon relieved from his task as reel caretaker and centres his attention on a daughter he discovers.

The daughter encourages him to write a play. The play is to have its first performance in Scituate. The restless author wanders to the beach and one feels that he achieves a little peace there which will follow him—in spite of the gnats.

"A mental book?" Only in so far as the author has been able to put his elemental motions in print.

young Luden, whose father made cough drops. The son promises to be a good actor with more experience.

The Metropolitan has managed to throw a nice Christmas atmosphere around itself. "Silent Night" drifts through the music every once in a while through the "Jingle Bells." The often ending in the stage, centered presentation on the stage, centered around Gene Rodemich and his orches-

tra, is by John Murray Anderson and called "Highlights." It is a typical collection of Anderson talent, costumes and colors which speaks well for all types. The Foster girls are another collection of well trained damsels. After seeing their military highlight, one need worry no longer about being unprepared and untrained for war—any war.

C. M. D.



Dec 26 1927

"SPLENDID YOUTH"

The old so soon forgot. The past grows dim,  
And dimly beautiful: they fear the truth.  
They sing to drown an echo harsh and grim,  
They sing the splendid arrogance of youth.

The fumbling blindness of our youth, it seems,  
Is strange and lovely. We are cold and proud.  
Are broken idols splendid, starry dreams  
Smeared with the mocking laughter of the crowd?

Poor piteous youth! Is it not sad enough,  
Lonely enough, without this blind pretence?  
Leave us at least one truth from this poor bluff,  
Leave us the Truth that swamps your eloquence.

M. K. M. B.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who, we regret to say, is inclined to take a gloomy view of life in any holiday season, writes to us: "I was recently persuaded to go to a ball—as a looker-on—and as I saw from the balcony elderly ladies indulging themselves on the floor, I thought of lines put by Mr. A. P. Herbert into the mouth of Laetitia, the daughter of the dancing Duchess of Canterbury: 'It is not easy to avoid Mamma, On summer evenings she is everywhere. There is no saxophone doth not salute her With other mothers rounder than herself, Like baby elephants that after twilight Jump in the jungle.'"

Lady Laetitia and Mr. Johnson should know that fat men and women are often graceful dancers, light on their feet, gliding on the floor of a ballroom as "Swift Camilla scours the plain, Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Of course there are exceptions, as Heber C. Kimball of Salt Lake City, Artemus Ward, attending a ball in the City of the Saints, noticed that Brigham Young, while he exhibited a spryness of legs remarkable in a man at his time of life, was industrious rather than graceful. Artemus did not see Kimball on the floor. "I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a jilly-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors."

As the World Wags:  
The book canvasser tackled a solemn looking negro elevator man. After listening imperturbably while the canvasser enlarged on the vast store of knowledge to be derived from the work he was offering on the instalment plan, the negro remarked quietly: "Taint no use to me, boss; I knows heaps more now than I get's paid for." LOOKER ON.

As the World Wags:  
It was cold as—you know—at 7:30 o'clock Saturday morning when I got my big black-eyed brute of a husband out of bed and into the warm trickle of a shower bath. I watched him as he bolted down his coffee and toast, pecked at my lips, and dashed for the street with a paper under his arm and a new load of tobacco in his pipe. I am letting a pan full of dirty dishes lay and my housework go to sit at the typewriter to tell you that I have been married but two months, that women who rail at housework are crazy, that a husband who does not mess up the house, your hair, and leave his clothes every place but on the hook where they belong is not worth having. DITTE.

As the World Wags:  
Speaking of "cyder," Whenever the solons of the provincial Legislature of Massachusetts Bay wanted to show their appreciation of distinguished individuals or desired the help of the Maine Indians, they instructed that "barrels of cyder" be sent. Once in awhile "rhum" was consigned down East as a present to the wily redskin. This practice continued from the 17th century down to the beginning of the 19th century. When the first bridge over the Merrimack here (at Pawtucket falls) was built the latter part of the 18th century, rum and cyder were furnished to make the workmen and directors happy at their task, and, incidentally, stimulate them.

G. F. DWYER.

Men by themselves have made the world totally unfit for heroes or anybody else to live in, and the only chance

for the world is that women should do better.—Hugh Macnaghten, vice-provost of Eton.

"BIAOU"?

As the World Wags:  
You may have noticed, as I have, in the yachting news, an item about a schooner named "Hardi Biaou." My "petit bagage" of French is equal to the word "Hardi," but not to "Biaou," which looks like Brcton. If you will enlighten me, I shall be greatly obliged. Hyannisport. J. O.

What are "working-class plays"? A theatre is being opened in Berlin to produce them, and the hope is expressed that we may have one some day in London. I sincerely hope we shall not, nor do I think it is in the least likely. English workers are sensible enough to keep their recreation separate from their politics. A "working-class play" can mean nothing but a political propaganda play, which is much the same as saying a bad play. Intelligent working-class folk like the plays which appeal to other intelligent people. The more ingenious prefer melodrama, with plenty of titled characters (mostly wicked!). I doubt whether the Berlin experiment will last long.—Daily Chronicle, London.

It thundered in this month. Do the old English proverbs hold good in New England?  
Thunder in December presages fine weather.  
Winter thunder  
Bodes summer's hunger.  
Winter thunder,  
Poor man's death, rich man's hunger.

As the World Wags:  
A customer who was looking round a curio shop noticed a quaint figure in the dim recesses at the back.  
"What is that Japanese idol worth?" she asked.  
"About half a million," replied the salesman. "It's the proprietor." LOOKER-ON.

Apropos of young Yehudi Menuhin, the "phenomenal" fiddler, W. J. Henderson of the New York Sun writes these words of wisdom:  
"No one need accept the dictum of any critic, no matter how authoritative, if indeed there be any such person as an authoritative critic. Every man should do his own criticizing and defy the professional scribes. But he cannot do it by standing upon a rooftop and shouting 'Wonderful!' That means precisely nothing, and all the more because the man will stand on the rooftop tomorrow and shout 'Wonderful' about the next sensation that sends shivers along his nerves. It is incontestable that humans as a rule do not like the critical attitude. For the great mass of men and women a thing in art is either good or bad utterly and without reservation."

Dec 27 1927  
THEN AND NOW  
(For As the World Wags)  
Once upon a time the psalmist Sang a song which long was rife: That threescore and ten years only Was the measure of man's life, Or, at least, of his enjoyment, For, if fourscore years be given, They would team with pain and sorrow Till he flew away to heaven.

Since that day, his spirit quickened, He has felt a greater zest, Found a keener joy in living Than the ancients e'er possessed, Till, today, the man of ninety, Full of ginger, lets us know That he isn't yet a dead one, But has ten years still to go. CHARLES EDGAR ALLEN.

STEPS OF DOOM  
As the World Wags:  
The iron doors clashed shut behind him with a reverberant clang that suddenly echoed and re-echoed through a vast vacuity and died away in a sound of mocking fiend laughter.

It marked for Loredano di Ganeleschi the end of life, the end of time itself. Before him a stair of stone descended steeply, implacably, in a fateful spiral. The feeble glare of torches, thrust into vertical walls of stone slabs. The successive steps which he was required to traverse wheeled downward into steadily diminishing gradations of dim light. Visions, memories, impressions, thoughts, in a confused medley, surged through his brain. The last agonized farewell of his wife, fainting in the arms of her attendant. The hooded inquisitors of the Council of Ten, grim, unrelenting. The recollection of his oath. The knowledge, now vouchsafed for the first time, that he whom he had esteemed his friend was false. The acknowledgment that he had failed in his sworn duty. The stern command of doom. The unhesitating acquiescence. There was no tincture of passion, of hate, of anger, of despair. Even the

ancient demon of fear, scourge of the human race, had been shut behind the clanging gate. There was nothing of surprise, naught of curiosity. He no longer moved in space or time.

Serene, with the vital pulses beating at full blood in his veins, brilliantly habited, he began the descent. The narrow stairway closed in as he passed, lost in utter obscurity. Step after step, geometrically disposed, emerged from the murk before his advance.

Down, down and still downward he strode, with firm and measured pace. Ever the spiral of stairs dropped toward the Nadir of the cosmos. Always the torches overhead flickered wanly in a travesty of light, to be extinguished by some unseen hand. Water dripped metallicly on the flags.

The steps abruptly ceased. In front of him opened a black abyss of infinite extent and unutterable profundity. There was a reek of slime, of foulness unspeakable, blasts of icy cold, breaths of the charnel house.

Resolutely, without shadow of hesitation, he stepped into the gulf.  
JOHN E. PEMBER.

As the World Wags:  
From a book review in the Boston Transcript I cull "She certainly knows her flowers."

Can it be possible that our dignified contemporary has been so careless as to include a phrase which I am afraid is nothing but a highfalutin' form of that in common use among those of a later generation than you and I, namely "She certainly knows her onions," with many variations allowed?  
FORREST F. HARBOUR.

SET BEFORE THE KING  
Hugues Delorme of Figaro has put into verse the recipe for King George's pudding which for some years was eaten only at court. The pudding contains apples from Canada, raisins from Africa, mutton from New Zealand, eggs from Scotland, sugar from India, flour from the United States, brandy from Cyprus, rum of Jamaica, and gilly-flower from Zanzibar.

Apropos of dishes for royalty or those of plebeian stock, was there ever a more glowing description of good eating than this passage from P. Morton Shand's "A Book of Food?"

"I shall always remember how one suffocating July day at Bologna I pulled aside the leather curtain at the doorway of a humble-looking albergo which seemed as though it must lead either through a subterranean passage to some thieves' kitchen or into a half-forgotten crypt. There were few diners in the vaulted obscurity within, but their grave and scrupulous Italian politeness in bowing their welcome to a stranger reassured me no less than the savory odors that were wafted from their plates. First I partook of affetate con melone, affetate con melone, a threnody of rippling words, a sapient harmony of sounds and flavours, patterned like an arabesque and plaited like a fugue, in orange, green, scarlet and white. Affetate con melone! I seemed to hear the castrati of the Sistine fluting and trilling the melodiously appetizing words from the benediction in some mass of Scarlatti. Dear God, how cool and ripe that melon was, how mystically wedded, as in some transcendent ecstasy of St. Theresa, to the slice of celestial Parma ham, cut thinly as a metal shaving coils off the lathe! Then a small missal was served to me. Its leaves were of ivory vellum pasta wrought with hieroglyphics of chopped parsley, while between the pages, which could at will be pulled out like a concertina or cut through as one chops up a sandwich, was pressed—as flowers are pressed in books by amateur botanists or sentimental ladies—a mincemeat which exuded a savor so rich and rare that even the pairtriness of a flagon of the usual bianco secco Stravecchio could not bedim its glamour."

HISTORY REVISED  
As the World Wags:  
There was such a person as Paul Revere, but he was out of town at the time of the alleged ride to Lexington; besides he was so overcome with strong waters that he took Dawes with him to hold him on his horse. The poem, "Paul Revere's Ride" attributed to Longfellow was not written by him but by one of the servants of the household when Longfellow was in Europe. Longfellow stole the poem. By the way, his name was not Longfellow, but some foreign name which he had adopted to appear 100 per cent. American.

As these so-called Americans are all dead, I feel that this account is safe from contradiction. R. N. L.

In America you have to think like other people or emigrate.—Arnold Bennett.

There are times when it is infinitely more restful to listen to half-a-dozen of the dullest of one's own sex than to half-a-dozen of the witliest of the opposite sex.—Robert Lynd.

Lord Derby admits that he is unable to touch his toes, and a still weightier authority confesses that he "hasn't seen them for years." That's the advantage of being a man. At the moment women are inclined to see just a little too much of their toes.—The Observer.

A language is a living thing which grows and, therefore, bright phrases are always welcomed. Recently, however, I have noted in our advertisements a tendency to employ Americanisms that grate harshly on the ear. Such phrases as "pipe joy," "collar joy," "armchair joy," "shoe health," and even "foot comfort" add nothing to the beauty of the language. Brevity I know is the soul of advertising, but it can be carried too far.—London Daily Chronicle.

COCK ROBIN' AT HOLLIS THEATRE

By PHILIP HALE  
HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "Cock Robin," a play in three acts by Philip Barry and Elmer Rice. The cast was as follows:  
George McAniff..... Edward Ellis  
Julian Cleveland..... Moffat Johnston  
Richard Lane..... Richard Stevenson  
Hancock Robinson..... Henry Southard  
John Jessup..... James Todd  
Alice Montgomery..... Beatrice Herford  
Carliotta Maxwell..... Muriel Kirkland  
Clarke Torrance..... Howard Freeman  
Henry Briggs..... Jo Milward  
Dr. Edgar Grace..... Wright Kramer  
Maria Scott..... Beulah Bondi  
Helen Maxwell..... Desmond Kelley  
First Officer..... Gordon Gunnis  
Second Officer..... Albert West

This is the play in which a performance by amateurs is represented on the stage. The scene of the rehearsal is amusing, chiefly by reason of the director's dry remarks. In this scene there is a premonition of melodrama to come. A duel is to be acted. Two or three of the amateurs hate Robinson. One of them is in love with Carliotta, who, it appears later, purposes to elope with Robinson, a terrible fellow with women. In the second act the duel takes place. Robinson is wounded by a pistol bullet and stabbed in the back with a knife. The rest of the play is taken up with the question: "Who killed Cock Robin," i.e. Hancock Robinson. Those in the audience were requested to write on cards which were distributed the name of the murderer. The amateur players who were all under suspicion and were eager to point a finger at this one and that one; the lover who was given to strong drink and had breathed out threatenings and slaughter; the uncle of Carliotta who admitted that he had intended to "bump off" Robinson; Carliotta's mother who said in a hysterical fit that she did it; Carliotta who had opened a letter from a girl in Paris in which she stated that as she was betrayed and abandoned, her death would be due to Robinson's treachery—these in turn were practically examined by the director in a searching and cynical manner.

At last the director's assistant took a hand in the investigation, a young girl who should have come from the Pinkerton office, ingenious in her surmises and ruthless in her conclusion. When the murderer was named, he seized the opportunity to say that he put his trust in a jury, who would not suffer one of the humbler class to be sacrificed that the rich and powerful might escape.

Now there are many men and women who find pleasure in "mystery" plays. They expect at least one murder shortly after the curtain is raised. In "Cock Robin" the audience is given fair warning that a murder is to take place. The audience therefore quivers in anticipation and after the deed is done, amuses itself by guessing. The dialogue in plays of this nature is generally negligible. In "Cock Robin" the dramatists have not found it necessary to let off pistols on a darkened stage; there is no sinister maid servant or butler; no ghostly hand opens a window; no corpse falls out of a secret door. The play is a guessing match and as such was greatly enjoyed last evening by a large audience.

A feature of the performance was the address delivered by the woman at the head of the committee producing the play for a charity. This address, spoken delightfully by Miss Herford just before the second act, is an excellent parody of speeches made on these occasions by self-satisfied women who repeat themselves and have difficulty in reading their notes correctly.

The performance was a reasonably smooth one for a first. The acting was what it should have been with Mr. Ellis and Miss Bondi having the fattest parts. The ending is ingeniously contrived. Some guessed it accurately, although they did not see how the murderer accomplished his fell purpose.



**PLYMOUTH THEATRE**—Katharine Cornell in "The Letter," a drama in three acts, by Somerset Maugham. The cast was as follows:

Leslie Crosbie	Katharine Cornell
Geoffrey Hammond	Burton McVilly
Head Boy	M. Wada
John Withers	John Buckler
Robert Crosbie	J. W. Austin
Howard Joyce	Allan Jayes
Ona Chong	James Vincent
A Sikh Sergeant of Police	B. Landon
Mrs. Parker	Mary Scott Selton
Chung Hi	Lady Chong Kim
A Chinese Woman	Eva Leonard-Boyne
Mrs. Joyce	

We find Miss Cornell still in of making frail ladies sympathetic and even enviable, but somehow the glamour that once hung like a cloud about Iris, has not descended on Leslie. Miss Cornell is just as beautiful, her voice still holds a passionate huskiness, she can even now put a hovering fatality into "Won't you sit down?" the white hat is quite as becoming as the green one—but Leslie Crosbie remains an extremely uninteresting figure.

"The Letter" concerns a married woman in the Malay states who, in a fit of passion, kills her lover. Her story of self-defense deceives everyone. On the eve of her trial, with acquittal certain, a letter written by Leslie to her lover on the day of his death, turns up in the hands of a blackmailer. The lawyer buys the letter, lovely Leslie is free, and her husband learns the truth. This plot, strung over three acts, wears a bit thin in spots. As stuffing, we have a good many remarks about "the insolence of office—the law's delay" from the husband, and the ethics of the legal profession from his old friend, the lawyer—all undoubtedly true, but more soporific than dramatic.

But "The Letter's" real trouble lies in the intrinsic dullness of Leslie Crosbie, and not even Miss Cornell can disguise that. We know that Leslie is vile, for she says so, several times, but she lacks even the fascination of the impure. We could look at Iris and think how much we'd enjoy being as devastating—if we dared. There's a thrill in a heartless wanton treading lightly on heart after heart. But Leslie is a vampire who has failed. She spread her net for only one victim, and he got away. Now what sort of a frail lady is that? We feel that whether she is hung by the neck or not, is immaterial, and that she may be beautiful, but three healthy children and a nice Buick sedan can beat romance any day.

On one point, however, Leslie does achieve distinction. With the most dashing man in the Malay States her lover for seven years, meeting him constantly, never a breath of scandal touched her name, either during the seven years or at the time of her trial for Lett's murder. In the East of heat and gossip, with the chief method of communication notes carried by Chinese servants, how Leslie remained distinguished in the eyes of her friends chiefly for her skill at making lace, should be the mystery of this play. An explanation of how she managed that provides scope for originality.

Let us hope that Miss Cornell's next lavender lady will be a glamorous creature, utterly irresistible. If she kills a lover or two, may it be because they bored her. Camille must give up Armand for the sake of his career or his old mother—never, never may Armand cast Camille aside for the sake of a Chinese woman.

R. H. G.

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**—"The Spider," mystery play by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano; presented by Albert Lewis and Sam H. Harris; directed by Albert Lewis. The cast:

The Manager	Wm. E. Morris
The Man	Donald McKee
The Girl	Eleanor Griffith
The Sergeant	John F. Morrissey
The Doctor	Arthur Stuart Hull
Bill	John Burkell
Dick	Anton Ascher
Mrs. Wimbledon	Priscilla Knowles
The Reporter	Eddie Mann
The House Ladder	Ralph Stone
The Inspector	Thomas Findlay
The Electrician	Jack Bennett
Alexander	Roy Harrave
Tommy	Chatrand's assistants
Estelle	J. Kimihara
Chatrand, the Great	Germaine Giron
And seven police officers.	John Halliday

Early yesterday afternoon at the Majestic Theatre, John Carrington, 52, address unknown, was brutally murdered during an interval of a few seconds while the theatre was in darkness.

This tragic incident came shortly after the raising of the curtain upon the first Boston performance of "The Spider," novelty mystery play from New York. Carrington, who was sitting in the third row of the orchestra with a young woman said to be his ward, was found in a dying condition upon the orchestra runway when the lights had resumed their function. A physician from the audience responded to the appeal for medical aid. The stricken man was taken to a dressing room of the theatre, where he died shortly afterward. The bullet entered the body beneath the heart.

There's that's all I know about it. I didn't kill Carrington. I can't prove it, but I didn't do it. Yes, sergeant, I was sitting two rows behind Carrington. No, I didn't see any gun. Anyway, I didn't do it.

For that matter, everyone in the theatre was under arrest, and a score were implicated to some extent. There was a perfectly innocent looking girl sitting behind one who in the spirit-u-alistic seance let out a shriek that set the hair on end. Aha, she was in it, too!

To begin this matter right, it was not the majestic which the playgoers found themselves in after they had taken their seats. It was the Tivoli Vaudeville Theatre, an illusion perfectly carried out by bunting, streamers, vaudeville orchestra effects, and lighted signs to announce the acts. "Refined vaudeville"—always a good show at the Tivoli!—announce the gaudy four-page programs. So realistic was the atmosphere that a customer (a real customer) was heard to say to her boy friend, "What's the idea—Christmas Day, and you take me to a vaudeville show!"

After overture, Pathe News reel, Temple and Manson, skating marvels of the century, and Johnson and Martin, the Chocolate Cake-Eaters, there is weird crescendo from the orchestra pit and black curtains part to disclose none other than Chatrand the great, magician, mystifier, sleight-of-hand artist and mind-reader. Alexander, the boy with the radio eyes, sits on stage blindfolded while the magician passes through the audience, holding up objects for him to describe. There is a lady who submits an unusual pin. Her escort objects—there is a scuffle—the lights go out—bang!

After that the house is pinched, officers appear from everywhere, a reporter is on the job, a police inspector takes charge, and an elegant time is had by all. The scene wanders to the theatre office, to the star dressing room, to the lobby, and back again to the stage. Things happen all over the house. Entrances are made down the aisles, and stage cops and members of the cast are apt to pop up anywhere. The matronly Mrs. Wimbledon (played by Priscilla Knowles) causes much merriment by her high-pitched protests that she must go home to look after the baby.

Yes, Messrs. Oursler and Brentano got a swell idea when they concocted "The Spider." A colleague declared it to be the only new one he has seen in years. All this patter may have convinced readers that it is an aimless, rollicking, hit-or-miss affair. It is not that at all. Some of the best modern principles of dramatic art have been applied to a mystery play. The "picture frame" has been done away with, and the audience drawn into active participation. And execution leaves nothing to be desired. Sets, timing, mechanical direction, and playing of parts are admirably achieved.

Mr. Halliday is a shining light in the role of the magician who turns detective. In character, he is reminiscent of Thurston or Houdini. Always he is deft, volatile and responsive. H. F. M.

### "GARDEN OF ALLAH" AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Rex Ingram Filmed Romance in Sahara Sands

One of the greatest desert romances ever filmed, "The Garden of Alla," a Rex Ingram production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer of Robert Hichens's famous novel is the featured screen attraction at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week.

Filmed in the sand wastes of the Sahara, the locality in which the story takes place, it has reality.

Beautiful Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich enact the principal roles.

Keith-Albee St. James Theatre. Keith-Albee players in "The Bird of Paradise," by Richard Walton Tully.

The cast:

Ten Thousand Dollar Dean	Walter Gilbert
Hobeno	Day Manson
Mrs. Crothers	Sydney Landrew
Lilija	Betty Ann White
Nakia	William Mokai
Kanoo	William Kahakalan
Kapile	Jack Kavili
Kuakini	Alberta Suga
Lanihale	Leete Cordell
Mahumahu	Mary Hill
Koma	Remus Jensen
Hopie	Carlotta Montey
Koma	Sydney Landrew
Lanihale	Robert Storer
Hewahewa	Malcolm Arthur
Lulu	Clara Joel
Paul Wilson	Frank Charlton
Captain Hatch	John Winthrop
Mr. Svenson	Charles Schofield
Mrs. Svenson	Flora Maud Gade
Diana Larned	Edith Speare

The St. James theatre has this week become a veritable paradise of the Pacific wherein white men drink "ava" and young, beautiful girls ogle their eyes and move sensuously about. One man, a beach comber, who feeds on cans of white men's pork and beans, washed up along the shore, tears the flower-covered, clutching fingers of the tropics from his brain, while another—

a promising doctor, falls victim to the sex appeal of a potential Hawaiian princess.

The long drawn out story, over cluttered with irrelevant detail, winds in and out through several years of the lives of these two men whose fates have become so strangely reversed. While we watch this elaboration of the poor butterfly theme, we are made acquainted with many of the strange gluttons of the language and many of the appalling superstitions. The most important of these latter is the power possessed by a priest to pray away the life of an unbeliever.

The plot, basically old fashioned and taking most of its holding power from the melodramatic means of a volcanic eruption and a human sacrifice, would perhaps have lost interest if it had not been that the audience were interested to watch this or that favorite assume the native Hawaiian languor. Miss Joel, to whom the heaviest role fell, carried off the honors. Although she was inclined to over-emphasize the h's and r's in her words and although her "aays" became irritating with over repetition, and her lack of proper clothing seemed once or twice to be a source of embarrassment to her, she satisfied her audience. When she donned the black dress of the third act, she was more at ease and brought her delightful comedy sense into evidence.

Walter Gilbert, despite the fact that it seems impossible for him to stand straight, was true to the cinema conception of a beach comber led to see the light because of the love of a beautiful woman. Frank Charlton was easy prey to the Glynnish charms of Luana and remained true to form in the years after when Luana was forced to resort to charms and voodooes to hold his love.

No mention of the St. James's plays should ever omit the work of Edith Speare who seems always not only tastefully dressed but also certain sure of herself and true to the part, whatever it may be, for which she is cast.

It might have been appropriate for the Hawaiian players, for this week at least, to take the place of the orchestra and lend more local color to the scenes rather than having the present musicians wander aimlessly through Christmas carols.

F. B. B.

### CONTINUING

#### ATTRACTIONS

**COLONIAL**—"Rosale," Mr. Ziegfeld's latest musical with Jack Donohue and Marilyn Miller.

**THIRD WEEK.** **SHUBERT**—"My Maryland," operetta based on Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietche," with Olga Cook and others. Fifth week.

**WILBUR**—"Peggy Ann," musical comedy of the intimate type with Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell. Fifth week.

**COPELY**—"The Ghost Train," Mr. Clive revives popular mystery play. Fourth week.

### Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon Star in Story of Redwoods

Peter B. Kyne's story of California, "The Valley of the Giants," opened at the Scollay Square and Washington street Olympia Theatres last night to capacity audiences. It is really the best that Kyne has ever written and on the screen none of the qualities of the original have been lost. All the elements have been combined to hold your interest. The leading male role is played by Milton Sills. Opposite Sills is beautiful Doris Kenyon whose sparkling personality adds much to the picture. Yola D'Avril, George Fawcett and Phil Brady, too, do a great deal to make "The Valley of the Giants" a worthwhile film.

### TRAINED BEARS ON KEITH'S HOLIDAY BILL

Variety of Entertainment, Including Havana Orchestra

A variety of entertainment is offered on the holiday bill at B. F. Keith's. There is something pleasing for everyone, beginning with Pallenberg's bears and winding up with the jazz and comedy provided by Felix Ferdinand and his Havana orchestra, headliners of the show.

Presented by Miss Calo Pallenberg, the bears "do everything but talk." They ride bicycles, one in particular bigger than themselves, dash madly around on scooters and are right at home on roller skates. Then there is Frakson, who doesn't need to walk a mile for a cigarette. His card tricks and silver dollar sleight-of-hand performances are cleverly done, but his mysteriously lighted cigarettes presentation is something better than that.

Naro Lockford & Co., in "The Dance Voyage," with Lockford and Ellen Bunt-

ing performing startling acrobatics. Cynthia and Claire singing and dancing and Jackie Withrow, are a hit of the show. Joe Mack and his witty chatter and eccentric steps is ably assisted by Gail Rossiter, who strums and sings. The long show closes with the Pathe news reel.

## 'ANNA KARENINA' PICTURE AT STATE

"Love," a film adaptation of Lyof Tolstol's novel "Anna Karenina," with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo featured, directed by Edmund Goulding and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Anna Karenina	Greta Garbo
Vronsky	John Gilbert
Grand Duke	George Fawcett
Karenin	Brandon Hurst
Serezhka	Philippe de Lacy

One fails to understand why the producers of this film should insist that Lyof Tolstol take credit for the plot. There is, of course, a man and a woman who fall desperately in love, but this is the basis of most plots. Perhaps it was the train incident which impelled them to recognize that Tolstol once had a heroine who solved her problems in the flurry of the moment by throwing herself beneath flying wheels and regretting it thoroughly in the few seconds left her.

Not so the film heroine. She deliberately planned to do a brave thing and do it grandly. She succeeded in one of the nearest suicides, possible.

We are not quarreling with the film. It is good, principally because it has that woman of liquid fire, Greta Garbo, in it as well as John Gilbert in a Russian officer's uniform. The story does well enough for a background for these two, but, it is not "Anna Karenina."

The screen must have action. It cannot take the time to wander through psychological reactions but it need not always play to the grand-stand of "our secret ambitions."

But enough prating about another good book gone wrong. Greta Garbo is more beautiful than ever, if possible, a better actress and certainly more interesting. One feels that she has depth and feeling. There is no thought of what she is going to order for luncheon in her eyes. Greta Garbo is sincere and satisfying pent up for screen purposes. She does not need subtitles to tell her story. She speaks volumes with a look, an eye-brow or a shoulder. She is all that used to be in the expression "all wool" but she is silk, the most lustrous variety.

John Gilbert is at home in his part of Vronsky. The officer's race in which he first rides well to end by breaking his horse's back on a jump is a very able bit of directing.

George Fawcett as the Grand Duke is a welcome interpolation to the story but then George Fawcett is always welcome. Brandon Hurst was excellent enough as Karenin to suggest the chilly Dombey of Dickens.

The surrounding program is good entertainment this week including a clever comedy and versatile Chinese troupe of singers and dancers.—C. M. D.

### "HEART OF MARYLAND" AT TWIN THEATRES

Dolores Costello Heads Cast in Film of Civil War

"The Heart of Maryland," with Dolores Costello in the starring role, is the feature picture this week at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. This photoplay was adapted from David Belasco's masterpiece of the same name, which, 30 years ago, brought such dazzling success to Mrs. Leslie Carter. The story deals with the period during the civil war and many of the well-known characters of that day are splendidly portrayed in the picturization—Lincoln, Grant, Lee and others. Torn between love for her native land, the South, and her love for a northern soldier, the beautiful heroine, Dolores Costello, as Maryland Calvert, finds a world of difficult problems to meet, but triumphs over adverse circumstances in the end.

In the associate picture, "Sailor Izzy Murphy," George Jessel, well known Broadway comedian, lives up to his "sober-faced" comedians of the present. The film depicts the hair-raising adventures of a peppy and passionate perfume salesman, who falls in love with a young lady, but finds her to be welcome by her father. Love, eventually overcomes all ob-

**ARLINGTON THEATRE**—"Out of the Night," a mystery comedy in three acts, by Harold Hutchinson and Margery Williams. The cast:

Tom Holland	James Spottwood
Lucubod Blivens	Spencer Chartres
Dr. Sarah Walters	Vessie Farrell
Kathryn Smith	Mary Leone
Zelma	Jack Motte
Carl Monahan	Kenneth Louie
Underlock Ayer	Paul E. Spring



Albert Tavernier  
Diantha Pattison

To meet a detective play that is out and out melodrama without any intellectual or social pretensions is decidedly refreshing. Even the low-comedy detective was with us to lighten the tension when it became too severe. "Out of the Night" is most excellent entertainment, much better than the "Ghost Train," since that promising melodrama petered out to a ludicrously flat conclusion while the present play keeps up the suspense to the very end. That a cross word puzzle should have been used to solve part of the mystery was probably most pleasing to those addicted to such pastimes since it gives them some vindication for their apparently useless behaviour.

The curtain rises on a dark room lighted only by the dim glow of a fire. Out of the snowstorm raging outside appears a mysterious figure that wriggles around the stage and finally vanishes. He or she is followed by the handsome hero who is promptly arrested and handcuffed by a rural constable who mistakes him for a bootlegger. On this tableau enters the hero's lady-love, who suspects him of an affair with his uncle's wife, and a strong-minded friend. After a series of arguments and cajolings the loving couple are reconciled only to be interrupted by the sudden arrival of the missing uncle's Hindu servant. He seems somewhat at a loss to explain himself, when someone wondering if anything is in the large armchair with its back to the room turns it around and discovers the corpse of Uncle Robert. Of course the hero is suspected since he had, on entering, knocked over a shot gun that went off, but it is obvious to everyone knowing the ways of detective plays that it could not have been he any more than it could be Zelma who was behaving too suspiciously even to be suspected. The solution which cannot, of course, be told here is very cleverly worked out, almost everyone being implicated, including Ichabod Blivens, the constable. The lights go on and off and a gruesome green light shines from the eyes of a great moose-head whenever anything is about to happen. It is enough to give one the shivers for weeks. The cast was good without any especial brilliance, save perhaps the Blivens of Spencer Charters. Mary Loane made a pretty and capable heroine, and James Spottswood a properly injured hero. Go and see it, if you don't mind blood and thunder.

E. L. H.

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Student Prince,"** an operetta in a prologue and four acts, by Sigmund Romberg and Dorothy Donnelly. The cast:

Don Mark	Eugene Orday
Prince Karl Franz	Herbert Waterous
Prince Karl Franz	Sudworth Fraser
Prince Karl Franz	William White
Prince Karl Franz	Emmie Niles
Prince Karl Franz	J. S. Murray
Prince Karl Franz	Oliver Reese
Prince Karl Franz	Harvey Howard
Prince Karl Franz	Charles Chesney
Prince Karl Franz	Jack Denver
Prince Karl Franz	Isa Marvenga
Prince Karl Franz	DeWolf Hopper
Prince Karl Franz	Charles Mac
Prince Karl Franz	Jayne Herbert
Prince Karl Franz	Lillian Glaser
Prince Karl Franz	Townsend Ahern
Prince Karl Franz	Violet B.O.
Prince Karl Franz	Richard Lear

It is always pleasant to announce the return of the "Student Prince" to our midst. The fact that it has been here twice before should not make any difference in its popularity. It wears amazingly well, and its tunes can stand an infinite amount of repetition since they are unusually pleasing. Though such things as sentiment are often ridiculed in our modern drama, yesterday afternoon's audience was not at all ashamed of shedding a few tears during the farewells of Karl Franz and Kathie, and most obligingly forget to laugh in the wrong places.

The production differed little from its preceding form; the only change of importance was the appearance of Sudworth Fraser in the title role. Apart from the slight nervousness natural in a first performance, he made an excellent impression. He is agreeable to look at, youthful in his manner and above all he has a tuneful and powerful voice. He should have a profitable career in operetta. Isa Marvenga, appearing again as Kathie, was petite, charming and tuneful, suiting her part to perfection. DeWolf Hopper amused the audience with his familiar speech and all were received with great gusto. As before, the singing of the men's chorus was the best feature of the operetta and the lusty songs were encored many times. A thoroughly pleasant entertainment that bears seeing several times.

E. L. H.

### "Jack and the Beanstalk" Is Successful

Colorful settings and attractive costumes assist the Repertory Players this week in presenting an eye-aling spec-

tacle in the extravaganza, "Jack and the Beanstalk."

While the chorus, in its singing and dancing numbers, hardly challenges the laurels of Mr. Ziegfeld's glorified galaxy, and while the action of the piece as a whole is none too smooth, principals and supporting cast alike acquit themselves with easy formality and with apparent enjoyment of their unusual task. Last night's audience liked what it saw and heard well enough to demand frequent encores.

Katherine Warren and Cecile Benson appear at alternate performances in the role of Jack. Last night was Miss Warren's turn. She made a charming, if somewhat fragile, giant killer. Margaret Conklin, as Princess Mary, scored with several songs. Dana Sieveling, a delightful Miss Muffet, danced her way well toward being the hit of the evening.

In the comedy roles, Thayer Roberts as Queen of the Fairies, was at his best, and Milton Owen as Old Mother Hubbard drew a 50-50 share of the applause. Thomas Shearer as King Cole, William Mason as Sinbad the Sailor, and Irving Marston Jackson as Captain of the Forty Thieves made the most of their opportunities for clever character work.

The words and music of the extravaganza are by R. A. Barnet and A. B. Sloane, except that Bluebeard's song, a feature of the third act, was written specially for the company by Mrs. Joseph W. Courtney. The ballets were arranged by Mr. Roberts. The production as a whole was supervised by Henry Jewett.

Dec 28 1927

Mr. Koussevitzky has changed the program of the Symphony concerts for Thursday evening and Friday afternoon of this week. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" has been thrown overboard—more's the pity!—and an unfamiliar, recent suite by Bloch has been substituted. Tansman's Second Concerto for piano and orchestra will have its first performance, with the composer playing the piano. The symphony will be the fourth by Johannes Brahms. (Was there ever a baptismal name better suited to a surname? Suppose Brahms had been named Claude, Cecil, Percy, or the German equivalent.) Mr. Koussevitzky conducted this symphony in 1924, and twice in 1926. By this time the orchestra should be fairly acquainted with it. Mr. Tansman is not unknown here. His sinfonietta, "Dance of the Sorceress," and symphony have been conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky in Boston. The composer was born at Loda, Poland, in 1897. He is at home in Paris. In 1919 he was awarded in competition the Grand Prix de Pologne for musical compositions. It was in 1920 he made Paris his dwelling place.

The English Singers, seated at a table, but without mugs of ale, will lift up their voices in English motets, madrigals and folk songs, cries of London, and a Spanish street cry, song and madrigal in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. The People's Symphony orchestra that afternoon, conducted by W. F. Hofman, in Jordan hall, will give a concert in memory of Emil Mollenhauer. The Paulist choir, Fr. Finn, conductor, will give a concert in Symphony hall next Monday evening.

### MR. GINERY TWITCHELL

As the World Wags:

Having eaten with enjoyment, but imprudently, on Christmas, I passed a restless night with strange and feverish dreams. (I believe it is a fact that more people are killed by over and unwise eating than by wrestling with the Demon Rum.)

In one of my dreams that night I was in pursuit of Mr. Ginery Twitchell, in order to give him an important document, the contents of which were unknown to me. Was there ever a Ginery Twitchell? The next day I searched the biographical dictionaries in vain; yet I am sure he existed. It was my impression in the dream that he had filled an important governmental position, possibly soon after the American revolution, possibly under Madison, perhaps Polk.

If he is only a phantasm, a creature of my perturbed fancy, how did I come to invoke his shade? I have not been in a ginery since the bars began to mourn. I had not that day drank gin, synthetic or pre-war, in any enticing form. I had not attempted to quote any one of Maginn's 37 testimonial verses in favor of gin-twist. The treacherous Jemmy Twitcher of "The Beggar's Opera" was not in my mind, nor Eccles in Robertson's "Caste." I had not seen a print of Hogarth's "Gin Lane" for several years. I had not been reading a life of Byron, who was given to gin.

Ginery Twitchell. There must have been a man so named; but why did I pursue him on Christmas night? Will some disciple of Freud enlighten me?

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

### FROM A PIPE

As the World Wags:

J. D. Russell of West Roxbury writes to As the World Wags: "If the death warrant of Lady Nicotine is ever signed, philosophy will have to be bootlegged." This reminds me of Sir Arthur Helps's commiseration of the statesmen and generals of the past for their having to go through all the troubles of public life without tobacco.

Now will somebody point out to me in what ways the records of Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Lao-tse, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Epicurus, Diogenes, Aristippus, Cyru, Asoka, Pericles, Brasidas, Epaminondas, Hannibal, Caesar, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, St. Paul, St. John, St. Patrick, St. Francis, Charlemagne, King Alfred, Saladin, Marco Polo, Kublai Khan, Akbar, Dante, Loyola, Xavier, what defects and damages their philosophy or their practical efficiency suffered from the fact that they knew nothing of tobacco? In what respects do the records of the generals of the world war, the philosophers of the 19th century or the statesmen of the 20th, when compared with those of the days before Columbus, show the superior psychical qualities they have derived from the possession of tobacco? It is "mathematically possible," as they say toward the close of the baseball season, that Columbus, Shakespeare and William the Silent might, in their latter years, have begun using tobacco; but does anybody think they did?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

In Mr. Byington's "Who's Who" we fail to see the great name of Thomas Hobbes, who penned his morning thoughts after smoking a pipe. As for those named who did not smoke, the answer is that they had no tobacco; but there were other sedatives or stimulants. There was wine that rejoiceth the heart of man. Were there any graver philosophers than the North American Indians before they were polluted by contact with white men? When there was talk of smoking "going out," Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked—no doubt roared—"I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out." Croker in 1830 wrote this unconsciously amusing note: "The taste for smoking, however, has revived probably from the military habits of Europe during the French wars; but instead of the sober sedentary pipe, the ambulatory cigar is now chiefly used." It is true that Johnson thought blowing smoke into other person's mouths, eyes, noses "and having the same thing done to us" is a shocking thing.

But as Babbalanja remarked in Mardi, "Life itself is a puff and a wheeze," all thought is a puff. "Puff, puff my volcanoes; the great sun itself will yet go out in a snuff, and all Mardi smoke out its last wick." We commend to Mr. Byington the 17th chapter, volume II of Herman Melville's "Mardi," where the philosophers talk as they smoke.

"Whoso weds with a pipe is no longer a bachelor. After many vexations, he may go home to that faithful counsellor, and ever find it full of kind consolations and suggestions. But not thus with cigars or cigarrets (sic): the acquaintances of a moment chatted with in by-places, whenever they come handy; their existence so fugitive, uncertain, unsatisfactory. Once ignited, nothing like longevity pertains to them. They never grow old. Why, my lord, the stump of a cigarret (sic) is an abomination; and two of them crossed are more of a memento-mori than a brace of thigh-bones at right angles."

Ah, if these ancients named by Mr. Byington had only known tobacco! If Socrates had only smoked, the Athenians would have looked on him as a good fellow and he would not have taken to hemlock, a pernicious beverage; but Diogenes would have chewed plug tobacco and spat from his tub contemptuously at the great Alexander.

Let those who rail against the "filthy weed" remember the line of Charles Lamb when a "sour physician" compelled him to give up smoking: "None e'er prospered who defamed thee."

Dec 28 1927

Fannie H. Eckstorm and Mary W. Smyth, having collected for many years folk songs of the woods and the coast, have published through Houghton Mifflin Company a volume of 370 large octavo pages, entitled "Minstrelsy of Maine." The book should interest stu-

dents of local history, traditions and dialect, as well as gatherers of folk songs. The authors in their preface state that some of the verses sent in were rectified as to spelling, printed as they would have taken them down from the recitation of contributors, oldest inhabitants, descendants of former singers or reciters. They limited the selections to songs of woods and coast, being obliged to omit local historical songs, songs of the Revolution, Civil War, Forty-Niners, disasters, prize-fights, murders, prisons, temperance, Masonic and most important of all and largest in number, all our English and Irish traditional songs." No doubt it was necessary in some instances to cut out fable-like lines, which even today are sung with gusto by guides in the Maine woods.

As an example of the acumen and the patience of these editors, the long chapter, "The Pursuit of a Ballad Myth," is conspicuous; the song known as "The Jam on Gerry's Rock." Was there a rock so named? If there was, what happened there? Was there a Jack Monroe? Did a Canadian write the ballad?

Among the pirate songs is one of Capt. Kidd, who was not a pirate at all. The opening lines are here given as—

"You captains brave and bold, hear our cries, hear our cries;

You captains brave and bold, hear our cries;

You captains brave and bold, though you seem uncontrol'd,

Don't for the sake of gold, lose your souls, lose your souls;

Don't for the sake of gold, lose your souls."

We prefer the version heard in our boyhood—

"My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed,"

though we could not understand why William in this, as in another, version was changed to Robert. Capt. Charles Johnson, in his history of pirates, spells Kidd "Kid." The editors mention in connection with this ballad about Kidd an English minstrel song of the 1850's entitled "Sam Hall." Was not this famous and blasphemous song of an earlier date? One Ross was the singer at the Cider Cellars, which Thackeray called in "Pendennis" the Back Kitchen.

There were heroes in the Maine woods, as there are today; John Ross, for example, who was bound to get his logs out.

"Now the night that I was married, oh,  
And laid on marriage bed,  
Up stapt John Ross and Cyrus Hewes  
And stood at my bed-head.

"Oh, rise, oh, rise young married man,  
And come along with me  
To the lonesome hills of Suncook  
To swamp those trees for me."

In 1916 the editors first saw the word "lumberjack" used by a woodsman. "It was first used in Maine, so far as known, by Mr. Holman Day, who took it from Stewart Edward White's western stories and made it familiar, though not popular, in his books. The word was a sure sign of an outsider." The early word was "logger." This was followed by "lumberman." Later this was reserved for operators; laborers were called "woodsmen . . . this is used by companies and employment offices when advertising for men to go into the woods."

Let us sing two verses from "The Jam on Gerry's Rock," relating to the fate of Young Monroe.

"They took him from his watery grave,  
brushed back his raven hair;  
There was one fair girl among them  
whose sad cries rent the air—  
There was one fair form among them,  
a maid from Saginaw town,  
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies  
for her true love who'd gone down.

"Fair Clara was a noble girl, the river man's true friend;  
She lived with her widowed mother dear,  
down at the river's bend;  
The wages of her own true love the boss  
to her did pay.  
And the shanty boys for her made up  
a generous purse next day."

Also pathetic is "Jack Haggerty," the song of a broken-hearted raftsmen. It was a western song originally.

"I dressed her in muslins and the finest of lace,

In the costly lins I did her embrace.  
I gave her my wages to keep for me  
safe.

I refused her nothing I could get in the place.

"One day on Flat River a note I received:

She said from her promise herself she'd relieve

For another true lover, who had long been delayed,



And the next time I saw her she'd no more be a maid."

The editors suggest that the inventor of this song must have known the English "Pretty Polly Perkins" which begins: "I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I am arrayed"; while "Jack Hagerty" begins, "I'm a heart-broken raftsmen, from Greenville I came." But one line does not prove the acquaintance.

There is Lawrence Gorman's "Hoboes of Maine," a picture of the homeless woodsmen's life in Bangor at the end of the last century: "A grimy picture of dazed, doped, half-drunk woodsmen being loaded in the early morning upon the up-river train at the old yellow depot, to be sent on the drives after a brief carouse upon their winter's wages."

We should like to speak of the Mount Desert songs and legends: "The Life of Nicholas Thomas of Mount Desert" in 130 verses written by himself in 1857; "Old Joe" of the Cranberry islands; "The Death of William Gilley" as told by his wife. He went north on the Minerva in 1829 and never returned.

"One night as I lay on my bed My husband appeared unto me, Part naked, part clothed, as I thought, In trouble he then seemed to be.

"Come all you who wish for good days And pleasurable hours to see, Just marry with Jesus your friend, And widows you never will be."

There is a curious chapter telling how Dr. Holmes's "Ballad of the Oysterman" was rewritten by the Folk to make it more popular. There are other chapters by way of excursions, as "The Function of the Singer," "Ballads and Ballad Making" and others, besides the text of 100 songs with explanatory notes and comments.

The vocabulary of the woodsmen deserves a separate article. "To fall" a tree is always used to "fell" a tree. "Shanty" for "lumber camp" is western. In Maine a shanty was a rude woods tavern, sometimes a "shack," a place to obtain liquor. "Pod-auger days," old times. "Dungarven-whoop-er," a spirit who returned to the spot where he was killed and terrorized by his yells. "Grief," heart-breaking hard work, great difficulties. "Dingle," a compartment for stores. "Kenns-becker," carpet-bag, valise. "To jillpoke the whole works," to bungle a job. And these are only a few of the words that should find place in the great American Dialect Dictionary now said to be in preparation.

## TANSMAN CONCERTO HERE FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bloch, Four Episodes for Chamber Orchestra. Tansman, Concerto No. 2 for piano and orchestra (Mr. Tansman, pianist). Brahms, Symphony, E minor, No. 4.

Bloch's Suite (Humoresque Macabre, Obsession, Calm, Chinese) was performed for the first time in Boston. It was submitted for Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" which had been announced. The Suite, written originally for piano, string quintet, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, was awarded the Carolyn Beebe N. Y. Chamber Music Society Prize and first performed at New York.

The music would naturally have had a different effect last night if it had been played in its original form. The piano, which is treated in a remarkable, often novel manner, would not have been covered at times by the great body of strings; the proportion designed by the composer was necessarily destroyed. We understand that Mr. Koussevitzky obtained Mr. Bloch's permission to use the whole string section of the orchestra. (Composers are eager for performances in any form.)

While we should like to hear this music as it was written, it was a pleasure to hear it as it was performed, even in a swollen manner. Mr. Bloch having forsaken for the time Sinai and Jerusalem, has written a suite delightful by its spirit and humor; music original in conception and expression; frank as far as the three movements are concerned. The first is charged with fine poetic feel-

ing. It was at one time feared that Mr. Bloch would persist in being an exponent of racial music. His Concerto and this Suite show that he can write in a broader vein music that is not inspired by creed and dogma, admirable as it may be as an expression of the Hebrew mind; but music that makes its appeal without thought of the past glory, the persecutions, the prophetic visions, the persistent faith of Israel.

Mr. Tansman's concerto, which was performed for the first time, is more closely knit, with more continuity of thought, a firmer control of technical resources, and a sense of warmer color than were displayed in the works previously heard at these concerts. No doubt he bestowed the greatest pains on the first movement, which seemed, as played last night, the least striking, the least interesting section. The Scherzo, not so pretentious, is freer, more spontaneous, fascinating by its character of "perpetual movement" for the piano, while the trio with its wavering tonality and its suggestion of Polish melodic origin has an emotional feeling that is not to be readily found in the opening Allegro.

But the cradle-song built on a long sustained pedal has true beauty, a simplicity that is not affected, while the rhythmic treatment of this whole introduction to the Finale has an exotic charm that should be of universal appeal. Mr. Tansman and his Concerto were heartily applauded. It is needless to say that Mr. Koussevitzky, who has long been interested in Mr. Tansman, had carefully prepared the performance, which was brilliant.

The fourth symphony of Brahms is evidently dear to Mr. Koussevitzky's

heart, for since his arrival here he has put it several times on his programs, yet this symphony is to some granitic, with pages in which Brahms is seen treading water until he can again strike out thematically; a work that as the perplexed man in "Great Expectations" said to the actor who asked him what he thought of his portrayal of Hamlet is "massive and concrete."

The concert will be repeated this afternoon. The next concerts will be on Friday afternoon, Jan. 13, and Saturday evening, Jan. 14. Maurice Ravel will conduct, as guest, these compositions by him "Couperin's Tomb" (suite in four movements); Ravel's orchestration of Debussy's Sarabande and Dance; the Spanish rhapsody; "Scheherazade" (three poems for voice and orchestra, Lisa Roma, singer); "The Waltz."

### FAREWELL, LIZZIE

(For as the World Wags.)

Good-by, Old Flivver. Now my heart is sore,  
My soul is heavy and my spirits weary  
Since you vamoosed from sight forevermore.

How could you do it? Look! My eyes are bleary.  
I'm full of sorrow and of black despair  
Since you, Sweet Lisabeth, gave me the air.

I hope you've gone where you will be more happy  
Than I could make you while you still were mine;  
Our life together was quite often scrappy  
As we went tearing, screeching down the line  
And scared the neighbors' dogs and girls and boys  
Most half to death with your infernal noise.

You've nobly carried me both far and wide  
And fought with me good many a wicked battle  
'Gainst snow and rain. Then in your youth and pride  
You sure could run and also sure could rattle.  
Them was the great, the glorious, happy days  
When nothing on this earth us two could faze.

They tell me Henry has produced a car  
Way, way beyond you both in speed and manner  
Which soon will glimmer like a glorious star  
On old man Ford's proud and triumphant banner,  
A most refined and handsome little bus  
Is coming, so they say, next spring to us.

But, Oh, Sweet Lisabeth, it never will become  
That shrine for my most tender feelings  
Which you have been. Oh, how I love you still—  
Coughs, groans and rattles and those awful squealings—  
I love them all. And now I wish to die;  
My heart, Dear Flivver-o-mine, is broke.  
Good-by!

K. F. M.

### CONCERNING TWITCHELL

Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his dream was pursuing Mr. Ginery Twichell in order to give him an important document. As our readers, gentle and rude,

pleased or disgusted, know, Mr. Johnson wondered whether there ever was a man so named.

Yes, Mr. Johnson, there was a Ginery Twichell, born in 1811 at Athol and known to many in New England. He was first interested in stage coaching, later (in 1847) in the management of the Boston & Worcester railroad, of which he became president in 1857. He served three terms in Congress (1867-1873) and died, highly respected, in Brookline in 1883.

A correspondent wishes us to tell Mr. Johnson that the "G" in "Ginery" is hard as in "gout," not soft as in "gin."

### IT'S A SAD STORY

Mr. Johnson called at The Herald office yesterday and assured us that he had never heard the name of Ginery Twichell, never seen it in print. "That is why the dream seemed so extraordinary to me. There is a possible explanation. When I was a boy I collected names of locomotive engines. You say Mr. Twichell was at one time a railroad man, even a president. Perhaps an engine bore his name, as names of railroad officers were to be seen on locomotives from Springfield, Mass., to Rutland and Burlington, Vt. Anyhow the name must in some way have entered my subconscious mind years ago. Now what could have brought it out on Christmas night from that vast, mysterious reservoir? Perhaps the Day of Judgment is the awful day when these reservoirs will be wholly emptied. What one of us will not then stand ashamed, aghast, even the most ascetic saint and the purest maiden! I now understand the final unpunctuated chapter in Joyce's 'Ulysses,' though I much prefer the Ulysses of Homer's 'Odyssey' and the poem of Tennyson. And to think I had not had a cocktail that day, nor any strong and sleep disturbing liquor. My boy, beware of food; eat simply and little, or you, too, will pursue in dreams men whose names you never heard, men who are to you then as ghosts answering an incantation."

We called Mr. Johnson's attention to these words of Emerson concerning dream-life: "Or we seem busied for hours and days in peregrinations over seas and lands, in earnest dialogues, strenuous actions for nothings and absurdities, cheated by spectral jokes and waking suddenly with ghastly laughter to be rebuked by the cold, lonely, silent midnight to rake with confusion in memory among the gibbering nonsense to find the motive of this contemptible cackinnation."

### As the World Wags:

There is yet one unlamented evil of modern life. With the present custom of bearing children in hospitals, what will posterity do for the birthplaces of great men? No lowly thatched cottage, not even a brick house, will be shown to the admirers of illustrious citizens. Instead, will they see in some hospital a tablet: "In room 37 was born John Jones, Chief Justice, etc.?" Must we revise the familiar ditty, and sing:

"How ill I remember the ward where I was born?"

Shall starry-eyed Romance be thus banished by stern Queen Hygeia?

SPECULANS.

The answer to this is a sentence from a speech of Counsellor Phillips at a public dinner in Ireland, on his health being given together with that of Mr. Payne, a young American, 1817: "Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington."—Ed.

### TO MILTON

(Not the mute and inglorious)  
Here's to "Milton," the perfect announcer!  
Whose voice must be truly a bouncer!  
I lift up my soul  
To your soft, mellow roll:  
You true French and German pronouncer.  
Farmington, Me. W. I. T.

### As the World Wags:

Old version: "While the light hangs out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." New version: "While habas corpus writs there be, the orneriest crooks can all go free." R. H. L.

### THE RIGHT MOMENT

(A famous actress declares that ill-temper can often be cured by changing one's dress.)

Let others deem the twilight time  
The proper hour and fit  
For owning up to any crime  
They've happened to commit,  
Or let the firelight's dying glow  
Support their humble pleas  
For pardon and reprieve—I know  
A trick worth two of these.

When I must tell (and thereby jar)  
That patient wife of mine,  
How I've demobilized the car  
Or asked the Browns to dine,  
Or, delving in my overcoat,  
In place of what I seek  
I find the still unposted note  
She gave me Friday week,

My time I deftly single out  
And hasten to confess

When I perceive that she's about  
To go and change her dress,  
For well I know an altered guise  
May possibly allay  
The temper she might otherwise  
Be tempted to display.

T. H.

Dec 31 1927

Mr. Herkimer Johnson spelled the surname of the dream-man "Twitchell." He tells us the name was so spelled the thick envelope he was trying to give him. Some of our corresponders spell the name in the same way. The letter from Mr. Frank L. Watson, attorney for the Boston & Albany Railroad, should settle this important matter.

"Ginery Twichell was assistant superintendent of the Boston & Worcester Railroad Corporation from June 1, 1849, to May 7, 1849; superintendent from May 7, 1849 to Oct. 1, 1858; and president from Feb. 5, 1857 to Dec. 1, 1858, when the Boston & Worcester and other roads became the Boston & Albany Railroad Company, of which he was director for several years.

"In those days the superintendent was paid \$2500 and the president \$3000 year."

Mr. Robert K. Shaw, librarian of the Free Public Library, Worcester, is a for "Twitchell," whom he describes, "a famous express rider." He refers us to a little book, "Forty Immortals Worcester and its County."

"G. F. H." spells the name with "t" and says that he lived on Harris place, Brookline—now Kent street—directly opposite where my father lived when I was a baby; the old house still standing."

"C. H. C." is also for "t" in the name. He remembers our hero as a Massachusetts Congressman "representing the Southern Boston and Brookline district. He was then an elderly gentleman of stout figure, ruddy complexion, liberally bewhiskered and completely lacking in fluency of speech. He had been, I think, a stage driver in early youth, then an owner of stage line, and later was interested in railroads. In his years of service in Washington I am quite sure he never made a speech nor do I believe he even ventured motion to adjourn, but he was a safe, reliable representative. We know that names and incidents forgotten return to us in our dreams with no apparent cause and Mr. Johnson's dream is simply a case in point."

"V. F. C." gives interesting information: "Ginery Twichell early formed determination to abstain from all toxicating drinks. At the age of 19 took charge of the stage line from Boston to Worcester and in the succeeding years became owner of over 200 horses and of several lines of stage coaches between Worcester and points in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. In 1848 Ginery Twichell became associated with the Boston and Worcester railroad, rising to the office of president in February, 1857. He was elected to the 40th, 41st and 42d Congresses substantial majorities. In 1870 he became president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad. He also held the office of president of the Hoosac Tunnel & Western railroad. He died in Brookline on July 23, 1883. An oil portrait of the Hon. Ginery Twichell graces the walls of the Barre Library. We read a 'Sketch of the Life of Ginery Twichell, 1833, that he was especially desirous of securing habits of temperance among his employees and for this purpose would induce them to sign temperance pledge with himself, labelling with them personally and privately."

Mr. Perry Walton refers us to a statement about Mr. Twichell which is in "Historic Events of Worcester," prepared by the Worcester Bank and Trust Co. 1922 by the Boston firm of Walton, Advertising and Printing Co.

The ride that made Twichell famous was on Jan. 23, 1846, when there was question of the boundaries and title of the future state of Oregon. Dispatches from England, which were to arrive in Boston on the steamer Hibernia, were eagerly awaited by the New York newspapers. The New York Herald secured the exclusive right to the quick means of transmission. "It made arrangements for the dispatches to be brought on a special engine by the ton and Norwich Railroad, which thence to New York City. The condition on which the other I could secure such direct means was the engine they chartered would be Boston fifteen minutes after the arrival. This condition was accepted and when the second engine reached Worcester, Ginery Twichell met it, lost no time in taking the dispatches."



928  
The English Singers have prepared an interesting program for their concert this afternoon. The names of Byrd, Wilbye, Gibbons are, alas, only names to lovers of music in this city, yet they were great masters; Byrd and Gibbons, masters of music for the church as well as of music that has been regularly called "profane," for if Masses by Byrd are perhaps the finest examples of English composition, Byrd published in 1589 his "Songs of Sundrie Natures, some of gravitie, and others of mirth, fit for all companies and pyces"; Gibbons published madrigals and wrote "The Cryes of London," lifted from the British Museum manuscript by the late Sir Frederick Bridge. They were originally set for four voices with instruments.)

Any one wishing to become acquainted with the Old English masters could read Jeffrey Pulver's "Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music" and Peter Warlock's "The English Ayre."

The names of Bateson, Edwardes and Weelkes are not so familiar. Little known of Thomas Bateson's life. He was organist of Chester Cathedral 1599. Weelkes was a late Tudor composer who wrote for instruments and ded voice parts to them, besides writing much for voices alone.

Richard Edwardes will be represented this afternoon by his music to own verses that are to be found in many anthologies of poetry. This poem, headed "Amantium Irae redintegratio amoris," begins:

In going to my naked bed as one that would slept,  
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept;  
She sigh-ed sore and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,  
That would not cease but cri-ed still, in sucking at her breast.  
She was full weary of her watch, and griev-ed with her child,  
She rock-ed it and rated it, till that on her it smiled;  
Then did she say: "Now have I found this proverb true to prove,  
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of Love!"

This is modernized from "The Paragise of Dainty Devises . . . written the most part by M. Edwardes . . . whereunto is added sundry new entions, very pleasant and delightful."

There has been a dispute over the precise meaning of "naked bed." Originally the term was used with reference to the custom of sleeping entirely naked; later it denoted the removal of ordinary wearing apparel. Thus Lyson wrote in 1617: "I had never lien (sic) in naked bed since I came in Venice. . . having always slept . . . in my doublet, with linnen breeches stockings." There is a learned and curious dissertation entitled "De la date la chemise de nuit?" in "Les Indiscretions de l' Histoire" by Dr. Lanes.

As for Edwardes (1523-1566), he was a poet, playwright, composer and teacher of the Children of the Chapel Royal. It is admitted that he wrote verses of "In going to my naked bed." In all probability he wrote the lyric.

The old folk song, "Brigg Fair," here arranged by Percy Grainger, led us to write his Rhapsody for orchestra which was performed here by the Symphony Orchestra in 1910.

"The Cryes of London." Street cries have inspired composers, French, English and others from early days to Charpentier with his opera "Louise." There are many collections of these cries in several languages. The monumental work is by Kastner. Deering, who left a couple of sets of "Cryes," descended of a "right ancient family," but illegitimately. He was a pious, musically inclined, sent as a youth to Italy. In Brussels he was a student to the English nuns living in the monastery of the Blessed Virgin Mary. When Charles the First married Henrietta Maria, Deering was organist to her. He evidently prospered, for by his will he left plate pounds—to the king £40 or £50; to the queen £90. He died not later than 1630. Cromwell liked his music. John Hingston, with two of his boys, and frequently sing this Catholic's Latin motets to the Puritan Protector. The "Cryes of London," to be heard this afternoon are arranged by George Jacob, but Sir Frederick Bridge also published them and edited a dozen Deering's sacred compositions.

#### GONE BEYOND RECALL

The Editor of The Herald:

Tonight I pressed the ear 'phones to my head, as sounds came to me from the dim and distant past, when the overture to "Zampa" was broadcast. And years ago, in boyhood days, when theatre orchestras were orchestra in the parquet of those places of hallowed memory, the Boston Museum or the Globe, and while we waited for the first curtain to rise, listened to excellent music, and sat entranced by the waving wand of an, Koppitz, Catlin or Braham, as "Zampa," "Poet and Peasant," "Semiramide," "William Tell," "The Bohemian Girl," one or another of the many gems of precious memory associated with those men and places, made it a delightful quarter of an hour.

Youth paints pictures; all imaginary, impressionistic, non-existent but full; Age hangs the Art Gallery, but not with the same mental candor and looks back over the illimitable corridors of Time upon an assemblage of absorbing variety and limitless extent of glorious scenes and dreams; associations that connect each other with his life.

Many of these actual reproductions of the "has been" are accompanied by the sweet harmony of sound; music, or the long since stilled voices of loved and worshipped friends and artists; the piccolo of Koppitz, the cornet of Arbuckle; the melodious tones of beautiful Mrs. Chanfrau; the rich voice of Agnes Perry's; the clear and magnetic voice of Charley Thorne; the variety of idolized William Warren, rest his soul; the dearly loved and treasured speech of revered Annie Clarke; and, oh, so many, more.

Like the starry firmament, which is limitless, so is my Art Gallery of pictures.

"Zampa!" You started a train of thought tonight that illumed the years from a glorious sunset, and served a purpose little dreamed of.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Suppose Handel's "Messiah" were to be sung by a small chorus, by singing greater in number than at the first performance in Dublin, and with orchestration as Handel planned it, not with the additions and "improvements" of Mozart and others; suppose that as in those early years "Messiah" solo sopranos were allowed, indeed expected to interpolate as, even in "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; would not the per-

formance be an interesting one? Handel's orchestration as he left it has been used in this country as in England. Would we find it thin and pale? But he wrote it for a comparatively small chorus. He was pleased with those Dublin singers, for he wrote to Jennens: "I have found another tenor voice which gives great satisfaction; the basses and counter-tenors are very good, and the rest of the chorus singers by my directions do exceedingly well." From this it would appear that his altos were male singers. It should not be forgotten that Handel, writing oratorios, was always a man of the opera; that the oratorio solos should be sung in the operatic manner of his day.

As the "Messiah" is now performed, one can see Handel, not tearing his hair, but shaking his head till the powder flies in all directions from his majestic wig.

John L. Balderston, writing from London to the World, concludes an instructive article by saying that the English know how to write plays, the Americans how to perform them. "English actors and actresses with a few exceptions, are terrible." He says that in New York audiences like the voices and manners of the English: "You ignore the patent fact that they cannot act. I walked into a New York theatre during rehearsal this autumn and observed a \$25-a-week provincial English actor, who couldn't get a job in the West End of London at any price, walking through his part. 'He's English,' whispered the American producer, 'That's why he acts that way. They are reserved, they never show anything.' This fortunate immigrant, I later learned, gets \$250 a week. He knows how to wear his clothes and hand teacups and his voice is soft. My advice to bad actors, if domiciled in New York, is take the next boat. My advice to bad actors, if resident in London, is—the same."

P. H.

## SOUTHERN SOCIETY

As Portrayed in the Play "Coquette," with  
Helen Hayes, the Reckless Flirt

Jerking away from Grand Central station in a yellow taxicab, you hold the theatre page of the Times as firmly as possible before your eyes. As the names of the plays go up and down it is fairly easy to reject most of them. With only Friday night to be given to a play, "Fallen Angels" is out of the question—we haven't time to be merely smutty. "The Command to Love," now so denatured of its continental wit by our noble American censorship, must be simply one more thin ice comedy. No "Manhattan Marys" or "Five O'Clock Girls"—we have too many of them in our own Boston, city of intellectual pleasures. "Porgy"—well—perhaps, though the stark life of the book is said to be obscured by over-colorful staging. "The Trial of Mary Dugan"—after all, a mystery play in a new dress even if Ann Harding is in it. "Burlesque"—"Broadway" has just played in Boston. A little name, most modest of announcements, simply "Helen Hayes in Coquette," tucked away between glaring notices of "Restless Women" and "White Eagle," it is still the brightest name on the page. The little name grows gigantic, enormous, wrapped about with numberless pages of critical ecstasy. The newspaper ink alone used in describing this production if placed end to end would fill Grant's tomb.

Passing over a truly epic struggle to get two tickets, together or separate, by means of agencies, friends, friends' clubs, and finally a blotchy derbied gentleman waving greasy pasteboards outside the theatre, eight o'clock finds us ensconced in the eighth row of the balcony, and lucky to get there. It is benefit night for the Brooklyn Hospital. The balcony surges with matrons redolent of *Quelque-fleurs*, handkerchiefed, prepared to throb at this tale of young love. Mayor Walker appears, immaculate, urban, in a box. We assume that he is prepared to throb, too. If Zeus sometimes smiled, why should not Mayor Walker weep?

All ye who come to "Coquette" in search of pleasant emotional titillation, prepare for disappointment. It is almost impossible to enjoy consciously an emotion when you are too breathless to feel one. The play opens very simply, a cross section of the pleasant life of a Southern family of good position. Helen Hayes, as the young daughter, is a belle of the first magnitude, a little feminine creature with no modern illusions about the value of frankness. She has always ruled her world by flattery, evasion is as natural and effortless as breathing to her, she is dishonest in the nicest and most charming way in the world. She is a delectable and perfectly respectable little flirt, playing on the heart strings of her surrounding males like an immature and well-chaperoned young Circe.

The manners and customs of the society of this southern city unfold in Dr. Besant's home. Flowers are apparently as usual an expression of masculine interest here as telephone calls in our colder northern climate. At a dance even the most extreme of southern belles are expected to stay on the dance floor, gladdening the hearts of the many rather than gracing the motor cars of the few, and to return home at half past 12. Here lingers a quaint before-the-war flavor of chivalry. A nice girl may be as desperate a flirt as she is able, in the old conventional way. If she confines herself to melting looks and soft words, takes always and gives never, she is an angel of spotless womanhood, and her name may not be spoken by a young man in a florist's shop, unless he is prepared to "give satisfaction" to her father.

These southern beauties are not asked to dinner parties and taken on to dances where their eligible young men are gathered in a more or less sober stag line. In this community, true to the old traditions, the young men do the pursuing. The girls have "dates," and a very fortunate young man may be able to engage Norma Besant's company for a party three weeks ahead.



Dr. Besant's vague uneasiness at this extreme popularity sounds the first note of tragedy. He is worried, some faint foreboding fills his mind. Then like a recurring deeper motif the name of Michael Jeffery weaves itself into the conversation of the Besant household. Michael is a wild young man, poor, dwelling in the city but outside the very definite preserves of this southern society, Michael drinks, Michael has had a fight in a florist's shop. We hear nothing very good of Michael, yet there is a hint of the fascination of something more unrestrained, more primitive, more real than all the nice young men who surround Norma. It becomes apparent that Norma has met this boy. Her frank young brother describes him as "Norma's latest crush," and reads "Michael Jeffery" on the card accompanying Norma's newest roses. Flying to defend Michael from her father's surprised eyebrows, Norma explains that she made him send them because he had never sent flowers to a girl in his life. This statement is received in silence as something too uncouth for comment.

In the most delicate and practised manner in the world Norma's escort for that evening finds that he is not to take Norma, but little Betty Lee, to the dance. Norma had really forgotten all about it, and "because she felt so sorry for him" had arranged to go—the deeper note again—with Michael.

With the entrance of this dark boy, reality seizes little Norma. Passion is something she cannot evade. She feels an intense necessity to be honest with Michael's fierce love. There is something in him she cannot subdue, cannot wind around her pretty finger. He strips her of her little arts. She is caught.

Elliot Cabot, as this boy, gives a performance of inarticulate passion that could not be improved. He is the outsider, uncurbed, "little blessed with the soft phrase of peace," and with that something passionate and real beneath that has held Norma from the moment she saw him and will always hold her. Alfred Lunt's Dmitri in "The Brothers Karamazov" was a more introspective and cultured Michael. It is impossible to imagine two creatures of vitality better played than by these two actors.

Dark clouds are gathering over Norma's flimsy, delicately-spun little existence, Michael has gone away for six months to work for her. With her old habits of evasion she puts off telling her father that she loves him and promises not to see him again. After three months he comes back, hungry for her, goes to the party where she is dancing. They go off together. Life has little Norma firmly. She can play no longer.

The next day the boy appears abruptly, scattering the young people gathered in Norma's living room with an intense "I must speak to Norma alone." Remorse, passionate love, adoration struggle for expression in him. Norma has no regret. She is his—she is unquestioning. The scene is so moving that the throbbers, neglecting to heave their usual sighs, pay the two young actors a tribute of absolute silence. Dr. Besant, interrupting, angrily orders the unsuitable boy from the house. Michael tries to explain, to express his love for Norma. Meeting with insult after insult he loses his temper, shouts out the truth, tells Norma he will return in the afternoon to marry her, and storms from the house.

Reality has been making a woman of Norma but she has grown too quickly. When Dr. Besant turns to her and asks her if her lover told the truth, the weight of his traditions of spotless girlhood and her years of feminine evasions are too much for her. She is unable to say the simple, devastating words to an angry father waiting in absolute confidence for her denial. She will wait, and get around him.

His daughter's name insulted, there is only one thing for a southern gentleman to do. Dr. Besant shoots Michael, and gives himself up to the police. Helen Hayes has never done anything more poignant than the scene where Norma learns of her boy's death. It is too horrible, almost too real to bear. The second act curtain goes down on her broken "Leave-me-alone. Leave-me-alone."

The play should end there. Its bolt is shot. There follows another act of anti-climax, weak from the dramatic point of view, and utterly ridiculous legally. To free her father, Norma must testify that she is a virgin. Where the authors found precedent or even reason for this theory is an interesting question. Dr. Besant, charged with murder, is permitted to return to his home "to look up some important papers." Of course, they must get him there some way to provide a few father-and-daughter throbs now that Michael is dead, but this descent is a pity, after the reality of the first two acts. Norma's baby is coming. She fears for her father. Her love for life died with Michael. She shoots herself. This might better have been left to the imagination. Miss Hayes makes it quite evident to anyone with a modicum of feeling that Norma is dead, in all but body, at the end of act two.

R. H. G.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., the English Singers with a program of glees, madrigals, etc. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony orchestra, Wm. Hofmann, conductor. Concert in memory of Emil Mollenhauer. See special notice.

**MONDAY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., the Paulist choir, Father Finn, conductor, also organist. See special notice.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., David Blair McClosky, baritone; Raymond Coon, pianist; Strauss, Ruhe, Meine Seele, Anbetung, O Waerst du Mein, Ständchen. Duparc, L'Invitation du Voyage, La Vague et Le Cloche, Soupir. Ballantine, Corinth, My Star, Cyprus, Shepherd's Elegy. Chadwick, songs from "Told in the Gate." (As in Waves without number, Dear Love When in Thine Arms I Lie, Was I Not Thine, Sister, Fairest, Why Art Thou Singing? Love's Like a Summer Rose, O Let Night Speak of Me, Sweetheart, Thy Lips are Touched with Flame.)

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Donald Francis Tovey, pianist. Bach, Allegro in D minor, Fugue on four invertible subjects. Beethoven, Sonata, B flat, op. 106. Schumann, Impromptu, op. 5, on a theme by Clara Wieck.

and spurring his horse toward Hartford. It was real January weather, and the snowdrifts were high. In three hours and twenty minutes Ginery Twichell rode sixty-six miles (with a fresh horse at every ten miles) and arrived at Hartford in time to get a train which carried him thirty-six more miles to New Haven. At New Haven another

horse was ready for him, and he started off again, on the seventy-six-mile journey to New York. The result was that the Tribune and the Journal of Commerce had the news sooner than the Herald.

Mr. Walton adds: "I am not surprised

that Mr. Herkimer Johnson should dream of Twichell because there is no accounting for dreams. Only a week ago I dreamt that the publisher of one of the largest Boston newspapers had a large collection of autographs which he presented to an Institution he has been lately endowing with much antiquarian material. When in my dream I chided him with not letting me, a collector, know of this, he said that he did not even know that I was a collector. Two days ago I had occasion to write this gentleman a letter and I told him how he had figured in my dream. To my very great amazement he confirmed my dream by saying that he had recently handled a large collection of autographs which he had turned over for the Bostonian Society. As I had not the slightest news of this before my dream, I have added this interesting dream of mine to various others which I have had in which events have been portrayed that have had a subsequent happening. All of which goes to prove that coming events cast their shadows before."

Yes, but Mr. Johnson will never be able to put the "important document" in Mr. Twichell's hands.

Mr. Johnson, the Sage of Clamport, the eminent sociologist, as a boy collected names of locomotive engines. Mr. Harry N. Squires writes: "I recall as a small boy, about 50 years ago, seeing a locomotive on the Boston & Albany railroad bearing that name" (Ginery Twichell). And so this name must have lurked in Mr. Johnson's subconscious mind until the night of Christmas.

#### As the World Wags:

I was on a street car last night (my chauffeur was sick) when a pleasant chap who sat next to me said: "That's a good idea, isn't it?"

"What's a good idea?" asked I. "That sign up in the front of the car."

"This car?"

"Yes."

I read the sign. It said: BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS! This is the busy season for thieves, etc.

"Yes," I agreed. "That's a good idea." "A fella's sure gotta be alert nowadays," observed the pleasant chap.

"Yes," I said. "I always am alert."

The pleasant chap proffered me benisons of the Yuletide and left the car. A few blocks later I wondered what time it was. Funniest thing! My watch was gone! So was my money, my cuff buttons, and suspenders! I didn't dare look up at the sign again. I had on some very expensive silk B. V. D's.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

## 'BEAU SABREUR' AT METROPOLITAN

"Beau Sabreur," the nim sequel to "Beau Geste," adapted from the novel of the same name by Percival Wren, directed by John Waters and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Major Henri de Beaujolais . . . Gary Cooper  
Mary Vanbrugh . . . Evelyn Brent  
Sheikh El Hamel . . . Noah Beery  
Beauque . . . William Powell

When the dons of Paramount handed the sequel of "Beau Geste" to John Waters to direct, they handed him a difficult task. To follow in the trail of this first story of the Foreign Legion was to stumble against boulders of comparison, fancied and real hardships, almost a superhuman job, like whipping cream after most of the cream has been skimmed off. Many directors would dodge this sequel stunt and so one would like to pat Mr. Waters on the back and say—well done, but one has to say it with reservations.

The film paces with labored breathing. It is self-conscious and hard-working. The mob scenes leave one cold and they are all that mob scenes, the very best mob scenes, should be. There isn't enough reason for them and the riders in the desert risk their lives more often than one feels a good Arab, fond of his skin and his horse's skin, would tolerate.

It is Noah Beery who saves the day for the picture, Mr. Waters and the French. He had a sense of humor and other sense. He is a great sheikh, sheik or sheikie, as he would like to be called by the fair Evelyn. When he enters the picture one ceases to wonder what it is all about.

William Powell and the rigorous Gary Cooper give good performances. Evelyn Brent is intelligent, but the comedy relief offered by Joan Standing is neither comedy nor relief until her scenes are finished.

The picture is a lavish display of the picturesque Arab in the great American desert. The sets are properly spicy and love hits one without preliminary bouts.

The sabreur is used with skill and daring, thus entitling Beau of the Beaujolais to have the Sabreur tacked onto his name.

The stage presentation in "Russian Revels" by Jack Partington allows a splendid treatment of color and boots. Several ideas of the Russian theatre as we have learned to know it through the Chauve Souris have been used effectively with the little lullaby by Irving Berlin danced by near-Russian maids instead of crooned by Russian mothers.

C. M. D.

His face is growing sharp and thin. Alack! our friend is gone.

Cloze up his eyes: tie up his chin: Step from the corpse, and let him in That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,

And a new face at the door, my friend,

A new face at the door.

#### FOR THE NEW YEAR

As the World Wags:

I sat in the dingy old arm-chair, with the writing desk that swings around. It is good for leaning one's arms on—and doing perhaps—of winter nights.

I must have been snoozing, I suppose; but I looked up sharply, because I was aware of a luminous Presence.

"Ah," I said, "you are the New Year, of course. Don't you think it's rather 'vieux jeu', Old Top, a little Charles Dickens-y, to twin up in this way? Just a bit scrap-iron?"

"I am the New Year," the Presence said, "and I bring gifts: everything that you need. I come to tell you again of Beauty, of Love; of Glory and of Immortality. I come to relight the flame of that lamp you used to burn before the altar of Beauty. I am come to tell you again of the exquisite madness of Love. I come to fill you with the brutal courage that alone can give you force to ravish Glory. And I am here to sling that Immortality, which you, poor skeptic—"

"Dear Vision," I said, and my voice was a little hard with that cruelty we too often show to the best beloved, "dear Vision! Fade away! That, will use the detestable slang of our day, will be about all from you. You can't sweet Angel, even tell me what Beauty is. (See my forthcoming book on aesthetics where the subject is treated exhaustively in 39 pages.) Love? My dear fellow, do I have to tell you that I am 62? Ravish Glory, indeed; my pretty child would you have me embrace a cloud? Like—who was the old boy we used to read about in "Smith's Classical?" Ixion, wasn't it? And Immortality! Shall such an old moustache as I am, who sleeps peacefully in his pew, while learned pundits rave about whether nothing is one or three; shall I listen to you babbling bleating just because you have a pretty face? Why, you do not even exist yourself. Must I talk Kant to you to show you that Time and Space do not exist? Disperse, as it were, sweet child, dissolve! And leave me to turn the iron page of the book I read. 'Necessity' the first page is called: 'Experience' the second; the third is 'Disillusion.' It bores me damnably, that is why I was nodding when you came in."

The Vision smiled pitifully; there was a sob in its voice as it replied: "I tried! I wanted! It's such fun to make pretends. I thought you would play with me. We would throw the pretty iridescent things in the air and catch them again. But now; yes. It is true. Beauty is not, nor Love; or Glory. And Immortality? And I, I too am nothing!"

Even as it spoke it faded to a dim nebulous light, and then was gone.

I was sorry, for I hate to hurt sweet young things. Only, of course, this sweet young thing didn't exist. The swash-buckling Frenchman, brooding over his gout, wrote: "Cogito, ergo sum." And so I suppose one does exist. My joints tell me so. Ah well! It's 1 o'clock. There's the furnace to be banked. And then one must sneak upstairs and scrub one's teeth, and rub one's gums with myrrh. And so to bed.

And tomorrow the dim red light, faintly showing out of night's blackness beyond Blue Hill, will wake me, to say once more that we are still in the game.

NEMO.

It is clear that a distracted, overwrought age like our own should attempt only comedy.—Dramatic critic of the London Times.

#### GIFTS

"What a lovely lot of pretty things!" Mary turned to thank the kneeling Kings.

And then to Him: "See what they have for you: Spices and myrrh and silks all gold and blue.

And see this sparkling stone!"

He held His head

Against a little woolly lamb instead.

BOY BLUE.



Mr. Maude Chin Chin, a telephone operator in San Francisco, has been unanimously elected to a seat in the women's hall of our Hall of Fame.

#### AFTERMATH

Never without a cigar in my mouth, of course it never occurred to any one to give me smokes; almost never without my nose half-stuck in some volume or other, naturally, no one ever dreamed of giving me a book; BODY loves a gin-rickey or a whiskey-sour better than I do, to be sure, no one had the inspiration to send me a quart; I had to tell the time by the old Town Clock for years, giving me a nice wrist watch with a silver band would have been ridiculous; MY traveling bag is so shabby that the checkroom guys have begun wise-cracking about it,

AUT—Oh, Dearie, ain't men hard to buy Christmas things for?

JAZBO

As the World Wags:

As Judge Lindsey summing up in his argument for the Companionate Marriage seems to be that it is wiser to legalize disobedience than to disobey the law. Why shouldn't we apply that simple solvent to all our trouble with the "Eighteenth"? And so the happy days of open bars openly arrived at would return once more.

HENRY W. ABBOT.

#### HUBBARD CORNER LOCALS

(Reported for As the World Wags)

Fifteen members of Miss Agatha Shrewsbury's Sunday school class were entertained at her birthday party Thursday evening. They brought a large cake with candles. Miss Shrewsbury was born the year the town built the horse trough in Liberty square. When the candles were lighted several of the children were overcome by the smoke. They revived, however, before the ice cream was served.

The mule which Hiram Sawyer, Jr., bought at the army base reclamation sale turned out to be a bad bargain. Hiram's father stooped down behind it to pick up his hat. The fact that he truck the barn roof between two rafters undoubtedly saved his life.

Folks at the Corner last Friday noon heard the ralls screech as the engineer jammed on the brakes of the Triple State Express. It appears that Willie Simmons and some other children were walking on the curve ahead. Willie had just torn his trousers on a barbed wire fence. He was wearing one of his father's cut-down red flannel shirts. The wind playfully liberated a large piece through the rent, thus flagging the train. The laughs of the passengers were not appreciated by the engineer. Much Pullman crockery was shaken from the racks.

The recent sleet storm did considerable damage. Miss Elsie May Stoddard, our elderly librarian, fell upon the ice near the post office and injured her somewhat. She pluckily remarked: "I don't bounce as good as I did 30 years ago." She will be out again in a week.

The new doctor at the Memorial Hospital extracted a minnie ball from Jed Harley's left heel last week. He says he was shot in the right elbow at the battle of Antietam. Be that as it may.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### Memorial to Emil Mollenhauer, First Conductor

The sixth concert of the People's symphony Orchestra, William F. Hoffmann, conductor, became a fitting memorial to the late Emil Mollenhauer. The society's president, W. A. Barrington-Sargent, made a few well-chosen remarks in honor of the orchestra's first conductor; orchestra and audience stood a minute in silent prayer; and then came a program of music all dear to Mollenhauer's heart:

Schubert, overture "Rosamunde"; Tanneke, introduction to fifth act, "Tanfred"; Schumann, "Traumerei"; Strauss, waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Mube"; Tschaiakowsky, Adagio from symphony No. 6; Beethoven, Symphony, minor.

This concert, in memory of a conductor now gone, is not an occasion for imitating his successor's powers. Since enough, the world must march, let men or let them go, the People's orchestra is to be congratulated on securing a new conductor of marked excellence.

Mr. Hoffmann, as he made plain yesterday, has an ear for color. Drums, to be they kettledrums or other kinds of drums, signify a means to orchestral ends—not merely convenient instruments to have at hand for the good of effect in the Danube waltz. An ear for sonority and balance he has as well. Blessed with an admirable ear of strings, Mr. Hoffmann evidently

has no intention of letting their tone be ruined by the forcing needful if they are to make themselves heard above other choirs giving of their loudest. Skillfully Mr. Hoffmann kept other choirs, one in particular that is not his best, in their place. Thereby he gained a quality of tone in that trying music, the first movement of Beethoven's symphony, superior to what we hear at every Beethoven performance.

With tempo, too, Mr. Hoffmann has a way of his own. He respects the terms allegro and andante; in "con moto" he recognizes a meaning. To melody, furthermore, he clearly is sensitive.

An extremely able musician, in short, Mr. Hoffmann proved himself yesterday in one short concert. If he shows himself presently, as no doubt he will, a conductor of sufficient personality to use his musicianship to its fullest advantage, behold the People's Symphony Orchestra on the way to a season of unusually interesting concerts.

R. R. G.

## ENGLISH SINGERS

Symphony hall was well filled yesterday afternoon with an exceptionally enthusiastic audience to listen to an excellent program of Motets, Madragals, Folk songs and other part-song music rendered by the English Singers from London. This was the second appearance of this group, as their first was in Symphony hall last year. And they are a welcome choir of singers as they bring a most refined and little known sort of music into the foreground. The work is of a high order and one seldom hears such delicate graduation of voices from a fine pianissimo to a forte that fairly filled the hall with sonorous sound. One would be justified in the use of a whole string of superlatives in describing the varied and excellent singing of these English Singers. That they were fully appreciated yesterday was constantly evident, for after a number of the Folk songs for which the ladies of the ensemble were appropriately costumed, a number of encores were responded to.

One of the astonishing surprises in the concert was the fact that all the music was composed in the 15th and 16th centuries by such writers as William Byrd (1543-1623), Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625), Thomas Weelkes (1575-1623) and other such names of part-song writers of that period. From the "Fancies of Orlando Gibbons" were sung some of the "Cryes of London" in which the singers fascinatingly imitated the street venders selling such things as "Hot apple pies hot"—"New mussels, new lily-white mussels"—and all sorts of small wares that were sold by the cryers of that day in London.

On the other hand, it is not surprising that such voice ensemble is not imitated for a combination of such fine singers as comprise the English Singers is a rare thing. They again demonstrated yesterday what a group of voices can accomplish where the love of music is combined with hard work, intellect, natural musical endowment and a willingness to self-effacement for the enhancement of the whole which can only be gained through unremitting toil and much experience.

A. H. D.

We are old enough to remember when girls in New England were not allowed to think seriously of a "career," even if by some prompting of Satan, who according to popular belief was prowling in village streets, they had a vague longing to escape from harassing domesticity. To help mother, perhaps to teach in school, to wait patiently for the earthly as well as the celestial bridegroom—this was the whole duty of girls. We have changed all that. Young girls jump on the stage with the consent of parents; they apply for office work without planning to wed the prominent lawyer, captain of industry or renowned surgeon; they appear in court or sit upon the bench; they preach, they hang out their doctors' signs; they are not ashamed to do manual labor in any place save home; they enter newspaper offices and are anxious to write dramatic reviews and editorial articles; the whole country is full of their labor. It matters not whether their parents have plenty of money—the daughters of the rich are often more eager to work with hands or brains than are the daughters of those in moderate circumstances or oppressed by poverty. A great many of these young women no longer believe that man is lord of creation, though he may be helpful at times and to be tolerated if he accepts humbly his position.

There are girls, however, who should work, are willing to work, but are easily discouraged, not knowing where to look, distrustful of their ability. To them "Girls Who Did: Stories of real Girls and their Careers" by Helen Ferris and

Virginia Moore, illustrated by Harriet Moncre, published by E. P. Dutton & Company, may be recommended. Miss Ferris (Mrs. Tibbets) is known chiefly by her work and writings for girls' clubs. A graduate of Vassar, she was at first employed in the educational department of John Wanamaker Stores.

Here are stories about 19 girls who succeeded in what they undertook to do; one liked sports and is now a director of physical education in a prominent western university; one hoped to be a singer, but is more useful as the "executive dietitian" of a great New York hotel—Miss Marion Sprague Gilmore, who, studied singing in Boston, and now knows "the importance of a wholesome diet," wisc, probably, in the matter of calories and vitamins, yet urging one of the authors of this book to eat a rich chocolate éclair. There is Alice Foote MacDougall, a wholesale dealer in roasted coffee—with the caffeine included—the owner of four restaurants. At one of them, if not all, one can order "delicious butterseotch pie up to its neck in whipped cream." One is surprised to find Ethel Barrymore among the nineteen, for she was born to act; she is of a celebrated theatrical family; but we learn that she took to acting because she had to earn a living. "My great love for the theatre came later." One is also surprised to learn that Maria Jeritza of operatic fame was ever very shy. The authors of this book writing about her do not keep their feet on the ground. "The gods were lavish when they made Maria Jeritza. A great beauty, a consummate actress, a voice out of heaven. . . She is Bruennhilde, turned gentle. She is Juno, made mortal." As Pope (or Arbuthnot) said of Ambrose Phillips' rhapsodic verses to Cuzzoni, "Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?"

It is a pleasure to know that Inez Haynes Irwin was born "on the Tropic of Capricorn, in the crater of an extinct volcano." She gives good advice in this book to girls who wish to write. She recommends a school of journalism for those longing to work on a newspaper. She herself wishes she had been a reporter, "seeing life as it is lived in every nook and cranny." But it is something to have been born in the crater of a volcano, perhaps as good a preparation for newspaper work as a school of journalism.

Miss Mabel E. Stewart "had no special talent," and now she is private secretary to the chairman of the board of directors, American Exchange Irving Trust Company. She has poise. Her hand is firm when she takes dictation. "When she answers the telephone, she speaks with quiet authority." She says: "Hello!" in a voice cool and efficient. Miss Peggy Hoyt, as a child made exquisite eight inch paper dolls. At 12 she drew little place-cards and a man said to her: "Lovely! go to it Peggy." At first in a millinery shop; now a "distinguished American designer" to whom "mauve and lavender say tenderness." She says: "If you have a way with clothes, if you enjoy the very touch of the needle, if you revel in yards of new material, you may know that you at least have aptitude for the work" (of designing).

Don't reprove your little girl for asking "why?" Margaret Maltby was always asking questions: Why does it snow? Why does water boil? Her parents did not say: "Go 'way Maggie; don't bother us." They encouraged her, even when her questions stumped them.

And now she is an associate professor of physics at Barnard College.

These 19 women all tell of their girlhood, their ambitions, struggles, disappointments; they are free with advice. They have succeeded, each in her way, and would not say "Amen" to Victor Hugo's dictum: "Success is hideous." They shame by their energy and will many of us who are inclined to follow the line of least resistance. As the old hymn has it: "Weak and irresolute is man."

In the final chapter "You" the editors talk directly to their young readers. Mary Van Kleeck has the final word, as the girl's first duty to her parents: "Should she choose her vocation and leave home as freely as her brother?" "Without useful work, a girl is incomplete, undeveloped—not the girl she can be and should be." And some would have it that marriage is only an agreeable or disagreeable episode in a woman's "career."

E. P. Dutton & Co. also publish, as Mr. William Lyon Phelps would say a "rattling good book" of adventure written by H. R. H. Prince William of Sweden. It is entitled "Roaring Bones."

Stories about strange places and strange men, stories of courage, cowardice, black magic; life in Africa known to a prince as head of the Swedish zoological expedition, described in his "African Pygmies and Gnomes." (By the way, the stuffed gnomes that frightened the children red years ago, through the museum of Amsterdam, Congo, where? Did Mr. Coolidge, a gaze at it and wonder why Paul Chailu was once called a hare?) would not read breathlessly a story beginning: "Ain was afraid. . . . though she felt the strong arm of fate clutch about her, she shuddered at the weird booming of the tom-toms and the piping of the flutes," or "Capt. Lacombe was not the type of man one would expect to find pottering away with old postage stamps." Nor are all the stories of African life. There is General Jurej Michailowitsch, who after the revolution became director of a zoological garden in southern France.

## "My Best Girl" Has Strong Appeal—Sets Show Taste

"My Best Girl," a film comedy-drama starring Mary Pickford, written by Kathleen Norris, directed by Sam Taylor and presented by United Artists at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Maggie Johnson. . . . . Mary Pickford  
Joe Grant. . . . . Charles Rogers  
Ma Johnson. . . . . Sunshine Hart  
Pa Johnson. . . . . Lucien Littlefield  
Liz Johnson. . . . . Carmelita Geraghty  
Mr. Merrill. . . . . Hobart Bosworth

Because the world loves Cinderella and because even the most dignified adults enjoy getting on their hands and knees once in a while to help Peter Pan look for his shadow, and because Mary Pickford has watched them with a knowing eye, she gives them a little of both in her present picture "My Best Girl."

No more "hair up" and neuro-sophisticated roles for Miss Pickford. She has wisely returned to her little girl life, the little girl who can twist her young legs into graceful knock-kneed angles and make people laugh, the little girl whose face is such a sensitive lens that her least thought is photographed upon it for the benefit of the camera.

The picture is silly in spots, with the same kind of silliness which has made the film industry one of the largest in these United States. There is the poor little girl and the rich little boy who has disguised himself as plain Joe Grant and gone into one of his father's five and dime stores to learn the business from the basement up. The poor little girl and the rich little boy fall in love and live happily ever after they get their parents straightened out, and a fiancée (called Millicent Rogers, by the way), used to meeting the young hero without kissing him.

That is the story in a nutshell. Lucien Littlefield and Sunshine Hart make Ma and Pa Johnson celluloid people with red blood coursing through their veins. When pantomime can make one feel the shoulder strap of the postman's satchel, a sneeze rising and exploding in spite of a foot bath, then that pantomime has achieved its purpose, and it seems to be the homely things of life that cause the most enjoyment when some one else does them.

Charles Rogers is getting exceedingly camera-wise if this picture is a sample of his recent work. The rest of the responsibility of an enjoyable film is in the small and capable hands of Miss Pickford.

For instance, Mary Pickford turns vampire. This she does to cure her sweetheart of loving her when she finds out he is rich instead of the poor boy she thought him. When Mary Pickford turns vampire, one is reminded of a spoiled and wilful child acting up. The players on the screen sit down and watch her, for this is Mary's scene. She carries on with cigarettes and "Red Hot Mama" music and to everyone's delight ends in Joe's lap sobbing pitifully that she isn't really that kind of a girl. There you are!

A word about the sets used in this picture. They are different. Miss Rogers's room, shown for only a moment, is lovely. The tall window and gracious photography leave a pleasant impression, robbing the soap-box episodes of some of their Peter Panishness and adding materially to the intelligence of the film. Oh, yes, any film is intelligent which caters to human audiences the way this one does.

C. M. D.

## PAULIST CHOIR

The Paulist choristers, under the directorship of Fr. Finn, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. They sang much early church music, music of those great ones of the earth, Vittoria and Palestrina; music by that lesser genius Arcadelt, one piece by an Englishman, Farrant; and still another, Panis Angelicus, by a composer not widely known to fame, Baini.

For music of more modern times Finn drew on the Russians Grets



inoff and Arkangel'sky; the Italian, not quite so modern, Pergolesi. Because, no doubt, of its modern harmonization, he included in this group a thirteenth century piece, the Virgin's Lullaby. He closed this part of the concert with four hymns written and composed by Cardinal O'Connell.

Later in the evening the choir were scheduled to sing carols, French, German and Bohemian, and other music as well. There were solos also and duets to lend the program variety. One admirable voice to come to a hearing was that of Joseph Laderoute, a boy soprano.

Never will musicians agree, though the world go on forever, as to the fitting way to sing church music out of the distant past. Here we had, some weeks ago, Monsiegnor Casimiri, all for music through which men could praise, worship, beseech, give thanks to God. What longing his singing men and boys did throw into their petitions! How ardently they adored, how fervently they shouted their thanksgivings forth! Human beings, those Italian singers, they voiced human emotion so convincingly that listeners, even in secular Symphony hall, in sympathy with them adored in turn, worshipped, praised and glorified.

Very different is the way of Father Finn. This music Palestrina wrote, Vittoria's, too, and Arcadelt's—it is not, for Father Finn, music to be sung by men, for the expression of their religious needs and aspirations. He will have it, rather, music to be sung for men, music to quicken their aspirations, to aid them in their prayers.

Who shall say which of the two, Father Finn or Monsiegnor Casimiri, has chosen the better way?

For the concert hall the monseigneur, no doubt of it, has chosen the more effective manner. The ethereal tone sought by Fr. Finn, the emotional remoteness, the musical lack of substance—to make them tell as Fr. Finn would have them tell, an ecclesiastical setting is requisite. Music like his should float out, half heard only, from the hidden choir loft above the chancel of some stately church, to fall gently on the ears of worshippers scattered here and there throughout the wide echoing spaces of its dimly lighted nave. Music so sung will never serve in a hall; for that it lacks both form and life.

R. R. G.

## CONTINUING

### ATTRACTIONS

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—"The Student Prince," return engagement of popular operetta with De Wolf Hopper and Ilse Marvenga. Last week.

**COLONIAL**—"Rosalie," Florenz Ziegfeld's latest musical with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue. Last week.

**HOLLIS**—"Cock Robin," Guthrie McClintic produces new mystery play by Elmer Davis and Philip Barry. Last week.

**MAJESTIC**—"The Spider," mystery play with John Halliday and others. Second week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"The Letter," Katharine Cornell stars in Somerset Maugham play. Last week.

**SHUBERT**—"My Maryland," musical version of Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie," with Olga Cook and others. Last three weeks.

**WILBUR**—"Peggy-Ann," intimate musical comedy starring Helen Ford and featuring Lulu McConnell. Sixth week.

**ARLINGTON**—"Out of the Night," mystery melodrama with James Spottswood and others. Last week.

**COPLEY**—"The Ghost Train," Mr. Clive revives popular mystery play. Fourth week.

**REPERTORY**—"Jack in the Beansalk," mother goose extravaganza continues for second week.

## LIONEL BARRYMORE

Lionel Barrymore is seen in another interesting role in "The Thirteenth Hour," the screen's latest mystery thriller, on view at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. He appears as Prof. Neville Leroy, an eccentric old gentleman interested in psychic powers, and living in a "haunted" house, with countless sliding panels, secret entrances and trap doors.

"The Thirteenth Hour" contains enough suspense and chills for the ordinary movie fan, and, of course, there is romance and comedy to relieve the strain. Assisting Barrymore is a cast including Charles Delaney, Jacqueline Gadsdon, Polly Moran, Napoleon, the police dog and others of note.

Margaret Young, singing comedienne, also famed as a radio and recording artist, headlines an excellent vaudeville program with a popular collection of character and "blues" songs.

"Lenora's Jewels" is the name of a delightful dance spectacle and features D'Este and Gene, adagio dancers, Bernice James, Agnes Bothine and many others. Renard and West in their newest offering, "Leftovers," a variety turn written by Ned Joyce Heaney, is another worthy act.

## COLLEEN MOORE AT OLYMPIA THEATRE

Colleen Moore is at the Washington street Olympia and Scollay square theatres this week in "Her Wild Oat," a rollicking story of a girl who moved from a lunch wagon to the Ritz. The naive efforts of the little waitress to join the frigid "four hundred" provides some of the best comedy touches. When she politely suggests to the dowager that the bridge game be made five-handed in order that everyone might take part, the number of bridge fends in the theatre was indicated by the roar that resulted.

The story, briefly, is of a day dreaming little waitress, longing to be in the social whirl, and of her unsuccessful efforts to be taken seriously when she tries to get there. The result is failure, a headache, a handful of bills, the visits of large bodies of indignant creditors, and a return to the lunch counter. Marshall Neilan, who is the director, may add another feather to a cap already well supplied with them. Hallam Cooley, Larry Kent, Gwen Lee, Julianne Johnston and others lend able support.

## "THE WIZARD," MYSTERY DRAMA, AT MODERN

Also Shown at Beacon Theatre—"A Sailor's Sweetheart" on Screen

"The Wizard," a fascinating mystery drama based on the fantastic stage hit by Gaston Leroux, is the feature picture now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The story is one in which a scientist trains a huge ape to seek his fancied vengeance on his master's enemies. Edmund Lowe as the reporter who solves the mystery of many strange doings by the ape gives a splendid performance, perhaps the best since his role as Sgt. Quirt in "What Price Glory." Leila Hyams as the girl in the story is demurely sweet and a splendid actress.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"The Song and Dance Man," A comedy, by George M. Cohan. The cast:

Malcolm Arthur	John Winthrop
Charles B. Nelson	Frank Charlton
Joseph Murdoch	Walter Gilbert
John Farrell	Remus Jensen
Crowley	Charles Schofield
Chief Hannity	Edith Soeare
Jane Rosemond	Mary Joel
Mrs. Lane	Clara Joel
Leila Lane	Flora Maude Gade
Miss Davis	Day Manson
Tom Crosby	

There is much more than the Cohan name attached to the performance of "The Song and Dance Man" by the Keith-Albee Players at the St. James. It is inspired by the real Cohanesque spirit and John Gilbert's work in the title role so nearly approximates that of the gifted George, who appeared here in the past several years ago, that the enthusiastic audiences, who, this week, have applauded and laughed their appreciation, are perfectly justified in their manifestations of approval.

The comedy is real comedy, cheerful, effervescent, full of life and "pep" and go, from the rise of the curtain to its final drop. Its author never bothered about such trivial matters as probabilities in sketching its plot and the story meanders about as his abundant fancy dictates.

The actors enter into the spirit of the piece. They don't walk through their parts and deliver a set of carefully memorized lines. They jump, hop, skip, prance—anything but walk—and they speak as naturally as real people, off the stage, would naturally speak.

"Once an actor always an actor" is the theme of the play and Mr. Cohan shows in his whimsical way how impossible it is for one who has once surrendered to the lure of the stage to turn away from it and become something different. The man who is advertised as "the best song and dance man in the world" falls utterly when he tries to play a more ambitious role in the world and even his absurd and desperate recourse to crime falls also, in that it, in

a topsy-turvy fashion, brings him to fortune and fame and the girl he loves instead of to state prison, as any less imaginative and more logical dramatist would have made it.

Mr. Gilbert plays throughout with unaffected naturalness and delivers his rather lengthy monologues with well-calculated effect. Miss Joel, as the successful young actress, uses her opportunities to the utmost. Miss Speare, as the talkative landlady, contributes an excellent character bit. Mr. Nelson is the "theatrical magnate" of our fancy to the life and Mr. Schofield, as the hard-boiled cop, is positively terrifying.

## ANOTHER LADY OF SHALOTT

She is one who weaves a loom  
Of gilded days with a gold thread.  
There is no mirror in her room  
Reflecting fields, unharvested,

Of barley heaped in ragged sheaves.  
She needs no looking-glass to see  
The glint of armor through the leaves  
Of any frost-ignited tree.

Her only mirror is her eyes  
Where men can watch a pageant pass,  
While banners blow across the skies,  
She is not one to break this glass,

To drop the shimmering thread of gold,  
And pine away for what is not . . .  
So when at last her tale is told,  
No boat will float to Camelot.  
POLLY CHASE.

## As the World Wags:

Martin: "Don't you think John always spends quite a bit of time and thought on his Christmas presents?"  
Mille: "Yes—but that's all." JOD.

A woman is never more charming than when serving at table.—Mrs. Marie Fenn.

That depends on what's on the table.

It is, perhaps, too late to do any good, but this horrid word "merger" is in the news again to bother me. Once again I read of a big business merger, and instinctively I look for the name of the merger. But (as we all know) a merger is not an individual but a trustification. I wish these tired business men had consulted a literary expert before deciding to use or adopt so uncouth a word. Its origin, I suppose, is American. I would like to see it deported to its country of origin. But it has been here so long that I suppose we must consider it naturalized. Alas.—London Daily Chronicle.

"Merger" meant originally the "extinguishment of a right, estate, contract, action, etc., by absorption in another." The word was borrowed from Law French. The present use of the word originated in the United States. The first quotation in the Oxford Dictionary is from the Boston Journal, April 17, 1889, but the word with the meaning "combination or consolidation of one firm or trading company with another" appeared in London newspapers of the early Nineties.—Ed.

Speaking of words. We now have high-sounding terms for common things and ordinary mortals. Why not "meconophagism" for opium eating or hitting the pipe? Thomas De Quincey, the eminent meconophagist.

Is a live cobra sufficient clothing for a modern dancer?—Daily Express Vienna correspondent.

Not unless it is a very static cobra.—London Observer.

## TWICHELLIAN

Mr. Edward J. Nelson writes about Ginery Twitchell, when he was manager of a line of stage coaches:

"Chedorloamer Marshall of Fitchburg owned a rival line out of Boston via Fitchburg. It may be of interest here to quote from a paper prepared by Mr. Frederick A. Currier and read before the Fitchburg Historical Society, Feb. 18, 1895, in which the rivalry between the two men is mentioned. 'The repeal of the corn laws in England in 1846 aroused great interest, especially in Canada, and it being before the days of the telegraph, in order to convey the news as quickly as possible, Ginery Twitchell and Chedorloamer Marshall entered into a competition as to which would get the news to Montreal first. Mr. Twitchell was to start from Worcester and Mr. Marshall from Fitchburg.' Mr. Currier does not state how Mr. Twitchell received his copy, but the one for Mr. Marshall came by special locomotive to this city, then the most northern railroad terminus. Mr. Marshall then started in a one-horse sleigh and arrived in Montreal long before Mr. Twitchell."

Mr. M. G. Thatcher of Athol tells us that a watering trough with drinking fountain in Philips Park, Athol, is in memory of Twitchell. "He left school at 16 and clerked in various stores for a few years, then took charge of the stage

line from Barre to Worcester. He advanced from driver to owner in five years, and in 10 became sole proprietor of 200 horses. For 10 years from 1840 he was engaged to collect votes on election day, so they could be published the following day in Boston papers, and in accomplishing this he took many stirring and daring rides. More of his life is found in Caswell's 'Athol, Past and Present.'"

A. G. W. of Chestnut Hill writes: "The 'G' (in Ginery) was pronounced soft as in 'gln.'" E. F. W. of Worcester says of Twitchell: "He is perhaps most picturesquely remembered as a post rider, in an exploit thus described: 'The Unrivalled Express Rider, Ginery Twitchell, who rode from Worcester to Hartford, a distance of Sixty Miles, in Three Hours and Twenty Minutes through a deep snow, January 23, 1846.' A fascinating lithograph of the time shows him on his way, his horse ploughing through the snow, and a sign post indicating that he is still an ominous distance from his goal."

H. T. M. says that Twitchell distinguished himself in Congress by defying the government, in the interests of lower postal rates. He advertised to carry letters at reduced rates. He was arrested, tried and was fined, but the affair resulted in the reduction of letter postage from 10 to 6 cents, I think (My memory may be treacherous on details.)"

Ginery and Chedorloamer! Where did their parents find these names? And in 1846 Ginery married Theolotea R. Ruggles by whom he had eight children. She was his first wife. Theolotea?

A contributor who forgot to sign his name remembers the locomotive engine, "Ginery Twitchell," also one named "Toppan Robie." He asks, "Who was Nathan Garrideb?"

## THE SUB-CONSCIOUS

(For As the World Wags)

I sleep and dream, till some pictured page

To my altered ken, presents unsought

The wisdom of a sage.

Its words and thoughts with a magic tell

To unconscious mind the gift un-

taught—

The weaving of a spell.

I wake resolved 'pon a hollow scheme

That with pen and pad I'll make

capture

The substance of the dream.

By then far off has the phantom fled,

Though yet its flash gleams wondrous

rapture—

The seemings of the head.

In sleep and dreams yet will science find

By what manner works, with scope

enlarged,

The sleeping of the mind;

Why dream we clouds the far abler

thought

When by slumber seized, and sense

discharged,

And thinking, be not sought.

—James O'Connor.

South Boston.

## CLAMOROUS CHOPPERS

(New England Homestead)

"Then came houses and Solomon's temple, the latter requiring 80,000 lumbermen to cut and hue fir trees."

Read by C. M., St. Petersburg, Fla.

It was to be expected that in 1927 the centenary of Beethoven's death there should have been additions to the literature about him. There was an exhaustive study of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas translated from the Danish by William Behrend, with an introduction by Alfred Cortot. There was Ernest Newman's study "The Unconscious Beethoven," an essay in musical psychology, a volume that shocked squeamish idolaters because Mr. Newman insisted, and with reason, that Beethoven as regards women was "a normally constituted male; his passions upon chastity amount to no more in the last resort, than do the certificates he so lavishly bestowed upon himself for his exceptional scrupulousness in business matters." Thayer had said in reference to Weissenbach's statement, Beethoven's morals were "absolutely pure," that he statement unfortunately "was not true, but Mr. Newman dwelt on the fact that Beethoven in his early manhood had contracted syphilis and this was the ultimate cause of his deafness. Mr. Newman for his ninth chapter has been severely censured by those who would have their hero a spotless character. But Mr. Newman discussed the question as a scientist or a physician "with the same freedom from moral prepossessions" as if he were commenting on Beethoven's early small pox or later typhus. In 1927 the valuable volumes about Beethoven by Mr. Sonneck were published.

The latest book about Beethoven that we have seen is by J. W. N. Sullivan. This history of Beethoven's "spiritual



elopment" is published in attractive form by Alfred A. Knopf of New York. Sullivan, best known to Americans by his philosophical contributions to the Adelphi, believes that in Beethoven's greatest music he was primarily concerned to express his personal vision of life. This vision was a product of his character and his experience.

Mr. Sullivan, first of all, inquires into the nature of music; art and reality; music as isolated; music as expression. These fifty odd pages are not easy reading. He begins by quoting what Elizabeth Brentano wrote to Goethe about a conversation she had with Beethoven—how he said to her: "I do not despise the world which does not know that music is a higher revelation of wisdom and philosophy, the wine which inspires one to new generative processes. . . . I know that God is nearer to me than to other artists; I am always recognized and understood and have no fear for my music." This reminds one of the verses "Mein Gott," purporting to be William Goethe's outlook on life. But did Elizabeth report faithfully what Beethoven said? She was not a truthful person. Thayer admits that she forged documents or parts of them. Mr. Sullivan finds the report important because it is "almost the only evidence to have as to Beethoven's conception of the function of music": that art is a way of communicating knowledge about reality.

Mr. Sullivan examines at length the various theories concerning the nature of music. Is music meaningless as Edward Gurney would have it; that it is a form of Ideal Motion, to be appended by a special and isolated musical faculty? Mr. Sullivan finds the most important compositions those that spring from a spiritual context and express spiritual experiences. Reading the pages one is tempted to accept readily Walt Whitman's definition of music: "All music is what awakes from when you are reminded by the instruments."

Let us at once refer to the most singular pages in Mr. Sullivan's book, in which he defends Beethoven's behavior in certain business transactions. "Beethoven's morality was of the noblest, although it was not identical with business morality. The ideal of a man is doubtless a very high one of being, but Beethoven's spiritual excellence was of another kind." One of his eyes, reading Sullivan's defense of notoriously shabby, practically dishonest dealings in business affairs. A man can be a great composer, a man of "spiritual" (if you please) musical gifts, yet in the walks of daily life fall far below the standard set by any honest man of commerce.

It is customary, Mr. Sullivan divides Beethoven's musical life into three periods. Dating from the famous "Eggenstadt Testament," his "rigid, unyielding defiance" was no longer necessary. He realized that submission was necessary to his future spiritual development. Suffering was necessary. But he was "a philosophical musician" as he has been called, does not say that he was a philosopher; nothing he wished to express can be called philosophy. Mr. Sullivan is right in saying that music can no more express philosophic ideas than it can express scientific ideas. Beethoven's states of consciousness, "reactions to perceptions and experiences, are not ideas. Belief in a heavenly father cannot be expressed in music; what can be expressed, and with ramped power, is the state of soul which such a belief, sincerely held, may use."

Mr. Sullivan's aesthetic and psychological analyses are profound. Beethoven's activity is to him, as we have seen, an activity of three periods, the first from one to another is due to a peculiar kind of moral struggle and agony. Up to the writing of the famous "Eggenstadt Testament" had been "admittedly constructed to be an exponent of the morality of power." Then came the realization of submission as all important; yet in the Eroica and the Fifth symphonies was still the expression of a strong power. Then came a second stage: "his triumph was premature. He tried to find that the fruits of victory imagined were not for him. His courage and resolution that had taken him so far were not enough. He had to learn in submission and endurance." How this second lesson differs from the first? Mr. Sullivan does not answer the question.

There was his deafness; he realized he could not marry; his life must be solitary till the end. There were years to come. From 1810 till 1817 one of his greatest works was organized. In 1818 the Hammerclavier Sonata is "the expression of a man of infinite suffering, of infinite courage and will, but without God and without . . . the completely naked Beethoven relying upon nothing whatever but his inner resources, has said his last word."

In the Ninth symphony Beethoven addressed his fellow men as one of them for the last time. "Henceforth he voyaged in strange seas of thought, alone."

In the last quartets he wrote music, "much of it different in kind from any other music that he or anybody else wrote." The work of the first period dealt with fundamental universal experiences; that of the second shows "achievement through heroism in spite of suffering." This music is "probably still what the bulk of the listeners mean when they speak of Beethoven;" for suffering is one of life's major characteristics to the majority. In his last complete work, the quartet in F major, the man is "fundamentally at peace."

Mr. Sullivan's book is a valuable, original contribution to musical criticism, though one may not always arrive at his conclusions or accept some of his premises. Beethoven the man was only a man at the best. Beethoven the creative force is still a mystery.

## BOOTH IN SONG

James Miles Booth, bass-baritone, helpfully and musically accompanied by Margaret Kent Hubbard, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall:

"My Lovely Celia," Monro; "When Dull Care," Leveridge; "Turn Ye to Me," Old Highland; "New Year's Song," 17th century; "L'Addio," Mozart; "Minnelied," "Meine Liebe Ist Gruen," "Es Hing Der Reif," "Verzagen," Brahms; "An Einem Bache," "Epilog," "Mit Einem Primula Veris," "Eros," Grieg; "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," Chadwick; "A Vagabond Song," Pitcher; "The Sea," Grant-Schaefer; "The Tom Cat," Mrs. M. H. Gulesian.

There is no disputing the fact—not to be sure, that anybody would wish to dispute it—that Mr. Booth has an excellent voice. Probably, to go a step farther, nobody would protest Mr. Booth's statement that his voice is a baritone; its timbre in the medium range, when he cares to emit it freely, is distinctly that of a baritone—a light baritone, to be sure, but one of quality, with tones to his credit, both resonant and warm.

But, a "bass-baritone?" Mr. Booth, last night, scarcely made the title good; his low tones—not that he sang any markedly low, unless they came in the closing group—lacked body and life, the stoutness implied in the very name of bass.

A high baritone, then? Who shall say? If he tackled no very high notes, Mr. Booth sang more often than not last night with tones so delicately produced that their actual lightness lent them an effect of height; a "tenorino" he might have been, to employ the good old Italian term.

He might have been, to judge from the great majority of his tones. But those others he gave when he wanted to those full free tones in the middle of his voice—suggest that his fragile vocal output comes from choice, not from necessity; undoubtedly, Mr. Booth could sing more lustily if he cared to. He did as much, in the first two songs by Grieg, to their great advantage.

Mr. Booth has evidently put much intelligent work to the development of his voice along the line he likes; he makes it sound, within its normal limits, very sweet. He sings, furthermore, with exemplary smoothness. The value of accent, the worth of tonal color, he has yet to learn to appreciate. If Mr. Booth will read that clearly expressed paragraph on perhaps the third page of Sir Henry Wood's book, "The Gentle Art of Singing," a paragraph about "Singers' English," he will learn the views on that interesting topic of a man whose opinion is surely worth listening to.

Mr. Booth is blessed with a personality that pleases. His audiences last night liked his singing very much.

R. R. G.

## MISS CORNELL

Face to face with the dark lady of "The Letter" and "The Green Hat," you inwardly fortify yourself against a meeting with a sombre, a passionate personality, an imminent conflagration called Katherine Cornell. Surely the head waiter who asks her to wait five minutes is risking at the most a shot through the heart and at the least a scene of terrific proportions in his green and gold dining room. Nothing happens. A flow of sweet reason, a sweeter smile, and an empty table appears as if by magic in the centre of the room. Tension relaxes. Where is that tall, that tragic lady, worn by the world? In her place there's a fresh young face, full of spirit and of the joy of life. It is a curious oriental type of face, heart-shaped, with a delicate straight nose, full red lips, and wide-apart coffee-colored eyes. In repose she might

be a slender young eastern princess, incongruously attired in a simple crimson felt hat pulled low over her eyes, a gown of clear purple, and soft brown furs. Watching the pale skin and a glimpse of silky black lacquer hair, you mentally replace that hat with a head-dress of gold and jewels, that simple Chanel model with subtle silks, pearl-embroidered. Emeralds about her neck and tiny crimson velvet slippers, up-turned at the toes.

### WESTERN VIVACITY

But she is speaking. The oriental face will not stay impassive, it glows with an entirely western vivacity. The princess becomes a charming woman of the world. Healthy, sane, intelligent—strange words of description for our leading lavender lady. She describes her husband, Guthrie McClintic, as "a person of temperament." "Quite unlike myself," adds the portrayal of Iris March and Leslie Crosbie, with a smile. "The letter" opens with Leslie pouring five shots into the body of her lover, who has annoyed her. Looking back on the play, neither memory nor imagination can supply Miss Cornell's countenance with the singularly beautiful smile she actually possesses. You imagine her as a comedienne, something, she says, she has always wished to be—but "They've never let me. I think I'm funny. I think I'm a scream. But apparently I am the only one who does."

### SHAW FAVORITE

Pygmalion is one of the plays she has always wanted to do, and it is quite possible to imagine Iris as the little cockney flower girl, or even more fittingly as Cleopatra. Shakespeare's most delightful Queen, lately acted by Jane Cowl.

Shaw is a favorite with Miss Cornell. His lines, she says, are foolproof. The audience listens, recognizes its own more subtle reflections, and takes the actor to its heart. A Shaw play is like a flattering mirror. Thus Miss Cornell, with a wave of the hand modestly disposes of her own Theatre Guild "Candida." Ibsen's name brings an instant response to the vivid, expressive face opposite. The stern poetry of these northern dramas appeals to her "sombre side," she says. Some seasons hence we may have a new Hedda Gabler, playing to crowded houses on Broadway.

### SHUNS SHAKESPEARE

But as to Shakespeare, Miss Cornell turns a graceful shoulder. She is forever fleeing dark hints of a "Shakespearean season." It is so easy to understand that every actor of talent must have "Hamlet" in the back of his mind; that this statement calls a mental halt. Shakespeare's ladies—where is there one for her? Beatrice, perhaps Portia, never the sweet Ophelia; but what a Queen she would make of Hamlet's mother! That unfortunate woman, more interesting, more subtle, more thrilling than Ophelia, will never be played by a Katherine Cornell.

Modesty is a dominant trait. In a woman so beautiful, who has made her way to the top of the serious dramatic world, a slight insistence on the ego might be forgiven. But there's not a trace of it. She looks for her own limitations. Watching Duse, she knew discouragement, for in seeing so great an actress, "that perfect simplicity, with the spiritual force behind it" became as unattainable as a star.

From this, she spoke of the impossibility of any artist always keeping a level once achieved. Let him fall back and the public is at his throat, but always to repeat his highest moment of beauty is impossible. Somerset Maugham, whom she described as "the most successful dramatist since Shakespeare," the author of "The Letter," "Our Betters," "East of Suez," "The Circle," of varying degrees of excellence. When asked why he could never repeat "Of Human Bondage," replied, "Because I can live only one life."

### NON-COMMITTAL AS TO CRITICS

In regard to the value of dramatic criticism Miss Cornell was non-committal. She merely remarked that the most favorable review received by "The Green Hat" was a Cincinnati notice, which read: "This play is neither as good as it might be, nor as bad as we expected." "The Green Hat" transported shop girl and intelligentsia into impossible realm of romance, for two years.

Like all actors, Miss Cornell is breathless with fear on her first nights. When "The Letter" opened, she couldn't think couldn't feel, could only say inwardly "If I can only get through the lines without losing my voice!" Speech apparently becomes as difficult for an actor on a first night as it would be for us, suddenly given an audience with Napoleon.

For the rest, though, she should be staying in a pavilion of purple silk gold-fringed, she is actually less suitably and more warmly installed in Boston's newest hotel. She likes golf, and her husband. She reads ten books a week (a distinct inferiority complex here descends on the interviewer), and like many people of a full life, enjoys detective stories. Her favorite color is beige, and we hear with relief that she is very fond of Boston. R. H. G.

### THE DEAD CHRISTMAS TREE

Little tree in alleyway,  
Stark, alone and bare,  
Reaching out your empty arms . . .  
No one near to care.

Where are all your baubles gay,  
Tinsel, bright and new?  
Saddest thing on earth to find  
That a task is through!

Never mind, my little tree,  
What is lasting fame?  
Once a year they think of you  
When they speak His name.

Dream of hills and winter skies,  
You have earned your rest;  
You have carried Bethlehem's  
Star upon your breast!

FRANCESCA MILLER.

M. W. S. of Templeton writes that Ginery—the "g" soft—was a corruption of the French name "Chenery"; that the Twichell family was of French ancestry. "The only variation among those who knew Mr. Twichell was that it was sometimes called 'Genery'."

Whence the name Theodotea? There was a Grecian beautiful light-skirt who buried Alcibiades when he was slain cowardly in a certain village of Phrygia, if Athenaeus is to be believed; but Plutarch says her name was Timandra. She "took his body which she wrapped up in the best linen she had, and buried him as honorably as she could possible, with such things as she had, and could get together." Surely this faithful woman did not deserve the bitter reproaches addressed to her by Shakespeare's Timon of Athens.

To go back to "The Dead Christmas Tree." Hans Christian Andersen told the story better in prose that made children of more than one nation weep, yet their tears did not prevent them from clapping hands and uttering squeals of joy at the sight of a tree on the next Christmas.

Where did the objectionable Mr. Remus obtain his surname? Was there a grandmother Wolf in the family? Has there been a Romulus by marriage? The first Remus did not have the wit and understanding of his brother, but no one called him insane when he mocked his brother and leaped over the wall. Nor did Romulus, believing him to be insane, spare his life; he slew him, that he did.

That there is no fatality in certain names was shown long ago by Pierre Bayle in his "Pensees Diverses a l'Occasion de la Comete" (of 1680). The ancients were superstitious in this matter, but Bayle remarked that there were virtuous Helens as well as Lucretias. No one has hesitated to name a daughter Julia because certain noble dames of Rome were marvels of profligacy. Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us that one of his aunts, a stately God-fearing woman, was named Vashti, but her husband did not put her away for a younger and perfumed Esther.

There are men, not personally known to us, passing in the street, whose Christian name is Fred; others would answer to George; and here and there is a Percy, an Algernon, or a Claude. We would swear to this in court, without reason. As we see them, we instinctively think of these Christian names. The parents of our friend Mr. Golightly had no business to christen him Eugene. The name does not go with his character.

### As the World Wags:

With the best seats for Mr. Padrewski's recital selling at \$4, a poor man might paraphrase the famous line of Keats, and sigh: "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are—cheaper." HENRY W. ABBOT.

Not so many years ago a woman sporting a cameo brooch was thought to be old-fashioned, capable of wearing ear-rings or bracelets woven from the hair of some dead and mourned relative, an aunt Lucinda, grandmother Clarissa, or cousin Thomasin. Now women young and old, including the desirable, sport a cameo without fear of comment, much less ridicule. By the way, what has become of the moss-agate rings once in fashion, worn even by brakemen on freight trains?

Mr. Charles A. Rice knew Ginery Twichell from boyhood and as he was in railroad service from 1859, had many opportunities to meet him. The engine named after Mr. Twichell was "one of two built, I think at Providence by the R. I. Locomotive Works. The other one was the Cochituate. Mr. Twichell always retained his interest in horses. A three-horse tandem was used in the Boston freight yard in switching. He often came down to see the horses and to know whether they were properly cared for or not. I have in my scrapbook a copy of G. Twichell's time table of Mail Stage Line between Worcester



lepot, Greenfield, Mass., Burlington, Vt., and Keene, N. H. Daily, Sundays excepted; also stages for Keene, leaving Worcester on arrival of train from Portsmouth and Springfield Dining at Templeton, arriving at Keene, N. H., same day at 7 o'clock P. M. This was dated Jan. 1, 1842."

#### MAD DOG!!

As the World Wags:  
Was Old Dog Tray faithful? He may have been, but it is just as likely that he had rabies. Four out of every five dogs are rabies carriers, according to modern science, and the tooth powder has not been invented that will cure them.

The real cause of the ugly temper of many dogs today is that they have been reading the hot-dog signs that are seen everywhere: "They bark, therefore they bite." When we told Tray he was faithful, he was faithful. When we told him he was a hot dog, he bit us. The moral is: abolish the hot dog emporiums.

WOLF OWNER.

#### QUERIES

(For As the World Wags)

I am weary, aren't you weary  
Of the photographic grin?  
It would seem a bit less dreary  
If a sinner scowled like sin.

Do you think that sane, "Look pleasant!"  
Can beget this idiot work?  
Change sound age and adolescent  
Into sapheads with a snirk?

If they have the nerve to wear it,  
Should we try to grin and bear it?  
R. B. S.

As the World Wags:

Will you ask your readers if they remember ever having heard of Cushings Gardens, where they were, and what? I find reference to them as delightful in a letter in which the writer states: "I have visited Cushings Gardens." The letter is dated 1840.

L. H. G.

#### A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION

(For As the World Wags)

He gazed at his new number plate  
With a contented grin.  
He looked again and saw it was  
A fish without a fin.  
"Alas," said he, "that's what I call  
A piscatorial sin."

LILLIAN McALLISTER.

Gloucester.

As the World Wags:

Thctis tells my wife that when she was in Paris last summer she saw lots of signs on the street corners marked "Sens Obligatoire." She says she thinks that is a wonderful idea, and it's strange they haven't some such law over here. With the congestion so bad here it's all the more necessary to have sense obligatory.

COMPROM PA.

Most men never think again after they have begun to work.—J. C. Squire.

## DAVID B. MC'CLOSKY

sings less reticently than he used to sing.

All praise to a singer who knows the meaning of work, a singer of fine artistic aims!

To his other fine qualities it could be wished that Mr. McClosky added a wiser judgment. Because he scorns trashy songs or the trivial, he need not brush away almost all songs of lightness humor or simple grace, songs with marked rhythm to bless them, in favor of songs too steadily gloomy and sad. Not all songs, to go on, that are respectable because of their lofty intentions, are necessarily attractive to hear; they may be merely experimental—and not successfully so at that. Mr. McClosky might well have tempered his purity of purpose with discretion.

To his voice, too, as well as to his program, Mr. McClosky might prudently add variety and brightness. He likes it dark and sombre, frequently muffled in timbre, to the sad detriment of his enunciation. This seems a pity, for Mr. McClosky has a noble voice at his disposal, which, as he proved last night on several occasions, is capable of tonal

variety with no loss of quality. If Mr. McClosky aspires to do his fine musicianliness adequate justice, he must indeed come to recognize that a franker tone is needful for nine-tenths of the songs he sings.

R. R. G.

#### THE PROBLEM

If right and wrong were only plus  
And minus, 'twould be well for us;  
If reckoning up the life's amount  
Were but a matter of account;  
If we were able to assess  
Virtue in Mammon's balances,  
And weigh out like a pound of tea  
Courage and faith and charity;  
If two and two were always four,  
And never less, and never more,  
In that strange sum the Master sets—  
Then one could toil, without regrets,  
To puzzle the solution out,  
And value x beyond a doubt.

But no kind axioms control  
The mathematics of the soul;  
Where definitions grow and fade,  
And postulates are patched and frayed,  
And ratios get out of hand,  
Like Alice's in Wonderland;  
And curious relativities  
Upset our decimals and p's;  
And a's are b's, and odds are evens  
(The very sixes may be sevens!)  
And good and bad, and wrong and right  
Are hard to recognize at sight—  
How, in this quandary, can we  
Expect to reach the Q. E. D.?

#### DATCHERY

Another man has had the courage to complete "Edwin Drood," and, unlike the man in Brattleboro, without the aid of the spirit pen of Dickens. The newcomer signs himself "Loyal Dickensian." He has Drood murdered, and the watcher of Jasper the clerk Bazzard. The London Times does not accept this solution; it will not have a dead Drood; says that Bazzard, the stage-struck lawyer's clerk, "a comic butt," can hardly be the "gay but formidable sleuth-hound" Datchery.

We believe that Bazzard was Datchery. It will be remembered that he was off duty; that Mr. Grewgious was rather vague in speaking of his absence to Rosa; that Datchery had disguised himself, for his white hair was evidently not his own. What more natural than that Grewgious should send his clerk to spy on Jasper, whom he suspected; that Bazzard, who loved the theatre and had written a tragedy, "The Thorn of Anxiety," should welcome the disguise and the spying? Is there no significance in Grewgious saying, after he had given the title of the tragedy to Rosa, "Mr. Bazzard hopes, and I hope, that it will come out at last"?

#### THE DEAD RIDE FAST

Isadora Duncan, Loie Fuller, Emily Stevens, Dorothy Donnelly—Miss Donnelly was the last to go, a brilliant woman, sparkling in conversation. Did any actress ever portray Candida with finer understanding of the male, with warmer sympathy, with more delicious quiet humor?

Loie Fuller—we first saw her in Boston when she danced her "serpentine dance" in a miserable play called "Quack M. D." She enjoyed life in Paris. Anatole France wrote a preface for her book. Edmond de Goncourt mentioned her twice in the last volume of his "Journal"—the "last" because the remaining volumes are not allowed publication. In 1893, Roger Marx told him that Loie had genuine taste in art, appreciating bronzes and pictures, and also said that nothing was more amusing than a rehearsal in which she experimented with all the colors of the rainbow, "with which she is going to develop her graceful attitudes." The next year Goncourt wrote with regard

to her: "what a great inventor of ideality is man, and how he has worked in this strange and supernatural vision with common stuffs and 'canaille' lighting!" Loie's first appearance at the Boston Opera House was in January, 1910, when she brought her "Muses," among them Gertrude von Axen, Irene Sanden, Orchidee, Miss Axen "danced" Beethoven's sonata with the Funeral March.

Many stories could be told about Isadora, who from childhood was resolved to lead her own life. When she first astonished Boston by her "interpretations" on the stage she was invited to dine at the house of old-school Bostonians. The other guests were ultra-conservative in their views of life and manners. There was a moment of silence broken by Isadora exclaiming in a matter of fact way: "I hope to have Maeterlinck for the father of my next child." Her last years were full of sorrow, nor was her last adventure in Boston a happy one.

"Yale is extending its Psycho-clinic." Now we'll know all about that celebrated "Yale spirit."

#### FOR YOUNG NOVELISTS

As the World Wags:

If Boston is to keep pace with Philadelphia a perfectly authentic Bostonian of the younger generation must do for Boston what a perfectly authentic Philadelphian, Mr. Francis Biddle, hardly yet in his forties, has done for Philadelphia in his recently published novel, "The Llanfear Pattern." Time was when a Howells, a Henry James, a Judge Grant produced such books as "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Bostonians," and "The Chippendales." The latest of these appeared nearly 20 years ago, the earliest more than 40. There have been Boston novels in the last decade or two, but hardly one that depicts the place and its most representative inhabitants so faithfully as Mr. Biddle has depicted Philadelphia and his fellow-townsmen in "The Llanfear Pattern."

The material for a corresponding Boston novel would of course be different. But here, as in Philadelphia, there are local tribes as cohesive and influential as the "Llanfears." Here, too, there are young men who would remould the local scheme of things more to their heart's desire, and end by accepting, with a certain complacency, that role of "regularity" which birth and place have made most natural for them. What Mr. Biddle has succeeded in bringing out is the impotence of one with a touch of the Galahad in his earlier years, engaged in conflict, cumulatively unavailing, with the forces of a powerful, comfortable, essentially materialistic society, displaying itself not only in its social, but in its business and political relations. It is a frankly—and ably—drawn, nearly contemporaneous, and rather depressing picture of life in a city with a social organism perhaps more definitely articulated than in any other large American community. It leads one to question what a writer as discerning and competent as Mr. Biddle would make of a Boston novel with a similar motive.

Here is the challenge to our younger Thackerays and Prousts. But, come to think of it, who are they? M. H.

As the World Wags:

Three women sat at a table. They talked of diets and reducing. The next morning they began a 30-day contest, following three plans.

One drank water but ate no food. On the 31st day she died, weighing 103 pounds. Another "watched her calories," and she knew to an ounce of artichoke how much she could eat and lose three pounds a week. She was a very earnest and scientific dietician when she was not at the table. On the 30th day she weighed 162 pounds, a gain of four. The third ate three meals a day, taking small portions and no seconds. In 30 days she lost five pounds. H. B. L.

As the World Wags:

An errand boy joined the little crowd watching a steeplejack high up. At first the boy's face was full of eager expectation, but as the minutes passed, it clouded, and he turned away in disgust. "Taint no good you waitin'," he informed the crowd, "he ain't goin' to fall."

LOOKER ON.

## HOLMES IN NEW TRAVEL SERIES

Burton Holmes last night in Symphony Hall gave the first of five new Travel Revues. There was a very large audience. The subject of his revue was "Happy Hawaii." He treated it in a happy manner, pictorially and by his descriptions and comments.

If Hawaii is a happy land today, where the climate is delightful, the scenery beautiful or impressive, the soil rich, a land whose people of several

nations and different religions live in harmony under the American flag, one could not help thinking how this island was still more joyous before the missionaries came, were shocked by the hula-hula, and clothed the bodies of the radiant women in dresses of the Mother Hubbard type. A picture of a street in Honolulu taken many years ago was more tempting to a traveler desirous of simplicity and rural charm than that street today, Americanized so that it might be the pride of any mid-western city.

Mr. Holmes had a great deal to say about the excellent school system, the out-door exercises and sports of the children, the numbers of the various nations, the villas near the city, the surf-boat and surf-canoe riding.

The visits to other islands were of equal interest, as were the pictures of the sugar, pineapple, taro root coconut industries; natural marvels as the Waomea Canyon and the Barking Sands, the fantastic, tortured trees that writhe as with inward agony. For a climax there were striking pictures of Kilauea in eruption.

A talk packed with information. How many knew that there was a great Mormon Temple at Laie? That there was a Buddhist Temple, a Young Men's Buddhist Association? Happy country where there is no distinction drawn between races, colors and creeds; where nature smiles on her children and man does not frown.

The travel-revue will be repeated this afternoon. The subject of next week is "The Glories of Paris."

## DONALD TOVEY

By PHILIP HALE

Donald Francis Tovey, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. He began with Bach's own transcription of an Allegro, D minor, from the violin solo in A minor. Then came Bach's Fugue on Four Invertible Subjects with an addition by Mr. Tovey of some 80 measures, for death prevented Bach from carrying out his fell purpose and heaping horror on horror's head. A note explanatory of this fugal treatment printed on the program looked like a problem in mathematics. Not wearied by what he had already achieved—biographers say that Mr. Tovey as a pianist is distinguished, with other excellent qualities, for his memory and endurance—Mr. Tovey attacked Beethoven's Sonata op. 106. The final selection was Schumann's "Impromptu on a Theme by Clara Wieck," which he wrote as a birthday present to the father of his adored Clara.

Mr. Tovey, who is highly regarded as a musician, pianist and professor of music, has visited Boston before this. He was then treated with due consideration, welcomed and applauded. What have Bostonians done in the meantime that he should invite them to hear the music of yesterday? Bach's Fugue with its I plus II plus III plus IV is enough to strike terror to the stoutest soul; even to the soul of him who thinks every note by Bach dropped down from heaven into the cantor's mind. To follow this composition by Beethoven's op. 106 was at least imprudent. If this sonata must be put on a program, why not the wonderful Adagio alone? Many strange and conflicting pages have been written about op. 106; how it shows that Beethoven expressed his utter loneliness, without even God; that the music is a noble flight into the seventh heaven; that the sonata is an epic of struggle, conflict, resignation akin to indifference; and so on and so on. Yet to many who are not afraid of music, even of Beethoven's last works, there are many pages in op. 106 that are a meanness to the flesh and the spirit of the hearer.

Mr. Tovey is a scholarly pianist, but not a dull one. Although he revels in contrapuntal problems, he is a human being. His performance of Bach's Allegro was lively, crisp, clean, with agreeable nuances; that of Beethoven's Adagio thoughtful, emotional, eloquent. Pleasant was his gay delivery of the "coloratura" in the fugue with four subjects. If the performance in other sections was square toed that was not wholly Mr. Tovey's fault. Bach was a pious soul but he has much to answer for in this world; also in the next if Berlioz is to be believed.

An audience of good size paid Mr. Tovey due tribute.

## 'OLD SAN FRANCISCO'

"Old San Francisco," a film drama starring Dolores Costello and presented by Warner Bros. at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Dolores Costello ..... Dolores Costello  
Chris Luckwell ..... Warner Oland  
Terence O'Shaughnessy ..... Charles E. Mack  
Don Hernandez Vasquez ..... Josef Swickard  
Lu Pong ..... Ada May Wong  
Chinese Girl ..... Ada May Wong

Fire, flood, pestilence and war have all served the movies and now one



Two plays that might be characterized as triangular propositions will be seen tomorrow night: "Her Cardboard Lover" at the Plymouth; "Hidden" at the Hollis Street theatre.

"Her Cardboard Lover," in which Miss Jeanne Eagels plays Simone, was adapted by Valerie Wyngate and P. G. Wodehouse from a French comedy "Dans sa Candeur Naive," by Jacques Deval. The French play, in three acts, was produced in Paris at the Comedie-Caumartin in January, 1926. Marthe Regnier took the part of Simone, and an enthusiastic critic wrote that her smile was the sun; her wrathful moments "refreshing waves." Andre was played by Paul Bernard; Tony Lagorre by Henry Bosc. The comedy obtained a great success in Paris.

Simone has divorced her husband for good and sufficient legal reasons, but she is still in love with him. She hires Andre to pose as her latest "affinity." He happens to be in love with her, so his task is not difficult. His duty is to keep the divorced wife and the divorced husband apart. "It becomes a strenuous and tricky business" said Mr. Gabriel of the N. Y. Sun. "involving pajama parties of the first and second parts, subterfuges and fake suicides, broken hearts and shattered bric-a-brac, until the lady knows her mind and her right man."

The comedy was seen at Washington, D. C., on Oct. 4, 1926, when Laurette Taylor played Simone. Newark saw it in March, 1927. It arrived at the Empire, New York, on March 21st, when Miss Eagels took the part of Simone. Leslie Howard played Andre; Stanley Logan, Tony Lagorre.

Mr. John Montague calls attention to the fact that Miss Eagels had portrayed Sadie Thompson, was Sadie Thompson, for one year, three months and 13 days: Hence, the great difficulty for her to throw off one personality to assume another wholly different.

"Two more different women than Sadie Thompson in 'Rain,' and Simone Lagorre in 'Her Cardinal Lover' have never stepped upon a stage. It is a far cry from the passionate, frankly vulgar, fugitive from justice, stranded on a rain-soaked South sea isle, to the brilliant, witty, fashionable French woman, who gambles at Hendaye and lives in Parisian luxurious ease. The two women are as far removed as those outward symbols of their inner selves, the clothes they wear. They walk differently, talk differently, think differently. They are as far removed as the moods of the two plays in which they appear. 'Rain' is a stark, terribly realistic melodrama. 'Her Cardboard Lover' is a polished, high comedy, in which the farcical overtones arise not from mere plot-writing, by the author, but out of the absurd whimsicality of the characters themselves. Yet illuminating both women and giving them form and substance is Jeanne Eagels."

It was a Parisian critic who described the play as representing a "gigolo" turning round a bed. "The heroine speaks, eats, discusses, dresses and undresses in her bed." He complained that Mme. Regnier did not undress sufficiently.

"Hidden," a play in three acts by William Hurlbut, was produced by David Belasco at Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 19, 1927. Mr. Belasco, persuaded to come before the curtain, presented with the keys of the city by the mayor, exclaimed that henceforth he would produce all his plays in Buffalo. Philip Merivale and Beth Merrill were then in the cast, as Nick Faring and Violet Cadence. The others, when the play came to the Lyceum theatre, New York, on Oct. 4, 1927, were Mary Morris, Ellen Faring; Marjorie Gaten-son, Kate du Plessis, and Mary Wale, Mary.

A Buffalo critic said that the play is a drama of "hidden psychic repression." A woman loves the husband of another woman and by ingenious scheming and lying tries to separate them. This she does for a time, but they are reconciled, whereupon the disturber kills herself. The play takes place in New York city. The would-be wrecker of a happy home is the sister-in-law of the husband.

Mr. Belasco said after the performance in New York that he produced the play because he had come across in real life "the situation of a good girl suffering and becoming warped in her character through being attracted by a man who does not respond." When some one objected that any play dealing with psycho-analysis, with suppressed emotion, Mr. Belasco wrote in reply:

"Either the subject is fundamentally true or it isn't; the element of time has nothing to do with it. 'Hidden' is not propaganda either for or against psycho-analysis, or the truth or untruth of the existence of suppressed emotions. It is the moving, human story of the sufferings of a girl, swayed by a power too strong for her to control, and the victim of that power. I hold that such a story, well dramatized, as 'Hidden' is; well produced, as 'Hidden' is, and perfectly acted, as 'Hidden' is, can never be too late in presentation. . . .

"In real life it is always the people most closely associated with a condition who are the last to recognize it. If the reverse of this were true, nine-tenths of the domestic tragedies would never take place. . . . In the development of every play the impulses, the motives, the dialogue and the action as they are revealed, indicate to audiences the state of mind of the characters they are watching. . . . One should not impute to an audience the farseeing analytical observation of a professional critic."

Alan Dale, praising the performance, wrote: "Here we had a case of eroticism that tinted the life of a young girl, forced her to do irreparable things, and plunged her in untold misery. Here we had a play of obsessions, repressions, depression, expressions that made us feel that we were peering into the very innards of a pretty young lady. . . . She is outside or the pale of nice, placid people, who begin the day with a boiled egg, and end it with a solemn novel and go to bedstead at 10 o'clock, and sleep the sleep of the just."

At the Repertory Theatre "The Treasure," a comedy in four acts by David Pinski, will be played. The Theatre Guild of New York gave performances of the comedy beginning Oct. 4, 1910, when Dudley Digges played Chone; Jennie Moscovitz, Jachne-Braine; Celia Adler, Tille; Edgar Stehli, the Marriage Broker. The story is a simple and amusing one. A half-wit finds a handful of gold coins in the graveyard of a Russian village. It is noised abroad and every villager, wishing to obtain his or her share, tries to find out the exact location. The graveyard is overrun. The truth comes out: there is no treasure, but the daughter of the gravedigger, having taken her share of the coins, buys a trousseau in order to win a husband. The first three acts are in Chone's house; the fourth is in the graveyard.

It was in this play as produced by the Theatre Guild that Celia Adler came out on the English stage. A New Yorker by birth and education, a daughter of the famous Yiddish actor, Jacob P. Adler, she played at first in Yiddish and in Jewish theatres. On the Yiddish stage she supported all the leading actors and actresses; playing in "Hamlet" with Rudolph Schildkraut, and in many plays with Bertha Kalich.

Ian Hay's "Clean Hands," which was performed at several matinees at the Copley theatre will be the play there beginning tomorrow night. It is an interesting play, one that deserves the attention of all who think nobly of the drama. It may be remembered that the dramatist was told the extraordinary story by an English lawyer as occurring to him in his practice. The play was capitolly acted when it was first seen here and the cast will be the same.

Prince Obolensky, who will sing with Miss Elizabeth Burgess next Thursday evening in Jordan hall, became a professional singer after the revolution, in which his property was confiscated—"nationalized," as the Soviet government calls the robbery—but he was musically educated as a boy. His father was the acting vice-president of the Imperial Russian Musical Society; his mother was a pianist. The Prince had studied the violin in the Auer School.

That excellent pianist, Mr. Moiseiwitsch, will give a recital next Saturday afternoon. Born at Odessa on Feb. 22, 1890, he studied there and when he was 9 years old he won the Rubinstein Stipendiary prize. Afterwards he studied with Leschetitzky in Vienna. In 1909 he was heard in London, which he made his dwelling place. He came to the United States late in 1919. In February, 1920, he gave his first recital in Boston; on Feb. 25, 1921 he played Schumann's Concerto with the Boston Symphony orchestra. He has given recitals here since then.

## IN THE FILM WORLD

### Notes on the Last Year's Screen Plays; Changing Conditions and the Future

Seasons change, styles change and motion pictures are wearing polka dots, instead of dashes—in their sub-titles at the present time. These polka dots were first discovered in the best journalistic circles. They have been growing in popularity. There is something a little breathless about them and short-winded writers and a panting public have grown fond of concise thoughts, put down, as 'twere, between gasps.

It is all part of a splendid rush, like catching the 4:48, action, lots of it, and if the movies don't get action, now, really, what does?

The last year has been, generally speaking, an interesting one in the film business. It is leading to some place, but, just where, no one has been able to tell. The very structure upon which the industry has built itself, that of its stars, is melting away, it is said, with the producers calmly holding the torch to places they themselves wrought so carefully some little time ago. This is no thoughtless proceeding, however. They know what they are about and perhaps the stars are beginning to realize that when the producers suggested retrenchment was necessary, they meant every word they said. The producers have the odds in the fight for lower salaries, so far.

The rumor is about that new talent is being developed to take the place of the more expensive names. Some writers of things cinematic point out that as soon as this new flock of stars become settled firmly in electric lights, they will demand the same salaries that caused the weeding of last year's crop of celluloid celebrities. After a careful study of the situation, it seems that film conditions are righting themselves. New talent may have a chance that it has not had in the close corporation of the stars before this and when one coolly sums up the accomplishments of this past year, it is to be noted that most of the best work has been done by the new talent, writers, directors and players.

Is this not a natural growth, a more hopeful sign for better film plays in the future? "Underworld" is the specific bright spot of 1927 photodrama. This picture started all of the film producers to cry for "originals." The players were a collection of good performers. No star to be catered to with close-ups, to be catered to in any manner. The director, Josef von Sternberg, will probably continue his brilliant direction because he has been grounded in the hardest and most difficult schools, that of the "quickies" and "poverty row." This, of course, will only be proved by time, but with a foundation so solid, surely he should be more than a flash or two.

In the major contributions of the year, one should speak of Janet Gaynor. Some call this a Janet Gaynor year and there is reason for even that extravagant bow to the young woman. Not so handsome as some, but an actress who can make even the most popular of the other women look like jiggling puppets. Miss Gaynor has intelligence, a supreme emotional ability and grace—what more could one ask?

"Chang" and "Stark Love" have made their mark on 1927. "Resurrection" almost achieved a candid film adaptation of a good novel. It gave the screen world another splendid actress in Dolores del Rio.

Adult and comprehensive comedy without the aid of slap-stick and "hokem" have been offered by H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast and Adolphe Menjou and written by Ernest Vajda. Menjou is one of the stars who has been wise enough to avail himself of the new order of things and so he is not



under with mediocrity, as many of the others find themselves, arms and legs waving wildly, words and incriminations falling harshly on deaf ears.

Richard Dix and Thomas Meighan need something. Perhaps it is material. Lon Chaney and Clara Bow have both been engaged in contributing horrors, of a different kind, to be sure, but horrors that a great public seems to like. Lon Chaney is capable of being one of the best screen artists instead of one of the best box-office bets, but, who—in their right mind—would change? Clara Bow will continue being self-consciously cute with lots of "It"—probably—in spite of us.

Gloria Swanson deserves credit for her manly effort to do something constructive for the films. Her one attempt at being her own producer had one glorious spot, but the rest was too much Gloria. Some one said that Miss Swanson had made the dramatic remark that she would "keel herself" if her "Sadie Thompson" was not a success. There are those who may be willing to assist her, if it isn't.

Norma Talmadge offered "Camille" to a doting public and succeeded in making some of her admirers glad that the girl had an early death so that Norma could do something else.

Lillian Gish, Milton Sills and Pola Negri have done their stuff, but the sawdust tricked out when the wolves placed their fangs into the body of their offerings and the wolves have turned up their noses since.

Mary Pickford has given her best Pickfordian graces to her one offering "My Best Girl," which is to the film world what "Abie's Irish Rose" was to the stage. Surely it has its own style and consolations.

Several shooting stars have glanced across the horizon, making the way brighter for a time. If they can be left in quiet oblivion where they have fallen, they will have served their purpose, otherwise they will have to find at least one new expression. William Haines is probably the most important of these. He was successfully "fresh" for three pictures, but one wonders if one can live through another afternoon or evening watching him do about the same thing in about the same way?

Wallace Beery has talent, but he is becoming a habit performer. With the assistance of Raymond Hatton he has fought comedy in most of the units of the late war and now he will probably move on to Nicaragua unless discouraged.

John Barrymore has been Dr. Jekylling and Mr. Hyding every picture he has made recently. Perhaps, if Elinor Glyn—but why resort to sarcasm.

Emil Jannings continues to work conscientiously and well. Charles Farrell, Richard Arlen, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro and Victor MacLaglen are some of the reasons why cinematic entertainment is good. Raymond Griffith will always be remembered kindly for his courageous attempt to put farce on the screen in spite of Mr. Hays.

Harold Lloyd's one comedy was not so funny as it should have been, and Buster Keaton only ruffled the critical surface with polite smiles. His two pictures were made with the purpose of devastating mirth.

Phyllis Haver, the former Sennett girl, is promising. William Boyd and Louis Wolheim (recruited from the stage and "What Price Glory") made "Two Arabian Knights" pleasant, but the least said the better of Colleen Moore, Monte Blue, Constance Talmadge, Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, Marie Prevost, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Leatrice Joy and the beautiful Dolores Costello. And there are others.

Without begging anyone's pardon, the film critics, some of them, are trying to throw banana skins into the ring where the cinema stars, the producers and all concerned with the manufacture of film entertainment are chasing around. They would like for someone to fall down long enough to listen to what they have to say. They claim that the film theatre has been turned into almost anything but a place to see a photoplay. They claim that the screen is deteriorating, that someone is pouring a tepid substance known as sentimentality into its veins instead of the richer stuff which should be there.

The film theatres continue to prosper. Is the large American public indifferent, quiescent or satisfied?

C. M. D.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Jascha Heifetz, violinist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, William F. Hofmann, conductor; Rose Campana solo pianist. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Intersettlement concert by pupils from the Music School Settlements.

Ford Hall Forum, 7:30 P. M. Marjorie Weaver, violoncello; Marianne Hyde Muther, pianist.

**MONDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Olive Cornell, soprano. Giordani, Caro mio ben, Mozart, Gli angeli d'inferno from "The Magic Flute," Handel, "Sweet Bird" (with flute). Michael Arne, The Lass with the Delicate Air. Dvorak, Songs My Mother Taught Me. Leoncavallo, Serenade Francaise. Donizetti, "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Folk songs—American, Swiss, Irish, Spanish and Alavies' "Nightingale." Miss Cornell, born in Texas, studied singing in New York, and made her debut there last October.

**TUESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor. Part songs: 17th Century Melody, arr. by Davison. Ippolitov-Ivanov, Bless the Lord, O My Soul. Mendelssohn, On Pinions of Song; Henschel, Morning Hymn. Hadley, The Unconquerable (with baritone solo). Practorius, Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming. Faltin, Fight, Gains, arranger, A Father's Door, Clay, I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby (with tenor solo by Mr. Wheeler). Handel, Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite (from "Samson"). Rose Zulalian, contralto, will sing these songs: Cras, Serviteurs n'apportez pas des lampes. Georges, Hymne au Soleil. Strauss, Allerseelen, Caecile. George Wheeler's selections will be as follows: Donaudy, Vaughnissima, Zeubkanza. Curran, Life. Leoncavallo, Matinata.

**WEDNESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, d'Arhanbeau, Moldavan). Schubert, "Quartet Satz" in C minor. Beethoven, Quartet, C sharp minor, op. 131. Haydn, Quartet, C major, op. 33, No. 3.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Elizabeth Burgess, soprano; Prince Alexis Obolensky, basso-cantante. Miss Burgess: Schumann, Mondnacht and Fruehlingssnacht. Brahms, Liebestreu und von ewiger Liebe. Debussy, chantee. Charpentier, Depuis le jour, from "Louise" (by request). Debussy, C'est l'extase and Green. Ravel, Scheherazade (Asie and La Flute enchantee. Charpentier, Depuis le jour from "Louise" (by request). Prince Obolensky, The Red Sun (Russian Folk Song). Stolybin, The Two Giants. Tchaikovsky, The Lights Were Dimming. Aslanov, The Minstrel. Schubert,

Litany. Lully, Bois Epais. Old English song—Early One Morning. Messenger, Long Ago in Alcalá. Duet—Glinka, "Doubt."

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Maurice Ravel, guest conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. The Tokav String Quartet, assisted by Raymond Coon, pianist. Mozart, Quartet, D minor. Ravel, Quartet, F major. S. Gardner, Piano Quintet, "To a Soldier" (first time in Boston). This quartet is composed of Messrs. Tokman, Langlois, Kaganov and Ziegler).

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Benno Moieiwitsch, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, E major. Beethoven, Sonata Pathetique. Schumann, Fantaisie in C major. Chopin, Barcarolle. Impromptu, A flat major. Nocturne, E major. Three Etudes, Ballade F minor. Ravel, Toccata. Rachmaninoff, Prelude, B minor; Prelude, B flat major. Wagner-Liszt, Liebestied, Liszt, Tarantelle.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Ravel, guest conductor.

Jordan hall, 8 P. M. People's Choral Union. See special notice.

finds, according to "Old San Francisco" that the great San Francisco earthquake was brought about by a meek little prayer uttered by Dolores Costello, who had been dragged into the dens of Chinatown through so many dark passages that the earthquake was the only sensible way out. All of the treacherous Chinese in the film were killed and Dolores escaped with only a fainting spell to her credit. Great things—these films.

The film is very deliberate until the Chinese get Dolores in their clutches and then the thrills come—how they come. The late Charles Emmet Mack plays an ingratiating Irishman and Warner Oland is a healthy Chinese villain who succeeds in looking a bit oriental. Ada May Wong is delightful as a Chinese hussy. The photoplay is lovely in the quieter spots but the earthquake is more like an imitation of Gilda Grey in one of her moments of relaxation to a merry tune than almost anything else. Of course, it is difficult to get a perspective of an earthquake, so maybe, this one was better than we thought. Perhaps the old San Francisco was frail, even as frail as this pictures town of sticks and paper but one feels that this was a grand attempt to do something marvelous without going far enough to build a town of steel and stone to shake down for our benefit. The technicolor fire was rather successful, however.

Dolores Costello is beautiful. There is no denying that. Her gowns show off this beauty to a remarkable degree and the mere technicality of mixing the periods a bit does not matter.

Fanny Ward is making a personal appearance at the Metropolitan this week and the stage show has gone from things Russian to a pirate ship with Spanish flavor.

C. M. D.

wealthiest man on earth. Bankers of every land crawled at his feet. He was served by an army of spies, who did not hesitate to commit murder if he gave the word. He had dark designs. By financing Germany he would control the Whitehall Conference and crush France. (This is not exactly clear to us, but we never had a head for figures.) Estelle was her father's pride and joy, the one in whom he put his trust.

We regret to say that when she leaned back in a chair she crossed her legs.

Estelle, after meeting Mark for the first time, asked a slight favor of him: to take the corpse of a man who had been hit too hard by her angry father, and to throw it into the river, for it was a foggy night and no one would see him. When the corpse was in the car, it came to life and asked for brandy; "Oh, God, my head!" This Brennan who was taken by Mark to his apartment in London was a German. "My mother was a Russian, and my grandfather an Armenian, I have in my veins the blood of the Slav, the Teuton, and the decadent Asiatic." He had a secret which he wished to sell to Dukane, his former employer. Estelle, Mark, Lord Henry Dorchester, and Raoul, Marquis de Fontanay, "a French diplomat of democratic principles," were as eager to know the secret as Estelle and her father. Hence thrilling adventures. It seems that William Hohenzollern had gone from Doorn, leaving a masseur to persuade him, to a shooting box in Bavaria where he conferred with the re-established War Council. Brennan, the electrician of the establishment, climbed a tree,

("Zaccheus he  
Did climb a tree  
His Lord to see.")

and photographed the party.

We wish Mark had married Frances Moreland, the stenographer at the Conference, although, craving luxuries, for Mark had given her a taste for them, she sold secret information; although her mouth was discontented, her cheekbones slightly prominent and she wore heavy shoes with low heels with her silk stockings, "a concession to the demands of the time." She loved Mark passionately and would have been a good wife even if she was unduly thin.

Excellent Mr. Oppenheim! Indefatigable romancer! Having begun reading "The Light Beyond," we could not put it down until we knew whether Dukane succeeded in his attempt to make Germany the world power.

Little, Brown & Co. have also published Jeffery Farnol's "The Quest of Youth." Mr. Farnol plays agreeable variations on his favorite theme. Sir Marmaduke at forty-five was disillusioned; he found joy in nothing. His doctor told him that his disease was luxury; that if he should pauperize himself, wear homespun and go into an unfriendly world, he'd perish. So Sir Marmaduke tried the experiment and met with adventures more or less familiar to Mr. Farnol's admiring readers. The noble Lord came across an extraordinary wandering fiddler, met a charming young Quakeress who knew him only as John, thwarted the base designs of those who would do her harm. One of them was killed, but not by Sir Marmaduke, who was suspected of the murder, for his gold-mounted walking cane was found near the corpse, nor did the Quakeress escape suspicion. In their flight over hill and dale and in London town, they met with thrilling experiences. There is good fighting; there is agreeable dialogue. Marmaduke's wife, who had run away from him, turned up, but without providing an unpleasant ending to the tale. We are glad to make the acquaintance of Mr. Shrig and of Mr. Ponsobny, "a child of Thespis, Melpomene or Thalia, the Sock and Buskin, sir!" The right people die a natural death or are killed; the right people receive their reward for bravery and constancy.

The girl courted by Mark was Estelle Dukane, a ravishing beauty wooed by Prince Andropulo. As he is described he resembled a street-car advertisement of a new collar, but there "seemed to be a sort of orientalism about the size of his studs, the rings he wore on the little fingers of either hand." Estelle was the daughter of Felix Dukane, the

Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" and Balzac's "Pere Goriot" have been added by Little, Brown & Co. to their Beacon Library of Fiction Classics. It is hardly necessary to discuss these novels. The day is past when Bulwer was denounced from the pulpit in out little village as an "immoral" writer. Even his early novels



not merit the bitter mockery of style and Thackeray. Probably he is better known by many even today by the Last Days of Pompeii and "Pell" than by "What Will He Do with The Caxtons," "Kenelm Chillingly," "The Parisians," books of a great worth; nor should one forget that the House and the Brain is the most hair-raising ghost story in literature. One would not care for a comic set of Bulwer's novels, but some of them can still be read with pleasure; there are blood curdling pages in "Zan."

The translation of "Pere Goriot" in Beacon Library is by Miss Worme. She once told us that when she translated Balzac for Roberts Brothers they insisted on omissions or softening in some of the novels. "Pere Goriot" seems to have escaped their dery. Is it Balzac's greatest work? No doubt the most widely known, "Eugenie Grandet," "Cousine Bette," and "Le Tour de France," but when one comes to the great man's masterpieces, one will always be dissent, if not aching to blows. There are three illustrations for each of the two volumes.

## HEIFETZ, VIOLINIST,

Heifetz, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. With Isidor Achon, pianist, he played Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, op. 9. To Mr. Achon's accompaniment he played Lalo's Spanish Symphony, a Chanson d'Amour, by Suk, a Rondo arranged by Friedberg, a Bartmann arrangement of Debussy's Fille aux Cheveux de Lin, a "Perpetuum Mobile" by Novacek, and Paganini's "I Palpiti" showpiece.

Mr. Heifetz pleased yesterday, as it is to a lot of few performers to please, an audience that filled all the seats in the house and most of the standing room, too. By means of which of his many admirable qualities he chiefly pleased is a question interesting to ask, but not easy to answer.

One would be gratifying to believe that the notable purity of intonation counted much toward his outstanding success. If the company present, too, were drawn to the core by his remarkable musicianship, Boston could well feel proud of its public; performances more technically faultless are surely seldom heard. And there is Mr. Heifetz's tone which may have roused enthusiasm by its cool perfection, unless one takes exception to occasional dry passages in his sonata.

One, however, and true intonation, the consummate musicianship—how often do they of themselves raise a stir? Heifetz seldom. Yesterday, though, they were stirred. What was there more? It may be an artistic reluctance to intrude his own personality between his music and his public, or it may be a lack of real emotion—who shall determine the point? Any semblance of personal feeling, at all events, Mr. Heifetz did not show from twenty minutes of four till a quarter past five. Beethoven's dotted notes he dotted according to Beethoven's recorded will; he turned his melodies with elegance; he made haste when he should, he duly guarded his pace. But of what this music meant to Mr. Heifetz, Mr. Heifetz showed no clue. With Lalo, though, the Spanish tunes he found brighter, he held equally reticent.

Beauty served, nevertheless—unless a feeling personality tells of itself—for Heifetz, despite his want of emotion, betwined his public yesterday. There remains, of course, his technique to be reckoned with. An amazingly secure technique he has, so much so that one can observe, an astonishing ease. Real brilliance, though, and dazzling attributes of technique that, in coloratura soprano or a pianist, raise a sea of enthusiasm—those he showed not yesterday, unless it were in the Paganini piece or later in the day.

Perfection of technique and a truly admirable musicianship—these suffice for the case of Mr. Heifetz. In other respects they fail to attract so markedly. How can one explain the mystery?

R. R. G.

## People's Symphony Gives 7th Concert at Jordan Hall

A balanced program of favorite compositions was given in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon by the People's symphony orchestra, William F. Hofmann conducting, and Miss Rose Campana, pianist, as soloist. The opening number was the overture to Hugo's drama "Ruy Blas," by Mendelssohn. "Ruy Blas," like Mozart's "Don Giovanni," is an outstanding example of what a good com-

poser can do when under high pressure. Mendelssohn was twitted when he wrote the Romance but not the overture for "Ruy Blas," when he claimed lack of time prevented it; while in fact he held the drama's story in contempt and was not in a favorable mood to write it. When the management said: "We quite understand the overture could not be written in a hurry, and next year we will give you longer notice," this "nettled" Mendelssohn, and he set to work and composed, copied, rehearsed four times, and performed this highly regarded composition, all in less than a week, besides a long rehearsal and concert of his own orchestra. Even though he did not like the story, the "Ruy Blas" overture embodies an adequate exposition of its chief features, and is one of Mendelssohn's choicest compositions.

The Beethoven C minor concerto gave the large audience decided pleasure, when Miss Rose Campana, a Boston girl, played the piano part. Miss Campana played with understanding, and delicacy of touch; in fact, too delicate for the general character of Beethoven's Third. More experience with orchestra will no doubt help Miss Campana to what she needs, more breadth of tone, and rounding out her phrases to more absolute conclusion. This is particularly necessary when playing with orchestra. In the cadenza of the first movement, by Mrs. Beach, Miss Campana made it clear that she had technique and temperament, for she played it with good feeling indeed. This cadenza is ponderous for the movement in which it occurs, and thus seems to protrude itself, instead of unifying the two parts it separates.

The concert closed with Schubert's Symphony in C. It is one of uncommon beauty, freshness of thought, boldness of conception, and originality of form. Mr. Hoffman showed particular aptitude in bringing out the deep flowing passion, then rising to wild despair, then again breathing forth that fullness of joy which would almost seem too much for the capacity of the human heart, and finally is told that triumphant victory of a soul through all the disappointments and sufferings of a life of misery—such as Franz Schubert is known to have lived up to the very day of his premature death—this is man's destiny. The closing movement overflows with new life and fresh subjects. A. H. D.

## MISS ROYDEN

Yesterday morning a frail, quaint little figure filled Symphony hall to overflowing. People stood at the back of floor and balconies; the packed stage looked like a Kreisler concert; humanity crowded the open exits. Young and old, curious and reverent came to hear Maude Royden preach at the Community Church meeting.

As she sat with quiet, folded hands and slightly bent shoulders, eyes on the floor, silent during the preliminary hymns and reading, she seemed overshadowed by the numbers gathered to hear her. A face that by all the canons of aesthetics could not be called beautiful and yet even in repose could not quite be called homely, a close little black hat, not close in our modern manner of helmets and eartabs, but with its upturned brim divided at the front rather resembling a sober little cardinal's cap, a dull black silk dress of no style at all, long and full and neat—and an inexpressible air of youthfulness. Was it due to the white Peter Pan collar, or the low-heeled black patent-leather pumps, silver-buckled, like those every little girl of 13 has worn for dancing school? Her whole figure was anachronistic, Cromwellian perhaps and defenselessly youthful and slight.

### A SHINING PERSON

As she spoke, revealing a mind of a maturity parallel to her actual years, her evasive youthfulness was explained as a spiritual quality. She is a shining person, extraordinarily sincere and vibrant. Quietly, as she speaks, in public or in private, she reaches out to the essential reality in the people before her.

Miss Royden easily disposed of the extraneous topics fastened to her name by an America not yet come of age. When preacher was an unheard-of thing. In fact, she became one by the merest accident. A graduate of St. Margaret's College, Oxford (with obviously a deeper background of culture in her own home life), she became interested in women's suffrage, and from that to a broader interest in the spiritual life of women. When Joseph Fort Newton asked her to preach, she was astonished "I could never, never do it," she said

But she did it, and today has her own Guild House, very much like our Community Church in London. From 1917, when a woman preacher was in England even more of a novelty than here, to the present, the subject of her smoking or not caring to smoke has never

been a matter of interest to the English public.

When one has once heard Miss Royden speak or even talked with her for five minutes, the councils of the various American women's clubs which have cancelled her lectures because of her views on smoking or marriage, seems hard to explain.

### VIEWS ON MARRIAGE

The Woman's Home Missionary Society which provided the Boston cancellation, through its president, Mrs. Clifford Lovell, refused to give a reason for its action. "There may have been a reason." What could it have been? Not, surely, because Miss Royden has "buckled to her shoon." Miss Royden's views on "companionate marriage" could not be the reason, for these were definite.

"I have a rosy view of marriage," she said, "perhaps because I am not married myself. I believe it should be permanent, and monogamous."

Miss Royden has a beautiful voice, low-pitched and thrilling, yesterday strained a little out of its natural vibrancy by the vastness of Symphony hall. She spoke on "Modern Psychology and Prayer."

In every century, she said, there has been a cry of fear for religion. During the last hundred years of extraordinary scientific discoveries everyone, whether he liked the thought or not, has had to realize that the world moves by unchangeable laws. As Chesterton said, "You may if you choose jump off a precipice. You will not break the law of gravity. You will illustrate it."

A chill fell on the world at the thought of this mechanistic universe. But today, far from being dismayed by the thought of these natural laws, modern man harnesses to his service the vast forces of the material world. Years ago an eclipse of the sun was fearfully regarded as an act of God or of a devil, now the railroads run special trains to "front seats for the eclipse." The time is near when we'll have "front seats for the earthquake."

But in our own time modern psychology upsets us anew. We find that not only the stars, but man's temper at breakfast, are subject to universal laws. Again a chill spreads over the thought of the world. If man's mind has nothing Godlike, but obeys laws as definite as those that govern the atom, isn't our conception of God

merely a fantasy? We are weak, we seek kindness, we invent God? This is a shrinking from knowledge, said Miss Royden. Why do it? We find the laws that govern the world, explain them, use them, but they were always there. A scientific universe, full of this marvellous order, must be an expression of some purpose, and what explanation for the beauty of the world save that it be made by a lover? R. H. G.

It's a sad story, mates. Here is Mr. Saintsbury pooh-poohing the greatness of Thomas De Quincey and Mr. Gosse saying he cannot read George Sand's novels any more. De Quincey, like Massachusetts, needs no defence, but Mr. Saintsbury has been attacked in turn by English writers, and gallantly for some of his preposterous statements. As if De Quincey had written nothing worth while except the "Opium Eater" and the "Vision of Sudden Death"! As if he were only a rhetorician!

Mr. Gosse is a good old man who often writes pleasantly. One owes him a debt of gratitude for his interest in French literature at the time Mallarme was enthroned on high; but what a drubbing, a cruel lambasting Mr. Gosse received from the late Churton Collins, that prince of critics. The chapter "Our Literary Guides" is in Collins's "Ephemera Critica," and is apropos of Gosse's "Short History of Modern English Literature." For savagery this chapter might be compared to Hazlitt's open letter to Gifford. There are some of us who still read George Sand's "Indiana," "Valentine," "Mauprat," also her later stories of country life with pleasure, even if we shy at "Consuelo" and "The Seven Strings of the Lyre." Gosse? Edmund Gosse? Is not Philip Gosse, the author of "The Pirate's Who's Who," the sympathetic editor of Captain Johnson's "General History of the Pirates" closer to us? Philip H. Gosse was dear to our childhood, for he wrote a "Natural History" for the young. We see it now, a thick book crammed with pictures. By it we became acquainted with the waptiti and the koodoo, both interesting animals, so interesting that we named sleds after them.

I do not think the average young man of 21 can tell the average young woman of his own age that she is stupider than he.—Sir W. Johnson-Hicks.

### ANSWER TO L. H. G.

As the World Wags:  
"Hen" Hunkins remembers grandpa speaking of Cushing Gardens, who lived,

as I recall, in the '40's about the time of the French and Indian wars. His intimates knew him as "Cus," and from all accounts he lived up to his name. Why, one time—but never mind.

"Hen" says there were a lot of barges on Charles River Basin named for Cushing. "One on 'em" ("Hen" talking) "painted forest-green, with sunflower stripes, was jocosely called 'The Babylon,' tho' Cush Gardens was a bachelor." Along about—but surely your other readers will supplement these all too brief facts.

### EASTON FURNACE.

As the World Wags:

Cushing Place in my boyhood in the late Sixties and in the Seventies of the last century was in Belmont. There were fine open gardens and extensive greenhouses. I think I first saw a gloxinia at a "show" of them in the Cushing greenhouses. Later the Cushing place became the Payson place, and still later the Payson park was, if I remember correctly, made by turning the Payson place into a residence park.

W. R. W.

Have we made the announcement that Messrs. Evergreen Alexander, Ammonia Harris and Chill Butte of Louisiana have been admitted to our Hall of Fame?

### VAGABOND

The town-folk called him vagabond, And aft his back they smiled  
To hear he'd been in Celbes, In Liechtenstein and Kent;  
I knowed his father years ago, An' Lor', he wasn't wild  
He tilled his farm an' took the things That Providence had sent!

They never quite believed his tales (Though they would hear him through);  
A row of corn they'd drill as straight As line-fence, north and south;  
And they could tell a horse's age, Or how to drain a slough  
And figure when the frost would come And if there'd be a drouth.

But Kongolo and Cameroons— And Secondeed and Crete—  
A man had better till his soil And bed his horses down;  
A lowly name that, "vagabond," "Why don't he rest his feet?"

What for? . . . a headstone set in grass  
A half-mile out of town . . . ?

DONFARRAN.

### PERFUMES OF ARABY

As the World Wags:  
Bobby (sniffing)—My, what a swell scent! What is it?  
Dorcas—That's Christmas Night. It's \$25 an ounce. (Sniffs.) What's that I smell on you?  
Bobby—That's New Year's Eve. Elght dollars a pint! JABEZ.

As the World Wags:  
Can any reader inform me what was done with the effects of George Ives, the American sculptor, who worked in Rome, Italy, up to about 1897? He had in his atelier the best portrait-statue of Noah Webster. It was done for the Connecticut State House, but the state changed its mind and erected a circular bas-relievo. Several miniature statues were made from the large model. I would like to find out where these miniatures are, but particularly where the large model now is.

I am trying to gather together Webster-Thomson records and among my ideas is not only a full record in the Congressional library, but an exhibit room at Yale University and portrait-statues at the various shrines.

JOHN STUAR THOMSON.

361 Bergen avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

### THE HIGHER EDUCATION

As the World Wags:  
My sister, home from a co-ed college, told me this story about a friend of hers: A fraternity boy, probably a Beta, took the girl out on a date and finally kissed her, whereupon she hauled off and swatted him on the jaw. He grabbed her by the throat and hissed: "I love you, damn you, but don't you do that again." FESTE.

### HISTORY AS SHE IS LEARNT

As the World Wags:  
Overheard before the historical exhibit in Jordan Marsh's window:  
"That's the Boston Tea Party, you know, down on what they call T wharf." W. F. M.

### HOOSIT?

Hoosit Haakonno Kornsnobble of St. Paul, Minn., is proposed for our Hall of Fame. The fact that he is a State Senator should not be urged against him.

### ADD "UNNATURAL HISTORY"

As the World Wags:  
Isn't it a foolish waste of time



those Smith College girls going over that old stuff of making rats find their way out of a maze, when the girls might ponder on this problem: A Scotchman to fool a rat planted a razor blade across a rat hole in the ground, edge up. His ratship was of course promptly through undue haste split precisely in two, but the two parts at once reunited further down the hole and "carried on" to the Scotchman's dismay. At least he averred that every litter of little rats he caught after that showed a line down the back.

## 'HIDDEN' MAKES

By PHILIP HALE

Hollis Street Theatre—First appearance in Boston of "Hidden," a play in three acts and four scenes by William Hurlburt. Produced at Buffalo, N. Y., by David Belasco on Sept. 19, 1927; New York on Oct. 4: Philip Merivale, Nick Faring; Mary Morris, Ellen Faring; Beth Merrill, Violet Cadence; Marjorie Gatenon, Kate; Mary Wale, Mary. The cast last night was the same as that just given.

Violet Cadence lived with her sister, Faring's wife. From Violet's own confession she was a subject for a psychopathic hospital. She was a victim of suppressed desires, or rather one burning desire, to be possessed by her brother-in-law. When she was herself she was virginal, as she expressed it; her other personality, her other ego drove her to sensual madness. She fainted as her sister was about to be married; she swooned when she saw Nick in a bathing suit; she fell in a heap when passing by the bathroom door in the New York house she happened to see Nick in all his manly beauty. She fopped, as Jerry Cruncher would say, whenever she saw Nick on affectionate terms with his wife or decently kind to Mary, the parlor maid. In an evil hour she had seen before her sister's wedding Nick as Mark Anthony at a fancy dress ball. She longed to be his Cleopatra—we say Mark Anthony, though Nick and his wife agreed that he portrayed a Roman gladiator. The difference in testimony is immaterial. Violet's madness dated from the ball.

Thereafter Violet's baser nature overpowered her against her will. She could not endure the thought of her sister's wedded happiness. (The same theme is used by Zola in "The Joy of Living.") Violet's one aim was to separate the couple. She hinted, insinuated, alleged that Nick was unfaithful to his wife. As he easily cleared himself of her suspicions and charges, Violet finally told her that she must not stay longer in the house, for Nick was making indecent love to her. The wife and sister departed. Nick was left alone.

Any experienced theatre goer would soon see from Violet's talk and actions that she was crazed by a guilty passion. Nick, a rather lumbering, good-natured, self-satisfied but devoted husband, did not see it; neither did his wife.

Four months after the two women had disappeared Violet came to the house at night to confess to Nick her outrageous behavior. She alternately excused and reproached herself. Nick said little, but as Violet was about to leave, the two went mad. Violet did not leave the house till dawn.

In the last act the wife comes back and braves it out although she knew of the delirious night. The women have a dramatic scene; Violet, unable to brook the thought of Nick as another woman's man, goes up stairs and kills herself. Nick proposes to Ellen to sell the house, though he would miss the front stoop; to go to New Hampshire or find some country retreat where they would not be reminded of unhappy days.

The play is all dialogue. Mr. Hurlburt's text is not always direct, sometimes not effective when he would be forcible. Violet indulges in too much self-analysis; the wife is a weak woman, gullible, yet forgiving and strong when she knows that Violet Cadence had actually arrived at a full stop, after half cadences and several cadenzas. The really human being is the old friend Kate du Plessis, who suspecting Nick of infidelity yet would bring about a reconciliation. The semi-humorous lines put into her mouth are not of the first quality; yet here again she is human.

The subject might easily admit of coarse, offensive treatment, but the dramatist has contrived to present his abnormal heroine as an object of pity. In this Miss Merrill greatly aids him. The audience accepts her at her own self-valuation. She is the prey of Venus Pandemos, at times as irresponsible as Phaedra of the tragic story. The role is a difficult one. An audience might soon tire of the swoonings, the hysterical outbursts and behavior, but Miss Merrill succeeded in holding the attention. To say that she failed in exciting

sympathy means simply that the dramatist presents Violet as a female Iago, an inventor of monstrous lies. As a portrayal of one nature struggling with another nature, a subject for the disciples of Freud, Miss Merrill's was consistent in inconsistency. At times in the quieter moments, her portrayal was classic in its suppressed intensity.

The Ellen of Miss Morris would have been more effective if her enunciation had been clearer. The role was well composed, but the diction was often faulty. Miss Gatenon, playing in a breezy but womanly manner, made her points by speaking with delightful intelligibility in agreeable tones. Mr. Merivale gave a careful impersonation of the deeply-wronged husband. As drawn by the dramatist the wonder was that Violet could have longed for him, even though she was insanely neurotic.

A very large audience listened with the closest attention, with a seriousness that was a tribute to the acting. The stage was well set.

Repertory theatre. "The Treasure" a drama in four acts by David Pinski. The cast was as follows:

Jachne-Briane	Cecilia Radcliffe
Tillie	Ozella Birkbeck
Judke	Arthur Sircom
Chone	Arthur Bowyer
The Marriage Broker	Thomas Shearer
Soskin	Thayer Roberts
The President of the Congregation	Dennis Clough

Two members of the society for providing dowries for poor . . . William Mason  
maidens . . . Milton Owen  
Two members of the society for the care of the . . . William Faversham, Jr.  
sick . . . Gordon Bullett  
Two members of the fraternal burial society . . . Josef Lazarovici, Thomas Shearer

The setting of "The Treasure" would please Dostoevsky, or Eugene O'Neill, for the play moves in society's nether world. If the stark misery of "The Lower Depths" is lacking, still the household of Chone the gravedigger is a very poor one, too poor to provide a dowry for Tillie the daughter. There is always an immediate emotional appeal for the audience in an atmosphere of broken-down beds and cracked walls—extreme poverty becomes romantic on the stage, possibly because those who can afford to watch its image have never known it.

Among Chone's sorrows an idiot son is numbered. This poor Judke unwittingly provides the plot of the play, when in digging a grave for his little dog he finds a handful of gold napoleons. Judke, being quite devoid of wits, cares nothing for money, and pours the coins into his sister's hands. Tillie, true child of the very poor, like all who live with nothing to lose, rushes to the fine shops, returning resplendent without in white taffeta and pink ostrich plumes, and satisfied within by the ice cream of the town's smart confectioner.

Into the midst of Chone's lamentations over this truly Brodningnagian extravagance, walks a marriage-broker. Already the news of "the treasure" has spread. Tillie, bold and spirited, tells the broker to produce a handsome husband at any price at all, then, as the door closes upon his agitated beard, throws herself on the bed, silk gown and all, and rolls in a pleasant abandonment of unrefined mirth.

The house of Chone is besieged by members of the Society for Providing Dowries for Poor Maidens, by the president of the congregation, claiming half the money for the synagogue, by a former owner of the land threatening a lawsuit. The dirty walls rock with recrimination and gesticulation. When it becomes apparent that the bulk of the treasure is still underground and that Judke, the idiot, has forgotten where he made his little dog's grave, a truly remarkable scene is shown. Through the church yard pours the whole town, frantically searching and digging, mad with avarice. A shriek from Judke, "I remember," brings them all to his feet. Like cowed beasts the mob does what the idiot asks, laughs when he laughs, groans after him "we are hypocrites," dances as he dances. It is an extraordinary, sardonic exhibition.

Of course there never was a treasure. Like Gen. John Regan, it never existed at all. After the weary, muttering crowd has left the church yard, the dead awake, feeling "quite exalted that for one night they had so little fear of us." The only benefit remains to Tillie, who has acquired a trousseau and money in the bank, "enough for a modest husband."

The play is racial, its humor bitter. The atmosphere of the Hebrew society brings memories of the Moscow Habima players. We see a like portrayal of an alien culture, with its manners, its thought, even its laughter different from ours. As in "The Dybbuk," beneath this racial quality the play is based on the universal ironies of life, European Hebrew or 100 per cent. American.

Miss Olga Birkbeck gave us a Tillie of splendid health and vitality, one who "sometimes thought that all young men were handsome." It was rather a pity that an almost total paralysis of the

memory on the part of several other players, made parts of the play unintelligible, and weakened the whole. Let us hope that this fault will be remedied after the opening night. It was a bit disconcerting to have Judke the idiot acting as prompter.

R. H. G.

## ZIEGFELD 'FOLLIES'

COLONIAL—Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies," the 1927 edition and the 21st of the lot. Seen for the first time on any stage last August at the Colonial and now playing a return engagement limited to two weeks. Eddie Cantor is the star. Other principals include: Ruth Etting, Irene Delroy, Helen Brown, Dan Healy, Arthur Ball, the Brox sisters, Albertina Rasch girls, the Ingenues, an orchestra composed of girls, and others.

At one time Florenz Ziegfeld devoted most of his time to the "Follies." A successful musical comedy ran along for him sometimes, too, but it was his "Follies" which acted as his pet, so to speak. But in this busy season of 1927-28 the active Mr. Ziegfeld is engaged in producing no less than five attractions, including these same "Follies." There is "Rio Rita," which has run for a year in New York. His "Show Boat" (critics would tell us the best of all), which opened in New York around Christmas. "Rosalie," the Marilyn Miller-Jack Donahue musical, opening tonight in New York. And last, his musical version of "The Three Musketeers," which is now in rehearsal with Dennis King for star and with Jan. 30 in Washington set for an opening date. And in spite of all this, the "Follies" has not been neglected. There are glorified girls and gorgeous sets as of old, and many other touches of Ziegfeldian glamour.

Eddie Cantor, the star, carries the comedy burden of the production on his small but active shoulders. He dresses up like Jimmie Walker in one of the sketches and does a burlesque of presenting the keys of the city to a long line of celebrities. Again he appears as an aviator, "Gregory Ginsberg" who would fly the Atlantic. There are several others in which Mr. Cantor's style of comedy is seen to best advantage. It is his songs and his hop-skipity-jump manner of putting them over that audiences like best.

Ruth Etting, the girl with the bluest of blue notes in her voice, does "Shaking the Blues Away" and a tantalizing bit of the "St. Louis Blues" for two of her several numbers. Frank Ball, who replaces Franklyn Bauer who sang here with the "Follies" last August, has an unusually pleasing voice and manages to get away from the stereotyped revue tenor methods of presenting his songs. And the Brox sisters, certainly the best in their line for close harmony of the gentler sort. The Albertina Rasch girls dance prettily. Mme. Rasch does wonderful things with her ensembles.

Another outstanding feature is the Ingenues, an orchestra composed entirely of girls which a Ziegfeld scout picked up for Mr. Ziegfeld last summer. Joseph Urban has furnished some eye-filling sets as background for the girls to strut about in fine feathers and sparkling costumes. The finale of the first act allows Mr. Berlin (who did all the lyrics and tunes, by the way) to go in for spirited martial music, and in this he uses Mr. Sousa's "Stars and Stripes" for a theme. It is most effective. Steps of stairs banked with a girls' jazz orchestra, flanked on the sides with about 16 pianists, show girls appearing from the wings and the gentleman of the ensemble, with more ladies of the ensemble, find places for themselves on the stairs. Yellow and silver is the color scheme with the latter predominating.

The audience filled the theatre and applauded heartily.

A. F. D.

Keith-Albee St. James Theatre—"Craig's Wife," a domestic drama in three acts, by George Kelly. The cast:

Miss Austen	Mary Hill
Mrs. Harold	Sydel Landow
Mazie	Betty Ann White
Mrs. Craig	Clara Joel
Ethel Landreth	Flora Maud Gade
Walter Craig	Frank Charlton
Mrs. Frazier	Edith Spears
Billy Birkmire	John Winthrop
Eugene Cattle	Malcolm Arthur
Fredericks	Day Manson

"Craig's Wife," winner of a Pulitzer prize, recipient of much discriminating praise and cause of many discussions, is another proof that none of the cast need die to make a play a tragedy. It may also prove that a woman who marries a man for selfish reasons cannot afford to tell the truth in a moment of anger.

Mrs. Craig, as you may know, is a lady who has worked hard to get herself a husband and a home, and appreciates the home very much. She is a rather psychopathic bundle of concentrated energy whose one idea is personal security. Her home, the concrete symbol of the warm security craved by her cat-like soul, is all important to her. Her husband is politely tolerated because he is a necessary pillar of the home.

For the greater part of the first act we do not understand this. We see in her merely a fussy housewife who objects to smoke in her living room and is much annoyed when a pillow is out of alignment. Later there is a show-down in which she is so lacking in feminine technique as to brand her husband as a romantic fool, and cuts further at her means of livelihood by revealing her mercenary nature. There has been a murder at the house of an acquaintance. Her husband was innocently implicated. She values her freedom from gossip more than her husband's honor. He looks at her, declares that he sees her for the first time, and promptly leaves her. Everyone leaves her. Her servants cannot tolerate her. Her husband's aunt, who states that she has been staying in the house only in the interests of Craig, gives his wife a piece of her mind, packs her trunk and calls a cab. She is left alone in the treasured house—alone with a bunch of roses in her arms brought in by a kindly but bothersome neighbor. As if in tardy confession of her faults, she litters them over her sacred, spotless floor.

The Keith-Albee players made a reasonably smooth, well-timed job of it. Clara Joel, in the difficult title role, did her unpopular duty consistently, but with few of the little feminine overtones which might rationalize the lady.

It is rather late to pick flaws in a piece now lauded by anthologists, but the word psychopathic is used above intentionally. Mrs. Craig seems a bit hard to believe; she does not even fall into a recognizable class of abnormal. Somehow it seems that few women could be so brutally and inhumanly selfish, or being thus, could be so lacking in the knowledge necessary to conceal it.

H. F. M.

## COPLEY THEATRE: "Clean Hands,"

a play in four acts by Ian Hay. The cast:

MISS JENNINGS	May Ediss
ERNEST RICKETT	W. E. Watts
ALBERT HENSHAW	David Clyde
GERALD MARTYN	Rupert Lucas
GEORGEY MARTYN	Norman Cannon
ROSEMARY DENT	Gaby Fay
ESTHER	Elspeth Dudgeon
JIM DESBOROUGH	Victor Beecroft
ROY DENT	Vernon Kelso
REV. JOHN MALLABY	Ralph Roberts

One is apt to associate light comedy or even farce with the name of Ian Hay, yet his most recent play, "Clean Hands," now being acted at the Copley Theatre is utterly different from either of these types; it is serious drama, well written and very well acted. If Gilbert and Sullivan had not already named one of their operettas "The Slave of Duty" one could truthfully apply it to this play. Twice Rosemary Dent sacrificed her life to duty; first to support her children, and last to her sense of obligation. The immolation was the more tragic at the end since it meant the loss of everything which mattered—love and the hope of happiness.

Gerald and Geoffrey Martyn, brothers and partners in a law firm, are called upon to handle the divorce case of Rosemary Dent. She had endured the extravagance and faithlessness of her husband for five years and could bear it no longer. Geoffrey, into whose hands the case first comes, tells her that there will be no difficulty in securing a decree if she has done nothing in the past that could be called up against her in court. She assures him that there is nothing to worry over and with obvious reluctance Geoffrey turns the case over to Gerald, in whose field divorce cases really belonged. Six months pass, Rosemary had won her preliminary decree and she and Geoffrey are about to be married, when the news comes to Geoffrey that fresh evidence has turned up that throws a new and most unfavorable light on the proceedings. It appears that Mrs. Dent, three years previous, had spent three months at Nassau in the company of Albert Henshaw, a client of the Martyns, rich and far from elect in a social sense.

An anonymous letter had warned the king's proctor and he was about to take action. Taxed by Geoffrey, Rosemary admits the truth, but tells how she did it to save her children from starvation. Roy Dent, her husband, had forged Henshaw's name on a check, and unless Rosemary agreed to go off with Henshaw for three months, Roy would be sent to prison. Finding him only too willing to escape by her sacrifice, she made the best terms she could and agreed to the bargain. The day after she makes her confession it appears that Gerald, mad with jealousy, had written the fatal letter. Overwhelmed by remorse, he does his best to repair the damage he has done and just when it seems as if he would succeed, Rosemary is told by a well-meaning clergyman that her former husband is seriously injured and may die without her care. In despair, she gives up Geoffrey and goes back to nurse one who, at best, will never be more than a hopeless cripple.

This play, tried earlier in the year at special matinees, has now become the regular bill. It is very short—almost too much so for such an inter-



ting drama—but within the space of a few hours the Copley players do some very fine acting. Gaby Fay should receive the highest honors; her part was big and difficult but she did not overact an instant and by her very restraint impelled our deepest sympathy. She has great charm and a fine sense of humor and this part gives her full scope. Of the others, Norman Cannon and Rupert Lucas are most deserving praise. E. L. H.

"French Dressing," the film of the week at the Washington street Olympia is sophisticated entertainment. Allan Dwan has added hundreds of deft touches to Adelaide Heilbron's original story, all of which stamps this as one of the season's smartest comedies. As the story goes, H. B. Warner and Lois Wilson are a wealthy but prosaic Boston couple, the wife being slightly too prim for her husband's liking.

Lilyan Tashman in the role of a school chum comes for a visit and her innocent actions sent the highly incensed matron on her way to Paris and speedy divorce. Arriving in that gay capital she meets Clive Brook a handsome boulevardier, and straightway started to paint the town red. All of this reaches the ears of friend husband, who leaves for Paris accompanied by the girl, who has just begun to realize what she has started. When all hands meet in Paris, the story really gets under way, with scenes, and smart comedy sequences flickering along in rapid order.

The other three conspire against the wife and all ends happily once more in the seventh reel. With more of a story work on than the title would indicate, and with a sterling cast, Allan Dwan has spruced the whole thing to a high degree, offering something refreshing.

The new vaudeville is headed by Dance Flashes, "The Faker," a comedy playlet proves an excellent medium for the efforts of Howard Smith and Mildred Barker. Jones and Rea have something to laugh at in "The End of the Line." Esmond and Grant do a comic skit about a lad's first pair of rope trousers. Michel is a juvenile telephone virtuoso. Paramount News, short subjects and the orchestra com-

## IRISH MINSTRELS AT THE ARLINGTON

There is plenty of novel entertainment at the Arlington Theatre, where Emmett Moore and his Irish Minstrels are playing in "A Night in Ireland."

This entertainment, an odd assortment of moving pictures, dances, vocal and instrumental music, monologues and comedy sketches, gave every evidence of bringing pleasure to an over-capacity house which greeted every number with laughs and cheers. Seldom has the writer seen an audience more eager to applaud and show their approval. Mr. Moore himself tells stories of "the old country" and sings a few songs. Eileen O'Dare plays the harp. The Irish colleens dance and sing. There are two motion pictures, one of them, "Where the River Shannon Flows," being a seven-reel feature. The other photoplay is a travelogue of Ireland.

It is evident that Mr. Moore knows his audiences—and he gives them what they want.

## LOVE" FEATURE FILM AT THE ORPHEUM

John Gilbert, Greta Garbo Star Film of Russia

Large audiences were the rule yesterday at Loew's Orpheum Theatre where John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are co-starring in "Love," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer photoplay based on Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina." Gilbert, splendidly uniformed, is seen in the debonair and romantic Count Rostovsky while Miss Garbo enacts the role of the tragic Anna, who sacrifices for love, only to be overpowered by strange and sinister doom.

## LILY MORRIS HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

English Comedienne Back with Many New Songs

Lily Morris, English comedienne, who last appeared in Boston about five seasons ago, is at Keith's this week where she is heading the bill. She is beginning her American tour here. Called by some the "Sophie Tucker of Europe," she resembles much more Blanche Ring, though a trifle more boisterous than that lady in her presentation of songs. Miss Morris is a hearty songstress with light, red hair, and a typical music hall method of putting over her ditties. She sang her famous "Why Am I Always the Bridesmaid?" for an encore yesterday. Her other songs include: "Don't Have Any More, Mrs. Moore"

(the lyric referring in the different verses to babies, drinks and husbands); "What Are You Going to Do About Celina?" "Back to the Old Apple Tree" (a song that could well be dedicated to the "Whoops" sisters for it tells the story of two English daisies who visited too many "pubs" only to wind up at the "Apple Tree" in spite of good resolutions to become teetotalers). She opened with "I Don't Want to Get Old," a lively song in which she cavorted about the stage in a becoming green frock, in sharp contrast to her grotesque costumes for the other songs. The audience was most cordial.

Davis and Darnell have an unusually good sketch by Frank T. Davis, in which an automobile salesman with a fast line succeeds in selling a car. Gerald Griffin, Irish tenor, has an interesting repertoire of songs. A difficult task in these days of radio competition. There were other entertaining acts to complete the bill. A. F.

## "GIRL IN THE PULLMAN" AT TWIN THEATRES

Comedy Stars Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford

"The Girl in the Pullman," starring Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford, is the top-liner showing at the Modern and Beacon Theatres this week. The story deals with the matrimonial difficulties of a physician and his wife. While awaiting the final decree of divorce, the doctor becomes engaged to another girl. He neglects to tell her of his divorce and this brings about most amusing complications when the young couple meet. Both seek to keep their matrimonial split-up a secret and presently everybody in the story is in hot water. There is a happy climax when the Pullman car is wrecked.

The associate picture, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," is an adaptation of Longfellow's famous poem of the same name. In the story, Virginia Bradford, as Gale, daughter of Capt. Slocum, falls in love with a young man whom her father does not approve of, and he tries to prevent the two from meeting. During a severe storm the captain lashes Gale to a mast, she is washed ashore when the ship is wrecked, and rescued by her lover.

"London After Midnight," a film mystery drama starring Lon Chaney, directed by Tod Browning and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Burke	Lon Chaney
Lucille Balfour	Marceline Day
Sir James Hamilton	Henry B. Walthall
Butler	Percy Williams
Arthur Hibbs	Conrad Nagel
Miss Smithson	Polly Moran

This is Lon Chaney's latest nightmare insurance. It is also one of his prize make-ups. Who could think of a worse one? A bright boy or girl might get a prize for doing so, as it seems that Mr. Chaney has now used all of the armless, legless, headless apparitions in stock. The present character uses a well known eye exercise which rather takes the sting out of an otherwise fearful phenomenon.

This is the usual mystery routine of a murder or two and several guesses who did it. There is a little hypnotism thrown in for good measure, talk of vampires, not the usual kind, but fearful beasts, a vacant house with busy little spiders spinning remarkable webs and a few gents and ladies returned for a turn on the old world.

It is an excellent place for a murder and the film has clever acting, good direction and is mounted with all of the consummate skill which is associated with Mr. Chaney's pictures. What if it all seems a bit silly when the lights go up? What if the heroine is made to dress up like a 6-year-old when she is supposed to have reached a marriageable age five years later. Miss Day should have brought this point up and been a bit temperamental over it if necessary. Even a 12-year-old would not wear such short socks—that kind—and such a dress and hair-bow.

As for the plot—would the hypnotized guilty one have fallen for someone else acting the part of his neighbor? Could two people repeat a scene exactly? One expected the guilty one to shake his head over it and intimate that there was something phoney about it.

Otherwise the film is guaranteed to offer thrills to even a mystery-fed public.

There is another film on this program showing birds in flight which is interesting and remarkable. Among the creatures of the air is an owl in its ponderous flight, a flock of birds looking not unlike a restless wind cloud are shown pouncing on a swarm of locusts. This is an Ufa film, edited in this country by Mr. Bowes. C. M. D.

## CANADA FOLK CONCERT AT JACOB SLEEPER HALL

First of Four Given Under Auspices of Boston University

Before an audience that filled Jacob Sleeper Hall last night, John Murray Gibbon and Charles Marchand gave a joint lecture and vocal recital of Canadian folk music. It was the first of a series of four free concerts under auspices of the fine arts faculty of Boston University's school of religious education and social service.

Mr. Gibbon, prominent official of the Canadian Pacific railway, is an outstanding authority on Canadian folk music, and Charles Marchand is the equally outstanding singer of the songs that have been handed down for generations in the country to the north. Charles I. Davis of Scranton, Pa., a student, was the accompanist and Gordon Wells, bass, took part in the program.

Assisting in the program was the choral arts society of the school of religious education, composed of 100 voices under the direction of Prof. H. A. Smith, head of the fine arts faculty.

Murray Sheehan was already known by his bitterly satirical novel, "Half-Gods," a fantastical story of Western life in which the hero is a centaur, but a different being than the centaur of Algernon Blackwood, or of Maurice de Guerin. His new novel, "Eden," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is as fantastic; it might also be called satirical in its exposure of the male's behavior towards the woman after the expulsion from Paradise; but there are many poetic pages, and the whole novel shows that Mr. Sheehan is endowed with imagination, while he possesses the gift of irony.

The old Rabbi, and even Gentile commentators, did not believe that Eve was Adam's first wife: Lillith came before, though Mr. Randolph Miller of the Chattanooga Weekly Blade, a negro newspaper, wrote in 1908 that the name of the first wife was Delinnah, dark-skinned; the negro race descended from her; Cain's attentions to her daughter incited friction in Adam's family, so Delinnah and her daughter left for Africa, where Cain in less than a week joined them in the jungle; but Lillith was the first, according to general acceptance. She is the most fascinating character in Mr. Sheehan's novel.

Lillith is best known to the general reader by the poem of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mr. Sheehan leads us to still closer acquaintanceship. He does not use too much the rich material in legendary lore: how she was the princess of the suceubus; it was her delight to steal new-born infants. She was the Hebrew mother of all devils and goblins. The Jews banished her by writing on the walls, "Keep away from here, Lillith."

Mr. Sheehan introduces her first in the shape of a glittering snake in Paradise before Adam was created. She was loved by the serpent whom she had loved in turn. Him she induced to tempt Eve, for when Lillith saw Adam the day he came to life and laughed, she was obsessed by longing for him, as was Violet Cadence in Mr. Hurlbut's play, "Hidden," for Nick, although if the rabbi are trustworthy Adam was by far the handsomer in face and figure. This Lillith came to life long before the earth was shaped, in a moment when the Lord thought a little opposition might be beneficial to the heavenly scheme. She could assume any shape she pleased.

She could go through space at will. When she at last saw Eve in all her beauty she turned herself into a balefully resplendent woman, to work the downfall of her rival. Eve's complete ruin, her separation from Adam was only to be achieved through her tasting the forbidden fruit. It was not in Lillith's thought that Adam would sin equally. When he, too, was expelled, her grief and rage were intense. She plotted revenge. Bearing away the little Cain, she taught him to look on her as his mother. When he returned to his family he was bored, disgusted by the narrowness of views, by worship and sacrifices unintelligible to him. He could not understand Abel's nature—Abel is here represented as an insolent, overbearing cub. When Abel slew the goat that had been Cain's dear companion, Cain strangled him. Eve cried out: "This is the vengeance of the Lord sent from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. This is the fruit of the Gar-

den, sent for your disobedience. This is death, sent from the hand of God. The Almighty has killed the child of my body."

Adam roused himself and denied it. "You know nothing about such things. Do not talk sacrilege. God is my business, and not yours. I know all His affairs and mine. And I tell you, this is not death." He "turned viciously on Eve. 'You have killed my son! . . . It is not the Lord God Almighty that has done it, it is you. For you offered me the apple in the Garden, and if it had not been for you I should still have been there, for ever and ever.' He was looking at her now with an old fury that had lasted through the years. He had never forgiven her that thing. He had been saying through all the time since Eden that he was glad they had been delivered from the place. Now his old submerged lie was uncovered, on the surface."

There were statements, not discussion in Heaven. "God knew what He wanted. There were not two sides to the question to be argued. With Him there never are. Omniscience is unique." It was decided that Cain should not rest with his parents and be exposed to their nefarious influence. "Our name is forever on their lips, yet they have no slightest comprehension of Our nature. The man who has this day done murder is yet Our only hope and stay for the years to come. . . . Yet since he has done murder, must We mask Our plans behind the guise of curses, so that his name may go down to ages yet to come as one who is anathema. We must not encourage murder."

The awful voice was heard: "Cain come forth."

"Aha, not so lightly is he to escape the vengeance of the Almighty," said Adam in his beard.

And so Cain, branded, went towards the Land of Nod, in a storm raging behind him. Adam and Eve did not know when he left them, "for their heads were buried in the multitudinous stuff coverings of their bed." Wandering, he came across Lillith who took him into her arms. She was exultant. "The whole span of her existence lay in this goal for which she had longed and planned and sought eagerly since the days of the earth's creation. . . . 'Hal now I can smile in the face of Him . . . His precious creature Man, whom He hath said I shall not have. We have fought a long fight, and I have won?' She laughed again, and waved a slender ankle at the moon." But her body had played her false "She fancied that she heard laughter from the sky." She now hated Cain. She cursed such a universe. When Cain awoke he saw a new-born infant, Lillith "had darted high into the quick, upper air."

"Through devious paths we move to achieve our ends," said the Lord. Cain, carrying his child, now trusted the universe. He "stepped forth upon his never-ending quest of the Land of Eden."

"Great are the myths, I too delight in them, Great are Adam and Eve, I too look back and accept them,"

chanted Walt Whitman. No one need be startled, shocked by Mr. Sheehan's version of the old legend. His heaven is as the Olympus where the gods and goddesses looked down upon the earth and ruled human destinies in war and peace. Mr. Sheehan does not write of celestial transactions in the spirit of Lucian. The irony in "Eden" is not cynical in the portrayal of the earthly creatures; rather is it compassionate. Eve is treated with more tenderness than Adam, who after the Fall made her his slave. As was said in the highest Heaven, Cain killed man and was wrong. "But he did it through love and devotion to another. Abel, too, had killed, and albeit his killing was but that of a goat, yet it was done without heart in hatred and spite, and was sin in Our eyes, beyond that of Cain."

We have not the space to quote from the many beautiful pages of description in this remarkable novel, and must leave the dramatic scenes unmentioned.

## FLONZALEY FOUR

Last night the Flonzaley quartet gave their second concert of the season in Jordan hall. Classically disposed—and at that with a vengeance—they played Schubert's "Quartet Satz" in C minor, Beethoven's C sharp minor quartet, op. 131, and Haydn's quartet in C major, op. 33.

They have the right, these eminent players, and nobody will deny it, to plan their programs just as they please. In a short season, none the less, of three concerts only, it does seem too bad to let any one go by without bringing us something new, or, at the least



of it, unfamiliar.

It matters not a jot or tittle whether or not we like the new; most concert-goers are ready to recognize the fact that we must hear it whether or not—provided only the concert-givers will use reasonable discretion and discrimination in their choice and presentation of the new.

The Flonzaley Quartet, all for the stoutly established last night, laid out their plan with admirable skill. The long Beethoven quartet ought, of course, always to occupy the place of honor. What, then, so fit to follow as Haydn? What after prelude than the lilt and sparkle of Schubert's single movement? Thus buttressed, it should stand forth the grander for those listeners who hold it high. For those, on the other hand, who find in it far more top than its musical base can carry, there was the Schubert to linger over in thought, the Haydn to look forward to. The moderns, after all, with their vigorous methods of musical speech and their conciseness, have made too many vain repetitions a thorn in the flesh, too much in the way of playful conceits an irritation. When a singular beauty irradiates the repetitions—that beauty, though, is rare, even in works the masters wrote.

A master of the present time recently gave a teacher counsel: "Tell your pupils to make their music sonorous and rhythmic; so they stand a good chance of pleasing the public, even though they can add nothing more." The players last night heard Schubert on a diminutive scale; they credited him with little force. Rhythm, though, they left him, and beautiful tone. Thus they made the movement, in the small way they fancied, effective.

The Beethoven quartet as well they reduced to small terms, which, one might suppose, would scarcely content the musical people who feel that it is music of grandeur—certainly not those who could wish it performed with energy and conviction. The music "sounded" none the less, and its rhythms were respected. So it went. Behold the master's dictum sound.

R. R. G.

## APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor, gave the second concert of its 57th season last night in Jordan hall. The soloists were Rose Zulalian, contralto, and George Wheeler, a tenor of the club. The part songs were as follows: 17th century melody, "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones," arranged by Davidson; Ippolitov-Ivanov, "Bless the Lord, O My Soul"; Mendelssohn, "On Wings of Song"; Henschel, "Morning Hymn"; Hadley, "The Unconquerable," (with baritone solo); Praetorius, "Lo How a Rose E'er Blooming"; Faltin, "Fight," "At Father's Door," arranged by Gaines; Clay, "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," (with tenor solo); Handel, "Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite." Miss Zulalian's "Cras, Serviteurs n'apportez pas les Lampes," Georges; "Hymne au Soleil," Strauss; "Allerseelen" Caccil; Gilbert "The Lament of Dierdre," W. S. Smith; "A Caravan from China Comes," Griffes; "By a lonely Forest Pathway," "We'll to The Woods and Gather May," Mr. Wheeler's "Donaudy," "Vaghiissima Zebianza," Curran, "Life," Prothro, "Ah, Love for a Day."

When a group of singers contribute a coordination of thought with a nice blending of voices and good enunciation, the effect cannot help but be pleasant and at times forceful. Such a group will be found in the Apollo Club, composed of men's voices. From their opening number through the wistfulness of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," to the last phrase uttered uniformly and splendidly, they bowed their voices to competent direction. If the solo feeling needed exercise, it was calmed by the vehement Henschel Morning Hymn. This rose to such heights of utterance as to make the timbers of Jordan hall, used as they are to vibrations, shake more than they have for a few weeks, at least. The number deserved and received hearty applause and was repeated.

Rose Zulalian, in both her groups of songs, was like a fearless Amazon driving her voice before her with fire and energy whether it would or no, even to biting off some of her phrases with strict determination. This singer has such warmth of feeling that she melts the minor strains of her best selections and in this way does not show the lack of discipline evident in her frailer moods by her lonely forest pathways or her Chinese caravans. The dramatic element serves her far better. Few would argue with her power when she is moved and even a voice can run away and a bit amuck if it is harnessed to this ability.

George Wheeler, club member, has particularly pleasant voice which he showed to advantage in his group of three songs and in the solo part of Songs of Araby. His voice contained a nice body in the lower register. It is not a strong organ, but as has been mentioned, a pleasant one.

A large audience received the program enthusiastically. C. M. D.

Maurice Ravel will conduct the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra tonight in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, at 8 o'clock; in Symphony hall, Boston, tomorrow afternoon, at 2:30, and on Saturday evening, at 8:15 o'clock. His first appearance in this country as a conductor will be tonight. The program will be the same at the three concerts; it is made up of Mr. Ravel's Suite, "Couperin's Tomb," his orchestration of Debussy's Sarabande and Dance, his Rapsodie Espagnole, and "The Waltz." Lisa Roma will sing his three beautiful songs in "Scheherazade"—"Asia," "The Enchanted Flute" and "The Indifferent One." It is said that Miss Roma has sung at the City Opera House in Berlin and given recitals in cities of the United States and Europe.

There is hardly any need of calling attention to the unusual nature of these concerts. As a composer Mr. Ravel has in this city long been admired, one might say loved. He was first known here by his piano piece, "Jeux d'Eaux," played by Harold Bauer on Dec. 4, 1905. Other piano pieces were played from 1906 to 1912 by Messrs. Buhlig, Ganz, Platt. Not till 1910 was one of Ravel's orchestral pieces performed here: the Rapsodie Espagnole, played by the Boston Orchestral Club. Since 1913 not a year has passed without Ravel's name appearing on a program of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Mr. Ravel does not pose as a virtuoso conductor. When he went to London in the spring of 1923 to conduct his "Mother Goose" and "The Waltz" he talked with G. Jean-Aubry, who wrote to the Christian Science Monitor (May 19, 1923) an account of the conversation. Mr. Ravel was then reported as saying:

"The long and the short of it is I have scarcely ever before conducted an orchestra; a long time ago, at the beginning of my career, I undertook, at the last moment, at a concert of the Societe Natonale, to conduct an Overture 'Scheherazade,' which I had never published. Vincent d'Indy should have conducted but was unable to come. This was a long time ago, in 1898, I think. More recently, in 1912, I conducted the four performances at the Chatelet of 'Adelaide or the Language of Flowers,' the ballet of which had been taken from 'Valse Nobles et Sentimentales' for Mlle. Trouhanova. And lastly, two years ago I was requested to conduct the 100th performance of 'Couperin's Tomb' at the Swedish Ballet; but I never did any conducting outside of Paris, nor for a long time. . . . My movements (at the London concert) may not have always been strictly in accordance with the written instructions of the score; I do not care for the idea of my works becoming rigid through regularity in the tempi, and it is above all necessary that the outline of the work should be maintained from one end to the other, especially in 'The Waltz.'"

M. Jean-Aubry in his letter described Ravel conducting:

"Nothing is more characteristic of the art of Maurice Ravel than his manner of conducting; with a single gesture, exact, measured, always unhurried, he indicates to the orchestra his slightest intention; with the fewest movements possible, with scarcely a movement of the arm, with a gesture of the hand, and especially by raising, extending and lowering of the fingers, he emphasizes to the orchestra the little touches necessary to cause one detail or another to appear more to advantage."

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted three of Ravel's compositions in New York last Saturday afternoon. Among them was the second suite from "Daphnis and Chloe." Mr. Ravel was present. Mr. Henderson of the Sun wrote: "Naturally, the conductor and the musicians wished to render unto Ravel the things that were Ravel's, and they laid before him such a performance as he can rarely if ever have heard. The ballet particularly was a supreme orchestral achievement, ravishing in color, in transparency, in exquisite finesse, and in poetry of spirit. Such playing equalled anything in the history of the

Boston Orchestra and proved that under the baton of Koussevitzky the golden era of the organization has come again."

Elizabeth Burgess, soprano, and Prince Obolensky, basso cantante, will give a concert in Jordan Hall tonight.

Tomorrow night the Tokar String Quartet (Messrs. Tokman, Langlois, Kaganov, Ziegler) will give a concert in Bates Hall, Y. M. C. A. Building. The Quartet was heard last year at the Fogg Museum of Art, Cambridge, and the Boston Public Library. The program will include S. Gardner's piano quintet (Raymond Coon, pianist).

The subject of Burton Holmes's Traveltalk tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon will be "The Glories of Paris." The photographs were taken last spring and autumn.

Ernest Schelling will give the first of his children's concerts in Jordan hall, Saturday morning, at 11 A. M.: Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Handel, Concerto Grosso in D for Strings; Mozart, Finale of Serenade No. 8 for Strings; Corelli, Pastorale from the Christmas Concerto; Delibes, Pizicato from "Sylvia"; Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Bumblebee"; song, "The Minstrel Boy"; Rossini, Overture to "William Tell."

Mr. Moisevitch has made a slight change in his program for Saturday afternoon: Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt and Rachmaninoff will be the composers represented.

The People's Choral Union will give a concert in Jordan hall on Saturday night.

Next Sunday will be full of concerts. Mr. Paderewski will play in Symphony hall; the People's Symphony orchestra will give a concert in Jordan hall at the same hour, 3:30 P. M. And at the same hour Alexander Tansman, composer and pianist, will appear with the Burgin quartet at the Boston Flute Players' Club's concert in the Boston Art Club: Tansman, Third String Quartet (first time in this country); Sonata Rustica for the Piano (first time in Boston); Violin Sonata quasi una fantasia (Messrs. Burgin and Tansman (first time in Boston); Haydn, String quartet, D major, Op. 64, No. 5.

At 3:15 a musicale under the auspices of the Simmons College Alumnae Association will take place in the foyer of the Copley-Plaza.

The famous Spanish player, Segovia, of the guitar, will give a concert Sunday night at the Repertory Theatre, while the Russian Symphonic choir will sing in Symphony hall in aid of Beth Israel Hospital (woman's auxiliary).

Sir Thomas Beecham, as guest, will conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra on Jan. 20-21: Handel, Overture to "Teseo," Musette from "Il Pastor Fido," Bourree from "Rodrigo"; Delius, Intermezzo, "The Walk to Paradise" from the opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet"; Berlioz, "Royal Hunt and Tempest," from "The Trojans"; Mozart, Symphony, C major (R. 338); Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben."

## PRINCE OBOLENSKY

Elizabeth Burgess, soprano, and Prince Alexis Obolensky, basso-cantante, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. Miss Burgess sang Mondnacht, Fruhlingsnacht, Schumann; Liebestreu, Von Ewig Liebe, Brahms, C'est l'Extase, Green, Debussy; Asie, La Flute Enchantee, Ravel; Depuis le jour, Charpentier.

Prince Obolensky sang The Red Sun, Russian folksong; The Two Giants, Stolypine; The Lights Were Dimming, Tchaikowsky; Gousliar, Aslanoff; Litany, Schubert; Bois Epais, Lully; Early One Morning, Old English; Long Ago in Alcala, Messenger.

Together the artists sang a duet by Glinka, "Somnemie."

Miss Burgess displayed a voice of naturally beautiful quality, quality retained so long as all went well when full free tones would do that is to say, tones neither very loud nor soft. If Miss Burgess had turned her attention opera-ward, surely she would have developed an imposing dramatic soprano voice, a voice dark in timbre but susceptible to wide variations in tonal color.

Temperamentally as well as vocally, Miss Burgess seemed last night operatically inclined. Her German songs she planned on a broad scale; she elected to sing them straightforwardly, trusting, for her effects, to strokes few but big. A certain effect she did make, for she has in her favor an energy suggestive of emotional warmth, to give expression to which she possesses the requisite voice. The fine melodic feeling and the significant diction needful

if Schumann and Brahms are to be meaningfully sung Miss Burgess will no doubt acquire later.

To French diction, or at all events, enunciation, she has apparently devoted closer thought. In her Debussy songs, indeed, Miss Burgess managed her words so painstakingly that she all but forgot that Debussy, in "Green," especially, wrote measures delightfully melodious. To ignore Debussy's melody is a way common with singers. May not a listener, however, assume, and with reason, that the composer imagined those melodious measures sung with grace and beauty of phrasing? Of course he did.

In his turn Prince Obolensky brought a fine voice to hearing, a voice of pure bass quality, though apparently it runs neither extremely high nor low. A ponderous organ, Prince Obolensky could make it sound its best only after he had sung, in very good English, a famous old English song, and, with every air of knowing well the genre, a song in sprightly operetta vein. An added number, a Russian folksong, he sang with noble voice indeed, resonant, flexible, also with expressiveness and in good musical style.

Mrs. Dudley Fitts and Mr. B. M. Lazareff served as exceedingly efficient accompanists. R. R. G.

Apropos of the death of Camille Blanc of Monte Carlo fame has any one quoted the epigram written when the family's fame was at its height?

"Tantot rouge gagne;  
Parfois noir gagne;  
Toujours Blanc gagne."

### SONNET TWENTY-ONE

Beauty would go walking down the street

In all her naked brilliance, knowing not  
That any moment all too eager feet  
Might follow her whose loveliness is hot  
With life too beautiful for this poor world.

Beauty would go walking . . . but

convention,  
Thinking her far sweeter if he-pearled  
And draped to fill society's intention,  
Fashions her soft gowns and slender shoes

And sends her out to satisfy men's eyes,  
All her brilliance hid by reds or blues,  
While in her heart, and others sure, are sighs.

I have seen Beauty gleaming, naked,  
white,

Fleeing through the forests of the night.  
JEANNE DE LAMARTER.

### CHILDREN'S BEDTIME STORY

Little Felix Rabbit was whirling the dials on his Static Wagon. He was trying to locate a station what wasn't playing "Blue Heaven." So far, Felix was having rotten luck. His mama was sitting in a rocking chair, thinking up a snappy faceful of lingo to toss at her husband, Mr. Reginald Rabbit, who was now three hours late for supper. This had been pay day, and whenever Reginald was late on pay day it meant that he would arrive home full of mirth, melody and Merry Mucilage.

Pretty soon Mrs. Rabbit heard footprints coming along the sidewalk, accompanied by boisterous singing.

"Felix," says mama, "here comes papa. Hand mama the sash weight."

"Go easy on the big bum," says little Felix, handing her the Welcome Stick, "there's no use crippling the guy! Just bruise him temporarily."

The door opened and in walked papa. Oh, was papa carrying a mean cargo of Silly Soup! He had so much Funny Fluid in him that he rocked back and forth like a flagpole sitter in a gale.

"Well, well!" snorts Mrs. Rabbit, "if it ain't the Comical Cadaver! You're a trifle late, ain't you? You Alcohol Acrobat! You Juniper Juice Clown! You %\*!%\*!%\*!! Hand over the cocoanuts!"

"My, my, sush (hic) terrible (hic) language!" grins Reginald, handing over the balance of his pay. There were nine Frogskins missing.

"And where is the other nine Coupons?" asks mama, juggling the Iron Hairbrush.

"It's a sad (hic) story, my dear Spar-ring Partner," sighs Mr. Rabbit, "and it happened this way: I strolled into a (hic) tobacco shop to buy a cigar. The cigar cost a dime. I handed the clerk a quarter."

"Yes, yes, go on," snorts mama. "An' I think he short-changed me. Thash my shtory an' I'll thicken to it." C-L-A-N-G!!!! SNOWSHOE AL.

### THAT KING OF ELAM

We asked where the parents of a once famous man in the stage business found the name Chedorlaomer for their son at the baptismal font. We have received the following letter from a colleague, who evidently knows his Bible As the World Wags:

Chedorlaomer (not Chedorloamer), pronounced with the accent on the "la"



"a" long, as in "bay." A royal mouthfilling name, indeed. In my youth I have heard it rolled sonorously from the pulpit in the course of the reading of the 14th chapter of Genesis, describing the battle of the five kings against four, in the vale of Siddim. Which is the salt sea. The vale is described as being "full of slime pits." The account is rather confusing. In one place it appears that Chedorlaomer, "King of Elam," was of the victorious party; later on the chronicle indicates that he took a trouncing. It is in this chapter that Abram, father of Jewry, when his brother's son, Lot, was captured by these predatory chieftains, organized a posse and released him in short order. Perhaps our New England fathers may have used the names of others of the kings here immortalized. Has anyone seen, carved on headstone, the names of Amraphel, king of Shinar; Arioch, king of Ellasar; Tidal, king of nations; Bera, king of Sodom; Birsha, king of Gomorrah; or Shinab, king of Admah or Shencber, king of Zebolim?

JOHN E. PEMBER.

"Chedor" is said to mean servant of, or worshipper of; "laomer," an Elamite deity mentioned by Assurbanipal. Some think that Kudur-Ku-Ku, a name found on a tablet, is that of the same man, Chedorlaomer. Unfortunately little is known about the latter. Ed.

#### As the World Wags:

I've never before been guilty of a Scotch story. But just the same this Scotchman drank his first cup of tea one day. It came about when an Englishman gave him a bit of tea to try out on his percolator. And, strange as it may seem, the Scotchman learned to love his cup of tea. Several times a day he drank the silly stuff—it became a great passion with him. No meal was complete without it and never could he bed himself down for the night without his delightful cup of tea. Once—believe it or not—he traded one of his homing pigeons for a new teapot. But after many years there came a sad day when the spell was broken, and never again—from that day on—did tea come into the unhappy man's life. His beastly old tea leaves had worn out!

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

The latest additions to Everyman's Library are Samuel Butler's "Erewhon" with an introduction by Francis B. Hackett, and "The Way of All Flesh," introduced by William Lyon Phelps; Hudson's "The Purple Land" with Theodore Roosevelt's introductory note written in 1916; Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey." All good books for many readings. We wish that there had not been a change in the covers of Everyman's Library. The present bindings are not an improvement. We miss the outside glitter for the gold within.

We shall manage to exist even though Charlie Chaplin is in the United States.—Lord Danesfort.

Is it known that cats lap milk in triplets?—Mary Paget.

#### As the World Wags:

"Say, Bill, I hear you broke up with your girl. Is that right?"

"Yup."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Wasn't she good looking?"

"She was beautiful."

"Could she dance?"

"She was a marvelous dancer."

"Well, was she too expensive for you?"

"Not at all."

"Say, if she was good looking and could dance and didn't spend all your money, then why did you break up with her?"

"There wasn't any heat in the hallway."

BILL OF SPA.

England is the only civilized country where you can hear educated people declaring that they know nothing at all about literature and care less.—W. B. Maxwell.

16th 14 1728

Maurice Ravel, as Guest

Conductor, in Charge

of the Program

By PHILIP HALE

Maurice Ravel, as a guest, conducted the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was made up of these compositions, all by Ravel, including his orchestration of Debussy's

Sarabande and Dance. They were in this order: "Couperin's Tomb," Suite in four movements (Prelude, Forlane, Menuet, Rigaudon); Orchestration of Debussy's piano pieces Sarabande and Dance; Rapsodie Espagnole (Prelude to the Night, Walaguena, Habanera, The Fair); Scherzade, three poems for

voice and orchestra—Asia, The Enchanted Flute, The Indifferent One (Lisa Roma, singer); The Waltz, Choreographic Poem.

When Mr. Ravel came on the platform the orchestra rose from the seats, so did the great audience, though timidly, hesitatingly at first. This audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert; not merely out of courtesy to a distinguished stranger, whose orchestral music has been appreciated here for 14 years. The enthusiasm was provoked by the music itself and the sight of the composer conducting the superb orchestra.

Some may have wondered why Ravel chose "Le Tombeau de Couperin" for the opening number.

When it was first played here seven years ago The Suite did not make a marked impression. Perhaps some thought that he now chose The Suite for sentimental reasons. The six movements which composed this composition, originally written for the piano, were dedicated, each, in memory of friends killed in the world war. (When he orchestrated The Suite, he dropped the Fugue and the Toccata). Perhaps some questioned his judgment in his first selection, remembering that Milton preferred "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost"; that an author often has a weakness for a novel or poem that the world has judged not wholly worthy of him.

But the performance yesterday justified the choice, for the music sounded fresh; the ideas had character; the harmonic and orchestral expression of them fascinated; music that did not need a program to disclose the author's name.

The Sarabande was performed here for the first time. In this instance the gilding of pure gold was not superfluous, not an impertinence. The stately Spanish dance, a dance not without solemnity, not without pathos, was the more impressive by Ravel's use of the instruments in, at times, unusual combinations. The other selections were familiar.

It is not necessary to discuss again the Rapsodie or "the waltz." It was a pleasure to hear again the three songs in which Ravel is even more poetic than their author, Tristan Klingsor; songs which are charged with the splendor and the amorous languor of the Orient. Miss Roma who sang them yesterday did not efface, did not equal the interpretation given them by Vera Janacopoulos at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra four years ago. Miss Roma has an agreeable voice, but the songs carefully sung by her were not sufficiently differentiated in sentiment. One might say the singer lacked imagination.

Few composers are capable conductors of their own works. They are temperamentally unfitted for they have not had the requisite experience; or, intoxicated by the thought of hearing their music, they give the reins to the players, who dawdle, stumble or gallop at their own sweet will. Mr. Ravel does not pretend to be a virtuoso conductor, but he knows what he wants and is able to express his wishes and gain the effects he desires. And so his interpretation of his music was interesting; his ability to maintain melodic lines, to stress what was important, to emphasize ravishing harmonies and yet preserve the due proportion; nor when hesitate to call on the players for full strength and fury. There was always his worship of beauty, not as vague, abject idolatry; the worship of an artist who knows that beauty may have at times the wild irregularity of which Bacon speaks.

We are asked in these days to bow down before strange gods; the old deities, it is trumpeted, have been torn from their pedestals. Rhythm is the supreme god; atonality has the adjoining altar. Nude beauty is no longer the radiant goddess. Yet there are still worshippers in the Temple of the Muse, who while they welcome well-graced young composers of eloquent speech, have in their grateful minds certain names: Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Debussy, Ravel.

Mr. Ravel will conduct the concert tonight. Next week Sir Thomas Beecham, as a guest, will lead the orchestra. His program is as follows: Handel, Overture to "Teseo," Musette from "Il Pastor Fido," Bourse from "Rodrigo," Delius, Intermezzo, "The Walk to the Paradise Garden" from the opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet," Berlioz, Royal Hunt and Tempest from the opera "The Trojans," Mozart, Symphony, C major (K. 338), Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben."

Robert G. Clough has sent to The Herald verses by Mabel M. Elmore, published in Printer's Ink. He thinks these verses ring the bell on the codfish automobile controversy.

"Is it the codfish, after all? The codfish lays a thousand eggs, The trusty hen but one; But the codfish doesn't cackle To tell us what she's done. And so we spurn the codfish eggs, But the trusty hen we prize, Which shows to you and me, my friend, It pays to advertise."

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It was announced that Peggy Wood as Portia in Winthrop Ames's production of "The Merchant of Venice," with George Arliss as Shylock, would carry a pocket handkerchief that was sported by Ada Rehan.

One of Beethoven's shirts, perhaps his only one, carefully washed and neatly done up, was for some years in Cambridge, Mass. It is now, we are told, in New York. As yet we have not heard of any pianist donning it that he might play the Appassionata Sonata in the true Beethovenian spirit.

Mr. Tansman and the Burgin quartet will give a concert at the Boston Art Club this afternoon when some of Mr. Tansman's compositions will be heard here for the first time. The third string quartet will be performed for the first time in this country. Is this the one that was brought out in Paris by the Guarneri quartet last October? The Sonata Rustica for the piano is dated 1925; the violin sonata, an earlier work, 1914. We say "dated": the dates given are the earliest we have been able to find.

Harold Nicolson in his amusing story "Miriam Codd," the last one in "Some People," mentions a composer who was Boston's honored guest last week.

"There was a young Polish gentleman at the piano playing Ravel. I knew it was Ravel, because, on passing behind the piano, I had seen the name written quite distinctly below the word 'Suite.' I had met M. Ravel once (a miffy little man) lunching with Lady Colefax; his name, therefore, was not unfamiliar to me."

"Miffy?" We believe the word means apt to take offence, touchy, capricious. Now, M. Ravel in conversation can be delightfully ironical in his views of life. Is it not possible that he amused himself at this luncheon, especially if there was talk about music?

The concert to be given by Andres Segovia tonight at the Repertory Theatre should be of extraordinary interest, for his skill and musical taste have excited enthusiastic recognition not only in his own country but in Paris and London. A great audience in New York was similarly affected when he gave a concert there last Sunday. Mr. Gilman of the Herald-Tribune, wrote: "Yesterday afternoon at the Town hall a stoutish young man who looked like the pictures of Franz Schubert (except that his spectacles were horn-rimmed and his trousers turned up), came out upon the stage, sat down close to the front of the platform, rested one foot upon a small wooden stool, included the packed audience in a slow and gentle smile, and proceeded to give one of the most extraordinary and engrossing recitals of music that has ever taken place in a New York concert hall."

The Times published a laudatory article: "Mr. Segovia played many pieces from Bach, principally movements from suites, and a Haydn minuet for the classic part of his program. He played Bach like a consummate musician. The relation between the guitar and the old lute, for which Bach wrote some of his music—probably some of the music Mr. Segovia played yesterday—and the manner in which the instrument of plucked strings became the instrument of struck wires in the final form of the piano, was brought home with especial force of illustration. Nevertheless, the most remarkable of Mr. Segovia's performances were not those of Bach, interpreted with so much taste and musicianship, but the pieces, principally by Spanish masters, composed for the guitar."

There have been famous players of the guitar in Spain, where it is regarded as the national instrument; nor should Maria Rita Brondi, who was born at Rimini, in 1889, be forgotten. Mr. Segovia will play music tomorrow by Ferdinand Sor (or Sors), who, born at Barcelona, in 1780, died at Paris in 1839. He wrote a great number of pieces for the guitar of too good a nature for amateurs. After the Peninsular war he brought the instrument into great notice in England, and drove out the English guitar or citra. He had an Italian rival, Mauro Giuliani, who composed a concerto for the instrument with orchestral accompaniment. Giuliani, born about 1780, at Bologna, wrote about 200 pieces for the guitar, as a solo instrument and in combination with others. He lived in Vienna from 1807 to 1820.

Francisco Tarrega (1852-1909) will also be represented on Mr. Segovia's program. Tarrega has been called "the head figure of the modern school of guitar playing; continuing classical traditions of 18th century players, Costa, Ferrer, and the old masters, Aguado, Sors and others." He wrote many original compositions and adapted classical works. He was professor of the guitar at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Madrid, also at Barcelona.

Anca Seidlova, a Czechoslovak pianist, who will play here next Tuesday evening, began to play when she was 5 years old. Born at Brno, Moravia, she entered the conservatory of that town, and studied with Leos Janacek harmony and composition. (His opera, "Jenufa," has been performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. (When she was 16 years old her mass, composed as a requirement before graduation, was sung in church, and that year she made her debut as a pianist with orchestra at a symphony concert. Going to Leipzig she studied with Teichmueller of the Conservatory. She made her first appearance in New York about a year ago. Since then she has played in concerts throughout the country.

Unfamiliar names are on the programs of the week. Mr. Neumann will sing E. Hans G. Hermann's "Solomo," but we believe that this has been heard here. Miss Owen will sing a song by Richard Trunk, who in 1912 conducted the Arion of New York and at the same time the Arion of Newark, N. J. He returned to Munich in 1914. Miss Owen will also sing an air from Gretry's "L'Amitie a l'Epreuve," which was produced at Fontainebleau in 1770 and the next year in Paris. The librettist was Favart. At the demand of the audience Gretry took charge of his librettist at the performance, for Favart was then blind and an octogenarian. Gretry writes in his entertaining memoirs that no one of his many operas caused him so much trouble.

Sir Thomas Beecham, who will conduct the Boston orchestra this week, has had great experience in the concert hall and the opera house. Although he has fought valiantly in the cause of Delius, his taste is catholic. He brought out unfamiliar operas of France, Russia, Germany, Italy in London; he has done everything possible in the past to establish permanent opera in London and is now busily planning with this purpose in mind. For some years he was conductor of his own orchestra. When his father, Sir Joseph, died Thomas inherited the baronetcy. Sir Thomas will also conduct the orchestra in Providence, R. I., this week.

## IN NEUROTIC ROLES

### Beth Merrill's Hysterical Violet Revealing What Should Be "Hidden"

Beth Merrill's dressing room, empty of its occupant, wears a vaguely fluffy air. There's a couch, feminine garments of pastel silks brighten the walls, and on the dressing-table, mingled with greasepaint and perfume, stand quaint dolls, a grotesque orange cow, and a small purple dog. The little room seems to be waiting for a frilly, childish owner, by some miracle of temperament the star of an "emotional" play. As Miss Merrill lifts the white cotton door-curtain, that impression vanishes, never to return. Fluffy is the last word in the dictionary to use in describing her. There's an impression of vitality, of energy, of a person who works hard and loves the struggle, an intelligence that is constantly molding and remolding herself. She has the air of one who is achieving.

In Boston we are very familiar with the charm of an existence delicately and quite perfectly ordered, while life goes by. Miss Merrill's fascination is far from this hothouse variety, opposite and more potent. It is concerned with a spirit forging ahead, something conquering. If there is no serenity, there is no faintest hint of boredom about her, nor could one ever think of ennui in her company.

If her dressing-room fails to reflect her personality, her appearance offers analysis no pitfalls. Dressed simply as a debutante in a gray tweed suit, blue woollen blouse and simple little gray felt hat, she is entirely without jewels, without even one string of the ubiquitous artificial pearls. During the whole three acts of "Hidden" she makes no concession to the feminine love of adornment. She explained, intensely and definitely, as she says everything, that the few jewels she possesses have some sentimental value. She keeps an odd carved carnelian ring that belonged to Adelaide Neilson, a carnelian bracelet of unevenly-cut beads, rubbed smooth by 2000 years of sliding up and down beautiful white arms, and a second bracelet of heavy gold, jeweled with red and green and topaz paste, that might have been worn by Catherine de Medici.

Miss Merrill is an odd beauty, with her shining reddish-gold hair, uncurled, looped over her ears in taffy-smooth waves, coiled very low on her neck. Her complexion, not the rosy one that should go with this hair and her strange light-blue eyes, set wide apart, has an absolute pallor that has been described as "broken-down blonde." There's nothing broken-down about Miss Merrill, however. In spite of her slender body there is something Slavic in a face high-cheekboned, extremely broad across the eyes, that suggests reserves of strength. She might be a Russian, or a Polish beauty.

Endurance is an essential to this actress, for she is one of those who must live her character. It is impossible for her inward self to stand apart and consciously to create emotion by technique. Her Violet in "Hidden" is a creature torn, maddened. Every night Miss Merrill feels that emotion. She is Violet. After a performance she is wandering, unable to concentrate, her face and hands damp with perspiration. She looks and acts like a person who has just been through an immense inward strain, and so she has, for every evening Violet kills herself. The little negro maid brings hot milk toast. For the benefit of those who are neurotic, Miss Merrill has found this the most calming of foods. She never goes out after a performance. She is too tired, and she must live as regularly as an athlete to keep her strength under this constant strain.

To the obvious question asked by the astonished person who has seen her after a performance, "Why do you do it?" she replied, "I think that a really great actor must do it this way. If you create an emotion consciously, by your technique, I think it must lack the fire of reality. I may be wrong, but anyway—with a gleam of humor that turns the "emotional actress" into a young girl—"it's the only way I can act, so I must do it. If I wear myself out, I prefer to die that way."

Even in the presence of an obvious personality, in reply to the question "Did you have a hard fight?" one half expected to hear, "Hell, of course, when I was in boarding school Mamah and Papah were horrified at the thought of my going on the stage." It really was a relief to hear her say "Very hard. But just the ordinary hardships that everyone like me goes through—not unusual enough to be interesting." During this time of monotonous hardship she wrested from adverse fate a small part in Molnar's "Fashions for Men." Even changed to "Passions for Men" (which had nothing at all to do with the subject matter of the play) it failed to please New York. A Maxwell Anderson play, also unsuccessful, intervened, and then, came a contract with Sam Harris for "Lazybones," Owen Davis's play of New England life. It was while she was rehearsing in "Lazybones" that opportunity in the shape of a letter from David Belasco's office, knocked on her door. Here was the biggest moment of her life.

She ascended 14 flights to the Belasco sanctum, where in an immense roof apartment "filled with fourteenth and fifteenth century chairs and armour standing about" the great impresario receives his trembling candidates. She was so frightened that she could not control the shaking of her knees. "Never had I felt this physical sensation of fright before," she said, "for during a performance you are too keyed up to feel anything." Mr. Belasco asked her to sit down; appraised her slowly and immediately turned away "as though he could not bear the sight of me." He asked her a few questions, then, to some suggestion of an assistant, replied "No, she was meant for big things. Kay." Kay meant her part in "Ladies of the Evening," her entrance to the estate of stardom, and she had scarcely reached her hotel when a message came from the Belasco offices, offering her the part. Mr. Harris not only released her, but came to cheer her on her first night. She has been under the Belasco banner ever since, and is still very like a small girl after a visit from Santa Claus.

Mr. Belasco is a god to her, a kind father, and a genius. She asked an associate of his "How could he know what I could do? He'd never seen me act, nor really heard me speak, for the voice that came to me then wasn't my voice at all." The reply, "That's why he is a genius," coincides with Miss Merrill's own opinion. "No criticism of Belasco allowed" in the star's dressing room at the Hollis. To a faint suggestion that Mr. Belasco



doesn't go in much for the more classic manifestations of the drama, so flared, "Why should he? Why should he give Shakespeare, for instance, for the sake of giving Shakespeare, unless he has something new to offer. But let me tell you, Mr. Belasco knows every play of Shakespeare's, and the lines of the better-known ones, for he has played in them all. And he is so old—he knows so much." Belasco's picture, silver-framed, stands along on Miss Merrill's dressing table. Her gratitude and loyalty seem an integral part of this girl, who takes even small things with intensity, and great one with passion. She seems continental in this, removed from us who live in fear of ridicule if we break the exquisite finish of our self-control for anything less vital than an earthquake.

Miss Merrill finds her part in "Hidden" very interesting. She explains what Violet would and would not do, as though Violet were a person in the next room. "Violet's clothes are most important, you see. I must not wear colors that would make me look startling. People say 'Why don't you wear this? And why will you wear pale lavender and beige?' But, you see, Violet is a girl who would find staring distasteful. She is well-bred and dresses to avoid notice, not to attract it." Again, speaking of her method of playing the scene of her confession to Nick, "I could be more thrilling in this scene, roll on the floor, climb the portiers. Some women would do it, faced with such a confession, but not Violet. No, she would control herself, would be always reaching after control."

Boston was the first city Miss Merrill wished to visit with "Hidden," because she felt that though Boston might not care for the subject, as tradition endows us with a faint aura of intelligence and culture, we might at least be expected to be interested. Her audiences have been large, another proof of our inscrutable quality in things theatrical. We are surely a Puritanical city. We ban undistinguished books and cover any lapses in the costumes of our chorus girls with chiffon. "Hidden" is certainly an "unpleasant" play, and yet it is enjoying the popularity of a Fred Stone musical comedy. It cannot be the acting, for we allow Pauline Lord to languish unhonored. No, Boston is incalculable, like Cleopatra "of infinite variety."

Miss Merrill will not marry, she is decided about that. A demanding career like hers is incompatible with a successful marriage. She would be forced to give up one or the other, and at present her work comes first. She seemed very young as she pronounced this inevitable ultimatum. Realizing it, she added: "But perhaps, when I reach 'a certain age'—if there is still a suitable bachelor about—"

For the immediate future an Ibsen play has been suggested, and certainly one can imagine Miss Merrill as a thoroughly satisfying Hedda. One can even see her as an unusual Ophelia, for she has moments of delicate poignancy in "Hidden." But her ambition is something quite different, harder to fulfill. She would make her mark in a great play by a living dramatist. It is conceivable enough that Miss Merrill should play her part greatly as she ripens in experience, but to find the new great dramatist—there's the rub. Eugene O'Neill would seem the obvious candidate, but Miss Merrill does not number herself among the admirers of "Marco Millions." Though no new O'Neill shall arise, masterpiece in hand, to be laid at her feet, Miss Merrill's career will still be interesting, for she combines power, intelligence and sincerity.

R. H. G.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Ignace Paderewski, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, W. F. Hoffmann, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players' Club. Alexander Tansman, composer and pianist, with the Burgin string quartet. See special notice.

Copley-Plaza foyer, 3:15 P. M. Musicale under the auspices of the Simmons College Alumnae Association. Mrs. Marjorie Soper Nash of New York, soprano; Alexander Niccoli, violinist; W. B. Burbank, pianist. Songs by Weil, David, Coates, Novello, Schumann, G. Faure, Daniels, Rimsky-Korsakov; violin: Bach, Porpora, Mottl, Kreisler, Brahms.

Repertory Theatre, 8:15 P. M. Andres Segovia, guitarist. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Russian Symphonic Choir, Basile Kibalchick, conductor; in aid of the Beth Israel Hospital (Woman's Auxillary). See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. Legends and folk songs of Finland, Aino Saari. 8 P. M. Elsie Dinor Bird, soprano.

Ford Hall Forum, 7:30 P. M. Knickerbocker String trio (Marle Zelesny, violin; Florence Colby, violoncello; Mary Synott, piano).

**TUESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Anca Seldlova, pianist. Brahms, Sonata op. 5; Debussy, Prelude, A minor; Ravel, Sonatine; Smetana, On the Seashore; Liszt, Sonnet of Petrarch, No. 104; Peterkin, Dreamer's Tale; Pick-Mangiagalli, Dance of Olaf; Liszt, St. Francis Walking on the Waves.

**WEDNESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Paul Bregor, pianist. Schubert, Sonata, A major; Brahms, Intermezzo, E flat minor; Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel; Prokofieff, Marche; Casella, In Modo di Minuetto; Albeniz, Fete-dieu a Seville; Schumann, Romance in F sharp; Toccata; Chopin, Etudes, F major, F minor, F major, A flat major (posth.); Delibes-Dohnanyi, Nails.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Dorothy Speare, soprano, assisted by Georges Laurent, flutist, and John Doane, pianist. Auspices Women's Council, Boston University. See special notice.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Karl Neumann, tenor, assisted by Boston Sinfonietta. Arthur Fiedler, conductor. Mr. Neumann: Mozart, "Fuor del mar ho un mar in sono" from "Idomeneo"; Beethoven, Adelaide; Strauss, Heimliche Aufforderung; Bach, Aria from Cantata 153; Tchaikovsky, Aria from Eugene Onegin; Hermann, Solomeo; Poston, The Bellman's Song; Massenet, Lied d'Ossian from "Werther"; Verdi, Celeste Aida. Orchestral: Mozart, Overture to "Idomeneo"; Gluck, Ballet Suite from operas; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Percy Grainger, pianist, in aid of Robert Gould Shaw House. See special notice.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. Sir Thomas Beecham, guest conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Florence Owen, contralto; Howard Slaymann, accompanist. Scarlatti, Qual Farfalla Amante; Gretry, Romance from "L'Amite a l'Epreuve"; Marcello (arr. by Florida); recitative, Il Mio Bel Foco; aria, Quella Fiamma che M'accende; Beethoven, Ich Liebe Dich; Strauss, Allerseelen; Trunk, Rosenlied; Strauss, Traum Durch die Daemmerung; Schumann, Ihre Stimme; Poldowski, Circospection; Widor, L'Abeille; Duparc, Soupir; Gretchaninov, Le Captif; Chadwick, Dear Love, When in Thine Arms I Lie; Shaw, Old Mother Laidlawood.

Traditional (arr. by Corder), Summer Is a-Coming in; W. S. Smith, A Caravan from China Comes; Clough-Leiter, My Lover, He Comes on the Ski.

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Pevla Frijsch, soprano; Frank Bibb, accompanist. Benati, Credi nell'Alma Mia; Rameau, Minuet; Schubert, Rastlose Liebe; Wohln; Debussy, La Balcon; Chabrier, Les Cigales; Ravel, Le Paon; Sulcz, Minuet; De Falla, Seguidilla; Krick, L'Albatros; Moussorgsky, Oh, Raconte; Cui, La Fontaine de Czarskoie-Zelo; Poldowski, Pannye aux Talons d'Or; Sibelius, Vardet en Drom; Kjaerulff, Laengsel; Grieg, Das alte Lied; Schpeirbeck, Sang pas Floden; Grieg, En Drom.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Sir Thomas Beecham, guest conductor.

yet mature, the way of a pianist who, while outstandingly of the virtuoso order, none the less felt an urge to play music that does not figure too often on a virtuoso's list. That was an occasion indeed, when Mr. Moiseiwitsch played last year.

To a listener vividly remembering the occasion, the beauty of Schubert's Impromptu at Mr. Moiseiwitsch's hands stood to be taken for granted. That beauty, however—was it in truth so notably present? The accentuation of the lovely first theme damaged the theme's repose; exquisite tone could not restore that element, nor sparkling scales, nor a pianissimo a treat in itself.

Did romance, furthermore, the romance one reasonably expects to find in Schubert, pervade this music? The air of romance was surely sought by means sometimes over-mannered. If or no the real thing were present, each listener must determine for himself.

Listeners will perhaps vary as to the successfulness of Mr. Moiseiwitsch's Schumann performance. Enchanting details everybody will surely allow it—the charm of the slower, more lyrical episodes, the tone throughout, the sound. Incoherent, however, it appeared to some, people, incoherent beyond the freedom befitting a fantasy. As for the wildly romantic note of the '40s, the poetical quality then in vogue—did Mr. Moiseiwitsch fail to feel them yesterday, or did the heat of the hall and the feeble light leave a person here and there incapable of response?

In the Chopin Ballade, at all events, Mr. Moiseiwitsch struck a romantic note enough, though it seemed less the note of Chopin than of the Liszt who wrote symphonic poems. In several Chopin pieces Mr. Moiseiwitsch was frankly out for virtuosity. He played the impromptu at a pace that left it rhythmless, panting for breath; the C major study he treated quite as mercilessly. Did not the delicate flavor of the nocturne escape him, despite its melody's enchanting singing tone? That beautiful singing tone, by the way, he cared not to employ in his oddly vigorous performance of the first of the three studies.

It seemed, all in all, not one of Mr. Moiseiwitsch's best days. Chopin and the rest failed to inspire him to perfection of design and execution as did the Frenchmen and Bach last year.

The audience, large and fine, evidently felt otherwise. The German pieces were heartily applauded, the Ballade more cordially still, and Mr. Moiseiwitsch had to repeat the third study.

R. R. G.

Brown, Jones and Robinson, not to mention Smith, are busy naming Thomas Hardy's "greatest" novel. "Tess," "Jude," or "The Return of the Native." Each one would receive many votes, yet to some "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "The Woodlanders" are dangerous rivals. No one writing of Hardy's death has to our knowledge mentioned that remarkable novel "Two on a Tower." We can read "Under the Greenwood Tree" again and again.

No one has dwelt lovingly on Hardy's humor, as shown in the talk of his rustics, even in "The Return of the Native." Who can forget Jacob Poorgrass and his companions; or the description of the village choir in "Under the Greenwood Tree"?

Is it possible that in the years to come Hardy the poet will be ranked among the great, when Hardy the novelist will be classed with many others? Even today some, and their judgment is not to be despised, put "The Dynasts" at the head of all his works.

As the World Wags:

Martin: "I just bought a 1927 Ford for \$10."

Trudie: "Oh, are they going up?"

JAZEO.

It is a sign of failure when a nation has not beautiful women.—Johan Bojer.

A low-brow is one who too easily thinks a bad book is good, and a high-brow is one who too easily thinks a good book is bad.—Dr. W. H. Moberly.

ADD "SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS"

"Oliver Cromwell had an iron will

and a large red nose, but underneath were deep religious feelings."

"Contralto is a low sort of music that only ladies sing."

"Henry VIII had an abcess on his knee which made walking difficult."

## BOYS OF TODAY

As the World Wags:

Tommy was introduced to the visitor, Tommy, the pride of his father and mother. He was asked what was his great ambition in life when he grew up. "Why," said he, with all the assurance of 5 years, "I mean to see people tremble like leaves at the mention of my name."

LOOKER-ON.

## HOODLUMISM AT HOME

As the World Wags:

The presiding judge of a local court in which there is considerable traffic is quoted as expressing his belief that observers would observe less crime and hoodlumism on the street if the kids were at home practising on the piano.

In our consideration of this plan to relieve street congestion, and before it becomes popular in other judicial courts, we should be supplied with a few bits of additional information. As a starter, the judge should tell us why he prefers indoor hoodlumism, why he picks on the piano, what the hoodlum would practise on the piano, and if in such development the hoodlum could be prevented from reaching still higher heights in crime. Somehow the judge seems to imply an affinity existing between piano and hoodlum. Does he regard the piano as the victim delivered, or as the congenial partner in crime? As a partner in crime would its function be that of increasing efficiency in crime? It may be that the judge yearns to hand a moral decoration where once had been the home piano, or that in his judgment the piano would drape a floral art piece where once the home's hoodlum had been. Withal, why should a judge desire to increase neighborhood crime, to antagonize a community inhospitably disposed toward crime of a compound nature? Many of us there are who see an objection, aside from definitions, in placing every hoodlum at the piano; a danger of reaction—and a reaction not wholly offset by repair business created for carpenters, interior decorators, hospitals and the fire department. And what about the homes which possess hoodlums but which are pianoless? And the one home of several hoodlums?

Really it is difficult to accept and further the judge's project without first knowing his definition of a piano; what it is, what its purposes and why its criminal associations. Perchance the judge recalls that the square piano of yesterday was not really square, a recollection which leads him to the assumption that the upright piano of today is not always upright, of evil parts and intentions.

A diligent search of the statutes fails to reveal any penalty for crime committed on a piano except in its capacity as an article of furniture. It has other capacities, but the law does not provide against them. Hence, in surmise, the judge would chase hoodlumism indoors. Another surmise is that his neighbor's daughter practises both instrumentally and vocally, the judge ready to absolve street hoodlumism if and when guided by his personal ambitions.

By way of gentle experiment, how would it do to let the hoodlums remain out in the street and place the pianos out there, too? Someone will explain this present street congestion as due to an indignant populace fed up on juvenile jazz. Someone else will explain it as a juvenile ambition to escape the home's adult saxophone. And the neighbors will rise to a comprehension of the city exodus to the outer suburbs, the moving-van traffic.

Yet, after all, if the street produces hoodlumism, why not fix the street?

The question is one which warrants extended consideration. Meanwhile to the judge a long arm (first) and the wisdom of Solomon! H. C. P. Fitchburg.

## THE MODERN WOMAN

(From the Bulletin of the Medical Woman's Club of Cincinnati.)

Dr. Batcheller reported that in her practice young married couples believe in raising families. Four of last year's brides gave birth to their babes within a period of three weeks.

As the World Wags:

Harvard and Boston College debaters now having settled the question of the fitness of Al Smith as a presidential



candidate, leaving out the religious issue, I suggest that the hockey teams representing the schools now play a hockey game, leaving out the skates, sticks and puck.

RICHARD W. LOGAN.

#### As the World Wags:

The Daily Hampshire Gazette (Northampton) published this dispatch from Dublin, dated Jan. 9.

"President Cosgrave has received an invitation from the Canadian government to visit Omaha during his coming trip to the United States and the invitation will be accepted."

"President Coolidge has received an invitation from the German government to visit Havana" would be as cordial, or "Henry Fairfield Osborn has received an invitation from prominent fundamentalists to visit Ur," as tactful. Can it be that Mr. Cosgrave is not welcome in Canada?

X. Y. Z.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dentinger, founders of the Youth Extension Society, find abstinence from apple pie or any kind of pie, and the daily reading of a poem, powerful aids to longevity. This reminds us that some one recently eulogizing deep apple pie spoke of the "rich lower crust." An ideal deep apple pie has no bottom crust.

Mr. Dentinger's remedy for tuberculosis commends itself to thoughtful persons. He cured himself by going to Germany, and fasting there for six weeks, during which time he drank three quarts of red wine a day.

## SPANISH GUITAR

By PHILIP HALE

Andres Segovia, Spanish guitarist, played for the first time in Boston last night at the Repertory Theatre. His program was as follows: Sor, Andante and Allegretto, Thmea Varie, Malata, Serenata, Tarrega, Danza, Etude, Bach, Prelude, Allemande, Fugue, Courante, Sarabande, Gavotte, Haydn Menuet, Torroba, Sonatine (dedicated to Segovia), Granados, Danza, Albeniz, Legenda.

The technical proficiency of Mr. Segovia is almost incredible to those who know the character of the instrument and its limitations. He not only has a fabulous technique, he is a musician of fine taste and pure sentiment, with a great command of nuances to supply what the guitar itself lacks, for here is no "sustaining pedal" to prolong a tone; an instrument that does not admit of long sweeping melodic lines; yet the most remarkable exhibition of technique last night was the performance of Bach's Fugue, with a contrapuntal clearness that a violinist or a clavichordist might well have envied.

In Mr. Segovia's marvelous hands his guitar could be impressively solemn as in the stately Sarabande; it could work a Spanish spell, as in the fascinating Serenata of Malata, or bring out old world grace in the dance, as in Haydn's charming Menuet. But whatever Mr. Segovia played, whether the music had native worth, distinction, or was merely "a piece for the guitar," he adorned it by his command of all artistic resources. The large and expectant audience was quick to appreciate the talent of the visitor, who might justly be called "the genius of the guitar."

It is said that contemporaneous composers are writing for this instrument, among them prominent Frenchmen and our friend, Tansman. Perhaps they have been moved to do this in the hope that Mr. Segovia will be their interpreter. It has often been said, foolishly said, to the discredit of Berlioz, that the only instrument he played was the guitar. It would be interesting to know how well he played it, and whether Paganini ever gave a public performance, laying aside for the occasion his violin.

Mr. Segovia, reminding one in appearance of a portrait of Franz Schubert, bore himself with dignity, yet he must have been pleased by the enthusiastic applause. He added generously to the stated program.

## TAUSMAN FLUTE PLAYERS' GUEST

At yesterday's Flute Players' concert the guest of honor was Alexander Tausman, the distinguished composer from Paris. The Burgin string quartet played his third string quartet—its first performance in America; Mr. Tausman gave his "Sonata Rustica" for piano, its first Boston performance, and he and Mr. Burgin played, also for the first time in Boston, Mr. Tausman's "Sonata

quasi una Fantasia" for piano and violin. The Burgin quartet, for free measure, played as well a Haydn quartet, D major, op. 65.

"Let us not live," quoth a king of France—Shakespeare, at all events, said he did—to be the snuff of younger spirits." But how could he help himself, if those younger spirits felt a fancy to snuff? What, by the same argument, can we "snuffs" do in Boston today when an eminent musician warns his pupils on no account to heed what their parents may say about musical matters? "People over 40," he states it roundly, "cannot by any possibility hear modern music aright."

What can we do, then, but accept the dictum? It brings, after all, one drop of comfort with it: Elders may spare themselves the pains, in pitiful attempt to keep up with the procession, of pretending to like the distasteful. Those pretensions, seldom hitting the mark, cannot deceive the young. So let an elder tell candidly of his impression of Mr. Tansman's music.

The young composer has, indeed, a fine ear for sound. A piano alone he makes sound well and colorful, quite in a way of his own; with the wider resources of strings he produces effects even more markedly agreeable.

By means of his keen harmonic sense he can give a passage here and there a certain suggestion of emotion—witness the second theme of the quartet's Lento; by his harmony, too, he lent a curious charm to the piano sonata's cantilena.

For movements briskly moving, festive episodes, like the second theme of the quartet's first movement, the quartet's vivace and others, or movements of ruder good spirits such as the finales of the two sonatas, Mr. Tausman is blessed with a rhythmic sense that stands him in useful stead. He makes that kind of music march and for all his pieces he is adroit at the O. Henry sort of an ending, the sort that fetches surprise.

Rhythm, harmony, technical skill and instrumental color—Mr. Tausman is richly blessed. So far, however, as one old hand could discover yesterday, he has no ability whatever to write four notes in sequence that have the power to arrest the attention, to suggest beauty or distinction. From this lack—if lack it really be—Mr. Tausman's music, when neither gay nor lyrical, suffers sorely. With time, quite like, he will acquire both musical depth and beauty.

His music yesterday he played delightfully, and so did the Burgin quartet. The latter four gave also an admirable performance of the Haydn quartet with a force pervading the first movement denied to Haydn by too many players. In the adagio there was exquisite tone to distinguish it and genuine sentiment; in the finale the highest of spirits, its pace, mighty lively, not once falling into a scramble. Why cannot these excellent players be oftener heard?

R. R. G.

## ADEREWSKI AT SYMPHONY HALL

The last bell sounded, the lights dimmed to a mere glow, the impressive air of reverence that always holds expectant throngs speechless for minutes before this artist appears in the hall, all were again re-enacted yesterday afternoon when Ignace Jan Paderewski appeared on the stage of Symphony hall to play the following program: Symphonic Etudes-Schumann, Op. 10, Barcarolle, Mazurka A minor, Op. 17, and Valse in E-flat, Op. 18, Chopin, Nocturne a Raguse-Schilling, and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6—Liszt. Then there were many encores.

For three solid hours the veteran pianist played almost continuously, and in the end the management were compelled to remove the piano from the stage before the audience finally dispersed. All seats, including all that could be put on the stage, and all available standing room, were taken, and hundreds turned away at the box office—such was the attitude of Boston toward Paderewski. When he entered the hall, every person in that vast congregation rose and applauded.

Paderewski is a great program maker. He knows what the people like. He knows where the intellectual and the beautiful are combined in the music for his instrument, and yesterday he had them so arranged that each succeeding number seemed to be an absolutely vital part of a general design. If, as has been said, "Paderewski is growing old," then one must find it elsewhere than in his playing, for he is the acme of technic.

And he again clearly demonstrated that the "singing tone," and the perfect control of every variety of tone-color are possible under all circumstances, no matter how difficult the passage.

A. H. D.

## Kibalachich Conducts Program of Unusual Interest

The Russian Symphonic Choir, Basile Kibalachich, conductor, gave the following program at Symphony hall last night: Gluck, chorus from the opera "Iphigenia"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tartar Captives (ancient folk song); Glinka, Song of the Angels; Taneyev, Paysage Nocturne; Lovovsky, The Plea; Rachmaninoff, prelude in G sharp minor; Levitzki, Gavotte; Gretchaninoff, Credo (alto solo by Mlle. E. Stetzenko); Tchesnokov, Panteley; Rimsky-Korsakoff, bell song from the opera "Christ-mas Eve"; Zolotareff, Little Gypsy; Leontovich, Potchaeff (baritone solo by Slepushkin); Koliadka; arrangements by Kibalachich of Dubnushka (song of the toiler), Kol Nidre, lullaby (for female voices only), Wedding Song, Volga Boatmen and Soldier Marching songs. Serbian Kolo and Czechoslovakian dance song.

One might term Basile Kibalachich's choristers a feast for the sensations. Taking human voices and giving them the characteristics of a symphony orchestra so beautifully trained that the wedding is not noticeable, shaded and made rhythmic so that music takes on new meaning when it was meant for the orchestra alone—that is indeed an accomplishment. There was, for instance, Rachmaninoff's Prelude and a Gavotte by Levitzki hardly meant to be sung but losing none of the melody and charm when presented by this symphonic choir.

There were few songs which stood out in their own perfection, so carefully were they all sung, but, perhaps for their unusual qualities some should be mentioned. There was the Plea by Lovovsky where the two words "Hospotee Pomeelley" Lord Have Mercy were repeated in all shades of volume and tempo; there was the Lullaby with a delightful solo by Mme Schikevitch; there were the songs sung by the men alone and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Bell Song, all beautiful.

The appearance of the choir was also arresting. They wore crimson frocks and coats and the women were comely with jeweled head-dress. This color, against the grey-green of the stage walls, did not detract more than its share from the delightful music. One could listen and look for hours and days. Could flattery be greater?

C. M. D.

## Blanche Haskell Contributes Voice to Fine Program

The People's Symphony Orchestra, William F. Hofmann, conductor, gave its eighth concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, assisted by Blanche Haskell, soprano, and John MacKnight, flutist. The program was as follows: Weber, overture "Euryanthe"; Mozart, concerto for flute in D, Mr. MacKnight; Saint-Saens, symphonic poem, "Le rouet d'Omphale"; David, Aria, Charnant Oiseau from "La Perle du Bresil"; Miss Haskell and Mr. MacKnight; Brahms, symphony No. 1.

One seldom has the pleasure of hearing a coloratura soprano with the qualities of depth and roundness of tone as well as lightness, but Blanche Haskell contributed such a voice to the creditable program yesterday. This singer sang about the delights of the birds of Brazil in a sane way, keeping her powerful voice well under control until she approached the part where she matched her vocal attainments to those of the flute and then she showered notes in rich profusion.

There were moments of Miss Haskell's performance which showed need of more work—her voice is of singular quality and is worth all the time and patience she can lavish on it. It deserves to be treated with care, and no part of her song should have been slighted.

The flute obligato was given by John MacKnight, son of the well known painter. Mr. MacKnight also played Mozart's Concerto for Flute in D. He approaches his instrument with reverence and seems to let the delicate sounds come almost of their own will. If he is still a little surprised that they are as lovely for the most part as he would have them, he can be assured that they will grow more companionable in public as time goes on.

The orchestra played the Brahms Symphony with zest, the Saint-Saens poem with pleasure and the "Euryanthe" overture with warmth. The program was received most enthusiastically.

C. M. D.

Henry Jewett is a man absorbed by a passion. His pretty new Repertory Theatre, with its simplicity of decoration in the modern style, its coffee-room, its arches and open fires, is his child, his romantic love. Although he sits in his tiny office harried by a swarm of details, surrounded by a cloud of financial worry, for his theatre is not yet debt-free, somehow he presents the picture of a contented man. While he is still caught in a struggle for the dream of his life, ennui will never get by his secretary posted at the outer door.

Mr. Jewett is now a large man of florid complexion, well in the dignified fifties, in bulk impressive, and in manner vaguely benevolent. His kindly face, deeply etched by fatigue and time, still shows the aspect that made him a most handsome Romeo to Julia Marlowe's Juliet in 1894. He must be always carefully dressed, for in the daytime there may be his school of acting, or his board of trustees, or a meeting of alien drama-lovers, Italians, Armenians, Spaniards. In the evening Mr. Jewett, immaculate in dinner-jacket, with a black ribbon to his eyeglasses, may be found reasonably near the stage of his theatre.

Mr. Jewett has become a business man, but the actor still remains at heart an actor, and a Bohemian. The new office, like the actors' dressing-rooms and the electrical equipment, enjoys all the latest improvements. Sleek new files neighbor a vast desk with its telephone switchboard and files of typewritten papers, but in one corner lurches an ancient battered chair, rich in Italian carving, weak with a broken leg, and on top of the files rakishly hangs a crown of gilt and paste jewels.

#### NO PERIOD FREE

No five-minute period is free from a soft tap at the door. An efficient secretary murmurs that "they" are waiting upstairs, a dark young man reminiscent of Donatello that "the third act is in rehearsal," another secretary deposits fresh papers on the desk. Each receives an answer, kind, but with a touch of vagueness, as if the actor found the world of business still a somewhat strange country.

If his present is full to overflowing with repertory detail, Mr. Jewett's past is an album of old theatrical brilliancies. A whole age of grease paint and calcium unfolds as he reviews his career. There's a romantic flavor in his words, like turning over old playbills. As a very young man Mr. Jewett came from his native Australia to a San Francisco theatre. There Julia Marlowe saw him and, though, until that time he had only carried a spear or played "blts" in Shakespearean productions, she engaged him for her leading man. He became Bendick, Romeo, Malvolio, Cassius, Douricourt in "The Belle Stratagem."

At the end of this season Miss Marlowe married Robert Tabor, and Mr. Jewett left her company. This held a possible flavor of romance. Did Mr. Jewett, too, love Marlowe, then in the flower of her dark beauty? Alas for a story of jealousy and passion. Mr. Jewett was already married and very much in love with his wife. This marriage has lasted for 36 years, an example not merely to the stage world but to our whole restless generation. Mrs. Jewett has translated plays for her husband. Today she shares in the direction of the new theatre, does much of the play-reading, and helps in the choosing of the repertory productions. Mr. Jewett cannot give an opinion on the vital question of companionate marriage. He is not considering a divorce himself, nor has he children to consider marriage, and though his theatre presents him with countless and daily problems, the estate of matrimony is not one of them.

After Marlowe came Richard Mansfield. In a Shaw play they opened the old Herald Square Theatre, then the

Garrick Theatre, the cradle of our theatre guild of today.

#### PRECARIOUS WINTER

Next came an illustration of the extraordinarily precarious condition of an actor's life. For the following winter Mr. Jewett had three offers—with Mme. Modjeska in Shakespearean parts, with Mrs. Fiske in "The Heart of Maryland," and to return again to Mansfield. Fearing for Modjeska's health, he refused her, fearing for "The Heart of Maryland" because he thought that English actors could never do an American play



he refused Mrs. Fiske, and took Mansfield's offer. Something went wrong, Mansfield never opened. Modjeska and "The Heart of Maryland" played all through the season. This year, opening for Mr. Jewett in unbelievable brilliance, became the worst winter in his entire career.

Then came Fanny Davenport and the old Boston Theatre, Ada Rehan, and the part of Maldonado in "Iris." In "The Squaw Man" with William Faversham Mr. Jewett became indebted for a friendliness he is today trying to repay. Tall, young William Faversham, Jr., now goes from "bits" to "big parts" week by week in the Repertory Theatre company. Next Mr. Jewett signed a contract with William Hodge. For four years as the grand duke in "The Man from Home," he spent an hour every evening making up his noble features, and spoke the same words until he became so maddeningly sick of the part that he left the company before the run had ended. It was this experience of the subjection of the actor to his manager's desire, in the matter of the parts the actor shall play, that made him turn to the repertory idea.

Mr. Jewett's first company began in the vast Boston Opera House, became a success, and found itself homeless when the Shuberts bought the Opera House. Then came the Copley theatre, and anxious times for the Jewetts. For several years it was touch and go—a play would fail miserably for a large loss, later something else would take the public fancy for several weeks and make up the deficit. In those years Mr. Jewett had not yet interested the portion of the public which now composes his Repertory trust fund. He took his savings, Mrs. Jewett risked her own money. For four years, Mr. Jewett, taking no salary, bore the theatre's losses. It was the grand thespian gesture, like Douglas Fairbanks' risking his entire fortune on the beautiful "Thief of Bagdad."

#### PROCESSION OF EVENTS

Forced from the Copley theatre by increased rents, with his back again to the wall and insufficient money to pay his actors, there descended upon Mr. Jewett a procession of events he would rather not discuss, but which seem to have permanently saddened him, culminating in a break within his organization. With the support of his backers, he hastily built the new theatre, gathered a new company.

It is still a fight. The plays do not run as smoothly as he wishes. The actors perversely and maddeningly forget their lines, or never learn them. With a new play, and always a play offering a challenge to the actor, every week, they are hard-worked. The theatre is not yet paid for. There is still a flavor of too many cooks about the enterprise. But Mr. Jewett sees light ahead, and refuses compromise. He will give only worthy plays, the interesting in the old and the new, European and American, plays that offer his actors a varied experience of the highest type. He is like a poet who from some inner fastidiousness cannot write a Harold Bell Wright novel, even to make himself independent. His motto is "when the theatre is paid for." Then, says Mr. Jewett, Boston will have the finest repertory company in America.

R. H. G.

### THE BOSTON HERALD

TUESDAY, JAN. 17, 1928

With this issue of The Herald, Mr. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, who has been its editor since Nov. 1, 1910, leaves on a five months' vacation. He contemplates a trip to the far east, which he has not visited since 1903.

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1928

### As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

come Hardy, the poet will be ranked among the great, when Hardy the novelist will be classed with many others? Even today some, and their judgment is not to be despised, put "The Dynasts" at the head of all his works.

As the World Wags:

Martin: "I just bought a 1927 Ford for \$10."

Trudie: "Oh, are they going up?" JAZBO.

It is a sign of failure when a nation has not beautiful women.—Johan Bojer.

A low-brow is one who too easily thinks a bad book is good, and a high-brow is one who too easily thinks a good book is bad.—Dr. W. H. Moberly.

#### ADD "SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS"

"Oliver Cromwell had an iron will and a large red nose, but underneath were deep religious feelings."

"Contralto is a low sort of music that only ladies sing."

"Henry VIII had an abess on his knee which made walking difficult."

#### BOYS OF TODAY

As the World Wags:

Tommy was introduced to the visitor, Tommy, the pride of his father and mother. He was asked what was his great ambition in life when he grew up. "Why," said he, with all the assurance of 5 years, "I mean to see people tremble like leaves at the mention of my name."

#### LOOKER-ON.

#### HOODLUMISM AT HOME

As the World Wags:

The presiding judge of a local court in which there is considerable traffic is quoted as expressing his belief that observers would observe less crime and hoodlumism on the street if the kids were at home practising on the piano.

In our consideration of this plan to relieve street congestion, and before it becomes popular in other judicial courts, we should be supplied with a few bits of additional information. As a starter the judge should tell us why he prefers indoor hoodlumism, why he picks on the piano, what the hoodlum would practise on the piano, and if in such development the hoodlum could be prevented from reaching still higher heights in crime. Somehow the judge seems to imply an affinity existing between piano and hoodlum. Does he regard the piano as the victim delivered, or as the congenial partner in crime? As a partner in crime would its function be that of increasing efficiency in crime? It may be that the judge yearns to hand a floral decoration where once had been the home piano, or that in his judgment the piano would drape a floral air piece where once the home's hoodlum had been. Withal, why should a judge desire to increase neighborhood crime, to antagonize a community inhospiably disposed toward crime of a compound nature? Many of us there are who see an objection, aside from definitions, in placing every hoodlum at the piano; a danger of reaction—and a reaction not wholly offset by repair business created for carpenters, interior decorators, hospitals and the fire department. And what about the homes which possess hoodlums but which are pianoless? And the one home of several hoodlums?

Really it is difficult to accept and further the judge's project without first knowing his definition of a piano; what it is, what its purposes and why its criminal associations. Perchance the judge recalls that the square piano of yesterday was not really square, a recollection which leads him to the assumption that the upright piano of today is not always upright, of evil parts and intentions.

A diligent search of the statutes fails to reveal any penalty for crime committed on a piano except in its capacity as an article of furniture. It has other capacities, but the law does not provide against them. Hence, in surmise, the judge would chase hoodlumism indoors. Another surmise is that his neighbor's daughter practises both instrumentally and vocally, the judge ready to absolve street hoodlumism if and when guided by his personal ambitions.

By way of gentle experiment, how would it do to let the hoodlums remain out in the street and place the pianos out there, too? Someone will explain this present street congestion as due to an indignant populace fed up on juvenile jazz. Someone else will explain it as a juvenile ambition to escape the home's adult saxophone. And the neighbors will rise to a comprehension of the city exodus to the outer suburbs, the moving-van traffic.

Yet, after all, if the street produces hoodlumism, why not fix the street?

The question is one which warrants extended consideration. Meanwhile to the judge a long arm (first) and the wisdom of Solomon! H. C. P.

Pitchburg.

#### THE MODERN WOMAN

(From the Bulletin of the Medical Woman's Club of Cincinnati.)

Dr. Batchelor reported that in her practice young married couples believe in raising families. Four of last year's brides gave birth to their babies within a period of three weeks.

As the World Wags:

Harvard and Boston College debaters now having settled the question of the fitness of Al Smith as a presidential candidate, leaving out the religious issue, I suggest that the hockey teams representing the schools now play a hockey game, leaving out the skates, sticks and puck.

RICHARD W. LOGAN.

As the World Wags:

The Daily Hampshire Gazette (Northampton) published this dispatch from Dublin, dated Jan. 9.

"President Cosgrave has received an invitation from the Canadian govern-

ment to visit Omaha during his coming trip to the United States and the invitation will be accepted."

"President Coolidge has received an invitation from the German government to visit Havana" would be as cordial, or "Henry Fairfield Osborn has received an invitation from prominent fundamentalists to visit Ur," as tactful. Can it be that Mr. Cosgrave is not welcome in Canada? X. Y. Z.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dentinger, founders of the Youth Extension Society, find abstinence from apple pie or any kind of pie, and the daily reading of a poem, powerful aids to longevity. This reminds us that some one recently eulogizing deep apple pie spoke of the "rich lower crust." An ideal deep apple pie has no bottom crust.

Mr. Dentinger's remedy for tuberculosis commends itself to thoughtful persons. He cured himself by going to Germany, and fasting there for six weeks, during which time he drank three quarts of red wine a day.

### "Her Cardboard Lover" Amusing Piece and Cleverly Acted

### JEANNE EAGELS IN PRINCIPAL PART

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Jeanne Eagles in "Her Cardboard Lover," comedy in three acts by Jacques Deval, adapted by Valerie Wyngate and P. G. Wodehouse. Presented by Gilbert Miller and A. H. Woods. The cast:

Monsieur Bonnavant.....C. Edwin Brandt  
Charles.....William Eville  
Paul Giscard.....Mackenzie Ward  
Andre Salicel.....Anthony Bushell  
A. Croupier.....Walter F. Scott  
Simone.....Jeanne Eagles  
Clos Room Attendant.....Philip Jones  
Tony Lasoree.....Barry O'Neill  
Albine.....Virginia Chauvenet

The theme of this play is shortly told. A young person, penniless, falls in love with a lady. She, in her turn, is in love with her husband—her husband that was, to be precise; she has just divorced him. Doting on him still, however, she engages the person as a secretary who, before the world, shall pose as her lover, the better to guard her against yielding to her infatuation for her husband. Complications ensue, as might be expected.

They are fewer, though, if the truth may be told, than one might reasonably look for. Talk does its best to supply their place, a series of duets and trios, with one long solo—a telephone call—for sweet variety's sake.

It is easy to imagine the wit, the flavor of this talk in the original French of it. In its English adaptation, though, it has probably suffered a sea change—the change from polite French comedy to the American comedy current today—frequently it is amusing in its sudden twists of mood, its smart repartee, combined with a pleasant homeliness. The adaptors, or the author, have indeed managed skilfully; material that would answer nicely for one act they have stretched to three by means of quips and smartness—with not many moments, on the whole, that are dull. Not everybody could have contrived so well.

They were fortunate in their chief impersonator. Miss Eagles did not worry herself with truth to life or anything else that would place restrictions on her drollery. Therein, no doubt, she showed her good sense; the French lady, even in the original, most likely shone none too brightly by her life-like human traits.

So Miss Eagles, tossing reason to the winds, did what she could by a succession of voice amusing in itself, by a succession of runs, skips and bounds, by leers, smirks, inconsequential remarks uttered with a delicious inconsequentiality, by flutterings of draperies that got in her way, by a burlesque manner of stirring her coffee in its handsome cup. Given her way of it, it is hard to see how mortal woman could have been droller. That, now and again, she was put to it to find new methods of marking time, was scarcely Miss Eagles' fault.

The other players, though scarcely distinguished, acted very well. The settings were excellent. A large audience laughed heartily, sometimes so loud that the text got lost in the merriment.

R. R. G.

### THE GORILLA AT FOUR THEATRES

At Fenway, Capitol, Washington St. Olympia, Scollay Sq.

## 'HEDDA GABLER' AT THE REPERTORY

Repertory Theatre: "Hedda Gabler," a drama in four acts, by Hendrik Ibsen.

The cast:

Miss Julia Tesman.....Cecilia Radcliffe  
Berta.....Adelaide George  
George Tesman.....Thayer Roberts  
Mrs. Hedda Tesman.....Katharine Warren  
Mrs. Elvsted.....Olga Birkbeck  
Judge Brack.....Dennis Cleugh  
Eliert Lovborg.....William Faversham, Jr.

Watching a drama of Hendrik Ibsen's,

it is easy to point out various minor faults—Ibsen, writing on such a large scale, would scarcely take thought for small trifles any more than Shakespeare—but given even a passable performance not nearly so good as last night's at the Repertory, and it will stir you to the very depths. First impressions, such as the fearfully Victorian furniture, the unfortunate costumes of one or two characters, and the countless invitations to sit down, cease to obtrude themselves as the storm clouds gather over Hedda's mismanaged and tragic life. It is perhaps too late to wonder whether Tesman need have been made so utterly hopeless; Ibsen was trying to prove his theories and undoubtedly he succeeded, but it seemed utterly incredible at times that Hedda could have married him on any condition whatsoever. She sold herself for security and society—she received neither.

A girl accustomed to amusing and lively companionship would have nothing in common with a bookworm and a pedant. Yet it is hard to say whether she would have been in the slightest degree happier with Lovborg, since her fear of scandal was so great and he was, to say the least, not exactly circumspect in his behavior. Did she really love him? It is hard to answer that question with much certainty, since jealousy may spring from emotions that are in themselves shallow. Far more striking a personality than Mrs. Elvsted, she would not stoop to reform the man for whom she cared. She preferred him "with vine-leaves in his hair," though she knew what would follow the temporary exultation. In her own way Hedda was an idealist—she loved splendid gestures and when defeat came she went down with colors flying. Everything failed her—even Lovborg did not die beautifully, as she bade him, but sordidly and meanly—so rather than face a life empty of love and honor, when Judge Brack finally had her in his power, she took the swiftest way out.

The play is bitter and sardonic, as cruel as truth, and as merciless. We watch, and feel as if we saw ourselves—"our roles, our goals, our naked souls"—it is not pleasant to be shown up with all our meannesses and trivialities, but no doubt it is helpful. How many undoubtedly selfish husbands would be willing to see themselves in Tesman or how many dissatisfied women would recognize Hedda in their reflections in the mirror? Yet they are there doing what we will, and perhaps they may teach us to be wise in time.

Playing Hedda, Miss Katharine Warren deserves only the highest praise—it seems impossible that the part could have been better done. Graceful as a cat, sinister and beautiful with the claws just beneath the velvet paws she moved through the play, a picture of baleful beauty, with flashes of lightning darting through her tense, calm Miss Warren has a lovely voice and last night there sounded in it the very soul of Hedda's despair. Next to her splendid achievement William Faversham Jr., contributed the finest acting of the evening. With a breadth and a maturity that one would scarcely expect, he played the tragic, futile Lovborg superbly well, showing a full comprehension of the man's erratic and wasteful genius, his futility; and his final collapse. Thayer Roberts made the unbearable Tesman quite as boring as Ibsen intended—it was at best an ungrateful task, but he acquitted himself very well. Dennis Cleugh was proper, suave and unpleasant in a part that lacks the color of the rest of the characters. As Mrs. Elvsted, Olga Birkbeck seemed unaccountably conscious of her badly devised costume which made her nervous and jerky in her movements. It was unfortunate that she along with many of the other actors needed so much prompting—it caused tittering in the audience at the wrong moments.

E. L. H.



"Sorrell and Son," a film drama directed by Herbert Brenon adapted from a novel of the same name by Warwick Deeping and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Stephen Sorrell	H. B. Warner
Dora Sorrell	Anna Q. Nilson
Florence Palfrey	Carmel Myers
Fanny Garland	Alice Joyce
Kit Sorrell	Nils Asher
The boy Kit	Micky McBan
Ruck	Louis Wolheim
Thomas Roland	Norman Trevor

It is well to remind everyone that Herbert Brenon, who made this film, also made "Beau Geste" and "Peter Pan." The present film is a disappointment as an adaptation of the entirely worthy novel from which it sprang. The disappointment is deeper because one is well aware that Mr. Brenon approached his original with all the care possible. He traveled to England in order to have conferences with Mr. Deeping. He took his entire company to England so that the scenes would not be synthetic Hollywood and for this we are deeply indebted to Mr. Brenon. The photography and backgrounds are beautiful.

Perhaps those unfamiliar with the excellently written tale of an English gentleman untrained in a profession reduced to the hardest kind of labor to support himself and his son and succeeding past his fondest hopes, might enjoy the film. But to those who hold the book as more than a success story but a tender and kindly human document—to those who could receive Mr. Deeping's characters as real persons as he must have meant them to be received—the film is as sour as a worthy friend gone bad.

It is not without its moments however and H. B. Warner is excellent as the courageous Sorrell. The boy Kit played by Micky McBan is probably not the dreamy-eyed youngster one might imagine the book Kit but he is a fair exchange. He is all boy with a healthy grin and gives a satisfactory and staunch Kit to the screen. Nils Asher as the man Kit is also excellent and under difficulties. That last morbid scene was readable but not searable in the way Mr. Brenon forces it upon us.

Anna Q. Nilson makes the weak Dora, silly—past recall and Carmel Myers acts for all she is worth. She is Carmel Myers doing a vamp scene or two or three. Perhaps she did not understand that she was to play the part of the impossible and florid Florence Palfrey.

Let us repeat our assertion that for those who are not familiar with the original story this film may have charms. So far it has crowded the New York houses where it has played. We expected more from Herbert Brenon, his excellent cast and the dramatic even though restrained story of "Sorrell and Son."

C. M. D.

Copley Theatre—"Take My Advice," a comedy in three acts by Elliot Lester.

The cast:	W. E. Watts
End Weaver	May Ediss
Ann Weaver	Rupert Lucas
Jimmy Thayer	Vernon Kelsa
Reary Van Kind	Ralph Roberts
Mr. John Weaver	Norman Cannon
Bradley Clement	Gaby Fay
Marella Scottie	Elisbeth Dudgeon
Mrs. Weaver	

"Take My Advice" is a light-hearted little comedy which takes place in a family living room and concerns itself with the difficulties of father, mother, sister and brother, and the doing of a big hearted fixer, in this case a prep school instructor, who nicely extricates everyone from his dilemma in time for the final curtain. Although this is a drama of the fireside and of love, engagement, jealousy and all other matters which most agitate the human breast, there really isn't an unpleasant moment in the whole three acts, nor is there a solitary sob scene that anyone is supposed to sniff at. Sex appeal is only mentioned once, and then in passing. A play of trivialities, it has the saving grace of not taking itself seriously, and as well as one could judge, its audience was very well pleased.

Bud has left his prep school because his 17-year-old bosom throbs with tender emotion for a dark-haired lady whom he calls his divine inspiration, although other people call her the local vamp. He is home ostensibly on vacation, and doesn't dare to tip off the old folks.

Enter Mr. Clement, represented as a tactful young instructor, who wants to find out why Bud is dropping from school. He finds that there is other work to do. Daughter Ann is interested in a deady fop who says he is an actor and convinces her that if she goes to Broadway her name will be in lights in a year. He recommends one particular school of acting, tuition, \$1000.

Then there is the oil salesman who wants to sell stock to Mr. Weaver. Need-

less to say, Clement sets everything right, and for a reward grabs off an option on the hand of little Ann.

The Copley Players made a smooth, well-oiled job of it. H. F. M.

## "MY BEST GIRL" AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Mary Pickford in her latest screen production, "My Best Girl," a delightful comedy-romance of a counter girl in a 5-and-10-cent store, is the chief attraction at Loew's Orpheum theatre this week.

The theme, taken from Kathleen Norris novel, is a pleasing variation of the ever-popular "Cinderella" type, with Mary as a poor working girl, and her leading man, Charles Rogers, as the son of the millionaire owner.

## CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

Colonial—Ziegfeld "Follies," Eddie Cantor is the star of this, the 21st production. Last week.

Hollis—"Hidden." David Belasco presents William Hulburt's play, with Beth Merrill and Philip Merivale. Last week.

Majestic—"The Spider," novel mystery thriller, with John Halliday and others. Last week.

Shubert—"My Maryland," musical version of Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Fritchie," with Olga Cook and others. Last week.

Wilbur—"Peggy-Ann," intimate musical comedy, starring Helen Ford and featuring Lulu McConnell. Last week.

Arlington—Emmett Moore and his Irish Minstrels, in "A Night in Ireland," motion pictures, singing, dancing, and other features. Last week.

ST. JAMES—Keith-Albee players in "Easy Come, Easy Go," a farce comedy in three acts by Owen Davis. The characters:

Dick Tain	Walter Gilbert
Jim Bailey	Charles Schofield
Mortimer Quale	Frank Charlton
Tom Nash	David Smiley
Horace Winfield	Day Mazon
Dr. Jasper	John Winthrop
Walcott Masters	Royal Beal
Shadow Martin	Malcolm Arthur
Porter	Malcolm Arthur
Barbara Quale	Clara Jael
Molly Costigan	Edith Speare
Alma Borden	Flora Maud Gade
Ada Ray	Mary Hill

The play opens in a Pullman car, where two crooks are trying to escape with the proceeds of a bank loot job. One of them is hard-boiled. That part is portrayed by Charles Schofield, under whose personal direction the play was produced. The other crook is a crook because of a weird set of circumstances. His heart isn't really in his work. He doesn't care for the designation. Despite success in looting a bank, he wishes he were not one.

About this time police officers enter the car and announce that the thieves are known to be on the train. The gentle crook wishes even more devoutly that he were not a crook. On the train is a millionaire who is taking his son to a sanitarium. The two evil ones leave the train at the sanitarium station.

At the institution they are in the hands of individuals who see them as physical machines—not as human beings. Trainers order them about and nurses insist that orders be obeyed. Doctors examine them and after a bit they wish they had been captured by the police.

Of course eventually the soft-hearted crook reforms. Naturally there is a love story which develops rapidly. And too, the hero proves that he really isn't a crook after all.

So much for the general plot. The story moves speedily. There is an abundance of humor throughout, which Schofield in his own way makes the most of, while Walter Gilbert, as the soft-hearted crook, proves himself a deft interpreter of farce.

There are but few serious minutes in the play. The audience last night chuckled and roared throughout the production, which indicates that it is good entertainment. It is all of that, for the whole company kept up the pace set by Schofield and Gilbert. It was on their shoulders that the burden fell of making the story convincing and the fact that they succeeded speaks well of them. It is good entertainment of light type.

## "RUIZ AND BONITA" ON B. F. KEITH PROGRAM

Lily Morris Also Appears for Her Second Week

Lily Morris, the bolsterous English comedienne, carries on for her second week at the B. F. Keith Theatre this week, and continues to keep her audience in a pleasant frame of mind.

Dr. A. W. S. Rosenbach is regarded in London's auction rooms as a robber. It is true he pays for what he takes away from England, yet he is a robber; for the treasures he ships to this country will not return to their respective homes. What is still more aggravating, the English would say, he chuckles over his robberies and even writes a book about them, for his "Books and Bidders: The Adventures of a Bibliophile" is now published by Little, Brown & Company for the Atlantic Monthly Press. All the chapters but one first appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. The book contains 80 or more illustrations. There is an excellent index.

The question inevitably comes up whether a famous dealer in books finds more pleasure in reading those that are rare or in preventing those with thin purses from reading them. Some years ago there was an old man in Paris who had bought indiscriminately. An apartment was stuffed to the ceiling with folios, quartos, octavos, pamphlets; rarities, books of ordinary value, rubbish. He had the mania for buying; his mania took this direction. He was so busy hunting, purchasing that he had no time to read. He would have had more pleasure, had he been a true lover of books, with a library, carefully selected; to use the shop worn phrase, "favorite authors"—i. e., personal to him. Thus he might have passed by Voltaire's miscellaneous writings and tragedies for "Candide" and some volumes of the great man's letters. He would not have spent his substance on first editions.

As a child Dr. Rosenbach in the Philadelphia bookshop of his uncle Moses realized the value, commercial, of books, autographs, manuscripts. He says more than once, now that he is famous in and out of the world of books, that he doesn't care a tinker's damn (he spells the word "dam") about the money value of a rarity; yet he tells many stories, and tells them well, about discoveries, transactions, in which a book, perhaps of little interest in itself, bought for a trifling sum, has brought thousands of dollars in the auction room. There are numberless instances. How many of these bargains excite envy in the breasts of those who judge the worth of a book by its contents, not by the edition in hand, not by a sumptuous dress? Dr. Rosenbach has not quoted the quatrain of Burns who saw in a pompous library a set of Shakespeare's plays.

"Through and through the inspired leaves  
Ye maggots take your windings,  
But oh, respect his lordship's taste  
And spare the golden bindings."  
(We quote from memory, but that is the substance of the stinging comment.)

The true collector looks into ash cans, paws over discarded piles on their way to the paper mill, seeks entrance into small-town garrets. Dr. Rosenbach says that in a barrow on the sidewalk in a New England city he picked up a first edition of "Moby Dick" for \$2. He adds that it is now worth about \$150. We doubt if it is worth that today, though some of the reprints omit a chapter, also a footnote. He thinks that if Harry Elkins Widener had lived he would have been the greatest collector the world has ever known.

Here is a book abounding in anecdotes. There is talk about old books. The good doctor visited Miss Amy Lowell, who told him, after they had lighted their cigars, that she wanted Keats's own copy of Shakespeare with Keats's annotations more than anything in the world. "I put my hand in my pocket and smiled. By one of those unusual chances which really do make truth stranger than fiction I had that very volume in my pocket. She caught her breath and grew quite pale with joy as I handed it to her." There are stories of the auction rooms, old Bibles, literary forgeries, old manuscripts. One of the most entertaining chapters is entitled "American Children's Books." Who would not like to read "A Token for the Children of New England, or Some Examples of Children, in whom the Fear of God was remarkably budding before they died?" Elizabeth Butcher was born in Boston in 1709. "When she was about two years and a half old, as she lay in her cradle she would ask herself that question, 'What is my corrupt nature?' and would make answer again to herself, 'It is empty of grace, bent unto sin, and only to sin, and that continually.'" No wonder Elizabeth died at the age of 8 years and 11 months. A book of theological discussion for infants published in Boston in 1714 contains this passage: "O children of New England, poor hearts; you are going to hell indeed;

but will it not be a dreadful thing to go to hell from New England?" It's a wonder that for these days a pamphlet two inches square, "The Glass of Whiskey" (Philadelphia, 1830), has not been reprinted. "There is a bottle. It has something in it which is called whiskey. Little reader, I hope you will never taste any as long as you live. It is a poison. So is brandy, so is rum, so is gin, and many other drinks. They are called strong drink. They are so strong that they knock people down and kill them. They are sometimes called ardent spirits, that is burning spirits. They burn up

those who drink them." The Illustrator of this book drew a bunch of grapes beneath the title, and thus spoke well for his own innocence.

Another Boston book (1772) is a "School of Good Manners composed for the Help of Parents in teaching their Children how to carry it in their places during their Minority." Under "Behavior when in company" was this golden advice: "Spit not in the room, but in the corner." We should like to read the "Prodigal Daughter" (Boston, 1771), telling how "a gentleman of vast estates in Bristol had a proud and disobedient daughter, who because her parents would not support her in all her extravagance, bargained with the Devil to poison them. How an Angel informed her parents of her design. How she lay in a trance four days; and when she was put in the grave, she came to life again." In the Sunday School library of our little village in the sixties were books as preposterous: "Irish Amy"; "Tim the Scissors Grinder"; "The Way to the Pit"; also a story of a plous little circus girl, cruelly treated by the ringmaster whom she converted on the death bed while the clown wept bitterly.

The ninth chapter, "The Collector's Best Bet" was first published in the Atlantic Monthly of last October. (Dr. Rosenbach dictated his articles to Miss Avery Strakosch (Mrs. W. K. Denham). This probably accounts for some repetitions and the easy-going style.) Dr. Rosenbach bids budding collectors not despair. "Things which are considered valueless today may soar high in favor in the near future." Mementos of the world war, now tolerated for their sentimental value, will be highly estimated 20 years from now, coveted objects in the eyes of collectors; "to the perhaps more discerning ones of the historian as well." No, it is not too late to begin collecting Americana. "They get scarcer every day; they will never be any cheaper; and of one thing you may be sure: The value of Americana will increase with the rising fortunes of America."

Dr. Rosenbach is not a biblioklept, for a biblioklept steals from a library, book shop, or borrows and does not return. The doctor is an intrepid adventurer; at times an archaeologist; likewise a hunter of big game.

## Miss Seidlova Gives Program in Jordan Hall

Anca Seidlova, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan Hall:

Brahms, Sonata, Opus 5; Debussy, Prelude, A Minor; Ravel, Sonatine; Smetana, On the Seashore; Liszt, Sonnet of Petrarch, No. 104; Peterkin, Dreamer's Tale; Pick-Mangiagalli, Dance of Olaf; Liszt, "St. Francis Walking on the Waves."

Miss Seidlova, last night, demonstrated to her audience the possession of some markedly fine musical abilities. Deftly indeed she played the Debussy prelude, with charm; she had at hand precisely the tone to suit its turn of melody, cool tone and clear, and she felt the force of its rhythmic scheme.

In the Brahms sonata's slow movement Miss Seidlova also did some excellent playing. Its opening melody—curiously phrased, yet plausibly—she set forth admirably, with sweet singing tone and just accentuation. The later melody she let float out, over most judiciously planned and executed accompaniment, in a way that testified to technical skill and, what is of greater moment, to genuine musical imagination.

Well, however, as she played its andante, Miss Seidlova proved herself over bold when she tackled Brahms's sonata. Granting, for the moment, that she must play it at all, she can scarcely have considered conditions thoroughly when she placed first on her program a work demanding nearly 35 minutes in performance; interruptions are inevitable, or else a press of impatient people standing in the lobby.

But why must she play it at all? Works so long are not in taste today; they ought to be, if Miss Seidlova will, but none the less they are not. To convince the public again, it will that the Brahms sonata offers a half hour of pleasant music—that venture is for older players to make than Miss Seidlova.



Pleasant music? The lad may counter. By no means; it is grand music, passionate, rugged, sublime. Very good. Leave it, then, to such great pianists as are technically, musically and temperamentally great enough to interpret properly music that is grand, et cetera. They are scarce, great pianists, and rarely if ever are they found among the very young.

It seems a pity that young artists recognize so unwillingly the limitations that nature has, perforce, set upon them. The opening theme of that Brahms sonata—not many pianists at work today are competent to do it justice, and those who are, the most of them, could work no more than have with the second theme. The most of them, though, know better than to try. Young pianists, till they have gained their own experience, would do wisely to profit by the experience of others.

R. R. G.

Jan 19 1928

Thomas Beecham, Bart., will conduct the Symphony concerts this week. He was born near Liverpool in 1879. It would appear from the biographical sketch in the latest music lexicons that he did not have in his youth an extensive musical education. Some lessons in composition from a Dr. Sweeting and at Wadham College, Oxford, a few from Varley Roberts. It is said that at the age of 10 he founded an amateur orchestra and at a concert given by his father Sir Joseph, took the place of Hans Richter, who was indisposed. In 1902 he conducted a touring opera company. He afterwards studied composition for a year; result, three operas which are still in manuscript. It was in 1905 that he conducted an orchestral concert for the first time in London. Since then his musical life, as orchestral and operatic conductor, has been one of incredible activity, let alone his brilliant career as an operatic manager. He founded the New Symphony orchestra, also the Beecham Symphony orchestra.

He introduced many operas to the London public, Russian, French, Italian, English. He has been a staunch friend of Frederic Delius by bringing out his works, among them "A Village Romeo and Juliet"; an Intermezzo from this opera is on the program of this week. He was knighted by King George in 1914; he inherited the baronetcy two years later.

Dr. Eaglefield-Hull wrote of him: "It goes without saying that Beecham has done more than any living man toward the establishment of grand opera in England. . . . As conductor, he added a greater zest and a finer line to the works of Mozart. He rejuvenated the programs of the Royal Philharmonic Society concerts during the seasons when he was artistic director, 1916-17 and 1917-18; and he did the same for the Halle orchestra concerts in Manchester."

His program for this week is an unusual one. First, a Suite made up of excerpts from operas by Handel: Overture to "Teseo"; Musette from "Il Pastor Fido," Bourree from "Rodrigo." (This last opera was produced at Florence; the heroine, according to tradition, fell desperately in love with Handel.) Then comes "The Walk to the Paradise Garden," from "A Village Romeo and Juliet," an opera which was first performed in German and at Berlin. Delius, aided by his wife, wrote the libretto, which is based on a story by Gottfried Keller, the Swiss author. This Intermezzo, it is said, is the epitome of the whole opera. The music by Handel and Delius will be heard in Boston for the first time.

The rest of the program is as follows: Berlioz, "Royal Hunt and Tempest," from "The Trojans"; Mozart, Symphony C Major (K. 338), a symphony without a minuet; Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben."

Percy Grainger will play the piano tonight in Symphony hall for the benefit of Robert Gould Shaw House. Music by Bach, and Bach-Busoni; Chopin, Cyril Scott, Ravel, Strauss-Grainger, and Grainger, whose Jewish Medley is based on Danish folksongs collected in Jutland.

Karl Neumann, tenor, and Boston Sinfonietta, conducted by Arthur Fiedler, will give a concert in Jordan hall tonight. Mr. Neumann is described as the "principal lyric tenor at the Vienna Opera House (1919-1924) and at the Prague Opera House (1924-1927). He will sing arias from Mozart's "Idomeneo," Tchaikovsky's "Eugen Onegin," Massenet's "Werther," and Verdi's "Aida"; songs by Beethoven, Bach, Strauss, Hermann, Poston. The orchestra will play the overture to "Idomeneo,"

A Ballet Suite from Gluck's operas, and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1.

The subject of Burton Holmes's travel revue in Symphony hall, Friday evening and Saturday afternoon will be "The Frivolities of Paris."

Florence Owen, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall tomorrow night. Songs by Scarlatti, Gretry, Marcello, Beethoven, Strauss, Trunk, Schumann, Poldowski, Widor, Duparc, Gretehaninov, Chadwick, Shaw, W. S. Smith, Clough-Leiter.

Povla Frijs, accompanied by Frank Bibb, will sing in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon. She has arranged, as is her custom, an unconventional program: Songs by Benati, Rameau, Schubert, Debussy (Le Balcon), Chabrier, Ravel, Sulicz, De Falla, Krick, Moussorgsky, Cul, Poldowski, Sibelius, Kjaerulf, Grieg, Schepfbeck.

The concerts of next Sunday will be as follows: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Marion Talley, soprano; arias by Bellini and Ambrose Thomas, with songs by Chopin, Brahms, Lilljebjorn, Homer, Reger, Bishop and La Forge's arrangement of Strauss's "Blue Danube." David Sterkin, violinist, will play music by Heuberger, Logan, Francoeur-Kreisler. The People's Symphony orchestra will give a concert in Jordan hall at 3:30 o'clock.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M.: Choral society of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, 8 P. M. "Modern Piano Music of the French, Russian and English Schools," Elizabeth Siedhoff, pianist and lecturer. Ford hall, 7:30 P. M.: West End House Glee Club; George Dane, conductor.

Sir Thomas Beecham conducted for the first time in this country as a guest of the Philharmonic Society in New York on Jan. 13th. His program was the same as that of this week with the substitution of the Prelude to "The Mastersingers" for "Ein Heldenleben." He was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Henderson said that his "sweeping beat and his restless peripatetics were entrancing to the eye. At times, too, his flying coat-tails rivaled those of the departed Reiner." Mr. Ernest Newman recently wrote, apropos of London's orchestras, that Mr. Koussevitzky worked much harder physically, gestured more violently in London than in Boston, in order to drive home the effects he wished to make. Probably Sir Thomas will find that it is not so necessary for him to go through sets of calisthenics when he faces the orchestras of Boston and New York.

The Sun said of the second concert last Sunday: "No conductor of present times could ask for a warmer tribute of admiration and esteem than Sir Thomas Beecham received yesterday from an audience packing the great auditorium."

It is not necessary now to speak of Mr. Segovia's extraordinary command of all known and hitherto unsupported resources of the guitar, but is not the instrument itself for a smaller room than the ordinary theatre or concert hall? The guitar is an intimate instrument, and there must be intimate relations between the player and the hearer.

The company now performing operas in New York provides two tenors for "Faust"; one for the old philosopher; the other for the sprightly youth enamored of Margaret. Why not two sopranos: One for the innocent maiden; the other for the action after the garden scene?

## DOROTHY SPEARE

Dorothy Speare, soprano, sang this program last night in Symphony hall:

Deh Vieni, Non Tardar, Mozart; Quel Ruscelletto, Paradies; Nina, Pergolesi; a pastoral from "Rosolinda," Veracini, arr. by A. L.; Depuis le Jour, Charpentier; Petite Rose, Cesek; Nuit d'Etoiles, Debussy; Dansons la Gigue, Poldowsky; Charmant Oiseau, David; Magdalena at Michael's Gate, Lehmann; On Wings of Song, Mendelssohn; Tonight, Barnett; Moonlight-Starlight, Gilberte.

Miss Speare, on her first Boston appearance since her study and operatic appearances abroad, showed that she

has brought home with her a voice of high native worth. She gives freely of high tones pleasantly light and sweet; sometimes she sounds forth medium tones, both loud or soft, delightfully warm in quality, individual too. If only Miss Speare, or her teachers, would recognize the existence—also the properties—of the various resonances that undoubtedly do exist, and set to the task of blending them in due proportion, she would find her beautiful tones more constantly responsive than they ap-

peared to be last night.

Good tone, no doubt, Miss Speare admires; she makes use of it whenever her technique permits. And—be it set down to her credit—she does not force. A smooth legato she has also developed, and a way of phrasing that is musically intelligent.

Since, as it appears, Miss Speare has gained the most of her experience on

the operatic stage, it not unnaturally follows that she has yet to learn the routine of the concert hall. Dramatic action, an orchestra, costumes—these operatic helps are very helpful indeed. In concert, Miss Speare will learn, an air, to make its effect, demands more finished singing—a warmer vocal color, finer nuances and rhythm, sharper characterization—not to say a more compelling emotion, than the same air sung in opera. These elements of fine singing Miss Speare must develop if she hopes for a career in concert. They will do her no harm even if she devotes herself to opera, where, though less will do, more will work no damage.

Miss Speare had the help last night of John Doane, who furnished neat accompaniments, and of Georges Laurent, whose beautiful tone sounded its very most beautiful in the David aria. The audience, large, applauded Miss Speare cordially.

R. R. G.

## PAUL BREGOR

Last evening in Jordan hall, Mr. Paul Bregor highly entertained a fair-sized audience in a piano recital of the following numbers: Sonata in A major, Schubert; Intermezzo E flat minor, Brahms; variations and fugue on theme by Handel by Brahms. Three pieces by Prokofieff, Caselle and Albeniz; a romance and toccata by Schumann, a group by Chopin, and Nalia by Dohna-amy.

Mr. Bregor selected pieces from the

classical school that were better adapted for a display of his musicianship and extensive technic rather than to please a gathering of people who are not trained to such serious work as the labored and voluminous variations as the Brahms number. The days are gone when a pianist can choose his program material for their scholastic or instructive worth alone.

Coming to the romantic school, Mr. Bregor played the Toccata by Schumann (suggested by the less inspired Toccata of Carl Czerny), and gave a brilliant display of technic. The Chopin group were not selected from the greater Chopin, and this, perhaps, for the best of reasons. From the fact that Mr. Bregor is denied by nature the use of any but the sustaining pedal, one is amazed at the amount of music he creates in spite of this tremendous handicap. As a pianist today is judged by his range of tone-color, much of which

depends on the technic of the pedals, it must be obvious how great a drawback this limitation involves. Mr. Bregor has a most brilliant keyboard technic, combined with good musical feeling, and being a young man still, he has all else in his favor, and will no doubt give a good account of his talents in the future.

A. H. D.

Jan 20 1928

**GOD'S ODD COD**  
(For As the World Wags)  
Aye! Scour the seas 'round Norway,  
Select its finest cod;  
Then ship the gem to Goodwin  
(A bit reduced in "pod").  
For how could fish "die" better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the plates of Massachusetts?  
For our sake, and for God's?  
B. NASON HAMLIN.

Our readers are evidently exercised over the fish plate. Mr. John W. Luce writes: "I am perfectly willing to concede Jesse Pomeroy's prowess as a poet and as a linguist, but I hesitate to admit his ability as an artist when he designed the cod on the automobile license plates."

As the World Wags:  
As the automobile number plates are still the subject of comment, may I be allowed to say a few words:

If the general color had been white and the number a vivid green, the shamrock on one of the corners would have been quite ornamental.

As to the fish, why is it called a cod-fish? The fact is it is a whitefish (see the dictionary) beyond dispute.

For 1929 plates why not use a bean pot for a totem? By the way do you remember when the wayfaring man could get at the average lunch counter a plate of beans, a hunk of brown bread with butter, and a large cup of coffee with sugar and milk for 10 cents? That was before hot dogs were offered to the public.

Speaking of hot dogs reminds me of the old conundrum, which, as Harry Lauder would say, "If you had not heard it before, it would be new to you." How many sausages would it take to reach from the earth to the moon? Only one, if it were long enough.

H. B. B.

### As The World Wags:

Lissun! Your Mr. Goodwin might serve codfish cakes on your plates, as a snappy gesture to those high-brows who want their fish garnished with hook, line and sinker to denote its pedigree. Down here in Rhode Island we play safe by putting tomatoes in our chowder to disguise the malicious clam or absence thereof.

BILL LE DRUMMER.  
Providence, R. I.

Mr. F. F. Harbour of Mansfield is moved to express this wish:

I'd love to be an Eskimo,  
He never has to shovel snow,  
Why should he? What's the use?  
He doesn't have to shovel coal,  
He just crawls in a smoky hole,  
And shivers like the deuce.

### GILA GULCH GLEANINGS

#### As the World Wags:

Old Simeon Millard slipped his halter unexpectedly sometime Thursday night. He left the biggest collection of empties this side of the Rocky mountains. Funeral Saturday P. M. as soon as the movies are over.

Wesley Marsh, the young drug clerk, who was married recently and settled in our midst was sitting upstairs with his bride Sunday evening when someone rang the door bell loudly. He forgot he was married and jumped out the window.

An Eastern bootlegger in a big car blew in town a few days ago. He sold his cargo and took many orders. Welcome little stranger!

Roscoe Nutting hit the sawdust trail at the revival in Canton, Sunday evening. He had come home tight every night since Armistice day. He came home sober after the revival. His dog did not recognize him and bit him in the leg.

Tom Grannock was bull-dogging a big steer at the county rodeo, when he slipped and fell on his back. The steer stepped on his chest. No ribs were broken, but three cigars were. Tough luck, Tom.

The ferry boat Whiz Bang, which Henley Gaber has run across Antler creek for many years, has been replaced by a new one. Hen's daughter goes to normal school. She made him change the name to Psyche. The round house gang argued all day what it meant. Finally the horse medicine pedler said it was French for fish and the war was over.

J. L. E.

### HARDY AND PROUST

In 1910 Marcel Proust wrote to Robert de Billy: "I have just been reading a very beautiful book which unfortunately resembles a little (but it's a thousand times better) what I am doing, 'The Well-Beloved,' by Thomas Hardy. It does not lack even the touch of the grotesque which enters into great works. It is curious that in all the most different classes of books, from George Eliot to Hardy, from Stevenson to Emerson, there is no literature which exerts a power over one comparable to the English or American. The German, the Italian, often the French leaves me indifferent; but two pages of 'The Mill on the Floss' make me weep. I know that Ruskin abominated this novel, but I reconcile these enemy gods in the Pantheon of my admiration."

The title of this novel by Hardy when it was first published in a London periodical was "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved." The title was changed for the book to "The Well-Beloved: A Sketch of a Temperament." The novel followed "Jude the Obscure," which was so abominably, so absurdly treated by the English reviewers that Hardy resolved to write novels no longer. To us "The Well-Beloved" is one of his most ironical books.

### COMING EVENTS

#### As the World Wags:

I submit Boston Agenda for 1928. Cossacks of the Great Moral Uplift (in plain clothes), watching for brandied sauces in restaurants. Expert sniffers inhaling atmosphere for



cracked ice, ginger ale and table glasses in combination. Metropolitan constabulary led by Chief Prodnose banishing books to Cambridge under the 99 44-100 standard of purity and working feverishly to get a second 50. Circular-brained anti-tobacco clan, chafing for a constitutional amendment, to decide on proposal to allow mixture of fern leaves and one-half of one percent tobacco for adult addicts. Private interests league (branch of the Hooded Night Riders) agitating for monopoly on slander to assure our virgin shores safety from alien evangelists (female), and domestic Christians (male modernists). Anti-evolutionists to establish anti-Simian zoo and anti-Darwinian museum as universities for Rollo and Polyanna. Annual Konklaue of Fundamentalists to consider an emergency measure, the Spanish inquisition methods applicable to American needs. Organization of society for the prevention of bull fights in foreign climes to save Col. Lindbergh from perdition. Consular inspection committee to hear reports of sleuths on American consuls who sip champagne at official banquets during toasts to heads of states (with names and dates). Lord's day alliance to conduct under cover campaign for a week-end Sunday. Lemonade week and Uncle's day under discussion by citizens unable to make the grade of feeble-minded objects.

What are the other progressive cities of the U. S. A. doing for American ideals? Answer care Mountain Side (where freedom rings occasionally).  
ANTIPHLOGISTINE.

## PERCY GRAINGER

Symphony hall was well filled last evening with an enthusiastic audience for a program of pianoforte music by Percy Grainger, English pianist and composer. The program was as follows: Toccata and Fugue in D minor, for organ, Bach; four chorale-preludes, Bach-Busoni; Sonata B flat minor, op. 35, Chopin; two pieces by Scott and Ravel, and two by Grainger.

The concert was given for the benefit of Robert Gould Shaw House, a settlement in the South end of Boston. Society of Boston was well represented. Mr. Grainger has an original touch and a finished technic, but in the long run it has a sameness when the music is not varied enough to relieve it. This was noticeable last evening when, after the Bach Toccata, he played four chorale-preludes. These gave an impression of studio practice rather than artistic reaction. He does, however, possess a strong rhythmic sense which made the Bach playing unusually interesting, especially as he used the modernized arrangements of Tausig and Busoni. These become ponderous at times, to the verge of bravura.

Not until the Chopin sonata did the piano "sing". Here Mr. Grainger showed his great skill and musical taste. This was the only full fledged number for the piano on the program, and is the one that was most enjoyed by the audience which readily recognized it as the climax of the evening. Mr. Grainger was obliged to respond to three encores

before the enthusiasm over the number subsided.

The Chopin sonata redeemed the concert last evening, for this is a composition of full stature. In it, Mr. Grainger proved himself the pianist and artist we know him to be. The last two numbers on the program were transcriptions, one on "The Rose Bearer" opera by Strauss, the other based on Jewish folksongs, both by Mr. Grainger, and played for the first time in Boston. They are effective pieces, but intended for concert pianists. A. H. D.

## KARL NEUMANN

Karl Neumann, tenor, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall. He showed a long head. An opera singer, and so, presumably, able to do himself fullest justice in operatic airs, he made no bones whatever of making up his program for the most part from arias out of operas. Why should he have, if it comes to question? Most singers, however, do.

Since these airs cry out for an orchestral accompaniment, Mr. Neumann took a step further along his wise way. He provided on orchestra, the Boston Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, a small one, to be sure, but large enough for the purpose. For variety the Sinfonietta played pieces of their own, and Mr. Neumann also sang songs to the piano accompaniment of Mr. Fiedler. A more judicious concert plan is not often laid.

The orchestra led off the program with Mozart's overture to "Idomeneo." The performance was very good, in the way of most Mozart performances today; Mozart himself, who took that

opera of his seriously, might perhaps have fancied a performance more impressive, more impassioned. From that same opera Mr. Neumann sang an air, "Fuor del mar." To an accompaniment that furnished the vigor Mozart probably wanted, though scarcely the elegance, Mr. Neumann sang with qualities quite similar; to his coloratura he unquestionably lent force. He did much the same with a Bach aria, "Stuermt nur" from one of the cantatas.

So he dealt, in turn, with his songs, Beethoven's "Adelaide," "Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen," by Wolf, and Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung." In their acceptance of Mr. Neumann's vocal methods listeners will disagree. Everybody, however, must respect his earnest endeavor to get from a song all that in it lies, both musical and dramatic; everybody, too, must envy him the amazing distinctness of his German articulation.

After the Bach air the Sinfonietta played a ballet suite of Gluck music arranged by Ortoe. Beautifully they played it, with lovely tone, the balance of instruments perfect. They turned their phrases delightfully, and, above all, their rhythm! Feet could be seen a-tapping to the not precisely sprightly measure of the dance from "Orpheus"! A triumph!

Mr. Neumann was set down to sing later Lenski's air from "Eugen Onegin," an air from "Werther," and "Celeste Aida," also two songs: "Solomo" by Hermann and "The Bellman's Song," by Poston. The Sinfonietta played further Albeniz's Spanish rhapsody.

An audience of fair size braved wind and weather to hear the concert.

R. R. G.

## Slandered Dead

If the Emperor Tiberius, Richard the Third, Lucretia Borgia, Machiavelli have of late years been treated kindly by historians and biographers, who have even extolled them for their good works, famous men and women of more recent years have fallen victims, though dead, to the disciples of the new and lively school. In their anxiety to please the public, that profits may accrue to themselves, they empty the waste baskets of the departed and are not ashamed of putting their hands in ash and garbage cans.

Soon after the death of Anatole France, one Brousson published his reminiscences of the lambent and compassionate ironist, under the title: "Anatole France in Slippers." As Brousson had been France's secretary for a time, his stories about his master, some of them scandalous, necessitating expurgation in the English translation, were accepted by those who knew France only by his printed works. Thus Brousson worked the memory of his master grievous injury, but put money in his purse.

Now Brousson has published a still more scandalous book, purporting to give a truthful record of France's trip to South America. That Brousson lies repeatedly in the "Itinerary" has been proved by incensed Parisian writers who have pointed out false statements easily refuted.

The testimony of a discharged servant is of little value in a court of law. Brousson was sent back to Paris as soon as France touched South American soil. There was just cause for the dismissal. Now Brousson, by defiling the memory of a great writer, seeks his revenge. It is no excuse for him to say, "No man is a hero to his secretary," for there are many instances where secretaries have enlarged the greatness of their employers by their loyalty to the dead. Maupassant's valet wrote of his master, but in admiration, though he knew his weaknesses, not in derogation.

"Death hath this also," wrote Bacon in his stately manner; "that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy." And in like manner runs the old Latin proverb. We have changed all that. The public must be amused; the publishers must advertise "best sellers." What surer way to literary success than to expose the follies, the weaknesses of those long thought to be great and good? And so Anatole France, with Florence Nightingale, Washington, and even Beethoven, has not escaped calumny.

## Sir Thomas Beecham, Guest Conductor, Leads with Notable Skill

By PHILIP HALE

Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., conducted, as a guest, the 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall.

The idle looker-on, the man of eyes, not ears, might call Sir Thomas a violent wooer of the Muse but the goddess does not shrink back, startled, from his gestures and advances. She knows that there is tenderness in true virility. Rejoicing in his strength, she yields herself gladly to his honeyed speech, his irresistible caresses.

Sir Thomas conducts, like Safonov, when he was in this country, without a baton. He conducts from memory. Not as one beating the air in spectacular fashion and trusting a well drilled orchestra to see him through. In this instance every gesture has significance. Hands can be informing; they can also be eloquent.

The program arranged for the concert was an unusual one. Some, reading the order for the performance, might wonder at Mozart's Symphony (the one in C major without the minuet, K 338) coming immediately after the excerpt from "The Trojans," ending the first part, and coming before the Strauss's "Heldenleben"; in the concert this symphony was admirably placed. The "great machine" of Strauss should not have been preceded by any work of sumptuous orchestration, much less by music of storm and stress.

The concert began with a suite arranged by Sir Thomas from three of Handel's operas: the magnificent opening of the overture to "Teseo," a charming minuet from "Il Pastor Fido," and an energetic, bustling bourree from "Rodrigo." Sir Thomas has made several suites from Handel's forgotten operas, which are a vast store house of arias and instrumental numbers. Has any composer equalled for strength with any composer the giant Handel? In the tenderness the strength of the performance yesterday the simple, appealing tenderness was not sentimentalized. Here it may be remarked that Sir Thomas does not give way to sentimentality. This was also shown in the beautiful interpretation, a flowing continuous song, of Mozart's "Andante"; and note the manner in which the lyrical measures in "The Royal Hunt and Tempest" from Berlioz's "Trojans" were sung with classic simplicity and warmth.

The Suite from Handel's operas was performed here for the first time; so was the Intermezzo, "The Walk to the Paradise" from Delius's opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet." The musical idiom of this composer has baffled many of us; seeming to some the expression of a singular aloofness; music of one almost detached from humanity; music indifferent to effects of glowing color, now pale and drab; not without a touch of acerbity; music of a thinker free from passion. This Intermezzo reveals another Delius. Seldom does one hear for the first time music that is so enchanting, music so charged with poetic emotion. One is confident that admiration and enjoyment would grow with repeated hearings; that a first impression would only be confirmed and enlarged. It is true that to Sir Thomas the performance of this Intermezzo was a labor of love, for he, always a staunch friend to Delius, brought out this opera in London and revived it only seven years ago. Admirable as was the performance yesterday, the music itself was there, calling only for a skilful and sympathetic interpreter.

From his conducting of music by Handel, Delius, Berlioz, Mozart, and the results he obtained, it was plain that Sir Thomas is not a "specialist," but a man acquainted with school's ancient and modern, realizing that old music of the finest quality is modern, yes contemporary with us, while much modern music, even music of recent years, is hopelessly old-fashioned. The reading of Mozart's symphony was delightful so frank, so well-proportioned, without the taint of exaggeration or perverted reading in the vain search after modernization.

Strauss's "Heldenleben" filled the second part of the concert. Are not the heroic sections of this musical autobiography growing less and less heroic? Are not many pages now commonplace? Where is the freshness the surprising invention, the dazzling orchestration revealed in "Till Eulenspiegel," and the

better pages of "Don Juan" and "Don Quixote"? The "Battle" is no longer even amusing. In the section where thematic material from Strauss's earlier works are quoted, the "Don Juan" motive stands out in welcome relief from the verbiage of too many pages. It is chiefly in the contemplative sections that one hears the better Strauss, the

Strauss who more than once has written nobly, as in the Recognition scene in "Elektra." Nor was it the fault of the conductor that "Ein Heldenleben" no longer seemed great and enduring. Sir Thomas, as a finely equipped and imaginative conductor, was enthusiastically applauded by audience and orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, will be as follows: Beethoven's No. 3 for strings (first performance); Dukas, "The Peri"; Liadov, eight Russian folk songs for orchestra op. 58 (first time at these concerts); Sibelius, Symphony No. 1 E minor.

## SIXTEEN

Like a white pear tree,  
On the young grass  
You shower petals  
For all who pass.

How shall I tell you  
(Who could not grieve)  
How life will strip you  
Of loveliness!

—BERYL V. THOMPSON.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

As the World Wags:

I note in the columns of the Daily Dartmouth, published by the students of that noble institution, the following item of interest concerning the impending winter sports:

"The Dartmouth Carnival Committee will incorporate a new feature in its annual winter fete this year when it selects, the 'Queen of the Snows' from the guests gathered for Outdoor night at Occom pond on Thursday, Feb. 9. The committee announces that 'from the fairest of the beauties will be selected that one who best typifies the atmosphere and spirit of this Dartmouth carnival of ice and snow.'"

Isn't it in order for some one to make sure our old friend, Miss Jane Winterbottom, gets an invitation to the carnival?  
VOX CLAMANTIS.

Wamesit.

The man who sets out to read everything will know nothing worth knowing, because his task will have cut him off from life itself.—Arnold Bennett.

## ARIOCH AND JOHN

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Jan. 13, As the World Wags column, there was a letter from John E. Pember about that King of Elam. In the latter part of his letter he asked: "Has any one seen, carved on a headstone, the names of . . . Arioch, King of Ellasar?" The Wentworth Institute, Boston, Mass., was founded with money left by Arioch Wentworth. If Mr. Pember will go to the burial place of Arioch Wentworth he will see the name Arioch on the headstone.

In the same issue of The Herald, under "Selections from Our Mail Bag," there is a letter relative to John Bunyan. The author of the letter says that Bunyan knew only the English language. That is not so. Bunyan was a Romany (Gypsy) and spoke the Romany tongue. As a matter of fact he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress" while following the "drom" and living as the English gypsy lived, in a "tan" or sheltered by the hedgerows. He gave copies of the book to many of the gypsies, who could read and write, notably the Stanleys and Coopers. Being a gypsy was one of the reasons why Bunyan was jailed. Allow me to say here that the English gypsies are firm believers in God and a future life.  
A. W. LOWE.

Dover, N. H.

## SIDEWALKS OF BOSTON

(By one leaving the town)  
Farewell, ye walks of purple brick  
So ancient and uneven,  
They trip you up and throw you down  
And make you long for Heaven.

Farewell, the sunsets o'er the Charles,  
The squirrels on the Common—  
The smiling "Cop" where traffic snarls,  
Who tells you when to "go on."

Farewell, the Public Garden trees,  
The swanboats and the pigeons,  
The careful horse of Washington,  
Who never puts his hoof down.

Farewell the Frogpond's merry soak  
Beneath the leaf-hung trees;  
I wonder wherein lies the joke  
To never let it freeze?

Farewell the solemn Symphony  
With silver heads in rows,  
Applauding the great Koussevitzky  
No matter what he does.

Farewell the Transcript's learned lines,  
Instruction, "truthful," deep.  
Before it's finished come the signs  
Of sweet, refreshing sleep.  
M. J. S.

## ONE-HOSS SHAYS

As the World Wags:

In spite of my detestation of most antiques, I was deeply interested in Ursula Noyes Brooks' story published in



the Herald some time ago of her quest of a one-hoss shay. Should she search New England in vain for specimens of other archaic vehicles, she may find them in either Murray Bay or Tadoussac (I've forgotten which). A Cook's tour landed us at both of those places some years ago. Never shall I forget the number, the variety, the decrepitude of the horse-drawn conveyances that waited to take us to points of interest in those old towns. It would have been like a funeral in my village of a selectman or school committee member in pre-hack days had an ancient hearse led the procession.

This lugubrious conveyance and a festal sulky were the only samples omitted from this display of left-overs of former generations. The high awkward "kerridges" of the doctor who eked out 50 cent calls by farmin', the buggy of the mill super, the boss carpenter, the tax collector (if a girl's beau was the son of a buggy owner she sometimes got a ride). Not so if pa living on the outskirts possessed a two-seater. This was to take his family to meetin'. More fortunate was she if her beau now and then drove to the "Centre" for flour and feed. On the front seat of the half-work wagon she might ride with Sam. Sundays a back seat was fastened in. One octogenarian grandma who was bundled and trussed to helplessness against the cold was missing with the detachable seat when her son-in-law and daughter drove under the church horse shed. She was found two miles back on the rough, bare, frozen road. For the remaining ten years of her life, she raged over the indignity. Yes, both the regular and the occasional two-seater had flown to Canada at the coming of autos. So had the phaeton of the fat spinster "with considerable." In its fallen state the glossy black pony with the long tail would have scorned to draw it. Quite in keeping with it was the bony, tall, rat-tailed beast attached to it. The coach of the mill owner—our royalty—was there, but where were his spirited steeds, Duke and Prince? I declare, if there wasn't the black covered carryall of the deacon! Sometimes the minister rode in this outward sign of inward grace. I could not presume to do so. Was it a sense of my unworthiness or the fact that the sacred vehicle seemed too weak to sustain my—never mind how many pounds!

I thought, too, that the shaggy beast attached to it was evil-eyed, and when our cavalcade returned and found that he had refused to budge for anything short of fire or flood, I felt that I was "a Daniel come to judgment." One vehicle so ancient that no one dared to enter it lest it go "to pieces all at once and nothing first"—this kerridge was there—no doubt a one-hoss shay—faintly remembered by the oldest inhabitant in my village when I was its youngest. Should Ursula Noyes Brooks's shay turn to dust—the one in Canada may postpone its disintegration long enough to be transported in cotton.

THREESCORE AND TEN.

## FLORENCE OWEN

Florence Owen, contralto, gave a song recital last night in Jordan hall. Classically she began her program with Scarlatti's "Qual Farfalla," a wise choice for that needful though irksome commodity, a "warming" number. Miss Owen brought to it admirably neat articulation. She did as handsomely by the French of a charming romance from Gretry's "L'Amitie a l'Epreuve." This group of early classics Miss Owen closed with Marcello's "Quella Fiamma." In German, also very clear, Miss Owen sang Beethoven's "Ich liebe dich"—with a more respectful regard, it seemed, for the sentiment of the words than for the obvious tempo of Beethoven's music—"Allerseelen" by Strauss and his "Traum durch die Daemmerung," a delightful song by Trunk, "Rosenlied," and Schumann's "Die Stimme."

In remarkably good French, Miss Owen next sang "Aicon-spection" by Poldowski. For Widor's "L'Abeille" she had at hand a delicately light touch and a sensitive feeling for the turn of a phrase. Presently, in Duparc's "Soupir" and "Le Captif" by Gretchaninov, Miss Owen found herself singing with a warmth of style and a deep feeling which no doubt are always hers by nature, but, unfortunately, not always hers to command. Such is the way with us Americans!

The audience wanted the last song over, or another in its place. Miss Owen, unlike the rank and file of concert-givers, preferred to bow her acknowledgments.

She closed her program with an English group, a group well sung though scarcely comparable to the French: Chadwick's "Dear Love, when in thine arms I lie," "Old Mother Ladinwool" by Martin Shaw, Corder's arrangement of "Summer is a Cumen in"—extremely well sung—"A Caravan from China" by Warren Storey Smith, and Clough-Leigher's "My Lover, he comes on the ski."

Miss Owen, with much to do with, has already accomplished much. Her stage bearing is admirable. Her voice, though a slow voice to fall into line,

is an excellent voice, a contralto of long range. Her musicianship appears unusually sound. Her technique, too, in the way she of course thinks wisest, has been intelligently developed; presently, perhaps, she will care to make her tones more uniformly bright.

Deep feeling Miss Owen can express, when she can bunt self-consciousness out of her way; she knows furthermore, the meaning of musical and poetical imagination. Pray let her do her utmost, then, to root up the accursed reserve that makes artistic cowards of most of us native born. For, that done away with, she can do nobly by noble songs; as she proved last night to an excellent audience.

Howard Slayman played very good, though perhaps over-gentle, accompaniments.

R. R. G.

## POVLA FRIJSH IN PROGRAM OF SONGS

Artist in Fine Voice at Jordan Hall Recital

Povla Frijsh, soprano, sang this program, arranged by request, yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall: Benati, Credi nell' alma mia; Rameau, Menuet; Schubert, Rastlose Liebe; Schubert, Wohin; Debussy, Le Balcon; Chabrier, Les Cigales; Ravel, Le Paon; Sulez, Menuet; De Falla, Seguidilla; Kricka, L'Albatros; Moussorgsky, Oh, Raconte, Nianioushka; Cui, La Fontaine de Czarskoe-Zelo; Poldowski, Pannye aux talons d'or; Sibelius, Var det en drom; Kjaerulf, Laengsel; Grieg, Das alte lied; Scherbeck, Sang paa Floden; Grieg, En Drom.

In unusually fine voice yesterday, also in the vein, Mme. Frijsh gave a performance more easily remembered than described. What new can be said of her art? Never a word. Let everybody not present yesterday repeat past words of praise, then heighten them as best they can, for Mme. Frijsh sang above her best.

Singing pupils should have been there in droves to hear her. Though they may wisely refrain from essaying ways of Mme. Frijsh, which only a Mme. Frijsh can successfully see through, it would have been an afternoon profitably spent for those of them acute enough to recognize that Mme. Frijsh owes her mastery largely to virtues which should lie within the powers of all persons who presume to sing.

Her keen rhythm, of course—she had Mr. Frank Bibb to help her—not many can rival. All, however, can sing in time; all, too, if they are humble like Mme. Frijsh, can recognize the face that Schubert's rhythm, let us say, is most rhythmically right when most rhythmically precise. She, Mme. Frijsh, took no liberties with "Wohin." How many, though, of the small fry, could bring themselves to sing it so "straight"? How many, to ask another question, could attain a rhythm half so entrancing as hers?

Few singers, to go on, like Povla Frijsh, can in tones—plus the toss of her head, the turn of her eye—strut like a peacock, laugh like a child, suggest, in short, whatever she will, from a brazen Spanish baggage to the silence, the mystery that haunts the vast empty spaces of sea and sky. They lack the power of characterization, the vivid diction that can give it expression. Even so, though, these lesser lights can give the poems they choose to sing, as well as the musical expression thereof, all the thoughtful consideration their imaginations will allow. Do they? A listener would scarce guess as much. They see not the need of so great pains. Truth, too, to the poem and the music, sometimes stands in the way of high notes effectively held; it may also irk those whose techniques require license.

To suggest so much, furthermore, by the voice alone, with the help of no more than facial play—that means work again, more than most singers find agreeable. Why not, instead, let arms help, too, a bit of dramatic action, a rag or two of costume? Why not, indeed, if a singer needs such props?

Mme. Frijsh does not. Let singers recall her noble performance yesterday of Debussy's "Le Balcon," its passion, its imagination, its changing moods—and let them bear in mind the simple, economical means by which she gained her overwhelming end. When they consider the effect of Mme. Frijsh's performance on her audience, they will recognize that, be it only from the point of view of success, her ways are wise. Then let them do the best they can.

R. R. G.

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days" as was remarked in Angreve's "Old Bachelor." Yes, indeed, but why did he not lead his army to Rome, when everything seemed favorable to success? Why did he go to Capua where his army grew soft with luxurious living? Robert E. Sherwood has answered these questions in his play "The Road to Rome" which will be produced here at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night.

The play was brought out at Washington, D. C., in January of last year. It arrived at the Playhouse, New York, on Jan. 31. Jane Cowl, Amytis; Philip Merivale, Hannibal; Charles Brokaw, Scipio; Barry Jones, Mago, the keeper of the elephants; Louis Hector, Hasdrubal; Ritchie Ling, Fabius.

Mr. Sherwood answers the question propounded above but as a satirist, not as an investigating historian. It seems that Amytis, a Roman matron, the wife of Fabius, not too well pleased with her husband, wishing peace, and incidentally a son; bored by solemn and futile talk of the senators, resolved to visit the Carthaginian camp and see Hannibal. The great Hannibal, taking her for a spy, ordered her put to death. Her beauty, her fair words, and her sportive demeanor, led to a change of mind. The next morning he left for Capua, not Rome, for she had convinced him that war is a foolish thing; as foolish as life in general.

Thus Mr. Sherwood satirizes civilization in his Fabius, heroism in his Hannibal, and the woman sensuously aesthetic in his Amytis, who is in some respects not unlike Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," but a less noble if more human woman. Mr. Sherwood's characters do not speak like Plutarch's men and women; he indulges freely in anachronisms, as when he makes Hasdrubal say: "Cut out the soft soap!"

When the play was first performed in New York, Mr. Burton Davis was moved to make this philosophical remark:

"The out-and-out pursuit of a man by a woman is no more interesting on the stage than the direct seduction of a woman by a man. It is much less intellectual, but far more dramatic, for the pursued one to retreat, even though it involves the symbolic chase around tables and over chairs so beloved of the melodramatists and the movies."

This proposition admits of academic discussion. Which is the more entertaining scene to an audience: Delilah's advances towards Samson in the opera, or Scarpia's mad pursuit of Floria Tosca in the second act of Puccini's opera?

Let no one be deceived by Mr. Sherwood's title into believing that the play has for its subject a conflict of religious creeds. In the public library of a Cape Cod village we found Hilaire Belloc's entertaining account of a journey, "The Path to Rome," on a shelf reserved for theological works.

Boston will see at the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night for the first time, "The Play's the Thing," adapted by P. G. Wodehouse from the Hungarian of Ferenc Molnar. The adaptation was brought out at Great Neck, Oct. 31, 1926. It arrived at the Henry Miller Theatre on Nov. 4 of that year. Sandor Turai, Holbrook Blinn; Almady, Reginald Owen; Mell, Claud Allister; Iloma Szabo, Catherine Dale Owen; Mensky, Herbert Druce; Johann, Ralph Nairn. The action takes place on an afternoon in spring in a castle on the Italian Riviera.

Two librettists and a composer have just completed a musical comedy. They are discussing the technic of the drama when they hear a passionate dialogue in the adjoining room. The prima donna, the composer's sweetheart, is listening not at all reluctantly to the burning words of a baritone with wife and children. The composer, disgusted by the faithlessness of his betrothed, determines to destroy his score. The librettists cannot endure the thought of their consequent pecuniary loss; so Sandor (Mr. Blinn) who stands in the play for Molnar himself, bethinks him of a saving plan. He at once writes a little play based on the overheard conversation of the singers. This comedy performed by the guilty couple reassures the composer, who is thus led to believe that what he took for a passionate scene was in reality only a rehearsal of the play to be performed.

It is said that Mr. Blinn in the rehearsals had disguised himself with a gray wig, etc., to represent Molnar's personal appearance; but they were in his way, so he discarded them.

A volume of Molnar's plays in English with an introduction by Benjamin F. Glazer has recently been published. Has his "Seven O'Clock in the Evening" been seen in this country? It is only a dialogue between two girls of 17, Marie and Anna. The former mourns the departure of Victor. She swears she will not eat so that her lips may preserve his kiss; she will not efface a design drawn by him on a garden path; she will not fasten a button of her waist for it became undone when he embraced her. Anna listens. When Marie is gone, she studies the circles in the gravel path, and slowly unfastens the top button of her own blouse.

In "The Play's the Thing," Mansky remarks: "Life isn't all theatre," to which Sandor replies: "Yes, it is, if you write plays."

It is said that Molnar shuns the daylight; that he then sleeps "in a darkened room in an exotically decorated apartment," but at 10 P. M. he dresses to visit his club in Budapest. "For weeks on end he scribbles notes for his next play and sifts his characters through the fine mesh of his worldly personality. When the time for serious work arrives he shuts himself up in a dimly-lighted workroom to whip his notes into dramatic form, imported cigars and expensive coffee soothing and stimulating his nerves in succession. Occasionally he slips mysteriously through the iniquitous dens of the rabble in search of crude material. It is whispered that, broad as his acquaintance may be, he has no intimate friends: Like Sandor Turai, he sets up an unseen but impregnable wall between himself and his associates." (J. Brooks Atkinson in the New York Times of Nov. 14, 1926.)

Would that we could again see Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut in Molnar's "Liliom."

Frank Craven's "The 19th Hole," a comedy in three acts, will be played here for the first time tomorrow night at the Hollis Street Theatre. It was produced at Atlantic City at the end of May (or very early in June), 1927. Considerably rewritten, the comedy was taken to Detroit at the end of September. It reached the Cohan Theatre in New York on Oct. 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Chase take a cottage near a golf club. They are young, serious, given to books and the study of stained-glass windows. Chase is persuaded to take a driver in his hand. Finding out that he can hit a ball, he joins the club and is a changed man. He neglects work and his wife, contracts debts which are beyond his checkbook, and so makes an enemy of Col. Hammer, the high cockalorum of the club. To add to his troubles his wife is jealous of a young woman next door. Chase at last challenges the colonel to a match to determine which one of the two shall



remain in the club.

In New York the chief parts were allotted as follows: Vernon Chase, Frank Craven; Mrs. Chase, Mary Kennedy; Col. Hammer, Robert Wayne; Nedda Everett, the Flapper, Kitty Kelly.

The play is dedicated with "all its flubs and fozzles" to Grantland Rice.

"The New Henrietta" will be seen tomorrow night at the Repertory Theatre. This comedy is "The Henrietta," brought up to-date. Some of us were so fortunate as to see "The Henrietta" with Robson and Crane, Bronson Howard's comedy, as Mr. Crane says in his "Footprints and Echoes" was thought to be in 1887 the last word in American comedy writing, but in 1913 it had become old fashioned and much of the material had been copied and done to death in other plays. The new version was made by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, who did a good deal of rewriting. They cut out all the asides and soliloquies, and the silly ass part, Lord Arthur Trelawney, was thrown overboard. Mr. Crane played in the revamped comedy for three years. During the first season Amelia Bingham, Patricia Collinge and Douglas Fairbanks were starred in the company. During the rest of the run Edith Tallaferrro took the place of Miss Collinge; Thomas W. Ross followed Mr. Fairbanks.

Mr. Crane says of the original play no cuts, no changes were made in the manuscript handed in by Howard. Only one line was added. P. H.

## "HAMLET" IMPROVED

How It Should Have Been Written. Concerning a "Crux" in "Winter's Tale"

The following letter is dated: Dresden, Jan. 2.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Rare good fortune found me in Dresden for the holidays. That I made reasonably good use of my opportunities I think you'll admit, when I say that I saw Gerhart Hauptmann's new version of "Hamlet"; attended vesper services in the Kreuzkirche, hearing some of the finest Congregational singing, afterwards the trumpeters from the church tower followed by the singing of chorales from the church steps before an impressively silent audience; an interesting if not too brilliant concert by the Philharmonic orchestra; a most delightful performance of the fairy tale, "Ruebezahel," delightful for the children and equally so for the grown-ups; a magnificent performance of "The Mastersingers" at the world famous opera house; a most interesting production, for the children again, of "Haensel und Gretel"—not the opera but the fairy tale with music and with a simple comedy element predominant; a part of an evening hearing the precise but loud Dokosaken Choir, and lastly, the Artists' Ball on New Year's Eve (the proceeds of which are devoted to impecunious artists). Incidentally, these were, like jewels, held together by a firm but not too visible string, some excellent dining made memorable by a vintage Liebfraumilch and luncheons that required and had a sufficiency of Pilsener. Yes, the final week of the old year lives in my memory as one of sane, sound and satisfying use of my time and opportunities. My 1928 resolutions were and are all right, too.

Naturally, perhaps, I got the greatest pleasure in seeing the performance of "Hamlet." I anticipated something new, some innovations and was in this particular a bit disappointed until the drastic changes came in the omission of the "to be, or not to be" soliloquy, only to have it appear after the grave digger scene. The omission of the second appearance of the Ghost before Bernado and Marcellus was not new; the prominence given to Claudius was also old, but Hamlet's presence at Ophelia's first mad scene and the king's discussion with Hamlet and not Laertes before and after this scene put the thought and action of the play quite out of joint for me. Then, too, if my memory serves me, a whole scene was written in, wherein old Norway plays a picturesque part; the English courtier is seen and heard; other minor changes and omissions might be noted.

It seems that Herr Hauptmann has as his thesis: That the play was "built up," as many a play is today; that after its early production, the parts, in script, were lost or could not readily be had, with the result that subsequent performances were based in part upon original script, memory and "written in" scenes by players or producers of the day, and that, therefore, one is justified in "arranging" in accordance with the probabilities the play as it was, might have been, or should be.

I recall an article in the Christmas number of the leading Dramatic Weekly of my time written by Dion Boucicault, a writer of many plays, in which he, half humorously as I thought, maintained that Hamlet's speech to the players was "written-in," probably by Shakespeare as a way of telling his players that they were tearing a passion to tatters, splitting the ears of the groundlings, strutting, bellowing and speaking more than was set down for them "though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered."

Plays are, of course, built up at rehearsal but most of such are journeyman-made. I doubt if there is much evidence showing or tending to show that "Hamlet," perhaps one of the best considered of all Shakespeare's plays, was so written or produced. I could not note at a single hearing, that Herr Hauptmann's "version" gave any added value to the play; it told no better story, gave no added emphasis to character or scene of sufficient significance to warrant the changes made; it probably must be set down as one more variation of that eternal bid for something "new" that is one of the modern besetting sins.

The performance was interesting; in particular that of Claudius, a part played without a line or scene cut; a king with a guilty conscience that stalked and balked in ever increasing persistency, this usurper of royal and marital rights. Of Hamlet one had no doubt as to his sanity or feigning mad-

ness. He was a wilful young chap to whom philosophical thinking seemed quite out of keeping with his every act. At all points he played the part so vigorously and so loudly that at times his portrayal really jarred. Ophelia wore a princess dress—and why not—and was I verily believe, affrighted at Hamlet's rushes at her. Polonius was made up as we are wont to see in the usual pictures, or, for instance, that one so often seen in New England homes, "Shakespeare and his friends," as Shakespeare himself—and Horatio was Ben Jonson to the life of his usual pictures, a coincidence perhaps, but also, possibly a part of the new version. The stage setting was not dissimilar to that given us by John Barrymore.

Not long ago I saw a performance of "Hamlet" in modern dress. As I look back and picture Hamlet with his cigarette, the Grave-Digger with his T. D. pipe, and Claudius and Gertrude both a bit troubled over their social position, I must confess to have been more "intrigued"—if I may venture the word—than "in der neuen Einstudierung" of "Hamlet" by Herr Hauptmann.

The audience was large, appreciative and interesting to watch. Indeed, both at the Schauspielhaus, at the Opera House and at other places one could not but note the average seriousness and apparently high intelligence of the people. As ever, they like the fine things in the arts, and get them at a moderate cost. The best seats at the theatre and opera house were two and three dollars respectively, while for the children's Christmas plays, I think, the top was a dollar or less, with much the larger part of the theatre given over to one and two marks (25 and 50 cents).

The opera began at 6 o'clock sharp. No one admitted afterwards, and so far as I could note no one was, "Hamlet," too, began at 6. Hence, of course, two rather long intermissions, over 20 minutes, at which everyone sought the several restaurants in the opera house and theatre for those large sandwiches—they are better made than they used to be—that are in their best estate when commingled with and flushed on their allotted way by one or more—generally more—glasses of Pilsener.

METCALF RUSSELL.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

This note is an attempt to solve one of the many problems in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," which has now reached a stage in modern editions, where it is likely to become stereotyped in future issues as incurably corrupt; unless a method of approach more reliable than pure conjecture should prove it to be amenable to absolute correction. It is regrettable that the most conspicuous misreading in the play should have crept into the text to blur the beauty of Hermione's speech defending herself against the charge of committing adultery with Polixenes—king of Bohemia. The text is as follows:

"More than Mistress of,

Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not

At all acknowledge." (III-2-60.)

Since the early editors failed to clarify this passage, most commentators have gone lightly over it; some have offered futile readings and none—so far as I know—has ventured to examine the flimsy structure of the sentence on which it rests. Is "More than mistress of which comes to me," intelligible English? Here is the test: A sentence that leaves the relative pronoun "which" without an antecedent can not be construed to show a fitting sense; its dubious significance must lead to confusion of thought and hazy comment. It is clear that "mistress" is not the antecedent of the phrase "which comes to me," and should have no place in the text; it is too precise in meaning and too restrictive in usage for the place it holds. The word required must bring with its meaning a group of approximates to support it in elucidating the text. Evidently, mistress is a typographical error for "mistrust"—the latter including among several related ideas that of indiscretion—a fault that, even if acknowledged, the queen tells the court, does not justify the king's ill-conceived suspicion of her relations with Polixenes. It is this lack of a logical substance which causes the breach in continuity of the good queen's pathetic pleading for the honor of her name.

The misprinting "mistress of" is the one sole blemish in this grave and impressive speech, and the commentators—in all reason—ought to have wiped it out of the text long ago; it has waited too long for correction.

"More than of mistrust.

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not

At all acknowledge."

That is, undoubtedly, the sentence Shakespeare wrote.

Dorchester.

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Marion Talley, soprano. See special notice.

Jordan hall, People's Symphony orchestra, W. F. Hofmann, conductor. Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. Choral Society of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs. 8 P. M., modern piano music of the French, Russian and English schools. Elizabeth Siedoff, pianist-lecturer.

Ford hall forum, 7:30 P. M., West End House Glee Club, George Dane, conductor.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra. See special notice.

Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon street, 8:30 P. M., Lucilla de Vescevi (Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman), soprano, assisted by Aida Grasselli and Wilfred Pelletier. Rosellini, Le Cenamelle; Castelnovo Tedesco, Chanson de Fortunio (Musset's poem with music, from Bach's Partita in B flat), Arietta; Respighi, In Alto Mare; Malipiero, Ariette; Tommasini, Le Voil Point, La Fontaine des Gazelles; Casella, Danza; Respighi, I Fauni. Folk songs: Sadoro, In Mezzo al Mare; Davico, Il Cipresso; De Cecco, Nanna Nanna and Saltarello; Sadoro, Canzone delle Alpi; Frontini, Serenata and Canto del Carcerato; Bianchini, Serenata Veneziana; Sadoro, Tarantella Napolitana.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Benno Rabinoff, violinist; Berthe Rich, pianist. Vivaldi-Charlier-Auer, Chaconne; Vieuxtemps, Concerto, F sharp minor, No. 2; Gluck, Melody; Schubert-Friedberg, Rondo; Sarasate, Malaguena and Habenera; Paganini, Il Palpit.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Virginia Gardiner, soprano; Mrs. Dudley Fitts, accompanist. Morley, Sweet Nymph, Come to Thy Lover; Purcell, When I Am Laid in Earth ("Dido and Aeneas"); 18th century song arranged by P. Viardot, Fingo Per Mio Diletto; Mozart, Ah, lo so ("Magic Flute"), Non so piu ("Marriage of Figaro"); Schoenberg, ballade, "Jane Grey"



(first time here); G. Faure, *Après un Reve*; Georges, *Qu'aimes tu de Moi?* Chausson, *Apaisement*; Coquard, *Hai Luli*; Chabrier, *Villanelle des Petits Canards*; Kramer, *Swans*; Warlock, *Sleep*. Pretty Ring Time; Horsman, *The Lark Now Leaves His Watery Nest*.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Roland Partridge, tenor; Robert W. Manton and Clifford Kemp, pianists. Morley, *Sweet Nymph* (arr. by Sowerby); Dowland, *Sorrow*, *Sorrow Stay* (arr. by Sowerby (first time here with these accompaniments); Copland, *Old Poem* (first time here); Manton, *Love's Soliloquy* (first time here); Wolf, *Zur Ruh, Zur Ruh!* *Fussreise*; Gesang *Wewlas*, *Der Feuerreiter*; Dupare, *Soupir*, *L'invitation au Voyage*, *Serenade Florentine*, *Le Manoir de Rosamonde*; Wagner, prize song from *"The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"*; Vaughan Williams, two rondels from *"Meriel's Beauty"* (Chaucer); Purcell, *There's Not a Swain on the Plain*; Wagner, *In Distant Land* from *"Lohengrin."*

THURSDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Kedroff (vocal) quartet. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, II A. M. Ernest Schelling's concert for children. Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Howard Goding, pianist. Couperin, *Le Reveille-matin* and *Le Bavelet flottant* Mozart, *Rondo alla Turco*; Mendelssohn, *Variations Serieuses*; Scriabin, *Sonata No. 4*; Ravel, *Rigaudon* from *"Le Tombeau de Couperin"*; and *Alborada del gracioso*; Chopin, *Nocturne* and *Deux Nocturnes*; Liszt, *Hungarian rhapsody No. 13*.  
Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

## MUSICAL GUESTS

Modest Maurice Ravel, as one unconscious of his fame as a composer, conducted the Boston Symphony orchestra concerts of Jan. 13 and 14. Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., who has much to say about music in general and English opera conditions in particular—he is one that "speaks right out in meetin'"—conducted our orchestra last Friday and Saturday. Two "guest" conductors in as many weeks.

Conductors before Mr. Koussevitzky have not been so generously disposed toward famous leaders visiting this country. When Major Higginson wished to bring here four or five conductors who were then leading the Philharmonic Society of New York, Mr. Gericke objected strenuously, on the ground that the orchestra would thus "lose discipline," i. e. his own ideas about interpretations. And so Major Higginson abandoned the idea. Mr. Gericke was undoubtedly sincere in his view. To have intimated at the time that professional jealousy prompted his refusal could have come only from those who knew not the man.

Those who would agree with Mr. Gericke in saying that the importation of conductors works injury to an orchestra argue as follows: The new conductor, even with a few rehearsals, cannot be intimately acquainted with the players. They, on the other hand, will be unable to follow his direction as quickly as they should. His program will contain music that they have learned under their permanent leader. The ideas of the two will probably be at variance. The violinists may be asked to bow in a different manner from that to which they are accustomed. The phrasing of certain passages will be different. The result will be a performance that will work injustice to the visitor and the orchestra.

These objections will not hold good in the case of an orchestra so admirably trained, so responsive, so elastic as the body of virtuosi led by Mr. Koussevitzky. The public also should be considered. Why should it not become acquainted with the methods of other conductors? No one objected to John Barrymore playing Hamlet because E. L. Davenport, Fechter, Booth, Rossi had portrayed the Prince of Denmark, each according to his conception of the moody man, each with his own reading of the text. So with the readings of conductors. One differeth from another in glory. The importation arouses an interest that is not merely idle curiosity. And often, one may say as a rule, after the guests have departed, the greater is the confidence in the permanent conductor, the greater is the enthusiasm that his interpretations awaken.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a film comedy adapted from the book of the same name by Anita Loos and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Lorelei Lee..... Ruth Taylor  
Dorothy..... Alice White  
Gus Eisman..... Ford Sterling  
Francis Beekman..... Mack Swain  
Mrs. Spoffard..... Trini Frienza  
The Judge..... Chester Conklin  
Mr. Spoffard..... Holmes Herbert

Sooner or later all classics are put on the screen. This educational bit was first run as a serial in a magazine with neither the authoress or the editors taking it very seriously, but the great American public did—and Anita Loos had to publish her masterpiece in book form. From the book, which was a very best seller, to the stage, and now into celluloid so that all earnest young girls may see how a true daughter of a gold-digging father should inherit and carry on the family tradition is the history of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

It is an amusing film this tale of a little blonde girl just trying to get along in the cold, cold world. The film starts her in Arkansas, the murder is vividly shown and when Lorelei is tried in court for what the mean, mean revolver did, the judge and the jurors almost apologize as they decide she is "positively not guilty." On to Hollywood where she had to get up and go to work so early in the morning that it was hardly worth while going to bed

at all—she decides to go to New York and be educated. From there on the story is familiar. Some of the humor has been debilitated but it is still a refreshing bit of American lore.

Ruth Taylor, who plays the splendidly acquisitive miss almost naturally, has such large eyes that of course she can spot a diamond in any light. She is well cast and with a few years' experience should make a great little actress. Dorothy—a favorite with many in the book—is audacious enough but wit suffers in subtitles. Ford Sterling as Gus Eisman is splendid and the love interest in the form of Holmes Herbert is more seeable than readable—for a change.

The stage show is a Paul Oskar production named "Dancing Feet." It is, as usual, around, above and in front of Gene Rodemich and his famous band and, as usual, is composed of clever dancing girls, dancing team, good singing and comedians. Harry Rose and Richard Edwards pleased the audience and a toe ballet was something different.

Another of the famous music series showing Johannes Brahms with incidental music by the orchestra of his best known works was delightful.

C. M. D.

## In Modern Dress

The ingenious Sir Barry Jackson, who as a theatrical manager was the first to produce "Hamlet" in modern dress, purposes to bring out "Macbeth" in the same manner. Before his adventure with the Prince, "Trollus and Cressida," that strange mingling of farce, philosophizing, and heroism, was modernized with amusing anachronisms for an English audience. It was said at the time that this was reasonable, for the play was written as a satire on Chapman's translation of the Iliad, a statement that surely admits of argument. In this country "Hamlet" and "The Taming of the Shrew" have been performed in modern dress; no thunderbolt struck darling manager or any one of the players.

Sir Barry cannot see "Macbeth" done in any other way but the modern one, at present. Will his Lady Macbeth

in the sleep-walking scene wear pink pyjamas? How will the witches appear? It is late in the day to represent them as suffragettes. Will Sir Conan Doyle be called in to supervise the supernatural scenes? Will Macbeth sport the costume of a Scot in his national pride? If "Macbeth" were thus to be produced in New York or Chicago, gun-men might be induced to appear as Banquo's murderers.

Other plays of Shakespeare in modern dress are in Sir Barry's mind. "In time I hope to do them nearly all. I should not like to try 'The Tempest' and, of course, the historical plays cannot be treated in this way; but the majority can be. 'Coriolanus' with a modern mob would be, I think, a very exciting production."

It is possible that Romeo and Juliet will soon be seen dancing the Black Bottom with Tybalt scowling as a wall flower; Mercutio the life of the party, Antony in an irreproachable swallow-tail when off duty; but as an army commander rigged out in an Italian general's uniform with all his decorations. Mr. Tunney would gladly take the part of the wrestler in "As You Like It." It would be a pleasure to watch Sir Toby Belch mixing cocktails; Malvolio entering as a prohibition agent, Shakespeare for the people!

published by Godey? It was an oracle to our mothers in the sixties and even later. Even in the gay nineties the fairest woman was dressed atrociously, as we now think; witness Mr. R. V. Culter's album of "reminiscent drawings" which appeared originally in Life.

Two German gentlemen have been at work describing "Modes and Manners of the 19th Century as Represented in the Pictures and Engravings of the Time." The translator from the German of Dr. Oskar Fischel and Max von Boehn is Grace Thompson, who adds an introduction and two chapters to this fourth volume recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. This volume cover the years 1879-1914. There are 32 illustrations in colors; over 200 in half-tones; pictures drawn from all sources: artists, fashion magazines, caricatures, models of famous Parisian dressmakers; there are portraits of men and women, as Zuloaga's Senora Quintana de Moreno; Sargent's Mrs. Charles Hunter and the Misses Acheson. Here is, indeed, a wealth of illustration. Mrs. Golightly, looking this week at Reznicek's "The Blue Waltz," contributed to Simplicitissimus will wonder how any woman could have worn the hat and gown there portrayed. Her partner might appear in any ballroom today without exciting undue attention.

This book is much more than a picture book; the letter press is valuable and entertaining in itself. Turn to any page: There one will find some statement of fact or some comment, a humorous or satirical reflection on a passing fashion. In 1913, costumes were to be seen in which the upper part of a woman's body seemed clothed merely in a light silk shirt with nothing beneath; the light skirt revealed every line of the legs, and was frequently slit up. The Prince Bishop of Laibach, the German Archbishop Hartmann, and other leaders of the Church begged women to be decent. In 1914 certain Catholic Unions of female workers adopted a resolution complaining that they were compelled to manufacture garments which "contravened Christian morality and propriety." Even at Paris in the spring of 1914 aristocratic women protested against extravagances of the mode, especially against the indecency of showing the leg completely to view. The authors cite an amusing law promulgated in Illinois in the interests of "female virtue and the menaced moral code": "No woman is permitted to wear skirts or petticoats the hem of which clears the ground by more than 15 centimetres when the wearer stands erect"; the "peek-a-boo" blouse was forbidden; "women who appear at bathing-places in provocative clothing are liable to imprisonment in the third degree" and so on. Was this law ever proposed or passed? Were the good German authors deceived by some Western humorist? The crinoline was slowly but surely on the way when the Great War broke upon Europe.

Miss Thompson believes that at no period have women spent so much on clothes as at the present day. There is a costly simplicity which was unknown at a time when luxury and extravagance were confined to the fashionable

And how then was the Devil drest?  
O! he was in his Sunday's best:

His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,  
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

An Englishman visiting this country, a fashionable tailor, if we are not mistaken, says that no gentleman should wear a dinner coat (Tuxedo, if you prefer the word) on any occasion when ladies will be present. Dinner coat, the "smoking," as the French call it, a convenient, comfortable garment; one that does not oblige the wearer to part his coat-tails when he sits down and thus present a grotesque appearance.

The Manchester Guardian recently stated that England is the only country now where evening dress is made compulsory for men in hotels and restaurants. The question then comes up. Do landlords recognize a dinner coat as "evening dress"? A season or two ago young bloods in Boston wore a dinner coat with a white waistcoat and a black cravat: a shocking sight to the purist in dress.

Books on costumes through the centuries are as instructive as entertaining. The pictures of old-fashioned dresses—dresses thought to be the only wear at the time—awaken laughter, as the dress of today may amuse the flappers and the noble dames of 1950. Has any collector a complete set of the fashion magazine



low. All classes of women spend more on clothes than was formerly the case. Stuffs are flimsier and less durable. On the other hand, at no time have neatness and grace been so universal. Excellent Miss Thompson!

And how about men? "It was a sad day for the brightness of the streets when George IV, while regent, decreed the adoption of trousers and sounded the death-knell of the aristocratic knee breeches and elegant tailed coats. The tall hat is almost the sole survivor of a distinctive dress, and that has come to be used rather as part of the uniform of professional men than as a mark of fashion."

Miss Thompson's account of changing manners and customs, especially in England, should be of great value to future historians. "With the passing of the Victorian era there arose in England a plutocracy, partly Hebraic, and partly transatlantic in origin, which forced its way into the most exclusive places. King Edward VII regarded the best class of Hebrews with marked favor and had a warm liking for Americans, especially if they were rich and beautiful."

There is a long description of the revolution in labor, in aesthetic taste, in the position of women in England. Household decorations in the seventies were hideous.

The German writers do not believe that fashion reacts to accidental stimuli. They support this opinion by a discussion of the changes in women's hats. They note the influence of English sport goods and American mass production on European taste as regards men's dress. One may smile at reading: "You can tell immediately by an American's clothes what state he comes from." (The authors are quoting one C. A. Bratton, who also says that of every 100 suits sold in America, 99 are ready-made. "Reach-me-downs" is the uncompromising term used.) The clothing industry has promulgated a Monroe doctrine of the ready-made, "American clothes for the Americans." It is true that in the sixties Artemus Ward described the sad adventure of a man "of Boston dressing," but can one today tell by his dress whether a man comes from Vermont or Virginia?

Hermann Bahr wondered why men did not dress as they liked but as the King of England liked. Our authors answer, because the herd instinct forbids it. They also say that neither Edward VII nor the Empress Eugenie made the fashions. "No individual makes or un-makes the mode. London and Paris design models from which the public chooses what it pleases."

This book, more engrossing than many novels of the day, unfortunately lacks an index, even a full table of contents. Let us close with the saying of Jacob Burckhardt, in 1882: "As long as I can remember the ladies have been busily and successfully rendering tolerable by their good taste fashions in themselves for the most part hideous."

## MARION TALLEY

Marion Talley, the celebrated soprano, gave her first Boston concert yesterday afternoon, before an audience that filled Symphony hall to the doors. She had the help of David Sterkin, an accomplished violinist of exceedingly sweet tone, and of Charles King, an accompanist who proved himself, by his tact and skill, worth his weight in gold. Miss Talley sang:

Ah! Non Credea, Bellini; Lithaichsch Lled, Chopin; Vergebliches Ständchen, Brahms; When I Was Seventeen, Lilliebjörn; Je suis Titania, Thomas; Sheep and Lambs, Homer; When Love Is Kind, arranged by A. L.; The Virgin's Slumber Song, Reger; Pretty Mocking Bird, Bishop-LaForge; Beautiful Blue Danube, Strauss-LaForge.

Miss Talley, as everybody knows, has won a wider success than any other young singer of the day. All the world still talks of her sensational New York debut of perhaps two years ago. She sings important roles at the most eagerly sought opera house in the world. She gives concerts the country over to crowded houses. Success—there's no doubt whatever about it.

The naïveté that proceeds from youthful immaturity must exercise, for many people, a potent charm. What are called, in some circles, semi-classical ballads, these Miss Talley sang yesterday better than she sang her airs; she sang them as though she liked them, just as any school girl with a voice might sing them. And her audience liked them too.

If her naïveté, though, will not serve to account for her successes, then is an old observer of performers, publics, and the ways of both one and the other, at a loss for an explanation. For her voice, though very pretty in the medium register, by no means stands apart. It

is not a well-trained voice; perhaps, for serious cultivation, there has not yet been time. Miss Talley, furthermore, is in no sense a sound musician. Not a person of what is called temperament, she cannot yet use her genuinely agile voice in behalf of the brilliancy that alone makes coloratura engrossing. And yet, when all is said and done, there she stood yesterday in Symphony hall, the sole attraction for some three thousand souls.

The charm that lies in early youth, a charm never without its shade of pathos to those who are old—that it all very well so long as it lasts. But when youth slips into maturity? A maturity in style will be exacted then. Pray let Miss Talley, while still she has time, learn the wisest use of her pretty voice. Let her learn as well the value of musical structure, a pronunciation of English that shall equal her clear enunciation. For a while, no doubt, she may do very well without these musical virtues. The day, however, will come, when they will stand Miss Talley in stead.

R. R. G.

## People's Orchestra Heard Sunday in Jordan Hall

Yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall the People's Symphony Orchestra gave the ninth concert of the season with William F. Hofmann conductor, and Miss Olivia Cate the assisting artist. The concert opened with a spirited rendition of Beethoven's "Lenora" No. 3 overture to his only opera, "Fidelio." The second number was the attractive Suite "Algerienne" by Saint-Saëns. Mr. Hofmann succeeded admirably in giving tonal expression to the varied feelings of the composer as he traveled through the North African country. Their playing was enthusiastically applauded.

The third number on the program was the beautiful "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra by Cesar Franck, with Miss Cate at the piano. These Variations are certainly the product of true inspiration and constitute a perfect work of art. Miss Cate showed her good common sense in thus choosing such an appropriate and perfect number for this concert, for they were technically and musically within her ability to do them justice. These Variations do not demand a high voltage technic, so much as supple fingers, rich fancy, harmonic and melodic sense, yes, we might as well say it, and all to Miss Cate's credit, it takes a good general musical sense that will permit of the passing of the solo theme from the piano to the orchestra, and back again with smoothness and grace, and this is just what Miss Cate did do, and did it most pleasingly. Several times the orchestra overshadowed her playing, which was regrettable. The Franck Variations form one of those coloristic works in which the piano no longer plays the role of a solo instrument, but in which it becomes part and parcel of the whole instrumental body and amalgamates itself with the orchestra, and this is as Miss Cate treated it. Her musical conception is refined, and her style distinctly artistic. Her aggressive attack, composure, assurance, and particularly the absence of any undue affectations, all join to make Miss Cate a player that satisfies, and yesterday one wished to hear more from her when she had finished. Miss Cate was cordially received, and warmly applauded, and at the end was recalled many times. The concert closed with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony.

A. H. D.

## AFTER CHURCH

(From the Saturday Review of Literature)

"Who was that poor old dame, so white and weak,  
So bowed, and the world so dead to her?

Was it not kindness lost?—and I heard you speak;  
I wondered what you said to her."

"Nothing—she is my mother, my mother who died  
Years ago—three years ago.  
Only on Sunday I see her—walk by her side—  
No, no, you could not know.

"She does not hear me—she takes my arm to her door—  
Infinite comfort, infinite pain—  
She does not know me—just as it was before,  
Just—till she dies again."

HENRY NEWBOLT.

The equanimity of the Daily Chronicle of London, through "Looker On," has been upset by an unfeeling contemporary. "I never thought I should live to see 'invite' used as a noun in a newspaper. But there the thing is, in a headline—'Invite to somebody or other. I have often heard people give an 'invite' to friends, and, although I pre-

fer easy speech to the stilted variety, this appalling usage has always jarred my ear. No argument that 'invitation' is too long a word for these hurried days or that it is too elegant to describe the modern welcome will reconcile me to it. 'Invite.' We go ahead."

What would "Looker On" say to "defi" for defiance? "Defi" is a favorite word of master writers of headlines. Then there is Mr. G. H. Milner-Pugh who protests with a fine show of indignation against the boycott of the future tense and the substitution of "Should" for "Shall," as in "It has been arranged that Mr. — should proceed to."

## A LOST DAY

As the World Wags:

Yesterday was a dull day. I asked a Scotchman for a match and he gave me two cigars. I got a letter from California. It never mentioned the climate. I broke a water pipe so I could send for the plumber. The demfool brought his tools with him! I lunched with a professor and we talked, but he seemed to remember everything; he ran his fingers through his hair and put the sirup on the pancakes. I was all over Boston, but I heard no gunshots. The man with a hole in his vest said a moth did it. I conversed with a porter, but he didn't talk dialect; likewise two Irishmen. I visited Frank, recently married, but he said, "Oh, yes, Sarah cooks very well and I adore my mother-in-law!" I took Mamie for a drive and the officer arrested us for driving 60 miles an hour, but it never occurred to her to say we hadn't been out that long. I discovered a man rubbing lettuce into his scalp, and when I shouted, "Hey! That's lettuce!" he said, "Yes, I always use lettuce."

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" I asked Jack. "My sister," said Jack. I swore bitterly under my breath. Jack's sister is a lady! Desperately I took up a comic magazine. All the new jokes I'd been planning were already in print.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

## FAREWELL, MY OWN TRUE LOVE

As the World Wags:

At parting from a lady who had been eating onions: "The song is ended, but the melody lingers on."

JAZBO.

If you want to be invulnerable, a hard heart and a good digestion will do more for us than the Christian virtues.—Dean Inge.

## ON THE SIDEWALK

As the World Wags:

Having spent some years in London, I have pondered long and often on the question of, when does a book-stall become a book shop? Does it ever become a book shop? What fine line of distinction separates the two? Does a book shop ever become a book-stall? Surely no one would ever dare to refer to the August Times Book Club as a "stall," or expect it to ever merit such a label.

Would Quaritch's, or Southeran's ever be referred to as a book-stall? Then there is Foyle's of pleasant memory, boasting the world's largest stock of second-hand books, where one may spend many happy hours. Surely Foyle's could not be called a "stall."

Somewhere in the region between Millbank and Victoria street, on Regent street, I think, was a small book shop whose proprietor was a most mild and inoffensive chap in spite of his altogether villainous appearance, and a vicious cast in one eye. He always insisted that his place was a book-stall. He made daily pilgrimages to where he vaguely termed as "up west," and always came back with some treasure.

After this digression, may I repeat my question, What distinguishes a book shop from a book-stall?

CHAS. H. ROBERTSON.

We have always supposed that a book stall was on the sidewalk in front of a bookshop, a box or some rude shelves filled, as a rule, with cheap second-hand books; a stall in which a prize is sometimes found. "Stall-learning" is acquired by reading books thus exposed in the street; "stall literature" the cheap literature of the stalls; "stall-man," a keeper of a book stall; "stall-reader," one who reads the books on the stall. As far back as 1673 R. Leigh wrote: "How well they have behaved themselves . . . let . . . the Avenue readers, the Wall Observers and those that are acquainted with stall learning testify." In "Sartor Resartus": "My very copper-pocket-money I laid out on stall literature." In old times a "stall" was each of a series of "screen" bookcases set at right angles to the walls of a library, each pair forming a bay or an alcove. A book stall is not necessarily in front of a bookshop; witness the book stalls in Paris by the side of the Seine.—Ed.

## FOR PROHIBITION OFFICERS

As the World Wags:

The hypothetical questions asked candidates for positions as dry snooters seem to have been a trifle too hard. We suggest

some questions to take the place of those asked. Assuming you are a dry snooter in disguise and you are asked to a dinner. Just before the dinner a flock of cocktails rush in. (1) Should you accept a cocktail, drink it, and say, "Well, Bill, that's certainly good stuff," and sit quietly down to dinner? (2) Or ought you to overturn the table, shoot out the lights, and escape with the evidence? (3) If only Bill, his wife, the twins and Aunt Prue are present, should you bring out the machine gun or send for the nearest U. S. marshal with a posse of 200 deputies? (4) Should the shaker in which the cocktails were mixed be beaten into submission, or should you hand it to Bill and ask him to mix up another dose? (Ten minutes given for the answer to this problem.)

R. H. L.

## ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

Villiers de l'Isle Adam said one day: "I, too, am going to write an analytical novel. I have already chosen my subject. A rich man goes on Sunday into the country, but he forgets to take his pocketbook."

"Well, what then?" some one asked. "That's all," said Villiers. "If there were anything else in my novel, I should write a second volume."

Two propositions seem to be pretty well established about human nature: one, that it doesn't change, and the other that it does.—Gerald Gould.

## 'THE PLAY'S THE THING' OPENS

BY PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Play's the Thing," adapted by P. G. Wodehouse from the original comedy by Ferenc Molnar. The adaptation was produced at Great Neck, October, 1926; in New York at the Henry Miller Theatre, Nov. 4, 1926, with the cast including Catherine Dale Owen and Messrs. Blinn, Druce, Crandall, Nairn, Owen, Allister, Kendall, Gerard.

The cast of the play last night as produced by Gilbert Miller was as follows:

Mansky	Hubert Druce
Sandor Turai	Holbrook Blinn
Albert Adam	Gavin Muir
Johann Dwornitschek	Ralph Nairn
Almady	Harry Mestayer
Iona Szabo	Martha Lorber
Mell	Claude Allister
Lackey's	Stephen Kendall and Kirby Hawkes

The title, suggesting a line from "Hamlet," might deceive one as to the character of the play; but here was no guilty conscience to be touched to the quick. The play within the play is the means of putting a jealous and distracted young lover at peace; also of saving the music for an operetta which he had threatened to destroy when he heard through a thin partition in a castle passionate words that exposed the past of the prima donna, his betrothed.

Sandor conceived the play to be acted at the castle, when the composer was desperate and Sandor's collaborator Mansky was at his wit's end. Almady, who had been Iona's lover, for he had been her teacher and had demanded what he considered the privilege, say rather the prerogative of a successful instructor, and Iona were provided with a dialogue which contained words heard by the three visitors through the partition.

It would be interesting to know how much of the dialogue was contributed by Mr. Wodehouse in his adaptation. More than one line, especially those given to the butler Dwornitschek, reminded one of scenes in Mr. Wodehouse's amusing stories. Are the lines and stage business of Mell, the Count's secretary and the prompter in the play, wholly Molnar's? We doubt it. But this matters little, for the comedy is most amusing throughout; characters are well defined by the dialogue; the lines, whether they are humorous or satirical—as in the comments on the writing of plays—are crisp and in keeping with the nature of those who speak them; not merely epigrams led up to for the purpose of showing the dramatist's wit.

Here we have Sandor, the brains of the two collaborators, the man of invention and infinite resources; Mansky, perhaps skilful in the structure of a play but a conventional soul, without original ideas; Adam, the dreamy composer, thinking his Iona had kept herself unspotted, even on the stage; Almady, an old "chaser" who tries to resume his intimacy with the singer. As for Dwornitschek, he is on of the long line of comic butlers, but, as portrayed, a refreshing variety of the species.

Whether there is merely talk on the rehearsal of Sandor's ingeniously contrived play—sweet medicine to Adam's stricken soul—the interest of the audience is steadily maintained. Even when pace might with other comedians at times slacken, it was not so with the excellent company seen last night.

Mr. Blinn was delightfully conversa-



Monal as if the audience were on the stage, stood near the partition, and aided Sander in his plan for saving Adam and his illusions. Here was an example of "natural" acting that owed the appearance of reality to consummate art. There was no endeavor to make points; to raise a laugh. Humor flowed from his lips; witness the scenes with the butler. There was a touch of sentiment, as when he referred more than once to Adam's mother. He could be ironical, as in the scenes with Almaydi; or jesting good naturedly at the expense of Mansky.

The others were happy in their portrayals, in fact a company so wholly adequate has seldom been seen here in these degenerate and commercial days of the playhouse. It is not necessary to particularize. Each one was able to clothe character in flesh and blood.

An audience that filled the theatre was greatly pleased. There were many curtain calls and Mr. Blinn made a modest little speech.

# THE ROAD TO ROME

Wilbur Theatre—Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome," a play in three acts by Robert Emmet Sherwood. The cast was as follows:

Varius	Fairfax Burgher
Metia	Joyce Carey
Fabius	Jessie Ralph
Fabius	Richie Linn
Amytis	Jane Cowl
Scipio	Charles Brockaw
Cato	Ben Lackland
Drusus	William R. Randall
Servilius	Lionel Hogarth
Tibullus	Alfred Webster
Sergeant	John T. McNulty
Corporal	Lewis Martin
First Guard	Clement O'Lochlainn
Second Guard	Ben Lackland
Third Guard	Walter A. Kinsella
Fourth Guard	Laurence W. Adams
Fifth Guard	Albert C. Frost, Jr.
Thotmes	Lionel Hogarth
Hadrubel	Hale Morcross
Maharbal	Alfred Webster
Carthalo	George Tobias
Mago	Barry Jones
Hannibal	Philip Merivale
Bala	Gert Pouncey

Peacock-blue silks from Damascus, and the golden headdress of a Roman senator's wife show Jane Cowl as lovely as ever. Beautiful, this Amytis with her velvety voice and quick little modern gestures animates an amorphous sort of play by Robert Sherwood. Now a comedy, glittering, a wink and a nudge in the side after the French manner, it moves suddenly into quick dramatic action, wanders into a morass of philosophical observations slightly soporific in tinge, and ends on a high note of noble renunciation.

Amytis is the wife of Fabius Maximus, a worthy and dull Roman. A frivolous Athenian, she lives oppressed by the monotony of the kingdom that rules the world. Its laws seem to include a law against laughter, certainly a decree against emotion. She finds a Tyrian nightgown bought in the marketplace of a merchant from Antioch far more interesting than the news that her Fabius's toga now swells over the chest of Rome's dictator. The cares of office weigh heavily on Fabius. As he seeks an early bed, refusing to take Amytis to the play, comes a cry that Hannibal is at the gates of Rome. The messenger describes Hannibal as a superman, a god, a young general who has miraculously brought the Carthaginian army, elephants and all, over a mountain range, and holds Rome defenceless in his hand.

Amytis, the light Athenian, seeing nothing attractive in dying like a Roman, at last gives her mother-in-law an opportunity to say what she really thinks of her. With fast horses Amytis flies from Rome, and drives directly to Hannibal's lines. The risk of death from a Carthaginian sentry weighs very little against the chance of seeing Hannibal. There is a delightful scene in Hannibal's quarters in the Temple of the Vestal Virgin, where Amytis wriggles out of several imminent deaths and adroitly informs Hannibal that she is a femme incomprise, hoping for something bigger and better in life, but with Hannibal's leave to ask one question, philosophy and ennui, hand in hand, take their silent places on the stage. There are discussions as to why Hannibal is there, and what is the reason for war. Hannibal seems unable to think just why he is there, but Miss Cowl in a beautiful blue robe manages to convince him that, whatever the reason, something she calls the human equation is more important.

The test of Hannibal's greatness seems in some hazy manner to depend on his retreating from Rome. The fact that he did so is historical. Whether he would have left such an utterly alluring lady as Amytis to return to such an unbelievably dull husband as Fabius Maximus, is doubtful.

There are many sparkling lines, finely satirical. Miss Cowl delivers them with zest, almost with a leer. It is hard to believe that such a human person, so desirous of life, as her Amytis, could give up her Hannibal for the pleasure of remembering him as great in renunciation.

Philip Merivale has left his morning coat and brownstone stoop of "Hidden" for the plumed helmet and orange curtains of Hannibal's quarters. He is a virile figure. Greatness really seems

to hang about his head. Almost any woman would be pleased to convince him of the importance of the human equation. From a bewildered husband of modern New York to the conqueror of Rome in 216 B. C. is quite a jump, but he has landed safely.

If as an explanation of why Hannibal turned back, "Words, words, words" (even from Miss Cowl) would seem insufficient, the sparkling parts of Mr. Sherwood's comedy more than made up to the audience. They clapped and clapped, Miss Cowl made a charming curtain speech, full of her own fluttery gestures, and clasped an orchid or two. The Road to Rome is still a triumphant way.

R. H. G.

## REPERTORY THEATRE—"The New Henrietta," a comedy by Bronson Howard, brought up to date by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. The cast:

Nicholas Van Alstyne	Thomas Shearer
Bertie	Milton Orde
The Rev. Murray Hilton	Arthur Strong
Mark Turner	Thayer Roberts
Mr. George Wainwright	Dennis Cleuch
Mrs. George Wainwright	William Mason
Hutchins	Arthur Boyer
Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke	Olea Birkbeck
Ames Gates	Adelaide George
Rose Turner	Margaret Comlink

With "The New Henrietta" there come, inevitably, to the veteran theatre-goer, memories of Robson and Crane of "The Henrietta" and of 30 years ago. There return, also, agreeable recollections of the revived and rewritten comedy as presented by Douglas Fairbanks, Amelia Bingham and Patricia Collinge, a dozen years since.

Bronson Howard's famous play is of the indestructible sort. It is written in the key of the obvious. It has more than a dash of melodrama to give excitement. If subtlety is missing the lack makes it all the more delightfully easy to understand and enjoy. It is just a bit old-fashioned, despite its modernization. Certain tricks of construction and idiom are those of a past generation. Cigarettes and cocktails and telephones and motor cars fail to translate it from the atmosphere of the New York of the 90s.

Old timers missed the character of Lord Arthur Trelawney and his "silly ass" part, monacle, "mutton chops" and all. It was not missed. The excision of asides and soliloquies brought the text up into line with today's practice, also a notable improvement.

The Repertory people caught the spirit of the thing exactly and treated us to an admirable performance. Mr. Shearer faithfully followed the lines laid down by William H. Crane. They could not very well be improved on and he easily won the major share of attention. Mr. Owen, as Bertie, "the lamb" of olden days, departed rather more from the standard. Very sensibly he did not attempt to copy the high-pitched falsetto of Stuart Robson and spoke in his own natural tone of voice. He might have made the scene where, to save his hister, although thereby sacrificing his own life's happiness, he tosses the incriminating letters into the fire, a thought more emphatic. Mr. Sircom gave us a good characterization of the minister. Miss George was appealing as the pretty heroine and Miss Birkbeck, as the fascinating widow, held up her end most effectively.

The scene in the broker's office, where the Van Alstyne fortune is lost—and saved—is stirring enough for anybody.

J. E. P.

## ST. JAMES THEATRE—Keith-Albee players in "The Noose," a drama in three acts by Willard Mack, made from a story by H. H. Van Loan, and produced under the personal direction of Charles Schofield.

Craig the secretary	Day Manson
John Bancroft, the Governor	John Winthrop
Bill Chase, an attorney	Charles Schofield
Stella Bancroft, the Governor's wife	Clara Joel
Nickie Elkins	Walter Gilbert
Hughes, the warden	Malcolm Arthur
Dave Stern	Robert Sizer
Jack Grattan, a cop	David Smiley
Dot, a cabaret girl	Flora Maud Gade
Patsy, a cabaret girl	Betty Ann White
"Come on" Conly	Royal Beal
Byck Gordon	Frank Charlton
Miss Devoy	Mary Hill
Phyllis	Edith Spears

A large house greeted the players in their first melodrama in some weeks. It is the first time the play has been staged in Boston. It made its initial appearance in the Hudson Theatre in New York on Oct. 20, 1926, and enjoyed a record run of 197 performances.

In the masterful role of Nickie Elkins, Walter Gilbert gave a splendid performance, making the most of a difficult character. He is the gentleman who killed the leader of a band of crooks to keep inviolate the honor of the Governor's wife, and the subsequent happenings that keep Nickie out of the hangman's noose make a most enjoyable and dramatic evening. John Winthrop made an excellent Governor, while Clara Joel as his wife was afforded an excellent opportunity to show her dramatic ability and was well received. The entire cast did fine work and the audience was highly pleased.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Desert Song," a musical play in two acts with music by Sigmund Romberg and lyrics by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, and Frank Mandel. The cast:

Sid El Kar	William O'Neal
Mandar	Paul Phillips
Hassid	Paul Mitchell
Benjamin Kidd	Eddie Buzzell
Capt. Paul Fontaine	Allen Waterman
Azziri	Ingborg Torring
Serret La Verne	Phil Snyder
Serret DuBassart	King Harold
Markot Bunavalt	Ethel Louise Wright
Gen. Birabeau	Edmund Eitor
Pierre Birabeau	Robert Halliday
Susai	Sally Sloan
Ethel	Katherine Carrington
Ali Ben Ali	Philip Ryder
Clementina	Amy Atkinson
Neri	Muriel Gree
Hadi	Paul Morgan

With six or was it seven other shows, there came to the Majestic last night "The Desert Song." It is musical comedy, operetta and drama. All three, "The Desert Song" possesses in abundance. It is a good show. It is well worth seeing. It is entertainment. And after all, what higher praise can be bestowed in these days of shows and more shows?

On its showing here last night it is destined to have just as long a run as its sponsors will. It is not light, it is not frothy; it has that something that all producers strive for and seldom attain, a spontaneous appeal. It is a musical play that is not forgotten the moment the curtain descends on the last act. The music, the songs, and yes, even more important, the plot, remains with one. It is that kind of rare entertainment.

Boston has recently had its straight musical comedies, and its operettas, and after all was said and done it devolved upon certain stars to carry them off. "The Desert Song" has no need to depend upon one, or to lean upon two or more whose names are known wherever the stage is known. It would be successful with a mediocre cast just so long as there were good singing voices.

The Messrs. Shubert builded well when they constructed their present vehicle, builded better than they knew when they changed the original title from "Lady Fair," which had a short run here months and months ago, cut out here, put in there, and named the revamped piece, "The Desert Song." For 15 months it ran in New York. And now it is here, original New York cast and all.

There was Robert Halliday, who played the dual role, every bit as good as the New York critics said he was. He was the "Red Shadow." Then Ethel Louise Wright, who had the female lead, and Edmund Eitor, Sally Sloan, Katherine Carrington, Philip Ryder and Amy Atkinson. And last, but by no means least, Eddie Buzzell, comedian, who rode a real, live jackass on the stage in the final act.

The "Desert Song" is, of-course, a tale and a colorful one, too, of northern Africa, and is laid during the recent Riff rebellion, with desert sheiks, French soldiers and members of the Foreign Legion. All of which is highly romantic, and its situations attuned to stirring music.

Its two "hits" are "One Alone," and "The Desert Song." Of its plot, why attempt the telling here? Suffice to say "The Desert Song" has romance, tuneful numbers and gorgeous settings. An entertaining entertainment of musical comedy, operetta and the drama.

"Loves of Carmen," a film drama based on the story by Prosper Merimee, directed by Raoul Walsh and presented by William Fox at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Delores del Rio	Carmen
Victor McLaglen	Escamillo
Don Alvarado	Jose

It was inevitable that Carmen should not continue to warble her notes in opera without exercising her hips for the movies—and this is it, the second time to our knowledge that Carmen has been photographed in action. Geraldine Farrar was so associated with "Carmen" that she put her on the screen some years ago and it will be remembered that when she returned to opera she employed some of her movie tactics which annoyed Caruso so that the hottest scene of real battle ever on the metropolitan stage took place.

Raoul Walsh was evidently acquainted with that bit of Carmen history and set about making his version put all scenes, past and present, in the shade. Besides he had Dolores del Rio, a fascinating looking creature and sufficiently loose jointed to follow Walsh's direction in a pagan mood.

Perhaps it is unfortunate that the screen economy program should be felt in the actual product but such seems to be the case. Why would Victor McLaglen eat so much otherwise? He also bathes a couple of times and charges it up to studio officials, but the food is by far the best way around the present salary cuts. Is it not?

It is a pleasant change to see the fiery Carmen die with sentimental soothing syrup for the love-lorn Jose and between his meals the remarkable Victor McLaglen made a splendid Escamillo. The cast was therefore excellent, the adaptation allowed a few futile moments, but Raoul Walsh is guilty for the rest of the stuff that passed as Spanish atmosphere.

## LUCILLA DE VESCOVI

Lucilla de Vescovi, soprano, accompanied by Wilfred Pelletier, sang this program last night at the Women's Republican Club.

Le Cenerelle, Rosellini; Chanson de Fortunio, Arietta; Castellinovo Tedesco; In a Mare, Resquich; Arietta; Malpiero; Le Voi point; Le Fontaine des Gazelles; Tommaso; Danza, Casella; I Fanciulli; Resquich; In mezzo al mare, Sadoro; Il Cipresso; Davico; Nanna Nanna; Saltarello; De Cocco; Canzone delle Alpi; Sadoro; Serenata; Canzo del Cenerato; Fortunio; Serenata; Veneziana; Bianchini; Taramella Napolitana; Sadoro.

A specialist, it would appear, in Italian folk song and also in the Italian song of today, Mmme. de Vescovi has a way with the latter which is often encountered among performers with a taste for the unusual; they tend to make the odd sound odder than it really is. They stress dissonances; from queer endings, anti-climatic, they strip away what slight significance they may contain; what faint melodic line there is they do away with; of rhythm even, the element usually most in evidence, they do not care to make the most.

Their way, Mmme. de Vescovi's way, may be the right way. The audience last night, large and friendly, had every air of thinking so. In most of the songs, nevertheless, on Mmme. de Vescovi's program—not, indeed, that they are of prime importance—more beauty lies, a greater poetic significance, more charm, along with less of the bizarre, than a listener might infer from the performance of Mmme. de Vescovi and Mr. Pelletier. Mmme. de Vescovi, no doubt of it, finds the unusual qualities of this music more appealing than the sweet reasonableness in much of it that other people hold higher. Every performer, luckily, has the right of free choice.

To the taste of some listeners Mmme. de Vescovi sang her folk songs more effectively than she did the melodies of Casella and the rest. She is blessed with a natural voice; in certain zones, of large volume and rare beauty.

While the singer was assuming a peasant's garb to fit the folk songs, Miss Aida Grasselli played three piano pieces in a style both vigorous and facile: Presto by Turini, a Chopin study, and, by Pick-Mangiagalli, the Dance of Olaf.

R. R. G.

## COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Sidewalks of New York," a musical comedy in two acts, featuring Ray Dooley. Book by Eddie Dowling; lyrics and music by Eddie Dowling and Jimmy Hanley. Staged by Edward MacGregor. Dances staged by Earl Lindsay. Fred Walz conducted. The cast:

August Brewster	Frank Kingdon
Dorothy Brewster	Linda
Mrs. Brewster	Winifred Harris
Hon. Percival Short	Carl Francis
Perkins	Henry Dowling
Sergeant Daley	Fiske O'Hara
Mrs. O'Brien	Elizabeth Murray
Mickey O'Brien	Dick Keene
Mugsy	Henry Dowling
Gertie	Ray Dooley
Parker	Cecil Owen
The Governor	Harry Short
Buckley	Charles Mast
Abe Cohen	Joe Smith
Moie Zimmerman	Chas. Dale
Old Timers	Jim Thornton, Josephine Sabel, Barney Fagan, Ruby Keder

As the title of this opus might suggest the piece is "earthy," there is a great deal of the human stuff, the vernacular of the streets, but it is hardly Mr. Dowling at his best. With the exception of the indefatigable Miss Dooley, who works hard, long and entertainingly, the piece is episodic and composed chiefly of "turns," all good in themselves, and by this very same token moulded into splendid entertainment.

Of the music, there is much to arrest the attention, "Playhouse in the Sky," having an especial appeal in its rhythmic excellence, in the pleasure afforded by its text. For another, there is "Wherever You Are," the constantly recurring reprise; and then there is the vigorous and thumping rhythm of "Headin' for Harlem," but oddly enough there was nothing to excel the interpolated numbers of the old timers, as represented by Jimmy Thornton, Barney Fagan, and Josephine Sabel in their songs of a generation ago, unless it was the "East Side, West Side" itself with its many variants and pleasing orchestrations.

Let us pass over the book and discharge it as sketchy, but let us sing loud and long over those responsible for the ensemble dances, for their skill at manoeuvring, for their invention and for the high spirits and zest of the pretty girls. Was there ever a prettier collection than the first string of last evening?

Miss Dooley's performance is one to ponder over. As the cut-up of the orphanage group there was seldom a moment for repose. Her grimacing and antics are now well known, and her pipping voice is not one to startle the world in song. But she can act—her remarkable acrobatics aside—and she can register wistfulness with the best of them. Her dancing is already a matter of enviable record; we have never seen her better in her steps.

Then there was the airy, fairy Linda, graceful exponent of yet another kind



of dance, yielding to none in grace, in the lightness of her steps, ascending and descending after the manner of a tossing bubble.

Then there was the Mrs. O'Brien of Elizabeth Murray, who plays the Celt after the manner born, if she does now and then yield to rugged speech by way of emphasis. Fiske O'Hara, too, the singing comedian of shillalah and corduroy breeches, which he has discarded for the uniform of one of the finest, begging for a song to set off his voice. Where was Mr. Hanley in this instance?

And then the old-timers, Jimmy Thornton, who in his day, set the world singing with the prodigality of his pretty tunes. Barney Fagan, who danced last evening in the soft shoe style as nimble as you please despite his 73 years, and Josephine Sabel, good, old Josephine now raucous-voiced, but full of pep, whom we recall at another day heading the bill on the roof-garden of Koster & Bial's as a chanteuse in the days before Broadway was the "main stem," theatrically speaking. T. A. R.

**SHUBERT THEATRE**—"Greenwich Village Follies," new edition, the eighth, with a large cast headed by Dr. Rockwell, Blossom Seeley, Grace Brinkley, Jans and Whalen, Mitty and Tillio and others. Playing a two weeks engagement here prior to the New York opening.

The producers have gone to vaudeville for the nucleus of the revue this year, and it goes without saying if this sort of thing keeps up poor old vaudeville will have nobody left. Dr. Rockwell, Blossom Seeley and Jans and Whalen are all familiar figures to the Keith audiences in this city and they are the outstanding figures in the present entertainment.

Dr. Rockwell is the gentleman famed for his "quack" advice and general pseudo-serious comments on topics of the day. He does his old vaudeville act along these lines together with his running fire comment on The Merediths, a pair of dancers, whom he chats about with the audience from a box as they perform.

Blossom Seeley, the lady who does so much with syncopating melodies, is there with all her rough and ready manner of putting over tunes. She came into her own in an effective southern darky revival number, "Kickin' a Hole in the Sky," in which she, together with an assisting chorus, worked up a near frenzy of blues, climaxed with the appearance of Benny Field, dressed in devil's costume. He is soon forced to leave the stage due to the fervor and physical exertion of the faithful. This number is very well done, one of the best hits in the show, in fact.

Jans and Whalen are a good standard vaudeville team. The boys who come out and exchange "wise-crack" for "wise-crack." (Jans, by the way, is a brother of Elsie Jannis). He has improved a great deal in his tap dancing and does some tantalizing steps while his partner accompanies him on the "uke" with a song or two.

The show ran unusually late last evening, with several more numbers to come when this reviewer left at 11:15. There are two or three well staged ballets, notable among them Mauruf Ballet and Calipso Isle, aided greatly by these two incidental singing of Florence Misgen, formerly of the Chicago Opera Company. The most entertaining sketch was a travesty of "The Trail of Mary Dugan," a drama now playing in New York.

The entire act was spoken to music with, "So Long, Mary" used for a theme. Grace Brinkley has a pretty number in "Little Boy Blue" in which the chorus dressed in Mother-Goose style make a charming background. The Graham dancers, three tiny youthful girls, float on and off the stage. Their work stands out in the general hub-bub and high kicking of the hard working ensembles. There is an abundance of dancing, and good dancing. There is nothing startling about in music, although Arnold Johnson and his orchestra offered some interesting arrangements.

The production is, of course, new, having opened only last Tuesday night in Newark, and there is more work to be done before it is in finished form. Some of the sets were unusually lovely. A. F.

### Benno Rabinof, Auer Pupil, Shows Fine Technique

Teacher of at least three generations of violinists, Prof. Auer is tirelessly pursuing his noble work of educating young artists. Last night at Jordan hall we heard his latest production—the youthful violinist, Benno Rabinof. Vitali's Chaconne, Vieuxtemps's Concerto, Gluck's Melody, Sarasate's Dances, and the altogether obsolete "I Palpit," by Paganini, constituted the bulk of the

rather conventional program. In all these pieces Benno Rabinof's playing bore the unmistakable trademark of the Auer school, a rich, throbbing tone, flawless intonation, and, as a matter of course, a masterly technique. With all this, plus an undoubted feeling for sustained melody, he failed, however, to convey the more important sides of a musical composition. His tempi taken at a disturbingly slow rate, his fanciful ritards, so dear to the heart of the pioneers in the art of fiddling, still hinder the free development of his style.

The years and the impending maturity will undoubtedly cure these imperfections. As yet his interpretations are prompted entirely by his present musical beliefs—and lack of forethought. In a cautiously performed Concerto by Vieuxtemps he exhibited excellent command of his instrument, but did not miss fire by too careful handling of the rapid passages, that fire which is the only redeeming feature of Vieuxtemps's antiquated composition.

A fair-sized audience rewarded the young artist with generous applause while the musically-minded rejoiced at the thought that the violinist's art is prospering as ever. N. S.

### "The Love Mart" with Billie Dove Is Film Feature

The Washington Street Olympia opened its Anniversary week with special screen and stage attractions. On the screen, Billie Dove's latest, "The Love Mart," is shown. George Fitzmaurice takes old New Orleans and the days of the early 19th century and brings all the life and color of this gay period to the screen, adding enhancement to the picturesque scenes with the soft-focus photography which has won him fame. Slave-running is at its height, and Capt. Remy, a slave-running ship master, calls on the foster father of Antoinette Frobel to pay back a large sum of money which he had borrowed from the skipper. His house is put into the bailiff's hands, and when Remy confronts the merchant with the statement that Antoinette is not his daughter, but an octoroon, he cannot deny the assertion.

She is placed on the auction block with his other chattels, and the young Creole dandies bid for her. Victor Jallot, a gentleman adventurer whom she had previously insulted, buys her, and gives her freedom. She returns to Jallot and by a clever trick the villainous Capt. Remy is put in such a position that he admits that Antoinette is really of noble birth, and everything ends happily in the final close-up. Rather romantic stuff, but Fitzmaurice has handled it with the master touch lending realism to a difficult story. Miss Dove makes a lovely picture as Antoinette. Noah Beery does the swashbuckling slave-runner to perfection. Gilbert Roland invests the role of Jallot with all the glamour that it calls for. Armand Kaliz s effective as the Creole dandy.

On the stage Lew Brice, imitable comedian, dances, sings and then carries his comic capers through the whole bill, acting as master of ceremonies. Emmy Barbier and C. J. Sims Company present "Action Camera," a smart travesty on the movies. Levan & Bolles do a nonsense skit. Alice Deyo & Co. bring new and novel dances in a colorful revue. The Four Aces and a Queen provide thrills with flying acrobatics. Jerrie Dean sings, and makes her ukelele a solo instrument. Short subjects, a mammoth birthday cake, flowers, and other extras are also on the program.

The Fenway Theatre is also showing "The Love Mart."

### "WILD GEESE" OPENS AT TWIN THEATRES

"Woman Wise" Also Showing at Beacon and Modern

"Wild Geese," the feature picture at the Modern and Beacon Theatres this week, starring Belle Bennett and Russell Simpson, is a screen adaptation from the famous novel of the same name, which was written by Martha Ostenso, and which won the \$13,500 prize as the best novel of the year written by an American author. The story relates to a family living in northern Minnesota; the wife and four children under the complete domination of a cruel and relentless husband and father. The wife, under absolute subjection because of an early indiscretion, and the daughter, in love with a neighbor's son but forbidden to see him, lead very wretched lives.

The associate picture, "Woman Wise," with June Collyer and William Russell in the leading roles, is a lively story centering about a young American consul in Persia, a young lady as assistant who has been sent out from the United States, and an adventurous American who has been attracted to the Persian oil fields. The two young men fall in love with the girl, and she eventually makes her choice between them.

### LON CHANEY STARS IN FILM AT ORPHEUM

"London After Midnight" and Six Acts on Bill

Lon Chaney, in an original detective thriller, "London After Midnight," and six acts of Loew's vaudeville feature this week's program at Loew's Orpheum Theatre.

Chaney, in several weird disguises plays a Scotland Yard detective who by modern scientific methods utilizes hypnotism to ferret out a strange plot cloaked behind the 'ghosts' and apparitions of an old haunted English manor.

The supporting cast includes Marceline Day, Conrad Nagel, Henry B. Walthall, Polly Moran and others.

William Seabury and Irene Sworn dance experts, demonstrate their ability in "Glorifying the Dance," a revue presented with the assistance of Ken Whitmore and his 10 buddies.

Burt and Rosedale offer an amusing comedy and song act while Steele and Winslow score with their classical travesty called "Poetic Motion." Other acts are Hart, Wagner and Lela in a comedy turn entitled "Crawling into Vaudeville"; Rose O'Hara, contralto, and Joe Fanton and company, sensational acrobats.

Latest Hal Roach comedy starring Max Davidson, M-G-M newsreel and the Orpheum musical selections are among additional features.

### FRANK CRAVEN IN "THE 19TH HOLE"

Hollis Street Theatre—"The 19th Hole," by Frank Craven, with Mr. Craven in the leading role. Produced by A. L. Erlanger. The cast:

George Gill	Homer Barton
Mrs. Chase ("Emmy")	Dorothy Blackburn
Vernon Chase	Frank Craven
Neddy Everett	Marion Abbott
The Postman	Kitty Kelly
"Mac, the club pro"	Charles MacDonald
Tom Everett	Roy Cochran
Haliday	Howard Sidney
Ben	Walter Downing
Sam Bloomer	Beecher Zebbs
Col. Hammer	Harry Lewellyn
Walter Trumbull	Robert Wayne
Prof. Albert Baucroft	Jay Adams Young
Mrs. Col. Hammer	John Harwood
	Adora Andrews

Golfers and wives of golfers were transported to the seventh heaven of enjoyment last night at the Hollis when they saw the pedagogical Mr. Vernon Chase succumb to the links epidemic and struggle manfully through its various stages. All the stock jokes and wise cracks of the clubhouse, from the insistent golf widow on the phone to the dry mercenary drolleries of the Scotch professional, are to be found somewhere in the three acts. And even between the acts the golfers were fascinated, for there in the stage boxes were links immortals, including Francis Quimet, Jesse Guilford, Phillips Finley, Fred Wright and Emery Stratton, shepherded by the genial Mr. Harlow, Walter Hagen's manager.

You do not have to be a golfer to like this rattling human-nature little comedy, however. You may even harbor a mild dislike for the game and get thrills of pleasure as its pet weaknesses are put on the boards before you. In fact, anyone who likes a comic strip must like "The 19th Hole," for it is jammed full of the stuff that has made Briggs and Webster what they are today. Craven himself is the blinkin' image of Casper Milquetoast, and there are several scenes which bring to mind unmistakably the homely bickerings of Mr. and Mrs.

Vernon Chase is a studious, quiet chap who studies stained glass windows and such like and believes that links are what they use to make watch chains. He comes to a village of club-swinging maniacs to settle down and write scholarly articles for the magazines. But he is lured astray. Golf gets him, and how. After taking a highball or two in the clubhouse locker room he expands like the mouse that wanted to chew up the cat and forks over money for a membership that ought to have been used to pay the milk bill or something. His wife, a yearning, ambitious, soulful creature who talks all the time the way awfully nice ladies do in very polite books written in the 80's, can't understand this frightful game which takes up all hubby's time, and answers his golfing friends very shortly when they phone to arrange a foursome. She almost literally takes him by the ear and leads him to his typewriter, but he just can't stay there when the sun is shining and the birds are singing on the links. He gets into a jam with the dictator of the club, Col. Hammer, and plays off with him one of those double-or-nothing matches upon which everything depends. Does he win? You'll have to pay money to find that out.

The play is thoroughly amusing, but we have a little bone to pick with Mr. Craven. We believe that the sort of cringing, timid character he has given

us in Chase must be gloriously vindicated in the last act if everyone goes home happy. In this play we leave the man still a snivelling, grateful acceptor of magnanimous favors. Wouldn't it be far better theatre if his chest went out until at least one button flew off? But opinions obviously differ. H. F. M.

### "Come Back to Erin" Proves Popular at Arlington

Franklyn Farnum, Boston's own motion picture star, made a triumphant return to the speaking stage last evening at the Arlington Theatre in "Come Back to Erin," a play by Walter Lawrence. A capacity audience greeted the performance and gave every indication of its pleasure. Mr. Farnum displayed a remarkable tenor voice and brought to the role of Larry Shannon great poise and natural ability.

"Come Back to Erin" tells the story of a parish priest and the happenings of his household in an amusing and entertaining manner and holds the interest of the spectator to the end. The action is interspersed with songs and dances. The music, written by Danie J. Sullivan and John Garvey, is light and melodious, two of the numbers, "Mary Rose" and "She's One of the Good Old Kind," being worthy of special comment. They seem destined to become popular hits.

Supporting Mr. Farnum in one of the principal roles is the author of the play, Walter Lawrence. He portrays the part of Fr. John Desmond and gives a finished and dignified characterization. Alma Stanley furnishes the love interest with Mr. Farnum and sings two duets with him.

Others in the cast are Madeline Buckley, who sang "Little Town in Old County Down," Jeanne Gerson, Roy Chester, Wayne Nunn, Peter Griffin, Bert Shaw and others complete the cast.

"Come Back to Erin" is bound to appeal to the theatregoers of Boston, as it has everything that they like in the way of entertainment—and it has in Franklyn Farnum the best Irish singing star since the days of Chauncey Olcott and Andrew Mack.

### KITTY DONNER HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Rasch Dancers and Norberto Ardelli Also Appear

Miss Kitty Donner, one of vaudeville's favorites, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week with another of her groups of male impersonations. Neat and natty, as always, the diminutive star is livelier than ever, and makes things hum while she is on the stage. The gay Frenchman, the dancing Scot and the gay young blade out for an evening offer her opportunity to indulge her flair for mimicry.

Norree, a limber-limbed dancer leads eight Albertina Rasch girls in "A Series of Dance Tabloids," with all the grace expected of Rasch dancers. Del Chain and Lou Archer, amuse with a comedy act, and especially with a joint speech of thanks at the end of the act. A worthwhile demonstration of trained animals is presented in the opening act, called "Howard's Spectacle." This includes ponies and dogs of unusual intelligence.

Norberto Ardelli, an Italian-American tenor, offers several selections, including the vaudeville tenor's favorite, "Roses of Picardy," and its runner-up, "Love Sends a Gift of Roses." Jugglers and dancers are Bob and Margie Du Pont, dexterous of foot and hand. A black-face team of speed and spirit is Joyner and Foster, the speed being accelerated by an oversize razor in the hand of one. Martin and Martin, an athletic team of considerable appeal, close the show.

### SYMPHONY GIVES THIRD OF SERIES

Orchestra Thrills Audience with "Scheherazade"

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, gave the following program for the third of the Monday evening series, Dai Buell, soloist; Rimsky-Korsakov, Smpnphonic Suite "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"); Chopin, Concerto No. 2 in F minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra; Wagner, Overture to "Tannhauser."

Words are weak, futile things when it comes to describing "Scheherazade"—it is a glorious tale set to tune and rhythm, inspiring the imagination to



an orgy and making the emotions swell within one to uncomfortable proportions. Such music is made for mere humans, but it is difficult to move about the ordinary world after its spell. Perhaps Mr. Koussevitzky realized he would have his audience on his hands if he did not jolt them a bit with Wagner and a precious jolt the "Tannhauser" overture becomes when played by this estimable orchestra.

The soloist, Dai Buei, was warmly received by a large audience in the Chopin concerto.

C. M. D.

## Strange Survivals

Four men in Hungary were convicted of murdering an old woman because she was a witch. A sick friend of the four had told them that his illness was due to her magic spells. The superior court of Szegedin has reversed the conviction and pronounced the woman a witch. One, reading this dispatch dated Jan. 20, wondered at the credulity of the people and the court, was amazed that there could be this ruling superstition in the 20th century. One also remembered the mocking speech of Voltaire, that vampires were found chiefly in Hungary.

But on Jan. 18 the newspapers of New York published the fact that a woman in Stapleton, Staten Island swore in an affidavit that she had paid in the last seven years nearly \$7000 to another woman to be cured of an ailment by the use of magic powders, brews of herbs, esoteric rites including the invocation of spirits.

Even in an age of machinery old superstitions flourish. Friday is still a day of ill omen. In some streets of Boston there is no number 13. Is there a room thus numbered in many hotels? At many a house in this city if fourteen guests have been invited to dine and one sends regrets at the last moment, a hurried invitation to a friend is sent out or a child of the hostess fills the fourteenth chair. As Maginn sang long ago:

"O never sit down at the table  
When the number is thirteen,  
And lest witches be there,  
Put salt in your beer,  
And scrape your platter clean."

There are Bostonians who look forward to bad luck if they accidentally see the new moon over the left shoulder, nor do they avoid going under a ladder on the sidewalk simply from fear of something that might fall on them.

In England as in New England there have been recent instances of the transfixing with needles or pins of the rude effigy of one regarded as an enemy. This old practice known throughout Europe; serving as an episode in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native"; inspiring Rossetti's "Sister Helen," has by no means been abandoned. One may laugh at superstitions and demoniacal spells, but belief in them survives, and flourish way down in the sub-consciousness of even the intelligent, who, after all, are the physical and leavings of many deaths through the fleeting centuries.

## A LOST LADY

Her eyes were like two rapiers thrust  
Through silken banners limp with dust  
Her smile was crinkly velvet laid  
Over a wound. Her laugh was frayed.

But when she spoke, a faint perfume  
Of moonlit satin filled the room.  
And if she moved her hands we heard  
The broken sigh, the burning word.

Because her flesh still whispered of  
A spirit travel-worn with love,  
We saw how desolately gay  
Could be the fever of decay.

POLLY CHASE.

Not all the English are worried over debts, the unemployed, Russian propaganda, Mussolini and the Mediterranean. There is a dispute as to the origin of the phrase, "Suits to a T." Some say the phrase is a contraction of

"Suits to a tittle", others insist that there is an allusion to work that mechanics square with a T rule.

The great Oxford Dictionary states that the original sense has not been ascertained. "Suggestions that it was the tee at curling or at golf or a T square appear on investigation to be untenable; it has also been suggested that it referred to the proper completion of a 't' by crossing it; or that it was the initial of a word; in reference to this it is notable that 'to a tittle' (i. e. to a prick, dot, jot) was in use nearly a century before 'to a T' and in exactly the same constructions."

This reminds us that the contents of the famous "bachelor's hotel" in London, the Tavistock at Covent Garden, are to be sold; and why are we reminded? Because before the present century no woman was allowed in the hotel as a guest; tea cups were feminine, so tea was drunk from basins. A "dish of tea" then had a literal meaning.

We are old enough to have seen fine New England women drinking tea from saucers, using the cup only to hold the brew. We also visited Young's Hotel in Boston in the days when no woman entered there as a guest.

The Tavistock was on a part of the old convent from which Covent Garden takes its name. The wine cellars were supposed to have been cellars in the convent. The hotel also included the site of a house in which many celebrated persons lived, from Sir Peter Lely down. This house afterward was given over to auctions until it was included in the hotel premises. A coffee house was also on the site. Capt. Marrayat's Japhet when he was in search of a father made it his headquarters. Steerforth in "David Copperfield" was to breakfast there. The Finches of the Grove, of which Pip and Herbert Pocket were members, held their meetings at the Tavistock.

There is a story that the actors, Toole and the elder Sothorn, took charge of the hotel office one night and played mad pranks with the guests. They informed a famous clergyman that his attentions to a chamber maid had been discovered and he must leave the hotel at once.

Some one should write an anecdotal history of three hotels in Boston now unfortunately no more: Young's, the Old Parker House and the Adams House.

## WOTAN'S DAY

As the World Wags:

"Let's get crocked tonight."

It was entirely Van's idea. I probably wouldn't have thought of it for five minutes. I became deeply meditative.

"Let's see," I pondered, "today is Wednesday, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Van, "today is Wednesday."

"Wednesday," I mused.

So, of course, it being Wednesday, we went out to celebrate the fact. No true pagan lets a Wednesday go by uncelebrated. The same applies to Friday, Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday, Saturday, and, once a week, Monday. It was in a cabaret that Van, who loves fireworks, stood up on the table and began:

"Ho! Ye maidens of Vienna!

Whoops! Ye matrons of Lucerne . . ."

I don't think he finished it. I don't remember. I asked the desk sergeant if Van finished it. He said he wasn't sure, but he might have; the wagon had to stop till a traffic officer gave the signal to go on.

Van says he never finished it; says he never did know all of it. Although I hesitate to make any positive statement, I am inclined to believe he did leave it incomplete.

The next day was Thursday.

(This may be continued)

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

## TAKING IT EASY

As the World Wags:

These are my ideas of an easy existence. First thing in the morning I begin with Cadman's Daily Dozen set to music (Alabama Quickstep); breakfast followed by Pussyfoot's Propaganda on Probius (with chewing gum accompaniment). Then digest statistics showing success of Pacificist Alliance. Rest period devoted to reading books forbidden in Boston (purchased in Cambridge); attend lecture by the Rev. Eyewash on "The Monkey as an Ancestor—Exposed and Dissected." Lunch, composed of strictly pure food, followed by radio broadcasting from Uplift League on the low moral characters of Miss Raud Moyden and Farry Emerson Hosdick. Postman brings afternoon bulletin of Society for the Purification of the Poems of Felicia Hemans; interview with field agent of the Society for Suppression of Immoral Thinking. Later, pleasant visit from lady soliciting funds for disturbing the religious customs of the Zambesi tribes. Afternoon paper gives long telegram from Society for Eliminating Tobacco from American

Life of Col. Lindbergh urging him to refuse invitation to visit San Domingo as it is reported its President smokes. Dinner: special steak from animal killed by kindness. Evening at theatre—"Folies of 1928" expurgated by a well-known committee on Temperance, Prohibition and Morals. The characters were taken by volunteers from the Goodworth League. Went to sleep during the performance. Home; news flashes at 11:20 P. M. by the Anti-Sport Alliance: Rollo the Rascal beat Rough-neck Arthur at Ping-Pong. Heigho! Thus ended a perfect day in Puritan Boston. Pretty soft. Nothing to do 'till tomorrow. So to bed.

WOOF WOOF.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, seeing Mine. Jeritza as Carmen last week at the Metropolitan Opera House, saw no Moorish dancer; he saw "a vision of a noonday stenographer seated on a drug store stool breathing her soul out in a long sigh of rapture over the luncheon ice cream soda."

## VIOLINS

(For As the World Wags)

Tonight the melody of violins

A various music brings.

High, thin chords of pain

Fall as singing rain

Fell once in the dark

Where love had been

And then was not.

—LEE.

As the World Wags:

The other day I butted into two friends who were having a heated argument as to how to pronounce the word "either." One said, "ee-ther" and the other said "eyether." Finally they both turned to me and I said either is correct, whereat No. 1 pounced on me and said, "It is not, eyether is correct," and I said, "Of course, didn't I say eyether was correct?" And then No. 2 pounced on me. Now, what to do, Dick, which is correct?

MABEL REDHEAD.

## Angelo Musco and Company. Give Good Show

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Angelo Musco in "L'Aria del Continente," a comedy in three acts by Nino Martoglio.

"The Air of the Continent" proves that though in Rome you may do as the Romans do, when you return to your old home town in Sicily things are not quite the same. Angelo Musco, a famous Italian comedian who has played before all the crowned heads in Europe, including the Scandinavian, plays the part of Nicola Duscio. This simple Sicilian youth goes to Rome to have his appendix removed, and falls in love with the refinements and luxuries of the big city.

The most noticeable luxury that Nicolino brings back to his native village is a lady known as Milla. Though in Rome a pretty mistress was considered as rather a necessary adjunct to a smart life, Nicola finds that his sister, Maria Stella, takes a provincial view of the matter. Complications follow, the entire male population of the village falls victim to Milla's sophisticated charms, confusion reigns, until Milla is exposed by the local Purity League. Instead of a fine lady, she is only a country girl gone to Rome to seek her fortune. Nicola refuses to regard himself as her fortune. Milla returns to the variety stage in Rome, and peace again descends on the Sicilian village.

The Italian company were unconcerned with refinements in scenery or costume. Theirs was a whole-souled performance, noisy, full of action and gesture. Angelo Musco, apparently a finished comedian in the Italian manner, pleased his audience greatly. This was fortunate as he was on the stage almost constantly. Although we heard of the lovely Milla all through act one, this interesting lady did not so much as appear until the end of the second act. It was a one-man show, and the man seemed to be about as funny as anyone who has appeared in the Opera House for years.

On Thursday night Angelo Musco will present "Sua Eccellenza," another comedy by the same Sicilian poet.

R. H. G.

## VIRGINIA GARDINER

Virginia Gardiner, soprano, admirably accompanied by Mrs. Flitts, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Sweet Nymph, Come to Thy Lover, Morley; When I Am Laid in Earth, Purcell; Fingo per mio Diletto, Viardot; Ah, lo so, and Non so piu, Mozart; ballade, Jane Grey (first Boston performance). Schoenberg: Adieu un Reve,

Faure; Qu'aimes tu de moi? Georges; Apakemen, Chausson; Hail Lull, Coquard; Villanelle des Petits Canards, Chabrier; Swans, Kramer; In The Poppy Field, Clark; Sleep, and Pretty Ring Time, Warlock; The Lark now Leaves his Watery Nest, Horsman.

Among the many singing young women and men who have felt the time come to show their paces in Jordan Hall, Miss Gardiner won for herself last night an honorable place. An exacting program, to begin with the significant matter of her musicianship, a program including the difficult Schoenberg ballads—a program, too, demanding for its execution four lan-

guages—she was able to present securely, with every air of ease. Not every young singer can manage so much.

She has for her use a nice voice. Following, very like, the dictum of Lili Lehmann that the head register is the safest to "exploit"—Lili's own word—Miss Gardiner, in this her present period of development, uses, above all else, a light head tone that lends her voice that quality which the Germans call "soubrette-like." In the lower medium register she already has succeeded in mixing it with a deeper resonance, to the great good of the tones that result; presently, no doubt, she will be equally successful with those more difficult tones that lie high and low in the scale.

Not, if one may be allowed a guess, by temperament a soubrette, Miss Gardiner will surely find herself musically more at home when she has brought her voice to a degree of development that suits the songs that suit her nature best—gentle songs, that is to say, contemplative or melancholy, like those by Faure and Chausson, Pamina's air and Dido's. Of her light tripping songs last night she sang Warlock's setting of the pretty ring time very nicely indeed, simply, with genuine brightness of tone and mood.

The large audience applauded Miss Gardiner with enthusiasm.

R. S. G.

The program announced for the Symphony concerts this week has been slightly changed: Brahms's "Academic" Overture has been substituted for Conrad Beck's Symphony for Strings. The other pieces will be six of Liadov's eight orchestrations of Russian Folk Songs; "The Peri" of Dukas, and the first Symphony of Sibelius, the one in E minor.

The performance of Beck's Symphony has been postponed until the concerts of Feb. 10, 11, when according to the present plan Florent Schmitt's 47th Psalm will be performed and Mme. Koshetz will sing an aria from Borodin's "Prince Igor."

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give the second of the Children's Concerts in Symphony hall this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Music by Rimsky-Korsakov, Schubert, Mozart, Grieg, Liadov, Sowerby, Wagner. Mr. Burgin will conduct.

The Kedroff quartet will sing tonight in Symphony hall in aid of the work of the American committee for the education of Russian Youth in Exile. The program will include groups of Russian folk songs, and part songs by Glazounov, Cui, Borodin, Dargomizsky, Zeller, Moniuszko, Saint-Saens, Patzius, Strauss and others. Mr. Koussevitzky regards this quartet as "the most wonderful phenomenon of the vocal world today." He writes: "If any one imagined a perfect vocal performance, it would be the Kedroff quartet. Sometimes, listening to them, you forget that human beings are singing. The divine harmony, the combination of these rich sounds create the illusion of a fairy-tale; their voices lead you in golden countries, raise magic worlds in your mind. Whole Russia vibrates in these melodies; now, you hear the mystic voice of a religious tune; now, the cheerful and laughing note of a popular song. And your heart vibrates with these beloved, old melodies and long after you have left the concert hall, there is a voice which still sings in your soul."

The second of Ernest Schelling's Concerts for Children will take place in Jordan hall next Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. Beethoven, Overture to "Fidelio." Mendelssohn, Scherzo from the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream." Moussorgsky, Prelude to "Kovanchina" and Gopak. Schumann, "Ranz des Vaches," from "Manfred" (English horn solo, Mr. Speyer). Rimsky-Korsakov, Narrative of the Kalandar Prince from "Scheherazade." Song, "Hail Columbia." Ippolitov-Ivanov, March of the Sirdar.



Howard Goding will play the piano in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon. Music by Couperin, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Scriabin (Sonata No. 4), Ravel, Chopin, Liszt.

### OH, DID IT?

(Headlines in New York Sun)

### "Flonzale Quartet Sings At Town Hall"

The subject of Burton Holmes's travel revue in Symphony hall tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon is "Vienna and the Austrian Alps."

### As the World Wags:

The man is suing them for \$25,000 for throwing him out, but the theatre people say that while the film was a comedy the man laughed at the wrong time. Now, when is the right time to laugh at a movie comic? We have seen several lately and hanged if we could tell. Let the cinema cathedrals toll a large bell when the audience should laugh. Or a factory whistle might be installed and blown when a laugh is expected. Darn it, they ought to do something so a feller can know. R. H. L.

Dr. Emil Ludwig, author of "Napoleon" and "Bismarck," will lecture in Jordan hall this evening, in the course of his nation-wide lecture tour. "The Selwyn Theatre, in New York, was packed to the doors to hear him and he is filling a return engagement there." His appearance at Jordan hall this evening at 8-15 will be his only one in Boston. The subject of his lecture, which will be in English, is "Bismarck and the German Republic." "Dr. Ludwig's 'Napoleon' has been among the 'six best sellers' in non-fiction throughout the United States ever since last May. His 'Bismarck,' recently published, has already become one of the 'big six.' In his lecture Dr. Ludwig will show that the 'Iron Chancellor' should have much of the credit for making the German Republic of today a possibility; that, in fact, he predicted the republic when he broke with the late Emperor William Hohenzollern in March, 1890."

The N. E. Conservatory Orchestra, Wallace Goodrich conductor, will give a concert in Jordan Hall tomorrow night. Berlioz, Overture, "Carnival at Rome," Saint-Saens, piano concerto, G minor (Mildred Kidd, class of '27), Franck-Bucser, Priere, Sur des airs Bearnais, Wagner, Scene from Act II "Tristan and Isolde" (Anita Bancroft Dates, Florence Owen, Rulon Y. Robison).

Emanuel Ondrick, who will conduct, as guest, the People's Symphony Orchestra next Sunday afternoon, has prepared an interesting program. Smetana, overture to "Libussa"; Dvorak, "The Golden Spinning Wheel" (first time in Boston); Tchaikovsky, violin concerto (Ruth Posselt); Suk, Meditation on the 13th Century Choral (first time in this country); Ondrick Slovakian Pictures, Tatra, Slovakian Lullaby, In the Village (first time in Boston in its entirety). We shall speak of this program next Sunday.

Mr. Rachmaninoff will play the piano in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon; the Hart House String Quartet will play on Sunday evening at the Boston Public Library.

Jelly d'Aranyi will play that evening at the Copley Theatre in aid of the South Boston Neighborhood House. Music by Brahms, Mozart, Vaughan Williams, De Falla-Kochansky, Gluck-Kreisler, Marsick, Dienzi, Sarasate.

Giovanni Zenatello and Marla Guy are now in Boston. The former sang recently with the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. The last time he sang in Boston as a member of the Boston Opera Company was on March 28, 1914, when he took the part of Gennaro in "The Jewels of the Madonna." Maria Gay, Carmela; Elizabeth Amsden, Mariella; Mario Ancona, Raffaele. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

### ADD "SHEET IRON BANDS"

(From the Findlay (Ohio) Morning Republican)

"New orchestra forming. Three or four players yet needed to complete. Music experience not necessary. Inquire 1014 So. West street."

### MUSICAL AMITY

Arrangements have just been completed by the Paris and Vienna Opera Houses for an exchange of companies next May. The entire companies—orchestra, soloists, chorus, and ballet—will each present a short season of representative national opera.

Arthur Bourchier, actor, who died at Johannesburg, in September last, left an estate valued at £16,277. Portraits of himself are bequeathed: one by Sir Hubert Herkimer to his wife, Kyrie Bellew, for life, then to the National Gallery; the other, portraying him as John Silver in "Treasure Island," to his wife for life; then to the Garrick Club.

## PARTRIDGE SINGS

Roland E. Partridge, tenor, accompanied by Robert W. Manton and Clifford Kemp, sang this program last night in Jordan hall: Sweet Nympe, Morley. Sorrow, Sorrow Stay, Douland, arranged by Sowerby; Old Poem, Copeland; Love's Soliloquy, Robert W. Manton; Zur Ruh, zur Ruh! Fussreise, Gesang, Weylas. Der Feuerreiter, Wolf; Soupir, L'Invitation au Voyage, Serenade Florentine, Le Ma-noir de Rosemonde, Duparc; Preislied, from Die Meistersinger, Wagner; Two Rondels, Vaughan Williams; There's Not a Swain on the Plain, Purcell; In Distant Land, from Lohengrin, Wagner.

Honor once more to Mr. Partridge for his high musical standard when it comes to planning a program. The trivial he will not put up with; why should he, doubtless he reasons, when there are plenty of agreeable light songs to sing, all among the best? Few singers, though, like Mr. Partridge, stand above dallying with the rubbish, in the fond delusion that plain people relish trash most. Great music, and plenty of it, Mr. Partridge likes to sing, some of the best of Wolf and Duparc, Wagner, no less. He does not shudder, furthermore, at the sight of a new song. Last night, indeed, he made bold freely to sprinkle his program with the words: "First Time."

There was Mr. Manton's song to a Whitman text, a song of no amazing melodic beauty to bless it, indeed, but a song that does suggest the spirit of the words—a song, too, of a warmer ardor than is always to be found in the works of Americans. There was also young Mr. Copeland's song, with far less melody in its favor, and no emotional suggestion of the words at all. A curious sort of accompaniment, sagaciously provided by Mr. Copeland, does lend the music the sort of charm that may proceed from a succession of pleasant sounds.

For further novelties there were Purcell plain, Morley and Dowland colored—by Sowerby—and also Vaughan Williams. Compliments, once again, to Mr. Partridge on his taste and ingenuity. The singer, in less than a year, has made technical and vocal gain. His vowels, though still he likes a pronunciation of English not everybody can approve, he has noticeably bettered. In the middle of his range, when he sings them neither too loud nor too soft, he has developed tones of genuinely fine quality, of considerable power too. A hardness of tone still plagues him when he essays too much force, and his pianissimo, as of course he knows, demands further attention. His marked improvement Mr. Partridge showed in spite of an evident cold.

He is an unusual singer among the younger Americans. They, nine-tenths of them, need prodding to give their life. Mr. Partridge, on the other hand, needs curbing more accurately, he would do well to let judgment guide his exuberance. A pianissimo that can scarcely be heard, strength of tone falling over into violence, a pace so slow, or so hurried that rhythm fails, a lightness of touch over-dainty—these savor of extravagance.

Mr. Partridge has no need to resort to extravagance. Endowed with fervor beyond that of nearly all his peers, if he would but cultivate a musical and emotional reasonableness, he would treble the present effectiveness of his song. It is to be hoped he will; he has much in his favor, the makings of a singer apart from the crowd.

An excellent audience last night applauded Mr. Partridge heartily.

R. R. G.

### Boston Orchestra Plays for City's Youth

The first of the young people's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall with Richard Burgin conducting. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, Overture to the opera "May Night"; Schubert, Andante from the String Quartet in D minor, Variations on the Song, "Death and the Maiden"; Mozart, two movements from the Symphony E flat major; Grieg, Suite No. 2, from the incidental music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"; Ingrid's Lament, Solveg's Song and Dance of the Troll King's Daughter; Liadov, "Baba Yaga," Tone Picture after Russian Folk Tale; Sowerby, "The Irish Washerwoman"; Wagner, "The Ride of the Valkyries" from "The Valkyrie."

The audience that attended this concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was extremely courteous and enthusiastic. If it had not been for the brilliant colors of the younger generation's costumes and a few irrepressible eagles from those of high school age, one

might have thought the orderly rows were filled with serene elders entranced by the vivid music which floated down from the stage or hopped about joyously as it seemed to in some of the selections.

Young people are noted for their frankness, and as they are not in a habit of laying this aside for an afternoon, there was no doubt about the music which met with their greatest favor. This frankness was refreshing. Grieg's incidental music from the "Peer Gynt" suite, with its warmth and interesting rhythm had the greatest appeal, while the jollity of Sowerby's "The Irish Washerwoman" set a few heads wagging, and many grins of familiarity burst on grandmother's face as well as the young man's for whose benefit it was being played.

"Baba Yaga," inspired by a Russian folk tale, was the next in popularity, a brilliant piece of music with richness and feeling in abundance. Schubert was welcomed for a little while, and then his honeyed sweetness in this Andante in D minor seemed to pall. It takes a June night, a rose garden and Schubert's tunes in the distance to make him more intoxicating than Wagner, Liadov and even Sowerby.

Richard Burgin, who directed this program, is known to those who attend Symphony concerts. His violin has a particularly beautiful voice, and he plays it as only a remarkable musician can play. It was a pleasure to see him direct the orchestra in his intelligent, musicianly way.

The program was also well selected and arranged. The glorious "Ride of the Valkyries" would have kept anyone but children silent to the last splendid blast, and even then it succeeded very

well. The program will be repeated this afternoon at Symphony hall at 4 o'clock. C. M. D.

"Drys" are not a recent variety of the American genus homo. The Boston Traveler of Jan. 25, 1823, published this death notice:

"In Montgomery county, N. C., Mr. James Atkins, aged 93. Jimmy Atkins was the most singular of his time. He never sweated any in the hottest weather, seldom drank any water, and never was known to spit in his life."

The Daily Chronicle of London: "Tarring-and-feathering was, I think, last adopted on a large scale during the American war of independence; although I believe it is included in the methods of the Ku Klux Klan; indeed, a woman was actually tarred and feathered in Kansas in 1911."

It is true that tarring and feathering, and gouging out the eyes were favorite outdoor sports in the heroic days of the American republic, but Americans were not the inventors of the former game. In the time of Richard the First, the practice was imposed by an ordinance (1189) as a punishment in the navy for theft. There is a story that the punishment was inflicted in 1623 on a party of incontinent friars and nuns by a bishop of Halvestade. There was a fine instance of a successful operation in Boston referred to by John Adams in a letter.

Mr. John Malcomb, an officer of the customs in this city, was tarred and feathered and led to the gallows with a rope about his neck. This pleasing incident took place in 1774.

The English ordinance of 1189 read that any robber voyaging with the Crusaders "shall be shaved, then boiling pitch shall be poured upon his head, and a cushion of feathers shook over it." Thus dressed, he was to be put ashore at the first stopping place.

### GRADUATED WITH HONORS

As the World Wags: There comes a time in every college man's life when he finds it absolutely necessary to look for a job. I answered a "Help Wanted" ad yesterday. Went into an office, and after waiting for an hour for the boss to get finished with his conference (boy, she was a knock-out . . . I don't blame him), I was finally interviewed. After asking me my age and several other inconsequential questions, this guy says: "Would you watch the clock all day?" "No, sir," I answered, "not me, I carry a wrist watch." Honestly, I was standing outside on the street so quick I don't know just what happened.

DONO MEARA.

### SUNLIGHT AND OLD AGE

Those who insist on the sun's beams as indispensable to health should consider the case of Mr. William Aspin of Blackburn, Eng., who departed this life last month at the age of 80. For 65 years he was a miner. "Entering the mine a boy of 7, he left it an old man of 72, and throughout his life he saw the sun only on Sundays, which were not all sunny days."

### As the World Wags:

Murray and I were motoring down Boylston street in my—no, I believe it was Murray's—car when he remarked

"You know the greatest charm about women—the reason men fall in love with them—is the mystery that surrounds them."

"The mystery?" I queried. I gazed out at a signboard. It pictured pink lingerie in a natural setting. I might call it a very charming picture. In fact, I will call it a very charming picture! It was a very charming picture. Another signboard went by, screaming silk hosiery to the world. Illustrated, of course. Then came a whole parade of outdoor advertising—step-lins . . . "for milady's toilette" . . . chemise . . . "remove superfluous hair" . . . "banish freckles" . . . "don't wear a truss" . . . "the daintiest fabrics" . . . garters . . . knee rouge . . . "perfumes that attract" . . . "for milady's boudoir" . . . "abolish skin blemishes" . . . "regain your girlish figure" . . . "that schoolgirl complexion" . . . et cetera and etc. "As you were saying," I resumed "about the mystery—"

But Murray had nothing more to say. OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

### THAT CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

(From Life)

They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in Greek, but their laughter changed to astonishment at my ready reply.

"I wanna roasta bif san'wich, str-r-romberry pie, two cup skawfee," was the simple and clear statement I made without hesitation.

### As the World Wags:

A letter-box on Tremont street has above it the legend: "Post No Bills." If this order could be enforced at all mail-boxes, we who receive a distressing number of bills would be greatly relieved. C. J. DOUGLAS.

### A CUBAN NIGHT

(For As the World Wags)

Moonlight in the plaza gleaming, Music through the ballroom streaming, Castanets, guitars, Pretty, dark-eyed seniorita, In the whole isle none is sweeter, Tinkling fountains, stars.

Fat duennas eating salads, Pretty tenors singing ballads, Liqueurs and cigars, Captain Harry Fitz-Hugh Ramsel Casts his eyes upon the damsel, Sword and service bars.

Soon the twain in rhythmic turning, Tropic love begins its burning, Venus, Cupid, Mars, Moon is sinking in the ocean, Thrilled are they with love's sweet potion, Roses, crystal jars.

"Hark, I hear the bugle calling, Into line the soldiers falling," Tears, and loud hurrahs.

"Darling, I will ne'er forget you, In a year I'll come and get you," Puffing engine cars.

### HOW IT ENDED

Society Note.—The marriage of Capt. Harry Fitz-Hugh Ramsel to Miss Jerusha Hawkins was celebrated in the Pleasant Street Baptist Church last Thursday evening. The captain and his company returned from the canal zone a year ago. It is the first and only love affair of either—they attended the same Sunday school. Miss Hawkins inherited from her late father all the shares in his great tack factory on Indian river. It is, first and last, a genuine love match. JAMES L. EDWARDS.

### As the World Wags:

Will it not be a pity to allow anything to prevent Registrar Goodwin's chance to clean up the mine of designs he has struck in Hotspur's rich vein?

" . . . the moldwarp and the ant . . . a dragon and a finless fish. "A clip-winged griffin and a moulted raven."

"A crouching lion and a ramping cat."

—I. Hen. IV. III.

The ant will interfere least with the figures on a crowded number plate and serve to remind us pedestrians of what we are; but I vote for a ramping cat in 1929. J. G. D.

### AN INTERESTING MATTER

(For As the World Wags.)

How interesting just to note The people who say "intristing" A word on which they seem to dote For its sophisticated ring.

The dictionary knows it not, Though it would seem the proper thing;

But Noah Webster may have thought This precious word not "intristing."

ELEANOR W. VINTON.

Concord, N. H.

## KEDROFF QUARTET

The Kedroff quartet, four men singers from Russia, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall for the benefit of the committee for the education of Russian youth in exile. They sang many



circle songs and dance songs, ball songs, wedding songs, love songs, some of them arranged by Mr. N. Kedroff himself. They drew on composers like Cui, Borodin, Glazunov, Saint-Saens; also they announced arrangements from Mozart, Abt, and Strauss—presumably Johann of that name.

A "male quartet," let the singers be Russian or plain New Englanders. Remains a male quartet, with certain characteristic qualities which make it agreeable or otherwise, according to individual taste. A tenor singer may always be counted upon to furnish high tones more or less near falsetto. A bass will also be on hand to rival deep organ tones as best he may. One comedian at least among the four singers it is safe to look for. There will be much humming, many sprightly refrains sung to syllables like "bum, bum," "zum, zum," or "ring-a-ding-ding-a-ding." There will be sentimental songs as well, sung sentimentally in very truth, sometimes a little too much so.

The audience last night liked the quartet. Best of all the songs—of those, at all events, that came to a hearing reasonably early—they liked best "The Bells of Novgorod," with its imitation of bells deep-toned and bells silvery.

The singers, blessed with good voices, sing very well indeed in the usual male quartet manner—smoothly, with excellent tone, with every appearance of full appreciation of the texts. Rapid words perhaps they manage more adroitly than do most of our native singers. In rhythm they are by no means our superiors. In matters, too, like balance of tone, precision of attack, characterization, last night they showed high competence but scarcely the amazing virtues the advance printed word might have led a listener to expect.

Of course they sang Russian music. "Many of these folk songs," says a program note, "are practically only a string of jingling rhymes, the charm being in the music and the lilt and impetuosity of rhythm, rather than in any meaning in the words." Some of this folk music, if a heretic may speak, seems quite as "jingling" as the rhymes, as meaningless, with mighty little "lilt" about it either. As for Cui and the rest, their music as heard last night is very well, but surely a little does nicely? The comedy pleased best. Gave ever a male quartet a concert at which the comedy did not please best? R. R. G.

## 14TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the 14th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Brahms, "Academic Festival," Overture; Liadov, Six of "Eight Russian Folk Songs," orchestrated op. 58 (first time at these concerts); Dukas, "The Peri," a danced poem; Sibelius, Symphony No. 1 in E minor.

There is a marked difference between the mood and the orchestral expression of this first symphony and those of the composer's fifth and seventh: Sibelius was not young in years when he wrote the first—he was 34—but this symphony was the work of one musically young. It is seldom that a first symphony is resting on firm foundations architectonically planned, logically continuous in flow of musical thought, as is the first symphony of Brahms, who had written much chamber music before he ventured into the symphonic field.

The musical thoughts of a symphonic composer meditating his first work of long breath are many; they are often yeasty in their exuberance. There is not yet in the joy of composing the ability to eliminate. There is so much to say; all of it is thought important, essential.

Yet this exuberance when it expresses itself in a fantastical manner is not displeasing. Better wild irregularity, barbaric force than the smug aping of orthodox and approved predecessors.

Much has been said of Sibelius being the musical voice of his Finland. Rhapsodists with purple phrases have written of inspiring bleak landscapes, stormy seas, shrieking gulls, and the legends in the "Kalevala." Would not Sibelius, composer of symphonies—we do not speak of his admirable symphonic poems deliberately illustrative of the "Kalevala"—have written in his individual manner even if he had made Vienna his dwelling place after his studies there?

His "individual" manner. In the first symphony he did not escape the influence of Tchaikovsky, an influence shown particularly in the second movement. But the voice of Sibelius himself speaks in no uncertain tones; a virile voice that has new things to say; is not ashamed of screaming outbursts,

sudden contrasts; the voice of one heroically melancholy; not a whining egotist, not a despairing pessimist; a strong soul not disturbed by the sensuous charm of woman.

And so this symphony is more than conventionally interesting. It is dramatic, as if Sibelius had had a drama in his mind, perhaps one of his own life. The music is free, outspoken. It is without the fear of the learned professor at the Conservatory. One might say of the symphony one hears this music and is in the mighty presence of a man.

The performance was, as it should have been, intensely dramatic. There was no hinting of defiant measures; no introduction of incongruous pretenses; no roaring as that of Bottom, before the ladies. Sibelius had his way, and Mr. Koussevitzky knew this way.

A pleasant feature of the concert was the group of Russian folk songs skillfully orchestrated by Liadov—"skillfully," i. e. discreetly, with a preservation of the folk song spirit; not so if Liadov had said to himself, "I'll make something out of these little things."

Although one Hamilton addressed the House of Commons several times he is now known to us as "Single-speech Hamilton." It is not possible that Dukas will be known for some years to come as the composer of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice?" As Mascagni, and will be, the composer of "Cavalliria Rusticana." The symphony audience is well acquainted by this time with the "Peri."

It is not so inevitably associated with the stage action for which it was written that one can not judge of it as music pure and simple. Naturally the repetition of certain measures might be suited to varied scenes on the stage, but even so they do not seem of much significance in themselves. It is unjust, to say that the technical skill displayed here by the composer is more conspicuous than his invention of musical ideas? Is not the "Peri" a case of music made, conscientiously to order?

The "Academic Festival" of Brahms is always welcome; "always" when it was performed at it was yesterday. Brahms affected a light opinion of this

overture: "A very jolly potpourri on students' songs a la Suppe." What would Brahms have replied if some one had said this to him? Johannes was not inclined to think small beer of any one of his works; he could be atrociously rude in speech.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program of Feb. 10, 11 will be as follows: Conrad Beck, Symphony No. 3 for strings (first performance); Borodin, Aria from "Prince Igor" (Nina Koshetz); Holst, "Ode to Death" (poem by Walt Whitman) for chorus and orchestra. Florent Schmitt, Psalm 47 for orchestra, organ, chorus and solo voice. Cecilia Society; Malcolm Lang, conductor.

### Pretzels

The department of agriculture has made the astonishing statement that more than 27,000,000 pounds of pretzels, having a value of nearly \$5,000,000, are manufactured annually in the United States. The statement is astonishing, for pretzels go with beer, and beer, alas, is a thing of the past. Who would eat a pretzel with that institution known as "near beer"? No, the home of the pretzel was in the old-fashioned beer saloon, with a sawdust floor, a shining foot rail, tables for pinocchio players, a counter supporting dishes of cold cabbage, pigs feet, etc., with one fork in a glass of water for all hungry customers, who needed a whet to thirst.

It is said that the pretzel was introduced into this country by the Hessians during the Revolution; that Pennsylvania leads today in the production. The English dictionaries mark the word pretzel "U. S." They trace the word to the German, pretzel or bretzel; refer to the Italian "bracciello," and lightly say that the word is an adaptation of the mediæval Latin "bracellus," a bracelet. A German-English dictionary of the eighteenth century gives "kringel" as the equivalent of "pretzel" and defines both words as "cracknel." The great German-English dictionary of Muret Sanders knows not "pretzel"; only "brezel," which is defined "bretzel"; "a like baking in England 'cracknel' and there is a reference to 'handfesseen,' meaning wristlets, handcuffs, sheriff's bracelets (in slang) johnnies, darbies, police nippers. In German the proverbial saying "das geht nicht so wie's Brezel backen" corresponds to "that's not so easy as kissing."

Beer has inspired many poets to sing its praises; in the more recent years Calverley and George Arnold. Are pretzels unhonored and unsung by the poets? Hans Breitmann was not so negligent, so indifferent to the pretzel.

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty;  
Dey had biano-blayin'.  
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau  
Her name vas Madilda Vane.  
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel.

Her eyes vas himmel-plue.  
And when dey looket indo mine  
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo."

And once again. When Breitmann took his sweetheart, Katrina Bauer, to Coney Island, rowdies of New York insulted them on the boat.

"I openet de lit of mine pasket,  
Und pringed out a cherry bie.

A cherry kooken mit pretzels,  
'How goot!' Katrina said,  
When a rowdy stretched it from her,  
Und preaked it over my minc het."

But what are 27,000,000 pounds of pretzels without as many kegs of beer? Breitmann unconsciously was a prophet when he asked: "Where ish dat barty now?" and answered—

"Goned afay mit de lager beer—  
Afay in de Ewigkeit!"

### VILLAGE LIGHTS

These dim-lamped cabins leaning upon the tide of oceanic night

Whose gorge is hoarse with storm, whose surge with a scornful whistling washes over,

Would seem the craziest cockle-shells, if the meteor gave us a moment's sight,

And still unhaunted on this phantasmal abyss with life and love they hover.  
How now, bold mariners? what fixed star

So certifies you where you are?  
From what magnetic surety grows  
This unimaginable repose?

Who with his sea-hat over his eyes  
Defends your keels from the fanged surprise.

And while your banjos and feet are playing,

Knows each secret the deeps are saying?  
Kiss now, strum now, heap the coals,  
With flowery cordials brim the bowls—  
Since none could ever command this dark

Who stared his eyes out like a shark:  
This we in the whirls, shrill goblins, know.

Awash in fathomless dream's reflow;  
We mapped, logged, watched, thumbed  
all the rules,

Ten times as wise, ten thousand fools.  
—EDMUND BLUNDEN.

Add "Horrors of Prohibition." A "teetotal cocktail" sold at a bar in the Strand, London, is called the "Lady Astor."

A contributor to the New York Sun asks if the collar worn by men does not interfere with proper digestion, "as it confines the Adam's apple to an extent which would, to my lay mind, appear to prove injurious to the alimentary canal functioning. Perhaps only an idiosyncrasy on my part, but whenever convention permits I release the neckband before eating and feel more comfortable thereafter."

Yes, and we have seen strong men take off their coats in order to do full justice to a "meal of victuals."

The Adam's apple—  
"In Adam's fall

We sinned all"—  
is not a pretty sight. Why should it be exposed to view? Dr. Holmes, while he sang:

"Our freeborn race, averse to every check,  
Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its neck;

From the green prairie to the seagirt town,  
The whole wide nation turns its collars down,"

did not favor the low collar if Nature made one on her modern plan:

"Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare—  
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air—

With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,  
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!

And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove!

Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!"

How would Byron, how would Shelley have looked with a stick-up collar? Thus dressed could they have written immortal verse?

There have been strange necks calling loudly for the old-fashioned stock

Robert, King of France, married a kinswoman of his, by whom he had a son with a goose's neck and head, whereupon, by a common consent of the French bishops, they were excommunicated. So runs the story told by Petrus Jarnianus, archbishop of Ravenna, and cardinal; but grave historians do not mention any children born to Robert and his first wife, Berthe, although it is true he was excommunicated for this marriage by Gregory V in 998. In Tartary there was a nation "of so long a neck that it wholly resembles the neck of a crane; afterward in the top of the neck there is a ferine face, with the eyes and nostrils of a man, as also with a bill adorned with gills like a cock!" Not far from the Troglodites there were certain men that had no neck. In 1557 a child without a neck was born at Basle.

But we do not believe everything we read, not even in the newspapers.

Take the case of Philoxenus, who wished his neck was like that of a crane so he could take more pleasure in food and drink. Old Robert Bulwer said that this wish was ridiculous, "in the very foundation of the fancy to be condemned." "If he had obtained this foolish request, yet the justness of nature could not have suffered him to have been a gainer by the bargain; for a long gangrele neck, which would have made the head look as set upon a pole, would by such an elongation have caused a very inconvenient distance between the brain and the heart; but the epicure surely had a more reachy conceit, knowing that they are more greedy of meat, and have better stomachs, who have a greater space from the mouth to the paunch."

Sir Thomas Browne discussed with becoming eloquence this wish of Philoxenus, and came to the conclusion that the wish hardly consists with reason. Philoxenus might better have longed to be some ruminating animal that he might eat his meat twice over, "or rather, as Theophilus observed in Athenæus his desire had been more reasonable, had he wished himself an elephant or a horse; for in these animals the appetite is more vehement, and they receive their viands in large and plenteous manner."

Was Annie Laurie complimented when she was told that her neck was like the swan's? Poetical comparisons are often made for purposes of rhyming.

This reminds us that when an American, touring theatrical company recently visited Tokyo, some of the Japanese young women decided to follow the example of the actresses and go about without stockings. The police issued a decree forbidding any Japanese woman from appearing in public without hose unless she wore a long kimono. Another edict forbids young Japanese men from wearing "Oxford bags" or "plus-fours." As a result 150 young men were arrested—many of them belonging to the first families, not only the first as you enter the city. They were warned that "any Japanese youth who in the style of his clothing apes foreign fashions is likely to incur the unfavorable suspicions of right-minded men."

### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

As the World Wags:

This is a true story. I withhold the names. A celebrated "star" was the recipient of many attentions from an automobile manufacturer. Among these attentions were a sable cloak and one of mink, and a pearl necklace. She had the jeweller substitute imitation pearls for the real ones, keeping the platinum clasp. Then she sold the pearls and bought a diamond bracelet with the proceeds.

"My boy friend offered to give me a car," she told a confidante, "but I didn't want to place myself under obligation to him."

H. F. M.

Burton Holmes made good his statement at Symphony hall last night that Austria was the most beautiful country in Middle Europe by showing pictures of northern Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria; pictures of smiling farms, neat farmhouses and barns, well-kept villages. There were also striking views of mountain scenery with cloud effects. Innsbruck, Bad-Gastein and Gratz were visited before the large audience was taken to Vienna. Famous buildings and streets of that city were shown; Salzburg, the Traun-See, the Gross Glockner were pictured.

This travel revue was a feast for the eye, but the spectator learned little or nothing about the present economic social and political condition of the shrunken Austria of today. The pictures will be shown again this afternoon. The subject next week, when the last of the series will be given, is "The Heart of Italy."



Emanuel Ondricek has arranged an interesting program for the concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra, which he will conduct this afternoon as a guest.

Dvorak's symphonic poem "The Golden Spinning Wheel," has not been played in Boston. After Dvorak returned from his sojourn in New York to Prague—he made this city his dwelling place until his death in 1904—he composed a series of symphonic poems or ballads: "The Water Sprite," "The Noon Witch," "The Golden Spinning Wheel," "The Wood Dove" and "A Hero's Song."

"A Hero's Song" was brought out in Boston by Mr. Gericke at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Nov. 18, 1899; "The Wood Dove" on Oct. 14, 1905. We now quote from Mr. Ondricek's notes to "The Golden Spinning Wheel."

"The story is taken from a national fairy tale similar to one found among the Slavs of South Russia." A king, while resting after a hunting trip, sees a beautiful maiden, and asks her step-mother for her step-daughter's hand. The old woman plots a cunning scheme and sends the king her own daughter, who resembles her step-daughter, but lacks her fine qualities. The king marries her, not suspecting the deceit, while the old woman murders the step-daughter in the forest. An old sage of great magic powers restores the body to life with the Water of Life, and sends a beautiful golden spinning wheel to the queen as a present. Hardly does she begin to spin, when the magic wheel unfolds the truth to the king, and he hastens to the forest and finds the maiden of his heart, marries her and they live happily ever after."

This symphonic poem was played in Chicago in 1897. There was a performance in London in November last.

Mr. Ondricek's "Slovakian Pictures" are three in number. They were sketched in 1922; remodeled and orchestrated in 1924. "Tatra" describes the pastoral life of Slovakian shepherds of the Carpathian mountains, of which Tatra, the symbol of peace and majesty to Slovaks, is the highest. In the "Lullaby" pages depicting joyous village folk celebrating a local feast are introduced by way of contrast, "In a Village (A Dance)."

Ruth Posselt will play Tchaikovsky's violin concerto, which excited the anger of Hanslick when it was first played in Vienna so that he wrote an outrageously unjust review, in which he said: "There is music that stinks." The first movement was played in Boston by Bernhard Listemann in 1888—the first performance here of the whole concerto was by Adolph Brodsky in 1893.

Smetana's overture to the festival opera "Libussa," which took a prize of 1000 gulden and was produced at the dedication of the Czech National Theatre at Prague in 1881, was published in 1875—and played in concerts. When the opera was produced Smetana sat in the director's box, so deaf that he could not hear a note. The overture was performed in Boston under Mr. Gericke's leadership in 1905. Libussa, who ruled for a time as a princess, took to herself for a husband Premysl, a countryman. They founded a dynasty which was not extinguished until 1306. When the ambassadors sent by Libussa found Premysl, he was ploughing. His boots may now be seen in the Duke's chamber of the Wyscherad, or citadel of Prague. Libussa was described by Cosmas, a chronicler of the 11th century as "a wonderful woman among women, chaste in body, righteous in her morals, second to none as judge over the people, affable to all and even amiable, the pride and glory of the female sex, doing wise and manly deeds; but, as nobody is perfect, this so praiseworthy woman was, alas, a sooth-sayer."

She is the heroine of half a dozen operas. An asteroid is named after her.

Mr. Ondricek was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, and comes from a family of celebrated violinists. (His brother Franz (1859-1922) played in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Dec. 14, 1895. Another brother, Karl, was a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and for a time, of the Kneisel quartet.) At 14 years of age he entered the Prague Conservatory and studied violin with Sevcik, composition with Knittl and Stecker. He graduated with first prize five years later, after which he toured Europe, giving recitals and playing as soloist with the foremost European orchestras. After residing in London for three years he came to America on a concert tour. In 1915 he opened a studio of violin art in Boston, later transferring his teaching activities to New York.

Listened to in extenso, these negro spirituals seem to call for some such native accompaniment as hand-clappings, foot-shufflings, and choral fervor to enrich their thin but haunting airs and lyrical monotony. All this, perhaps, is hyper-criticism; for, within its inevitable limitations, it is difficult to imagine a program more successfully carried through. Miss Thomas is a highly-accomplished artist, who has become a redoubtable showman.—The Observer (London).

To the Editor of the Herald:

I am very, very fond of good music.

I must say, too, that no music is too high-brow, too cerebral, for me.

And really, in spite of it all, the radio is a great thing, isn't it? I think it is really wonderful, in spite of everything.

Why, the first week that I had a set, I will freely admit that I was thrilled. To hear a Symphony, the whole concert, right at home, was wonderful!

Believe, me, I was all set, with my favorite chair drawn up just right, and two of my very special panatelas laid handy.

And then, just before 8 o'clock, my wife came in with two of the neighbors!

Well, of course, I feared the worst, but I resolved to be very, very firm

and to shush them at the first word.

Shush them? Hah!

When the announcement began, I tuned in absolutely perfect, and for the first bars of Brahms they were, of course, curious, and so they were quiet; and then—

"Isn't it ma-a-arvellous!"

"Just think, we're hearing a Symphony right here at home!"

("Whose home, damn them?")

"Isn't your set wonderful, dear?"

"Oh, have you heard the Deerings' set? Why, they get everything. But, of course, theirs is an expensive set."

"Oh, yes, of course they get things that you can't expect to get with a cheap set."

"But, of course, your set is lovely, dear."

"Who wrote that piece? Baum? Oh, did he? I wish they would play something by George Gershwin. I think he's lovely, and still, he's terribly classical, too."

"Now, girls, you simply must stop talking, and let George listen to the music."

"Oh, George can hear the music all right, even if we do whisper a little. Can't you, George?"

Girls, just listen. Isn't that thrilling? Almost like Sousa."

"Awfully long piece, isn't it? Or is that another piece? I didn't notice."

"Just listen to the applause. That's the end of the concert, isn't it? Say, they have the loveliest marimba band on—"

But for the rest of the evening they had the radio to themselves, while I went up into the spare attic room and played myself a lot of old Ada Jones record on the old phonograph.

HERR INDERZOUH.

At the next concert of the Boston Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, pieces by Honegger, Hindemith, Schoenberg and Stravinski will be performed. Pauline Danforth will play Honegger's Concertino for the piano.

E. E. Clive of the Copley Theatre will be the "guest chairman" at the Ford Hall Forum tonight.

Rachel Morton will sing in three concert performances of "Tristan and Isolde" in the New York Symphony Orchestra in New York next month. She began her musical life as a choir singer in Everett. Five years ago she took a course of two months at the American Conservatory of Music at Fontainebleau. "At the end of those two months she had won a first prize in the opera course and spent all her funds." Jean de Reszka, interested in her, taught her for three years. Having made her debut at Nice, she was engaged by the British Opera company. She has been with this company three seasons.

Rosa Raisa of the Chicago Civic Opera company has founded in this country a Raisa trust fund to aid students of the arts. For this fund she gives annual concerts in Chicago.

P. H.

## MASSENET'S "SAPHO"

### Notes on Daudet's Novel, Play and Opera— From Emma Calve to Mary Garden

Massenet's opera "Sapho" will be performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company next Tuesday evening at the Boston Opera House.

Alphonse Daudet's romance "Sapho," dedicated "to my sons when they will be 20 years old," was published in 1884. A play in five acts, based by Daudet and Adolphe Belot on his novel was produced at the Gymnase Dramatique, Paris on Dec. 18, 1885. The part of Fanny Legrand (Sapho) was taken by Jane Hading; that of Jean Gaussin, by Damala. There were 14 performances in that year; 69 performances in 1886. Edmond de Goncourt describes in his Journal the enthusiasm aroused by the first three acts; the surprising coldness with which the fourth and fifth acts were received. Daudet would not sit in the theatre. "Having taken chloral"—he suffered acutely for many years of his life—"he kept shut up in Koning's office, deaf to applause. There he smoked seven or eight cigars. The tobacco and chloral effect and he grew drowsy. Aroused by the emotion of Belot and the actors disconcerted by the coldness during the fourth act, he thought the play was almost a failure." But Belot looked forward to 50 performances that would bring in money. At supper that night Goncourt was struck by the beauty of Jane Hading; "truly seductive with her luxuriant hair, like the reddish-brown hair of Venetian courtesans, with a remarkably white skin, which reminded me of the neck of Titian's mistress in the famous portrait, with her look from the corners of her eyes, with the circle about those eyes, the shape of the mouth, her little forehead and straight nose, recalling those Gallo-Roman busts in the museum at Arles, where into the pure Grecian type enters the rather vulgar modernity of the Marstilles physiognomy."

Clyde Fitch's "Sapho," founded on Daudet's novel with scenes from Daudet and Belot, was produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on Feb. 16, 1900; Olga Nethersole, Fanny Legrand; Hamilton Revelle, Jean Gaussin. The theatre was closed by order of the police on March 5 of that year, but "Sapho" was reinstated to be played there. The easily-shocked Col. Brown wrote: "The great protest registered against it and its leading actress by every class of people in the country should remain a burning memory to Miss Nethersole as long as she lives. 'Sapho' really performed a service for the pure drama of America by bringing out public disapproval and condemnation of libidinous plays." What would the good colonel say of the New York theatre of 1927-8? Among other actresses who took the part of Fanny Legrand in New York were Agnes Ardeck and Nellie Elting. A visiting Japanese company played "Sapho" in April, 1900; Mme. Rejane



ok the part with her French company early in 1895. A burlesque with Ma Butler as Fanny and Mlle. Fougere as Jean was seen at Koster and als in February, 1900.

There is something about Clyde Fitch's adaptation in his letters of 98-99. In one he wrote: "I think really you will like what I have done with Act I of 'Sappho.' Among other things I have Olger (sic) up in a fountain reciting 'Au Clair de la lune.'"

It will be remembered that there was a great outcry at Revelle carrying funny upstairs. The courts sat in judgment. According to Fitch's biographers, the notoriety disgusted him and put him under a nervous strain, in addition to which Miss Nethersole suddenly swooped down upon him, imperamental and indignant. It was upon the playwright's shoulders that the blame for the unexpected furore was piled. When the furore had subsided and the play resumed its run, all the tumult only served to liven it, and it entered on a prosperous run." Fitch had made preparations for his customary trip abroad. Newspapers said he was running away, his injustice hurt him. He wrote back: "I may be any other kind of a coward, but I've never been a moral coward."

Mr. Gericke had purposed to put Goldmark's overture "Sappho" on a symphony program early in 1900, but he not knowing the difference between the Lesbian poet and Daudet's woman, fearing public censure, abandoned the plan and Goldmark's overture was not revived under Mr. Gericke's direction until 1904.

"Sappho," a lyric piece in five acts, based by Henri Cain and Arthur Bernède, music by Massenet, was produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, on Nov. 7, 1897. Jean Grussin, Lepiccate; Caoudal, Marc Nohel; Cesaïre, Gresse; a Borderie, Jacquet; Cabassu, Dufour; Fanny Legrand, Emma Calve; Divonne, Mlle. Wyns; Irene, Mlle. Guiraudon.

The first performance in the United States was at the Manhattan Opera house, New York, on Nov. 18, 1909: Jean Gaussin, Dalmores; Caoudal, Duanne; Cesaïre, Huberdeau; La Borderie, Leroux; Fanny Legrand, Mary Gorden; Divonne, Mlle. d'Alvarez; Irene, Mme. Walter-Villa.

Before the production of the opera in Paris there was a revival of "Sappho" the play, on Nov. 12, 1892, at the Eden Theatre (called the Grand under Porel). Mme. Rejane played the heroine. For this revival an orchestra led by Gabriel Marie played during the waits music by Mendelssohn, Delibes and Massenet. Did Massenet then think of "Sappho" as an operatic subject?

Daudet's story is familiar. A young man, Jean Gaussin, goes to Paris to pass his examinations. One night he happens to be at a costume ball. Jean meets there a young woman dressed as a fellah. This seductive creature, Fanny Legrand, is known in the world of light-skirts as Sappho, for she is the model for Caoudal's statue of the great poetess. Jean at first hinks little of her passion for him; he regards it only as a caprice. After some days he sends her away. She returns, still more madly in love. How can one close the door on a woman who is so enamoured? Jean is alone in Paris; he welcomes sweet companionship. But having taken a small apartment they are bored by visitors, so they find in the country a little house where they would be more to themselves. Jean soon wishes to free himself from this liaison, which can lead to nothing. He lacks will-power, and is again a slave. Fanny is ashamed of her past life as a "fille"; this past inspires jealousy, not disgust in Jean's breast. After a violent scene he leaves her, having found out that the child adopted by him has Flamant, an ancient lover of Fanny, for his father. Flamant, for counterfeiting, has been condemned to prison for ten years. Jean returns to his province, thinking to find safety in marriage. Sappho pleads in vain. He is not free; he is wilder in love than ever. It is now he that wishes to resume her life. She, the stronger, after he has returned to her, travel-weary, writes a letter of farewell while he is sleeping; says she has had enough; her love is dead; she will join Flamant, who has been pardoned and retaken as child.

This is the drama, which in some respects differs from the novel.

In the opera the first act is in the salon of Caoudal's dwelling. Fanny falls in love with Jean. The second act is in Jean's chamber. His father Cesaïre, Mamma Divonne, and the pretty cousin Irene visit him. They go; Fanny appears and sings the song of Provence "Magali, ma bien-aimée," which Gounod introduced in "Mireille" and, for some unaccountable reason is in the ballet of Berlioz's "Trojans at Carthage." The third act passes at Ville-d'Avray. The lovers are still happy after a year. Caoudal comes with his companions. Jean then learns that Fanny is the notorious Sappho. Fanny, wild with rage, attacks the crowd; but Jean has gone. In the fourth act he is at home, lonely, unhappy. Fanny finds him, entreats him, but he will not leave with her. The last act is again at Ville-d'Avray. Fanny is alone, re-reading Jean's letters, remembering past joys. Jean, appearing, finds Fanny resolved to purify her conscience; to live for her child alone. Jean thinks her unfaithful. There is a tender love passage, but Jean recalls her past. While he is asleep, Fanny leaves him forever; leaves him because she loves him.

There have been widely different opinions concerning the musical worth of this opera. For a long, analytical and exceedingly bitter article see the one by Etienne Destranges in his "Consonances et Dissonances" (Paris, 1906). Louis Schneider in his "Massenet" is all wonder, love and praise. What success the opera had in Paris was chiefly due to the portrayal of Fanny by Emma Calve, of whom Adolphe Julien wrote: "Outside of Mlle. Calve, no 'Sappho' is possible in the eyes of the composer." Only three performances were given in New York. When the opera was revived at the Opera-Comique, Paris, in 1908, an act following Jean's discovery of Fanny's character was interpolated.

P. H.

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist. See special notice. Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Emanuel Ondrick, guest conductor. Boston Public Library 8 P. M. Hart House String quartet, Ford hall, corner Bowdoin street and Ashburton place, 7:30 P. M. Harry Dickson, violinist; Eleanor Packard accompanist. Copley Theatre 8:30 P. M. Jelly d'Aranyi, violinist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Boston Opera House, Chicago Civic Opera Co. 8 P. M. "La Gioconda," Rosa Raisa, Cyrena Van Gordon, Augusta Lenska, Charles Marshall, Cesare Formichi, Chase Baromeo, Ballet. Cond. Roberto Moranzoni.

TUESDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Sappho," Mary Gorden, Olga Kargau, Maria Claessens, Fernand Ansecau, Chase Baromeo. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

WEDNESDAY—Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. "Lohengrin," Leone Kruse, Cyrena Van Gordon, Rene Maisson, Robert Ringling, Alexander Kipnis. Conductor, Henry Weber. 8 P. M. "Tosca" (followed by ballet), Claudia Muzio, Antonio Cortis, Vanni-Marcoux. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

THURSDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Witch of Salem," Edith Mason, Irene Pavloska, Charles Hackett. Conductor, Henry Wehner. "Pagliacci," Eide Norena, Fernand Ansecau, Luigi Montesanto. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

FRIDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Le Jongleur De Notre Dame," Mary Gorden, Cesare Formichi, Edouard Cotreuil, Virgilio Lazzari. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

SATURDAY—Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. "Romeo et Juliette," Edith Mason, Elinor Marlo, Charles Hackett, Cesare Formichi, Edouard Cotreuil. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco; 8 P. M., "Aida," Claudia Muzio, Augusta Lenska, Charles Marshall, Richard Bonelli, Alexander Kipnis, Chase Baromeo. Ballet. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

## Mrs. Schofield

To the layman, a woman assistant attorney-general sounds rather a fearsome thing. Vague visions arise of something large and terrifying in spectacles and ground-grippers. Seated among steel files in a hospital atmosphere of efficiency, you imagine her sternly advising Gov. Fuller that in her opinion codfish are not only legal but desirable for the number plates of Massachusetts. Something above all mannish still pops into the 1928 mind at the thought of a woman assistant attorney-general.

Mrs. Emma Fall Schofield is anything but mannish. In the first place she possesses blue eyes and fluffy light hair, and she wears a pretty green dress with a pink rose pinned in a strategic position. Then she has a sweet manner, almost a flattered air. You feel like helping her out (a totally unnecessary feeling). A distinct atmosphere of leisure pervades her office. You almost expect to see a "clerk" appear at the stroke of 5 with a spot of tea. Mrs. Schofield must conceal a touch of divine fire under the indefinite, unassuming manner, for nothing short of genius can produce, today, such an unhurried and unharried impression. When you consider that not only is Mrs. Schofield preparing and approving contracts for the commonwealth, passing on measures for schools or titles of land for roads, representing Massachusetts in accident cases under the workmen's compensation act, but that in addition to these appointed duties of her office she is a member of the Malden school board, president of the Malden Women's Republican Club, a member of the governing board of the Boston Women's City Club, beside several similar executive positions, and when you consider how Mrs. John Jones rushes through her day, dependably late for hairdresser, lunch, bridge and dinner, this woman becomes still more a rara avis.

### A HOME WOMAN

Now what with this and what with that, you would hardly expect Mrs. Schofield to tuck in Parker and John every night, much less to read them their favorite stories. She not only manages this, but has always time to talk over the affairs of the day with her husband, Albert Schofield, a gentleman with a distinct line of his own in the wool business. More than a gentleman, he is a "darling," a description that would seem to prove that a woman may make a success of a marriage and a career simultaneously. Mrs. Schofield is intensely interested in women, in their widened opportunities of today. She says that for a woman to combine vocations as she has done, she needs above all health, then smoothly running household machinery, and last, executive ability. Of course, the second requirement is impossible without the third.

The question of giving up her legal career to become a "housewife" never really bothered Mrs. Schofield, for she has simply followed a maternal tradition. Her mother, Anna Christy Fall, the first woman to plead a case before a jury and the first to argue before the Massachusetts supreme court, practised law for many years as her husband's partner, while at the same time she bore and educated five children. Emma Fall is simply a chip of the old blockess.

Mrs. Schofield's father lectured on Roman and constitutional law for 37 years at Boston University. Her mother was graduated there. It was a matter of course, that Emma, the oldest child, should become a Boston University student. Saturated in a legal atmosphere, she as naturally entered the law school, and in 1908 her father told her that if she passed the Massachusetts bar examinations at her first try, she should have a year abroad.

### MAKES TRIP ABROAD ON SMALL CAPITAL

With four more hungry mouths in the nest, she felt that the Ritz hotels of Europe were out of the question.

Sixty dollars took her to France, on a one-cabin boat. In Paris she stayed at a student hostel on the Boulevard St. Michel, a pension where English-speaking girls, American, British, Australians, and New Zealanders, could board for a modest sum while attending the 30-franc courses offered by the Sorbonne. In the evenings she tended the pension "bureau" for her board. When half the year had gone, she longed to learn German, and found a tiny advertisement for an "English-speaking young lady" to teach in a small German school. With a favorable reply to her letter, she spent the hours of her trip to Germany practising the best British pronunciation of "grass," "pass" and "either," for she had a dim feeling that the English accent was preferred in German circles to the American.

All went well at the "select finishing-school for young ladies" until some English boys came for tennis. Puzzled by a hybrid pronunciation, they inquired of the head-mistress whether her new teacher, were Scotch, or possibly Australian, and the cat flew out of the bag, but Emma still remained acceptable in the kind frau's sight. She taught her young ladies English and etiquette, and on warm spring afternoons the whole school, frau, American English-teacher of 22, and the eight or 10 young girls, would drive to the Maria Springs where in an open-air dance hall under old trees they would dance with the German students from the university nearby. The young ladies sat at round tables on one side of the floor, drinking coffee, with their chaperones. The students, in their uniforms and little flat caps, with the broad ribbons of their clubs across their chests, sat at a long trestle with their beer-mugs before them. As the gay waltz or polka music sounded, the students would cross to the young girls of their choice, bow formally, and the dance in the open air would begin. This idyllic before-the-war picture of old Germany is shattered. All Mrs. Schofield's "young ladies" married. Everyone of them lost her husband in the war.

After her German sojourn came England and home, with the total cost of the year's trip \$250. Mrs. Schofield remembered these figures with amusement three years ago when she spent five weeks abroad with the American Bar Association on its visit to England.

### DOES PROBATION WORK

During her absence Emma's mother, extraordinary woman, had enrolled her in a school for social workers then starting in Boston. For two years, along with her beginning law practise, she learned how to deal with problems of delinquent girls, and spent the following years in Springfield organizing probation work for the Springfield Women's Club. At 8 o'clock each morning she was at the cells, where women were brought in for drunkenness, theft, street-walking. Before court opened she did what investigating she could, and recommended prison or probation. Her probationers, with nothing to replace

their bad habits, came to her for amusement until her landlady, irritated at the sight of a casual bedbug on the hat of one of her guests, requested her to move. She took an apartment and started the Girls' Club, which is flourishing today in Springfield. At 24 Emma Fall had seen too much of the sordid reality of life. She does not recommend the experience, for such a sense of the hypocrisy and general wickedness of the world flooded her being that she felt that marriage was forever out of the question for her.

But of course marriage is never out of the question, as the occasional romances of the old people's homes, where John Zilch, 87, takes as his bride Mrs. Mary Snodgrass, a widow of 83, will testify. In 1916, in the midst of a growing law practice, Emma Fall married Albert Schofield, and in three months found herself on the way to South Africa, uprooted by a whim of the wool business. On a pitch-dark boat, zigzagging almost to Brazil in fear of German submarines, they reached Cape Elizabeth. Here their first son, Parker, was born. His infancy was an Odyssey of trying to get to out-of-the-way corners of the earth, with shipping



and disorganized by the terrible U-boats. Parker and his helped to salvage a transport, antinited for yellow fever spent on a Japanese cargo vessel, where were the only Europeans, and the "English breakfast" of an imaginative Japanese cook consisted of cold soup with floating hard-boiled eggs, raw ham, and an omelette stuffed with raw fish. The bread, made in the kindness of his heart by the Japanese cook for the American lady, found its use in the interests of exercise as a baseball.

#### RESUMES INTERRUPTED LAW PRACTICE

After four years, returned to America, Mrs. Schofield resumed her interrupted law practice. Then came her appointment by Gov. Cox, in 1922, as the first woman on the industrial accident board. For five years she presided in a judicial capacity on disputed cases under the Massachusetts workmen's compensation act, holding hearings not only at the State House, but at the bedside of the employe, in a hospital, or on a coal barge, as the situation demanded. She resigned this position when Atty.-Gen. Arthur K. Reading offered her an assistant attorney-generalship.

Mrs. Schofield's State House office, with its pleasant view down quiet Beacon Hill, has a comfortable air. One side wall is lined with books, law reports, not too perfectly arranged. There are gaps. Papers everywhere, foaming haphazard on desk and tables, a big pile of newspapers in the corner, several varieties of rubbers and a hat box on the floor, and two begonias in Italian earthenware pots of white and green and orange. You imagine that in her home in Maiden there are probably books spread about, that Parker and John have made a litter with a radio in one corner, and that Mr. Schofield's pipe, carefully upright, adorns the mantelpiece. Mrs. Schofield is a woman who has learned the art of living without tension.

R. H. G.

## GODING PLEASES

Howard Goding, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall:

Le reveille-matin, Le bavolet flottant, Couperin; Rondo alla Turca, Mozart; variations serieuses, Mendelssohn; fourth sonata, Scriabin; Rigaudon, from "le tombeau de Couperin"; Alborada del gracioso, Ravel; Nocturne F sharp major, Chopin; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13, Liszt.

Mr. Goding is a musician with the courage of his convictions. It is the fashion, of course, to look askance at a single sonata movement unsupported by its mates; as bold as you please, Mr. Goding plays the Mozart's "Alla Turca" without so much as a bow to the movements he did not want.

Mendelssohn, too! Just at present, to be sure, he is not so kicked and spat upon as he used to be; young persons, therefore, perhaps can bear him, in some aspects very well. But the serious variations, surely they cannot come into the phase of Mendelssohn that youth tolerates; audiences, furthermore, for the most part are middle-aged. Mr. Goding is daring.

When, to go on, he sets forth a program with never a big piece on it, Mr. Goding again is daring, also commendably independent. Why should he, if he does not care to, and perhaps feels they are not his genre? Those monumental works most players feel forced to attempt—they are all very well for the great; but dreary entertainment when less than the great try to show what they can do.

All praise to Mr. Goding for offering a program of agreeable music—not hackneyed music, nor yet aggressively new—music he had every reason to believe nine out of ten of his listeners would enjoy.

This program Mr. Goding played with all the excellences of rhythm, technique and tone for which he is noted. In the final episode of the sonata, however, Mr. Goding made it clear that he has added a certain vitality to his former virtues that lent them all a new force. To Ravel's music as well he carried over this fine vigor—taste had tempered it in the variations; determined not to over-play them, perhaps he understated the facts. Some people, too, can never agree that Mr. Goding's vague way with the early portions of the sonata is the right way to deal with that music which, after all, is not without forthrightness of melody and of rhythm.

Of the Chopin nocturne he made music of exquisite beauty. For the Liszt rhapsody he had, along with brilliant

technique, that right spirit of romance, the ballade-like note, that make Liszt's Hungarian pieces worth while, if only pianists were blessed with a sufficiently fine insight to see it. For his own discrimination pray let Mr. Goding be thanked—for an unusually pleasant hour or so of music as well. An excellent audience seemed well pleased.

R. R. G.

## Schelling Introduces Wood-Wind Family

The second of Ernest Schelling's concerts for children, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was given yesterday morning at Jordan hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture in E major to the opera "Fidelio"; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Moussorgsky, Prelude to Chovantchina and Gopak; Schumann, Ranz des Vaches from Manfred, an English horn solo by T. Speyer; Rimsky-Korsakoff, narrative of the Kalandar Prince from "Scheherazade"; song, Hail Columbia; Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, March of the Sirdar.

The wood-wind and members of its family were introduced to the younger set at this concert, the music being selected for the dual purpose of showing off to advantage the aunts, uncles and small cousins of the reed family, as well as for its own melodic sake. Mr. Schelling, besides being composer, piano virtuoso and leader of the orchestra,

has a delightful sense of humor and uses it to advantage while separating the individual joys of a master work of music and showing how, why and when it is accomplished by the orchestra.

Needless to say, the program was thoroughly enjoyable. The next of this series will take place Feb. 11.

## SONG TO THE NOT-BELOVED

The ultimate sunset on the last high lonely hill

Has faded, leaving dead world like a cinder when the flame's sucked out;

And I am not in love with you. It does not interest me that still

You have a way of turning. I do not longer care about

The ripples in your hair—or that your breast is a smooth gentle thing.

And your two feet are light and little

And I'll not be there

To see you in a new blue gown, or watch you bring

The tea into the room, or wonder at the new way you have done your hair;

I do not love you any more. I don't care anything about

You. And the world is like a cinder with all the flame burnt out.

BARBARA HUNT.

Dr. William M. Marston, professor of psychology at Columbia University, will test a number of girls "performing on the Broadway stage representing a worldly type," to learn whether blondes or brunettes are more responsive to "love stimulus."

This is a dangerous business for—the professor.

A good many years ago Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes could not choose between "the bright black eye, the melting blue." He finally came to this conclusion:

"Well, both might make a martyr break The chain that bound him to the stake;

And both with but a single ray, Can melt our very hearts away;

And both, when balanced, hardly seem To stir the scales, or rock the beam;

But that is dearest, all the while, That wears for us the sweetest smile."

We have forgotten the name of the deep thinker who for a summer girl preferred the stern acidity and coolness of the brunette to the saccharine pulpiness of the melting blonde.

F. J. W. sends to The Herald an extract from a letter written by one of his family, a Texas Democrat living at Houston:

"How amazed this old town was when the Democrats picked on us. Now that we begin to realize they are coming, we know what will happen. By the time they are here two or three days and get filled up with gulf crab and other southern dishes, and the Mexican bootleg stuff, with the awful humidity here; every one of the delegates will have a beautiful case of dysentery, and won't care whether they nominate Al Johnson or Al Smith. Every one thinks they had better begin right now to reserve as many hospital rooms as hotel reservations."

## ADD "UNNATURAL HISTORY"

(Lexington, Me., Evening Journal)

WANTED family cow, flat bottom, good condition. Boat due to freshen soon. Cheap for cash. Give particulars. Edwin King, Mount Vernon.

## FROM THE RESERVATION

Chief Scratching Bear was married Saturday night to Puritania de Varese, piano player of the Bottle Babies Burlesque Company, after a courtship lasting 24 hours and six quarts. Upon finding out she was 56 years old he left immediately for Washington to petition the Great White Father for leave to change her for two wives of 28 years each.

It was announced recently that Flying Antelope had just received \$2200 in back dividends from his Oklahoma oil property. Two bootleggers were killed in the rush.

Lonely Elk traded in two mink skins at the drug store for goods, among which was a bottle of bath salts. He was found lying unconscious beside Beer Lick spring. He ate the salts, thinking they were candy. He will live, but both of his ears are bright green.

Little Pale Owl filed her kerosene lamp with gasoline by mistake on her return from the pow-wow at Beaver pond. Luckily she was blown through the window backwards.

Red Wing, daughter of Pawing Buffalo and Smoky Faced Beaver, is home from Smith College. She wrote the Greek play for her class dramatics. Within five minutes her mother was shortening her own skirts and borrowing Red Wing's compact.

Roaring Moose has been elected captain of the 1928 football team at Penhallow University. After graduation he will travel abroad to collect objects d'art for Mrs. Isadore de Rosenburg of Riverside drive.

Boston. JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## N. S. POLITICS

(Digby, N. S., Courier)

## CARD

I wish to publicly thank all those who voted for me at the recent municipal election in Smiths Cove. It is a great pleasure for me to know that I possess the confidence of so many of the people of that District.

Of those who honestly exercised their right to vote against me I have nothing to say. But for those, about 30 in number, who induced me to become a candidate by nominating me in writing over their own signatures, and then deliberately broke their word and voted against me, I have the contempt that one naturally feels for liars and deceivers.

F. JONES.

And R. D. M. sends this advertisement published in a St. Petersburg (Fla.) newspaper:

FOR SALE—Strictly fresh-laid eggs, 73 Elm Ave., Flushing. Tel. Flushing 1520-R. These eggs guaranteed not over 3 days old. I get them from my son."

## ADD "SNAPPY COME-BACKS"

As the World Wags:

Here's one I brought back from the South: Mandy was known to her neighbors as a very brutal woman who used to whip her children for each slight offense. One day, after beating one of her boys in public, an outraged neighbor had her taken to court. The kindly judge gave Mandy a lecture on how to raise her children without applying the stick each time they cried. When he was through lecturing her he asked Mandy if there was anything she wanted to ask him. Mandy cocked her head over on one side and asked: "Jedge, I wansa ax you, was you ever the parent of a puffetly wuthless culled chile?"

MERELY SALLY.

## Miss D'Aranyi Gives Program, with Piano Accompanist

Yelly d'Aranyi, violinist, played this program last night at the Copley Theatre, accompanied by Ellen Edwards:

Sonata, A major, Franck; Heffner Serenade, Mozart; the Lark Ascending, Vaughn Williams; suite Populaire Espagnol, De Falla-Kochanski; Melodie, Gluck-Kreisler; Scherzando, Marsick; Spinning Song, Dienzi; Spanish Dance, Sarasate.

Since Miss D'Aranyi is recognized the world over as a violinist of rare attainments, both technical and musical, one can only infer that last night she was not in the vein. For the most part she played her music, at all events up to the closing group, be it Franck, or Mozart, or Vaughn Williams dallying with a lark, in a spirit of uncommencing straight-forwardness, as promising she were delivering an ultimatum which she did not propose to have misunderstood.

Once or twice she quickened to anger as in Franck's second movement; then

for a moment, she was stirring. Now and again, too, particularly in de Falla's soft little pieces, she did become more gentle. Stern, however, and mighty grim was Miss d'Aranyi's mood last night. Who shall blame her? An artist is not a machine, and perhaps she had matters to try her.

One matter she could easily have remedied. For Cesar Franck's sonata for piano and violin, not to say for an exacting Mozart accompaniment, Miss d'Aranyi could have secured the services of a pianist sufficiently mature and experienced to do justice to music so taxing. If a pianist of sufficient attainments were not available, why did she not arrange her program accordingly?

A large audience liked Miss d'Aranyi's playing very much.

R. R. G.

## Ondricek Leads Orchestra, Assisted by Pupil

For their 10th concert of the season the People's Symphony orchestra called Emanuel Ondricek from New York to lead them. He answered the call, bringing with him his violin pupil, Ruth Pierce Posselt, to play the Tchaikovsky concerto. For the moment rationally disposed, Mr. Ondricek let Smetana's "Libussa" overture begin the concert—not for years has it been heard in Boston—and he ended it with a symphonic poem by Dvorak never heard here at all, "The Golden Spinning-Wheel."

Not everybody could hear the poem yesterday, a full day for concert-goers. Since it dates from about 1895, as the program book stated, it must be one of those numerous Dvorak compositions with which Hans Richter at that time was deluging the audiences of the Philharmonic concerts in Vienna, not entirely to the content of all the Viennese. To hear how "s" sounds today would have been an interesting experience this piece conceived in the period when the romantic in music, having had its glorious day, was fast tending toward the romantic—if no distinction exists between these two words there ought to be one!

The Smetana overture sounded pleasant enough, with agreeable melodies in its favor—though indeed they are no of a nature to be remembered five minutes—colorful scoring, and a certain poetic atmosphere.

Mr. Ondricek dealt with it lovingly. To the flourish of brasses with which it begins he gave due brilliancy, the transition from brass alone to the following combination he managed with exquisite taste. He saw that every solo flowed smoothly, just right; for every rhythm he drew full value. I passages where everybody gave his utmost—it was here especially he proved his great merit—Mr. Ondricek succeeded in securing an extremely strong fort that maintained its sonority.

He would not put up with noise. Let us hope he will soon be invited to conduct the orchestra again.

His finest skill he displayed, perhaps in the Tchaikovsky concerto. This Russian music has snap in it as well as sentiment, the hint of rude dancin boorish indeed, with pounding, stamping and bounds. Miss Posselt, for her talent, is not yet the musician express such doings adequately. If the orchestra did its own part with fitting vigor and bounce, where would Miss Posselt be? Adroitly Mr. Ondricek managed; by toning down the orchestra to meet Miss Posselt's powers, rigorous retaining rhythm but, through light accentuation reducing stamps to daintaps of the heel—thus dexterously Mr. Ondricek made something of Tchaikovsky's concerto quite different from what it was meant to be but still highly attractive, and within the soloist's grasp.

Miss Posselt, on her own level, played it delightfully. Her technique young as she is, has for several years been noted. Yesterday it seemed more secure than ever; in purity of intonation she already stands superior to many of her elders. Very musically she played, rhythmically, with a delicate sensitiveness to the right shape of melody. She was recalled many times at the end of the concerto.

Next week Mr. Hofmann will conduct again, and the soloist will be Edwin Steinmetz, violinist.

R. R. G.

## RACHMANINOFF

Yesterday afternoon another great pianist filled Symphony hall to overflowing; this time it was Sergel Rachmaninoff, Russian pianist and composer, playing the following program: "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven; Dan Sonata, Liszt; the following Chop numbers. Fantasia, Scherzo, Polona in C minor, Polonaise E flat major.



try Tale, Medtner; Prelude, Rachmaninoff; Valse-Caprice, No. 1, Strauss-usig.

None but a great artist can find justifiable cause for opening a piano recital with this famous piece. Yesterday it bubbled fresh, and was heartily received. No doubt many in the audience heard it for the first time, for a Sunday afternoon concert is attended by a manner of music-loving people. The seldom heard "Dante Sonata" by Liszt has played yesterday in a manner that made one feel grateful to be in its presence. These two great sonatas played in succession struck an artistic balance and contrast that made a real picture in musical values.

Last year I heard a great editor of a Boston newspaper say: "The first aim of a newspaper is to print what people want to read." Mr. Rachmaninoff believes "in playing what the people want to hear," and from the reception his choice received in this recital, he succeeded in so doing. He moved his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm in his Chopin, and especially in the Polonaise in E-flat, when he mingled and intermingled the rhythmic, the melodic, runs and arpeggio sweeps with such joyousness and swiftness, they made you think of a gigantic musical whirlpool, circling around with gyroscopic velocity, until at last the melody alone burst forth in a song of ecstatic victory.

Even here, Rachmaninoff's technique did not appear to be taxed to any appreciable extent—not even at intense moments did his body seem to sway; neither did he show one sign of emotion, but his audience felt much of it; in fact he played without any exertion; he has no eccentricities. Simplicity and intensity exalted his art, and all was the result of his immaculately consummate execution. The concert closed with a number of encores, the last being the inevitable C-sharp minor Prelude by himself.

A. H. D.

## 'LA GIOCONDA'

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Chicago Civic Opera Co. "La Gioconda," opera in four acts; libretto by Tobia Gorrio (Arrigo Boito); music by Amilcare Ponchielli; Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast was as follows:

Rosa Raisa	.....	Rosa Raisa
Augusta Lenska	.....	Augusta Lenska
Chase Baromeo	.....	Chase Baromeo
Cyrena Van Gordon	.....	Cyrena Van Gordon
Charles Marshall	.....	Charles Marshall
Cesare Formichi	.....	Cesare Formichi
Antonio Nicolich	.....	Antonio Nicolich
Lodovico Oliviero	.....	Lodovico Oliviero
Eugenio Sandrini	.....	Eugenio Sandrini
Maria Yurieva	.....	Maria Yurieva
Lechislav Swoboda	.....	Lechislav Swoboda

The performance of "La Gioconda" awakened memories. It was the opera chosen for the opening night of the Boston Opera Company, Nov. 8, 1909.

The singers were Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Meitschick and Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff and Nivette. Henry Russell, the manager, was indebted to Mme. Nordica, hence her appearance in "La Gioconda," though as a singer she was amply qualified for the part. Some thought that Miss Farrar should have been the first to take the heroine's role in some opera chosen for the dedication because she was born in Melrose. It was said that Miss Farrar was of the same opinion. We still remember the excitement of that first night. We see even now the awkward, lumbering ballet which was applauded enthusiastically to the evident amazement of M. Nivette, who sat patiently during the evolutions; a gentlemanly Alvis Badoeri, for he did not stand over the dancers, poor things, to the Venetian Inquisition.

Some in the audience last night recalled the first performance of "La Gioconda" in Boston. It was at the Boston theatre on Jan. 1, 1884. The singers were Mmes. Nilsson, Furschmadi, and Scalchi; Messrs. Stagno, Del Puente, Novara. The charming Malina Cavadazza was the chief dancer. Yes, there were excellent singers in those days, when it was thought necessary for the chief members of an opera company to be singers first of all; if

they were also accomplished actors and actresses, so much the better.

In spite of harsh criticism of this opera, it still lives on the stage; the "Dances of the Hours" are often heard in concert halls. The music for these dances and Enzo's romance, "Cielo e mar," are now the freshest pages in this 52-year-old opera. When it was first produced, the music was thought to portray the agitated life at Venice, amorous emotion, pity and terror; it was also thought that the melodies expressed the sentiments, passions, situations. Some timidly remarked that the libretto was too melodramatic for opera. This was before "Verismo" was the battle cry of Ponchielli's successors, of whom Mascagni was the leader in the field.

Boito based his libretto on Victor Hugo's "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua." It is the fashion in these days to sneer at Hugo's romantic plays. "Angelo," produced in 1835, is perhaps not the best of them. The explanatory soliloquies, the wild improbabilities, cause a reader of 1928 to smile; yet Rachel, when it came her turn to play La Tisbe (La Gioconda), shook the souls of the spectators. When Sarah Bernhardt revived the drama at her theatre in 1905 there were 68 performances. Hugo's play has tempted other composers, as Cesar Cui, whose opera "Angelo" was produced at Leningrad a few months earlier than Ponchielli's at Milan.

It must be confessed that much of Ponchielli's music today seems non-dramatic, conventional, singularly ineffective. One can hardly become interested in the struggle between La Gioconda and Laura over Enzo, who is, after all only an operatic tenor. The blind woman with her applauded song moves us not to pity; Badoeri is the familiar jealous and wronged husband, with warranted poison in his medicine chest. As for the sneaking spy he is not so amusingly sinister as Hugo's Homodei. A spy even in opera should not sing too well or too often, lest he attract too much attention, lest he be discovered.

Splines in "Tosca" and "Andre Chenier" are more discreet.

The performance last night was one to put the opera in a favorable light. The stage settings were, indeed, impressive, especially those of the first act and the second scene in the third. The former gave an idea of height that has been equaled here in recent years only by "Thamar," produced by the Russian Ballet. The costumes at the fete given by Alvis after he had neatly disposed of Laura, as he thought, were tasteful in color. The stage management was excellent. The chorus sang effectively, with fine dynamic contrasts. The orchestral performance, led by the excellent Mr. Moranzoni, was eloquent whenever Ponchielli gave it opportunity.

The feature of the evening was the portrayal of Barnaba by Mr. Formichi. He took the raw material furnished him by librettist and composer and gave the spy life and verisimilitude, not falling into exaggeration, singing with dramatic significance and finesse; not allowing his noble and sonorous organ to fall into ranting. Mme. Raisa's voice at the end of the Chicago season showed at times the inevitable strain, for the velvety quality which is peculiar to her was not always heard. It cannot be said that she and Mme. Van Gordon gave striking impersonations dramatically of the two women disturbed by Enzo in spite of his dress. They acted as any two operatic rivals, with the traditional waving of arms and rushing wildly across the stage.

Yet in the first act Mme. Raisa was quietly effective as a suppliant, and Mme. Van Gordon, who sang with a finer vocal differentiation, with more varied tonal coloring than has been her wont in Boston, accepted the harsh judgment of her vindictive husband without shrieks and spasms. Mme. Lenska sang the music of the blind mother smoothly and agreeably without making a too evident bid for applause. Mr. Marshall was again Mr. Marshall, relying too much on vocal vigor, having now and then quiet moments that were more to the purpose than stress and fury. Mr. Baromeo, a newcomer if we are not mistaken, made a favorable impression in every way.

In "La Gioconda" one misses true passion in the music of the lovers. While Ponchielli devised dramatic contrasts for stage effects, he failed in giving the lovers music for lovers; nor did he characterize musically any one of the librettist's men and women.

The ballet, with its charming music, gave pleasure. The great audience was becomingly enthusiastic. The opera tonight will be Massenet's "Sapho," with Miss Garden as the heroine.

We quoted recently a statement to the effect that tarring and feathering in the United States was a punishment introduced in the years of the American revolution. The earliest date given by the great English dictionary is 1774 (letter of John Adams). That this outdoor sport was enjoyed in New England at an earlier date is shown by a letter from George S. Parker of Salem.

"Some years ago the old Watson-Parker mansion, which was built in the period of 1768 to 1770 on the corner of Great street (now Essex street) and Long Wharf lane (now Union street) was torn down.

"The old house, built by Abraham Watson and later the home of William Balch Parker (old time shipping merchant of Salem), contained a wonderful staircase and much wainscoting, paneling and cornice, recently rebuilt into the summer home of a great-grandson, George Swinnerton Parker, in Peterboro, N. H.

"On examining the back of the paneling of one of the many wooden mantelpieces, there was found clearly protected and preserved through 160 years, written in chalk, doubtless by one of the enthusiastic attendants at the event, the following:

"There was a fellow named Thoms Row and we used to hold after him quack Row the informer, Quack. Thoms Row was Tard and Fetherd August 9, 1768."

"The records show surely enough that Thomas Row, an employee of the Custom House in those stirring pre-revolutionary and anti-taxation days, for reporting to the authorities (which were, of course, British authorities) certain attempts to land one or more cargoes in Salem harbor without declaration, was seized at noonday by a large group of angry citizens, taken to what is now Salem Common, then a bushy, swampy field near by the waterside, rolled in hot tar and completely feathered, and then borne in a cart, surrounded by several hundred enthusiasts, through the entire length of the great street to a small bridge near the town line, and there dumped and pelted, and warned not to return, save with the assurance of his receiving 'still higher marks of favour' (referring to the promise of a noose over some convenient limb).

"It is an evidence of the growth of the revolutionary sentiment that none of the participants among the hundreds were in any way brought upon the carpet for their acts, for the backing was too general and numerous to be toyed with or brought to book. In fact, the Essex Register of the following week reported the whole event humorously and approvingly. It all, however, was a matter of comment and a warning to other informers, apparently duly heeded, and the chalk record on the old panel indicates that it was a leading event of Salem's summer of 1768."

As the World Wags:

I should think a neat design for next year's auto plates would be a morgue slab shaking hands with an operating table with the words "Ain't we got fun?" This might tend to free the public conscience from morbid musing over 21,000 yearly deaths and I don't know how many thousands of casualties. By the way, I notice that St. Jock does not appear on any of the church calendars. A sign in Randolph reads, "St. Jock's Garage." Perhaps he is the patron saint of pedestrians. If so he is a flop. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

### THE RETORT COURTEOUS

As the World Wags:

When the high Mogul called me into his office last week, I got all fussed. He told me that a slump in business made it necessary to let me go, and in closing his monologue (which was all blah) he said: "I hope you find a good position soon." "Thank you," says I, "and the same to you." And I didn't slam the door when I went out. I didn't need to. COUNT OFF.

### DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:

Referring to Mabel Redhead's letter about the pronunciation of "either."

An Irishman was asked: "Pat, how do you pronounce e-i-t-h-e-r?" Is it 'eether' or 'eyether'?"

Pat replied: "It's nayther," and that settled that. F. H. B.

But as A. K. H. writes: "An Irishman settled that question when he said: 'It's ayther'"

As the World Wags:

Down in Mississippi they are passing a law to make motorists get out of their car and count five before trying to beat a passenger train to the crossing. Add Famous Last Words, "FIVE."

R. H. L.

### HOURLY QUESTIONS

(Evaded by Sparkes Badman)

As the World Wags:

I am naturally a religious young woman of the sanguine type, but my fiancé is an atheist. He said to me recently: "How about that verse in the Bible which says 'the wicked stand in slippery places'? Couldn't they fall down?" I couldn't answer him, as it seems so strange that it is the righteous who always fall. This has troubled me, as he laughed heartily at my confusion. My beliefs are being undermined by such contradictory statements.

ANSWER—I am very glad to resolve your difficulty. Nicolai Spofius, the great Chaldean lexicographer, has expressed the opinion that this verse has been wrongly translated from the original Zamblesian hieroglyphs and that "skid" is the proper word for what the wicked do. However that may be, my advice is to break your engagement with the atheist. You cannot hope for a happy married life with a person whose aim is to giggle at your most cherished superstitions. GIDEON.

### THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

As the World Wags:

"LOS ANGELES—Nine jurors, five of them women, who drank all the evidence submitted to them in a liquor case and turned the defendant loose, were chased out of municipal court here by an angry judge." F. W. S.

As the World Wags:

"You don't know everything," said the man in a late-hour car to the prosperous-looking individual next him.

Complete silence.

"Tell you, you don't know everything."

No reply.

"I tell you you don't know everything."

"A shade of annoyance in the statement (this time).

"I don't pretend to," snapped the prosperous one at last.

The talkative one smiled, "Of course you don't. You don't know that my wife washes for yours and I'm wearing one of your shirts." LOOKER-ON.

### CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE

As the World Wags:

In a recent number of the London Sketch in one of a series of murder stories, the author states that the criminal was brought back from Texas to Alabama and would have been hung but "in the absence of the Governor the negro Lieutenant-Governor pardoned him on receipt of \$500. It is to be hoped that the author may never find himself within the boundaries of that temperamental state. As an extra touch Alabama introduced the office of Lieutenant-Governor as recently as 1901.

VERITAS CAMBRIDGE.

As the World Wags:

If a woman were being murdered in No. 6 Newbury street, how could you distinguish her screams from those of the regular vocal students?

DON FRANKEL.

## Continuing Plays

"The Road to Rome," a satire on the ancients. At the Wilbur, with Jane Cowl. Second week.

"The Play's the Thing," comedy by Ferenc Molnar, starring Holbrook Blinn, at the Plymouth. Last week.

"Greenwich Village Follies" at the Shubert. This new edition is headed by Blossom Seeley, Dr. Rockwell, Jans and Whalen and others. Last week.

"The Sidewalks of New York," at the Colonial. Eddie Dowling's musical written for Ray Dooley. Second week.

"The 19th Hole," a comedy of golf, stars Frank Craven at the Hollis. Last week.

"The Desert Song," Schwab and Mandel operetta of northern Africa, at the Majestic. Last week.

"Come Back to Erin." Comedy drama with songs, starring Franklyn Farnum, at the Arlington. Second week.

"The New Henrietta," modernized version of the old play. At the Repertory. Second week.

## 'STUDENT PRINCE'

STATE THEATRE—"The Student Prince," a film drama based on the story, "Karl Heinrich," by Meyer Forster and directed by Ernest Lubitsch. This story was also used for an operetta in four acts of the same name which was produced at the Jolson Theatre in New York Dec. 2, 1925, with music by



mund Romberg and book and lyrics Dorothy Donnelly. The film is presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Prince Karl Heinrich ..... Ramon Novarro  
 Anna ..... Norma Shearer  
 Dr. Juttner ..... Philippe de Lacy  
 Dr. Apparent ..... Bobby Mack  
 Dr. Ellerman ..... Edward Connelly  
 Dr. Marshall ..... Edward Connelly

Ernest Lubitsch is one of the strong men engaged in making photodrama. One cannot call Lubitsch's efforts movies or even motion pictures; there is too much thought and wisdom in them, there is too much soul and drama put on the gliding celluloid strips to deserve anything but the greatest respect.

This director who is a genius has let farce serve him, he has been sardonic, a veritable Falstaff and all the world expected him to continue with the tools he had used so successfully in tickling its ribs and the souls of its feet, but not Lubitsch. He took a year off and made a romantic drama using the noble and pathetic story of the young prince Karl Heinrich and using it as only a person could who knew all of the failings and glories of the human being.

It is one thing to act and it is another thing to get so far in a part that the emotions come naturally to move the character about in its task of making a play more than a casual thing—something to be taken between tea and dinner. Lubitsch can tear off the artifices and supercilious effects that make an actor just that and no more and this he has done in his "Student Prince." He has even made a clever performer out of Norma Shearer.

The story of Prince Karl and Kathie is fairly familiar to Boston after repeated and welcome visits of the operetta and the older generation may remember Richard Mansfield in the drama inspired by this romance. It is a pleasure then to say that the screen has done very well by it.

Ramon Novarro's slender and patrician face, his agreeable manner and merry eyes make him a delightful Prince Karl. The boy Philippe de Lacy who plays the heir apparent looks the part, acts the part and contributes that bit of the story that the stage could not give. Jean Hersholt as the kindly doctor who made life a bit more of a place to live and breathe in for the small prince and fanned the flames of the Kathie romance when he went with the prince to Old Heidelberg, was as gentle and tolerant as the best of the talking and singing Dr. Juttners. And then one is reminded that this is a Lubitsch production and every detail, whether it is the prankish fall of a child or the farewell of lovers, is powerful drama, and has a purpose. C. M. D.

## "STREETS OF SHANGHAI" AT MODERN, BEACON

Pauline Starke and Kenneth Harlan  
Headliners in Film

"Streets of Shanghai," starring Pauline Starke and Kenneth Harlan is the topline at the Modern and Beacon Theatres this week. It is the story of a pretty American school teacher who is engaged in the school attached to an American mission. She watches her small Oriental charges closely, and it was through the fact that one of her girl pupils was kidnapped and brought to the Street of Laughing Girls that she meets the handsome young marine, who helps her rescue the Chinese maid and incidentally lose her heart.

In the companion picture, "A Light in the Window," Henry B. Walthall in the leading role depicts the person of a poor old cobbler, whose motherless daughter yearns for the happiness she believes wealth will bring them. The girl is innocent of the pitfalls which beset unwary youth until her friend, Mazie, succeeds in showing her the bright lights one night. After many bitter experiences and disappointments she returns to her father, who has disowned her, and finds a measure of contentment.

St. James Theatre—"My Son," a play in three acts, by Martha Stanley. The cast:

Anna Silva ..... Clara Joel  
 Hattie Smith ..... Mary Hill  
 Betty Smith ..... Edith Speare  
 Rosa Pina ..... Sydney Landrew  
 Felipe Vargas ..... Walter Gilbert  
 Capt. Joe Bramley ..... Frank Charlton  
 Ellery Parker ..... Henry Wadsworth  
 Braucelino Silva ..... Betty Ann White  
 Gilda ..... Malcolm Arthur  
 Ezra ..... Malcolm Arthur

Cape Cod, scene of innumerable novels by Joseph Lincoln and other literary efforts of less importance, provided last night the background for a somewhat sentimental and improbable drama of mother-love and filial insubordination.

The acting for the most part was good, but the story dragged unbearably. It seemed at times as if the author need not have repeated herself quite so often and with so little variety. The second act was for the most part a repetition of the first, and the third act in which the Gordian knot was finally cut was so laborious that it reduced

the audience to restlessness and fitters.

It was particularly unfortunate that the wayward son's childhood sweetheart—and ultimate fate—should come in to take a long and tearful farewell of his mother just when the audience was expecting with a fair amount of justification, to have a little drama after a great deal of conversation.

The plot is decidedly reminiscent of other dramas of the same kind. A young man, not a country innocent but the son of an attractive Portuguese widow named Ana Silva, becomes infatuated with a wealthy and dissatisfied girl from New York and spurns his former love, Rosa Pina. Braucelino—for such is his unpronounceable name—steals a valuable chain belonging to the mother of his flame in order that they may have enough money to go to New York and become professional dancers. The theft is discovered and the thief is tracked down by the town sheriff, Ellery Parker, who is desirous of marrying Ana.

On the night that the elopement is planned, Ana discovers that her son has taken the chain and pleads with him to restore it. When he refuses defiantly she gives him a sleeping tablet, which produces almost instantaneous loss of consciousness, and begs Capt. Joe Bramley, who is on the point of setting out for a two-year voyage, to take him along and keep him out of mischief.

The noble sheriff turns his back and allows the kidnapping to take place. It may be added that, by a fortunate chance, Rosa Pina was sailing on the same voyage as companion to her father.

It must be confessed that the play had its off moments, but the actors worked nobly and covered up the bare patches as well as they could. Clara Joel once more carried much of the burden and did a splendid piece of work. Her part, that of the devoted mother, might easily have been unbearable, but in her hands Ana Silva was the brightest spot of the evening. Gently humorous, puzzled, wistful, infuriated at those who attack her son, fervently religious, and desperately resourceful, the Portuguese mother lived and moved before us, and while she was on the stage we accepted the play without question.

Henry Wadsworth, a new member of the company, acquitted himself admirably as the infatuated boy, ready to defy everyone and dare damnation for the heartless flirt who found him so amusing. Walter Gilbert as Ana's faithful lover was charming and persuasive in a not very arduous role. Frank Charlton also deserves praise for his agreeable tongue-tied sheriff torn between love and duty. Miss Edith Speare made Betty Smith too gushing and too impossible even for the rotter she was supposed to be and struck a jarring note. E. L. H.

## WILL ROGERS IN 'A TEXAS STEER'

A standard "gag" in comedy is to have some very dignified person slip on a banana peel or do something which shatters the dignified front which he has donned. This in substance, is what happens in "A Texas Steer," the comedy-special at the Theatre. The comedy-special at the Theatre, with Will Rogers in the title role. Will raised havoc in what is perhaps the most dignified assembly in the world. Congress leaving his cattle ranch in Texas, out hero starts for Washington and a congressman's job, all due to his wife's inordinate social ambitions. Ten-gallon hat and all, Will is plunged into a whirlpool of political intrigue which usually has a more comic than tragic side. All the old standbys of the stage play are here, the "Minister to Dahomey," the three politicians, Bragg, Blow and Yell, and the dashing army captain who captures the heart of the cattleman's daughter. Rogers has titled the picture and his "wisecracks" are as much responsible for the abundance of comedy as are the scenes themselves.

## "This Woman Business" Is Excellently Performed

COPLEY THEATRE—"This Woman Business," a comedy in three acts by Ben W. Levy. The cast was as follows:

Hodges ..... Rupert Lucas  
 Honey ..... Vernon Kelso  
 Nettiebank ..... May Ediss  
 Crofts ..... David Clyde  
 Brown ..... Ralph Roberts  
 Busham ..... Norman Cannon  
 Trent ..... W. E. Watts  
 Crawford ..... Charles Dixon  
 Adlleshaw ..... Victor Becroft

"This Woman Business" is a sparkling comedy of manners, far above the average, excellently acted and staged. On a spring night five misogynists of assorted ages, sitting in the smoking room of a country house in Cornwall, discuss just why they hate woman. They have come on a six months house party, 10 miles from the nearest railway,

utterly secluded from all possible male contamination. At the invitation of Hodges, a young gentleman who considers woman as merely a rather clumsy device for the perpetuation of the race. Honey is a poet, a susceptible one who loves not wisely but too well, and finds achievement difficult when he is perpetually entwined in the arms and lips of a girl. The judge, at 81, considers woman an unknown quantity. He always dislikes the unknown.

The peace of the first evening in a man's paradise is slightly flawed by a quarrel between Crofts, a crabbed old bachelor who believes that a man who sends his daughter to college is either a practical joker or an imbecile, and little Brown, who has a daughter at Girton, and objects to the description. Brown, far from a misogynist by nature, has joined the party following a serious disagreement with his wife and his seven daughters over a coffee bean. Brown's trouble is merely the "white man's burden of domestic life."

Suddenly, through the garden door, the butler drags a girl, extremely pretty and blonde, who cries that she is a thief, throws her stolen money on the table, and bursts into tears. Sympathy is born in the breasts of the woman-haters. They will employ Crawford as a housemaid in place of a too-kissable one dismissed by Honey, and return the money to the employer from whom she stole it for no particular reason.

The remaining two acts very deftly paint the effect of the pretty young lady on the five impregnable woman-haters. A reasoning woman, she counts her femininity as a weapon, as strength is a man's. She mothers, she lies when she must, she weeps when necessary. Old Crofts confides his romance of 30 years ago, his Juanita whom he has never forgotten. Little Brown relates the story of the coffee-bean, and has his mosquito bite soothed with lavender water. Honey falls wholeheartedly in love. The judge remains cynically aloof, but Crawford does not mind, for she knows that he understands as well as she, that she is engaged on the great purpose of her life, the capture of Hodges, and that she must fight as she can.

The play abounds in clever lines, never a Wildean epigram from character, but comedy arising from character. There is a constant smile over Honey, of the younger generation, the wise old judge, and ineffectual little Brown, who "lays no claim to an interest in athletics, has no desire to go out of his way to perspire profusely, nor to watch others do so."

With every character excellently played, Cecile Dixon by virtue of being the only woman in the cast, became the outstanding figure. She was last seen with Pauline Lord in "Spellbound," where she played the younger sister who gave an unforgettable parlor rendition of "Pale Hands I Loved." She was so pretty that the misogynists didn't have a chance anyway, but she also made of Crawford a real and charming person.

Norman Cannon gave a delicate performance of the wise and articulate old judge. Ralph Roberts, as the insignificant Brown, held a telephone conversation with his absent and forgiving Annie that brought a spontaneous burst of applause from the audience. All in all, "This Woman Business" is a play to please grandma, or the 16-year-old sister, or the cousin at Harvard who is now in the intelligentsia stage. E. L. G.

## Jane Cowl,

The approach to Jane Cowl, like the approach to royalty, moves by slow stages. This is very fitting, for surely Miss Cowl is our Crown Princess of the Kingdom of the foot-lights. You slide into the office of a managerial dignity of the theatre, engrossed in the relation of how, on a visit to H. L. Mencken, he attended a Baltimore burlesque show because Mencken preferred trained elephants and beer of Baltimore exhausted, you state that you would like to see Miss Cowl. Casting you an all-embracing look of disparagement, the dignitary remarks that Miss Cowl has had bronchitis, is very busy and extremely hard to see, that he will see what can be done, and goes into conference on the subject with his conferees. They telephone, individually and collectively, and you leave with the assurance that at noon tomorrow you may learn the time of the audience. Arrived at the Wilbur Theatre the next evening on the stroke of nine, the appointed hour, you are passed into the hands of Mr. Smith, manager of "The Road to Rome," who stands, an immaculate pink-faced Cerberus in a dinner-jacket, before the door. Trailing through the crowded theatre in his wake, as with a sweeping courteous gesture he holds aside the red curtain separating the audience from backstage, you feel that he is a seneschal, and would really be

more fittingly dressed in a scarlet and gold uniform, or at least black-satin knee breeches with a frill to his shirt.

At about the second paragon of this progress to Miss Cowl's dressing room door, one of the intermediaries remarked: "She's lovely, a lovely woman. Now I've never met her, mind you, but I fell in love with her voice on the telephone. I'm a susceptible old bachelor, and that voice finished me." When you see Amytis, in the white silk travelling robe and golden headdress which she wears in act one as she leaves the doomed city of Rome, you feel rather glad, for the peace of mind of the susceptible old bachelor, that he can know her only by telephone. Her dressing room is large and barren. You have a confused impression of ugly varnished woodwork, stiff chairs and a business-like array of pots and jars of all sizes before her mirror, of Roman costumes in a colorful row in a wardrobe, of a little negro maid in fresh white linen. But Miss Cowl herself is far too arresting a figure to leave room for many subsidiary impressions. It is not until much later that you notice, hanging from her mirror, an old battered doll in a soiled gingham dress, utterly incongruous in that efficient dressing room, a present from David Belasco when she was an extra girl in "The Rose of the Rancho."

"Glamorous" is a weary little word, overworked to the point of exhaustion, but it must gather itself together to describe Miss Cowl, for she is glamorous. Her face, above the dead-white folds of heavy silk that swathe her slender neck, is as lovely as you see it from the audience—a face thin, full of spirit, with thick dark hair curling under the gilt crown, and those incredibly curved lips, like the dream of an artist. A lovely brow, and brilliant brown eyes (you choke back an immediate impulse to remark, as your opening speech, "What great eyes you have, Grandmother," reflecting that even as thoroughly lovely a lady as Jane Cowl might, with the peculiar sensibility of an actress, object to being called "Grandmother.") Though these eyes are too large to be quite believable, there is nothing bovine about them. They dance, they flash, they are restless eyes. Slender arms and hands, with a heavy inch-wide gold bracelet shining on either wrist, make rapid, nervous, always graceful gestures as she talks.

## THE LOVERS OF YESTERYEAR?

There is something ineradicably romantic about this woman, absolutely poised, with her air of experience and wisdom, with that mixture of unusual beauty, intelligence and charm, so exceptional a gift from the gods. She has a mature loveliness, a something finished. You think of Anna Karenina, a favorite heroine. Often you see a woman beautiful enough, courageous or passionate enough for Anna, but she is never lovely enough, with the loveliness that comes from within. Miss Cowl might be Anna herself. She is surely a "femme fatale." You think of George Sand. Where are there today a de Musset and a Chopin for this woman's lovers?

It is really a dreadful blow, though undoubtedly pleasant for her, to hear her say that she has been married since she was 16 to the same husband, that she expects to keep him ad infinitum, that he is wonderfully understanding, and that in a life as full of hard work and nervous exhaustion as hers, she could not go on without his unfailing affection. This fortunate man, Vronsky, de Musset and Chopin, is Adolph Klauber, a gentleman from Louisville. His knowledge of the theatre, gained in years as a dramatic critic of the New York Times, has been of great value to his wife. He helps read the new plays that are offered her, 10 or 12 weekly. They agree that the majority of these plays are hopeless, wholly uninspired. "I don't believe there's a man in the world who at some time in his life has not written a play," said Miss Cowl. A depressing thought—oceans of ink, tons of paper, years of lost sleep to make something even worse than the plays that reach the production stage.

Miss Cowl becomes terribly tired and nervous when she has been a long time in a part. She seeks other work, a change. Her change, after a year and a half in "The Road to Rome," has been to fill every free minute of the past month with the exacting labors of a director, for a new play that Mr. Klauber is producing. "Diversion" by the author of "Young Woodley," concerns a young man of 24, loved, out of boredom and idleness, by a fascinating actress on a holiday. On her return to London, the boy's devotion bores her. Other interests, other lovers, occupy her. She refuses him, plays with him

Instead of striding to the sideboard, taking a few stiff drinks and doing nothing, in the best modern manner, the boy anachronistically kills the lady, and quietly walks into his father's room to tell him of the wreck of a family's hopes and pride, following the diversion of a lovely lady on Lake Como.



OR "THE ROAD TO  
ROME" GOES TO LONDON

What Miss Cowl wants more than anything in the world at present, is a vacation. She has played steadily, summer and winter, for eight years, and she feels like a dynamo running down. She must have some quiet months to replenish herself," as she calls it, but this rest will not come until next summer, for "The Road to Rome" now goes to London. Miss Cowl loves London, and feels at home there. Like many others, she finds something atmospherically akin in London and Boston. She says she could be happy living in the city or the other, that she feels an air of serenity behind the closed doors of the houses, that here one could settle into tranquillity.

Looking at her, brilliantly alive, you cannot imagine her settling into tranquillity in Boston or anywhere else. The theatre is her life, she must live it to the end, she must burn herself out, and very fortunate it is for the world that it is so. Any of us can settle into tranquillity. Safe in our snug harbors, we can visit the theatre where Jane Cowl is playing, and vicariously know the passion, the laughter and the tears of life on the high seas.

In "The Road to Rome" laughter predominates. Amytis has a brilliant surface, broken only occasionally into gravity or romance. In this play, Miss Cowl is almost entirely the comedienne, much harder thing to be than an emotional actress. Its technique is more difficult. "There's a trick to it," says Miss Cowl. "It's a question of perfect timing, much more difficult to learn than a serious role." But once learned, comedy is a rest for her almost like recreation, after her more intense parts. When she plays an emotional character, he is one of those who must live in the role, she cannot create coldly. She wears herself out, with the unfortunate ady of the play.

As to what will come after next summer, she has no idea. There are so many things she would like to do, because, with every play a "hit," she has done so extraordinarily few. She has never tried a Shaw play, and sometime looks forward to being one of his thoroughly articulate ladies. She would like to give more Shakespeare, possibly, "Twelfth Night," but never again "Antony and Cleopatra." This play, which she loves for the beauty of its lines, which she insisted on giving against the admonitions of her admirers, lost her \$80,000. The Cleopatra of Shakespeare, bewitchingly and vividly embodied by Miss Cowl, proved unsympathetic to the public, whose imagined Cleopatra was more seductive, less of a politician. Shakespeare's "serpent of old Nile" was found wanting in the important quality of "it."

SOMETHING CREATED

A bell rings, and newly attired in robes of turquoise blue silk and gold brocade she goes to make her "pleasure trip" to Hannibal's camp. She passes the Nubian servant, whose gleaming brown body with its red turban and skirt stands motionless, like an old "prop" statue, outside her dressing-room door while he waits his cues, she passes the Carthaginian guardsmen sitting in a group, bathrobes thrown over their tunics and armor, whispering, with Fabius Maximus, she walks on the stage, followed by her Roman slaves, the great column of the temple of Vesta making a background for her beauty. A mingled murmur of applause rises from the unseen audience. As the scene goes on, watching from the wings, you see her sup with Hannibal, chatting over the condition of Rome, and the inevitable boredom of the wife of Fabius Maximus. You forget the row of shuttered lights, the prompter in his chair before you, the bathrobed figures behind you. You forget that you have seen the play three times. Something very delicate, very perfect, is being created not six feet away from you. Your involuntary smile is partly for the clever lines, but more a smile of sympathy at the birth of something beautiful. With the burst of laughter from the audience mingles a low chuckle from one of Hannibal's guardsmen, watching behind you. It is a perfect tribute to something newly created every night, ever fresh.

R. H. G.

"BEAU SABREUR" AT  
SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA

Intrigue, Love and Adventure in  
Sahara Desert

Intrigue, love and adventures in the Sahara desert offer something spectacularly and refreshingly attractive in the line of motion picture entertainment at the Scollay Square Olympia, where "Beau Sabreur" is being shown.

With a cast of sterling quality, unusual direction, and more unusual photography, "Beau Sabreur" comes to this city as a companion of even greater magnitude of "Beau Geste." Gary Cop-

per plays the role of Maj. Henri de Beaujolais, the dashing young Frenchman, who vows he will never look at a woman—and then meets one. Cooper is ideal in the part and gives a fine performance of the handsome soldier-sheik of the burning sands. Evelyn Brent is

SH 'Sapho' Given

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic opera. "Sapho," a lyric play in five acts. Libretto by Henri Cain and Arthur Bernède, after Alphonse Daudet's romance; music by Jules Massenet. Produced at the Opera Comique, Paris on Nov. 27, 1897. Fanny LeGrand, Emma Calvé; Divonne, Mme. Wyns; Irène, Mme. Guiraudon; Jean Gaussin, Lepreste; Caoudal, Marc Nohel; Cesaire, Gresse; La Borderie, Jacquet; Cabassu, Dufour. Manhattan Opera House, Nov. 17, 1909: Mmes Garden, d'Alvarez, Villa; Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Leroux.

Mr. Polacco conducted the performance last night. The cast was as follows:

Fanny LeGrand..... Mary Garden  
Divonne..... Lucille Meusel  
Irene..... Fernand Anseau  
Jean Gaussin..... Desire Defrere  
Caoudal..... Edouard Coteau  
Cesaire..... Jose Mojica  
La Borderie..... Antonio Nicolich  
Le Patron.....

The question might be asked, why did the management of the Chicago company see fit to revive the opera? The warmest admirer of Massenet would not rank it with his best works for the stage. At the Manhattan Opera House, with Miss Garden and excellent associates, there were only three performances.

The management may have thought the opera a box-office magnet for this reason: Many remember the scandal caused by Clyde Fitch's adaptation of the French play in which, as in the novel, Fanny portrayed by Olga Nether-

sole was borne up stairs by Jean. The outcry of enraged "morality" still rings in our ears. But in the opera there is no amorous ascent of a staircase. Even the husky Tomagno—if one can imagine him in the role of Jean—would have had difficulty in singing with the fair burden to be supported as he climbed.

But the romance of Daudet was considered by the prudish as "immoral"; the play made a national sensation; Miss Nethersole was solemnly reproved for her "indecent" audacity; so it was thought that many, not knowing the opera, would rush to the ticket office to snatch a fearful joy, to be pleasingly shocked, especially as Miss Garden, who is associated in the minds of the great majority with erotic roles rather than with her incomparable Melisande, was announced to appear as Fanny, the courtesan, jarring the peace of Jean, a good young student from the country. With Fanny's repentance and self-sacrifice they were not concerned.

When the opera was produced in Paris, it was said by a prominent critic that "Sapho" was not to be thought of except with Emma Calvé. It might be said that "Sapho" now has little excuse for existence except for Miss Garden. To be sure there are pleasing melodious phrases here and there; there are graceful pages in Massenet's familiar manner, but when it comes to music that is the convincing expression of burning love, contempt, rage, despair, the actors are without musical support and eloquence. There is no page in which melody itself is dramatic, as it is in the last act of "Il Trovatore." There are dreary musical stretches in which the singers must rely solely on action. The charming scene between Jean and Irene in the second act is in the better vein of Massenet by reason of its sophisticated simplicity. Pleasant is the introduction of the old Provencal song "Megali." The hints at Provencal life off stage in the fourth act—the sound of drum and pipe show that the composer's instinct for theatrical effects did not here desert him.

Miss Garden is always an interesting, surprising, exciting apparition on the operatic stage even when one may not unreservedly accept her conception of a part. In "Sapho" she has full opportunity to display her power of fascination and allurements and, mind you—without one sensuous strain of music her command of dramatic intensity as when she turns in tigerish mood on those who had robbed Jean of his illusion; her ability to be simply pathetic, even in a spoken phrase. Would that Massenet had been as kind to her as he was in "The Jongleur" as Debussy in "Pelleas and Melisande"! Of what assistance was he to her in the meeting with Jean, or in her visit to his apartment? None whatever. In the last act the touching

scene of the final farewell is memorable only by reason of the sincerity and feeling with which Miss Garden played it, quietly, and so the more moving.

The opera was finely mounted. Again the stage business was well managed. Mr. Anseau was admirable as Jean in the various scenes; the student remembering his dear village, the fond lover, the heart-broken denouncer of the wo-

man, when he knew she had been a "fille." Mr. Coteau was to the life the honest villager with the traditions of duty, work, respectability. Mr. Defrere characterized shrewdly Caoudal. Miss Meusel was delightfully girlish as Irene. To her Massenet was musically gracious. Mme. Classens was happy in her impersonation of Devonne, moved to pity in spite of the traditions, when Fanny, weeping, left the cottage. Mr. Polacco worked wonders with the score. A very large audience was enthusiastic and not in a perfunctory manner. The opera this afternoon will be "Lohengrin"; tonight, "Tosca."

"ME" ON PARADE

"Bossy" took the midnight train for New York from the South station. By special invitation, he is to meet Mayor Walker Monday. He hopes also to have a chat with Gov. "Al" Smith.—Herald local item.

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said ME on Parade.

"You may be our next Governor," the faithful Perkins said;

"Tis goopy to be modest with your I's and Me's and My's.

Just tell 'em Wot the Hell, Bill, and put the Geezers wise.

You're not a pale Forget-ME-not wot's foggy in the Bean.

In proof of which, why read the dope I dish out ev'ry mornin'.

"What are the colors flyin' for?" said ME on Parade.

"They think you're fit for President," our Boswell Perkins said;

"Go shake the milt of Jimmy, let the Sidewalks of New York

Hear wot I write up dally as your own enlightening talk.

The idea might be dotty, but in this hoo-raw land

The more you stick to grammar, the more you'll die a-bornin'!

("ME" solo obbligato-spotlight)

"If I should get to Washington," said ME on Parade,

"The grave belongs to Perkins," aforementioned ME then said.

"He'll write my public messages, and less important thoughts;

Lord Timothy of my home burg, he fooled with titles, jots;

His bunk was only warming pans, but mine was (impolite crockery),

And Gravestones—say! some decoration in the dawning!"

WOOF WOOF.

THEY WILL BE TALKING

As the World Wags:

Isn't it awful the way people will talk indiscriminately with their mouths and pens? Now comes Alice Blackwell with a (Lucy) Stoney heart crashing into the fair reputation of J. Pomeroy whom we all thought was just in a promising way of becoming immune to the talk of the town. What did she do it for? Jesse was just getting on to his feet, when she must bob up with this rank cat yarn! Anyway, now she has to infringe on her patrimony to the amount of \$1 Serves her jolly right. That dollar is gone forever.

From this let us all learn a lesson!

We can't be too careful of the good name of a fallen brother or sister. Suppose Jesse was a little wild in his youth, is that any reason why some one should spring up at this late date and cry, "I'll tell the world that he once skun a kitten"? As the judge says, "What good is that going to do the community at large?" Is it going to promote world peace or social reform or birth control or anti-vivisection, or any other particular good cause? Moreover, it is likely a vain myth. Produce the skin or refrain from this wild charge, say we. If Jesse should get out of prison, ever, how is he going to get into society or to obtain a responsible position with this heinous kitten story hanging around his neck? Pay him that dollar at once, Miss Blackwell, and settle the matter, is our advice. But, alas! that cannot undo altogether the injustice.

The same lesson stares us in the face in regard to the fair fame of one Miss Maude Royden. Here is an honest young English woman in a foreign country, trying to get up in the world and to earn a livelihood. We ought to encourage these poor immigrants and Americanize them, if possible. But just as this poor girl is getting started some missionary women have to throw up a smoke screen! Now we can hardly see the woman for the smoke. Didn't our great grandmothers smoke? Peace to

their ashes!

Why not give an honest working girl a chance?

Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity!

What will she do now, poor thing?

Besides, how will this action help our glorious anti-smoke cause?

The foolish crowds will insist in flocking to hear Miss Royden, and every time they do it advertises the cigarettes.

If cigarettes make Maude talk as well as she does, every woman will want to know just what brand she smokes. What an ad it will be for whatever make it is! "There's a talk in every package."

Nobody complained of Gen. Grant smoking, because he was saving the Union. Why complain of Miss Royden smoking, when she is saving souls?

We all deplore small vices. But when we shut our eyes to great virtues and can only see the small vices, we suddenly become ridiculous. These are, to be sure, quite different illustrations. But they betray a common fault, viz., the error of hasty, snap judgments.

Let us trust that Jesse Pomeroy recovers from his wound and that Miss Blackwell is a wiser as well as a sadder and poorer woman.

Also, is it too much to cherish the hope that the W. H. M. S. will apologize to Miss Royden and that they will be wiser next time? C. H. S.

As the World Wags:

The editorial on howlers leads me to think that you should invite reports of Radio Lecturers' and Announcers' howlers. A Boston lecturer on puppy foods based his instructions on the "animal's necessarily sedimentary habits."

BILL BOWSER.

As the World Wags:

Explaining why a man with a slight "edge on" is nowadays always guilty:

(Manchester, N. H., Union)

"Allen, one of the five men involved in the charges was manager of the Gullt Beverage Company of Lawrence."

QUARTUS SAGE.

As the World Wags:

Sir Auckland Geddes, once British ambassador to America, dismissed years ago the proposition to sell British islands to the United States with the exclamation he would never sell British subjects "into prohibition slavery." God save the King. R. H. L.

TO AN UNDISCERNING MAN

Some distant day perhaps, when I am dead,

And you have gone your unremembering way,

A girl's quick laugh heard in a quiet street

Recalls another who was always gay.

A little fitful laugh but vaguely heard

Bestirs you to remembrance dimly glad;

Nor then, nor now, nor ever will you dream

There may have been a time when I was sad.

KATHRYNE POWERS.

As the World Wags:

Your confederate in The Herald, William Lyon Phelps, seems to consider the late gladiator Jeffreys the worst actor he ever saw. Might it not be well to ask him to revise this opinion, which I have a notion is not final, and take a birds' eye view of Tom Heflin. While he is at it perhaps he might agree that Thomas the Bawler is unquestionably the worst poet in the world, worse even than Edgar A. Guest. Heflin's "pome" published in the Congressional Record has added a new terror to the Senate; it sufficed to goad that calm and pacific senator from New Hampshire, George Moses, into gad-flying the Alabama megaphone, who has made Rome howl and given the Papacy permanent insomnia. JOSEPH SMITH.

Charles Wakefield Cadman's opera, "A Witch of Salem," will be performed tonight by the Chicago Civic Opera Company at the Boston Opera House. This company produced it at Chicago on Dec. 8, 1926. Talbot, Charles Hackett; Willoughby, Howard Preston; Brown, Edouard Coteau; Fairfield, Jose Mojica; Claris Willoughby, Elide Norrena; Elizabeth Willoughby, Helen Freund; Sheila Meloy, Irene Pavloska; Anne Bowen, Lorna Doone Jackson; Tibuda, Augusta Lenska. Henry W. Weber conducted. The libretto was written by Mrs. Nellie Richmond Eberhart.

The opera is in two acts. The first opens in the living hall of a Salem house. Young girls are spinning. The talk is about witchcraft. Tibuda, a West Indian servant, plays on the imagination of the girls by her stories. Sheila, a ward of the family, sings to the harp, a song about the banshee's wail. The head of the house comes in with guests. They, too, are excited over the prevailing delusion. Claris comes down to play the agreeable. Talbot, one of the guests, is in love with her. She does



not believe in witchcraft. The lovers are left alone till Tibuda enters to light the candles. As Claris goes away, her rival Sheila enters. Talbot repulses her. She, jealous, jumps at the idea of accusing Claris of being a witch. Neighbors come in to report new cases. One of the children, prompted by Sheila, points at Claris. All suspect her, even Talbot.

Talbot is on the road that leads to the place of execution. People of the town are on the way, singing:

"Tis a long, long road to the Hill of Death  
For a maiden's feet to tread."

Madagascar pirates (!) join the procession. Claris is dragged along in a cart. Talbot is about to go with her to the scaffold, when the penitent Sheila pulls him back. She asks him if he would have loved her had not Claris been between them. Enraged at her, he cries that for her he has only hate; as for Claris, "his soul would gladly follow hers to hell," even if she were "a very witch of Satan." Sheila offers to save her rival if Talbot will give her one kiss, "as one would kiss the dead." Talbot kisses her on the forehead and demands the release of Claris. Then Sheila runs toward the scaffold. Claris appears with her father and sister. The crowd drags Sheila towards Salem.

Mr. Cadman, born at Johnstone, Pa., in 1881, was educated musically in Pittsburgh. He was an organist and music critic. The music of the Indians interested him. "Four Indian Songs" were published in 1907; one of them, "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water," became popular. Was not Mme. Nordica the first to sing it in Boston at one of her recitals? On account of his health he went to Denver, where he was an organist, but since then his dwelling place has chiefly been Los Angeles. He has toured as a lecturer, assisted by an Indian mezzo-soprano, Princess Tsianina Redfeather. He has lectured in London and Paris on American Indian music.

The list of his compositions includes a string quartet, a cantata "The Vision of Sir Launfal"; an Indian song cycle; a Japanese song cycle; a Chinese song cycle; a piano sonata, a piano suite "Omar Khayyam," a piano trio, "The Legend of the Canyon" for violin and piano; other songs and piano pieces.

His orchestral suite "The Thunderbird," originally incidental music for Norman Bel Geddes' drama of the same name, was played at Los Angeles in 1917; his Oriental Suite "Omar Khayyam" was performed there in 1922. His opera in three acts "The Land of the Misty Water" has not, to our knowledge, been produced. The one act Indian opera "Shanewis" was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1918.

"The Sunset Trail," an opera in one act, "conceived as an oratorio," poetic text by Gilbert Moyle, dramatized by Vladimir Rosing, was produced at the Gallo Theatre, New York, by the American Opera Company on Jan. 24, 1928.

Tonight the chief parts in "The Witch of Salem" will be taken by Edith Mason, Irene Pavlovskaya and Mr. Hackett. "Pagliacci" will follow: Elide Norena; Messrs. Anseau and Montesante.

Tomorrow night Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" will be the opera. It is familiar in this city. As is known to all, Massenet wrote the music of the Jongleur for a tenor. When the opera was produced at Monte Carlo on Feb. 18, 1902, Marchal took the part, as he did at the Opera Comique, Paris, on May 10, 1904. Renaud was the Boniface at Monte Carlo; Fugere at Paris. The celebrated "Apologue de la Sauge" was taken by Maurice Leila, the librettist, from an old song published by Amedee de Ponthieu in "Les Fables Legendaires."

When Oscar Hammerstein thought of producing the opera at the Manhattan—it was brought out there on Nov. 27, 1908—he doubted whether the absence of a woman in the cast would please the New York public, so he persuaded—or Miss Garden coaxed—Massenet to change his music so that she could take the role in male attire. The late Henry T. Finck had the courage to say that while the Jongleur is a man, he is "really feminine in his passivity, his appeal to one's sympathies, his dependence on Boniface." This aspect of the character makes it more of a part for a woman. Yet Massenet and his librettist thought otherwise or they would not have made the Jongleur a man, as he was in the old legends and the stories founded on them.

(The librettists of Massenet's "Cherubin," Francis de Croisset and Henri Cain intended Cherubin to be played by a man, but when this opera was produced at Monte Carlo and later at the Opera-Comique in 1905, lo, and behold, Miss Garden took the role, although Croisset insisted only the day before the performance that his Cherubin should not be played by a woman.)

Louis W. Krasner, a violinist, who studied here with Eugene Gruenberg at the New England Conservatory of Music, and triumphed there over many discouragements, met with great success at his concert in Vienna on Jan. 24, according to a cablegram from that city. With the Vienna Symphony orchestra, he played these concertos: Vivaldi-Nachez, concerto G minor for violin, strings and organ; Achron, concerto op. 60 (first time in Europe); Brahms, concerto op. 77.

#### Notes and Lines:

In the dim hushed quiet of a cinema palace a news reel was unwinding, showing the usual airship scenes and the usual shots of the marines. "What," she what-ed, what-ing considerably above the best cinema palace whisper, "are the marines doing in Nicaragua?" "I ain't sure," what-ed back the boy friend, "but I think that's what Coolidge went to Cuba to find out."

JAZBO.

#### IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Variety publishes the list of rules and fines posted for a negro minstrel show in 1905:

- 1—Drunkenness. Immediate discharge. No fine.
- 2—Late at rehearsal, \$1.
- 3—Late at parade, \$1.
- 4—Missing parade, \$2.
- 5—Stage wait, \$1.
- 6—Playing of musical instruments in hotels, \$2. Theatre at your disposal.
- 7—Loud arguments or swearing in hotels or theatre, \$1.
- 8—Muddy shoes in parade, \$1.
- 9—Dirty shirt fronts, collars and cuffs, on first part, \$1.
- 10—And most important, mashing within two blocks of hotel or theatre, \$5.

## 'Lohengrin'

Boston Opera House—"Lohengrin" opera by Wagner. Chicago Civic Opera company. The cast:

King Henry.....Alexander Kipnis  
Lohengrin.....Rene Maison  
Elsa of Brabant.....Leone Kruse  
Telramund.....Robert Ringling  
Ortrud.....Cyrena Van Gordon  
The King's Herald.....Howard Preston

Four Pages.....Lucille Meisel  
Alice D'Hermanoy  
Elinor Marie  
Anna Correnti

Four Nobles.....Albert Rappaport  
Lodovico Oliviero  
Eugenio Sandrini  
Antonio Nicolich

Conductor.....Henry G. Weber  
Stage Director.....Charles Moor

Let the honors for yesterday's "Lohengrin" performance fall where they are due, namely, to Mr. Weber. Since his first promising beginnings, only a few years ago, this young man has made strides in his art; probably he works and studies. It is his own affair, however, how he comes by his knowledge. A sympathetic understanding, at all events, for the unbroken flow of a Wagner opera—even one as early as "Lohengrin"—he has acquired. He keeps clear of the error of hearing his score in episodes. He wastes no time in dallying over a lovely melody, as though he were sewing a purple patch on a strip of cloth.

To melody, nevertheless, he allows its beauty, also its dramatic significance; he does as much by instrumental color. Thus to get the full good of every detail, without letting the movement lag—that means skill. Compliments to Mr. Weber on his artistic growth! As time goes on he will undoubtedly find ways to voice more vividly than he did yesterday the remote, mystical quality that pervades much of Wagner's score, the baleful element that stands out in contrast. Dull, though, he did not let one page become—and that, in the case of "Lohengrin," is in itself a feat.

Mr. Moor set his stage in the good old way. He might have done worse; if that way were not likeable, it could hardly have held its own so long. Most people do dote on sheer bulk, be it in bawled top notes or in crowds on a stage. Probably, in their hearts, they don't care much if or not those crowds are grouped picturesquely and naturally, or if they move about according to the leadings of reason. From the point of view of sumptuousness the most exacting person could ask no more than Mr. Moor gave yesterday.

The singers all gave what they could; their diction especially was admirable. Mr. Kipnis led, because of his animated delivery of the king's dreary text, not to forget his noble voice. Though he pronounced his German outstandingly well, he was forced to sing so many of his measures far to the rear of the stage that not all his sentences told. Because of his position, furthermore, persons addressing him had to turn their backs square to his face or else to the audience; for the most part they chose, naturally enough, the audience.

Miss Kruse, so long as half voice would do, sang sweetly and tastefully. She had beautiful tone at her command by the time she reached the cantilena of her duet with Ortrud. In this same passage Miss Van Gordon showed how

finely she can sing when she is willing to abandon the explosive style she appears to love. Mr. Maison, a gleaming figure in his silver mail, made good use of a pleasant mezza voice. With his Telramund Mr. Ringling gave the most successful dramatic portrayal of the afternoon. Mr. Preston proclaimed the herald's measures impressively and sonorously. From the chorus there was very good singing.

A large audience applauded heartily. Tonight "The Witch of Salem" will be sung, also "Pagliacci." R. R. G.

## "TOSCA" IN EVENING

Puccini Opera Performed Well by Chicago Company

Boston Opera House—"Tosca," opera by Puccini. The Chicago Civic Opera company. The cast:

Flora Tosca.....Claudia Muzio; Mario Cavaradossi; Antonio Cortis; Baron Scarpia; Vanni-Marcoux; Cesare Angelotti; Antonio Nicolich; the Sacristan; Vittorio Treviani; Spoletta; Lodovico Oliviero; Sciarone; Eugenio Sandrini; a shepherd; Elinor Marie; conductor, Giorgio Polacco; stage director, Charles Moor.

A melodrama Puccini called his opera, and as a melodrama they did it last night. Mr. Polacco set the pace. From every bar he wrung every atom of expression the music could be forced to offer. He allowed the singers long pauses, the better to make their effects of action or song. Other pauses he made, to let the beauty, apparently, of this or that sink in. Beauty there was, much of it, beauty of its own luscious, opulent kind, for indeed Mr. Polacco did draw the best from his orchestra. And the wild sensationalism of the play he did make tell, directly up to its climax—that climax which, for many a day to come, cannot fail of its effect: too fine a theatric skill has gone to its making.

Mr. Polacco had three actors to help him who fell full into his vein. They laid on and spared not—rightly; what else could they do? Mr. Vanni-Marcoux, for instance, troubled not his head with subtleties. Bold, rough strokes instead he employed for his high-colored picture of a man so amorous, so brutal, a hypocrite so unctuous, a reveller in cruelty for cruelties' sake, that he seemed a maniac. By means of diction extraordinarily skillful he made a series of brittle, staccato tones answer very well for song.

Mr. Cortis, on the other hand, sang delightfully. Though he scarcely departed from the tone set for the evening, he did refrain from forcing his lovely voice, and he was successful in introducing into his song a very considerable grace, at no cost of fervor. He gave real character to his rather colorless role, and his words he enunciated clearly.

So Mme. Muzio did hers. She sang with the abandon called for frequently with beautiful tone. Her view of Tosca is not the most attractive that ever has been seen, but her way of it—the spoiled prima donna of tradition, capricious, imperious, violent—she carried through with power. The smaller roles were excellently done. A large company showed warm enthusiasm.

After the opera, very late, came "Les Sylphides," a ballet arranged to Chopin music. Charles Lanwers conducted.

R. R. G.

FEB 1928

## 'A Witch of Salem' Followed by Stirring Performance of 'Pagliacci'

By PHILIP HALE

When "A Witch of Salem," an opera in two acts, was produced on Dec. 8, 1926, at Chicago by the Chicago Civic Opera Company, now at the Boston Opera House, the chief singers were Mmes. Norena, Freund, Pavlovskaya, Jackson, Lenska and Messrs. Hackett, Preston, Cotreuil, and Mojica. Mr. Weber conducted. The cast last night for the first performance of the opera in Boston was as follows:

Arnold Talbot.....Charles Hackett  
Nathaniel Willoughby.....Howard Preston  
Thomas Bowen.....Chase Browne  
Deacon Fairfield.....Jose Mojica  
Clariss Willoughby.....Edith Mason  
Elizabeth Willoughby.....Lucille Meisel  
Sheila Meloy.....Irene Pavlovskaya  
Anne Bowen.....Lorna Doone Jackson  
Tibuda, an Indian Servant.....Augusta Lenska  
Conductor.....Henry G. Weber

The librettist, Nelle Richmond Eberhart, gave Charles Wakefield Cadman a sufficiently dramatic sketch for a short opera. The story is in its essence a simple one. Sheila, a ward of Willoughby in Salem at the time when the Black Man was in the woods or in the street at midnight with his book to be signed by future witches, was in love with Arnold. He forgetting what he remembered as a boy and girl affair, loves Claris, who does not believe in witchcraft. To win Arnold back, Sheila, the Irish girl, lets down her hair, dances coquettishly, and at last falls into his lap. He repulses her but gently, as one who would say: "Naughty, naughty. Go away, Sheila. Don't you know I am in

love with Claris?" Maddened, Sheila, when a little girl in the household falls in a fit and is borne away, contrives that Claris is accused of being a witch. Even Arnold, weak, foolish man, believes in her guilt. Claris is carted to be hanged. The villagers turn out singing a solemn psalm in procession, but one would judge from the faces of the chorus last night, that they were enjoying this diversion, which breaks the monotony of life in the old town. Sheila repents. If Arnold will kiss her she will confess. She receives the chaste kiss on her fair brow. Claris is saved; Sheila mounts the cart which is dragged towards Salem. There is no final chorus of jubilation, for the good villagers were probably disappointed at being cheated of a thrilling spectacle. Only the father, sister, West Indian maid and Arnold raise arms in thanksgiving when Claris is free and with them. What becomes of the Madagascar pirates, who with pistols and cutlasses join gaily the procession on the way to the scaffold, is not stated.

With this material Mr. Cadman has written inexpressive, dull music. He has called in the aid of psalmody, with hints at plain-song, and a tune of the Irish ballad order, but all this avail him little. His melodic vein is thin. It does not characterize the persons in the drama; his melodies are without inherent charm or dramatic force, save perhaps in Arnold's lament in the second act over his lack of confidence and his cowardice in the first. Nor is Mr. Cadman more fortunate in the invention of the recitative or in his orchestration. The latter is for the most part thick, if not muddy; swollen and noisy even when the situation on the stage is simple, and the sentiment of a gentle nature.

The company did all in its power to make the opera interesting. Mr. Cadman would have had no reason to complain of the singers or of the orchestra led by Mr. Weber as far as the performance was concerned. Miss Mason's beautiful voice and free, pure delivery, unfortunately had little to inspire her, but she and Mr. Hackett displayed an artistic simplicity and a fervor that are not to be found in the music allotted to them. The other parts were capably taken. The opera was well mounted; the stage management was carefully planned. It may here be said that the opera might as well have been sung in French or in Italian as in English; the text was not the more intelligible.

The audience applauded with the customary heartiness; there were the customary curtain calls.

A stirring performance of "Pagliacci" followed. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with the requisite Italian fire. Mme. Norena took the part of Nedda; Mr. Anseau was the Canio; Mr. Montesano played the malicious Tonio; Mr. Oliviero was the Beppo; Mr. Defrere, the Silvio, who brought on the tragedy by his poorly concealed passion for Nedda, who Tonio had, his little revenge on the light-skirt for her rejection of his clumsy advances. Mr. Montesano sang the too famous Prologue with much more than usual attention to dramatic detail. Mr. Anseau gave an impressive portrayal of Canio. Even in the opening scene where he tells the villager what a stroller's life really is, the brute end was foreshadowed. The audience not dismissed till a late hour.

The opera tonight will be Massenet "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" with Miss Garden and Messrs. Mojica, Cotreuil, Preston, Defrere, Nicolich. Mr. Polacco will conduct.

## THE WRITER'S DILEMMA

(For As the World Wags)

Said the tyro to an editor: "I have a story here,

Which friends have said is quite as good as any that appear

In our best magazines today, and so I offer it,

Assured that if 'tis published it will make a mighty hit."

To which the editor replied: "Though good your story be,

We could not think of using it, because, my friend, you see

You have no reputation, and we never even read

The writings of a novice, though they may be good indeed."

The novice mused within himself: "My ailment is acute;

They will not publish what I write until I win repute;

I cannot win repute unless they publish what I write.

And so it seems the editors have tied me gol-darned tight."

CHARLES EDGAR ALLEN

There is somewhere a half-way house between the specialist—the man who knows more and more about less and less—and the dilettante, who knows less and less about more and more.

W. R. HALLIDAY.

## MOUNT HOLYOKE AGAIN

Some time ago The Boston Herald published a story about Mount Holyoke Seminary under the reign of Mary Lyon. We have received the following letter:



the World Wags:  
Although I'm not a graduate of Mount Holyoke I have felt its influence. In the thirties, at the formative age of 14, I was sent, a raw girl from a middle West town, to an educational institution, the male part of which was advertised in the catalogue as run on "the Mount Holyoke plan." That meant the young ladies in attendance were the worst and best in the state.

I confess I never saw in black and white the regulations of the "Mount Holyoke plan," but I felt 'em. There didn't seem to be anything we could do that was "moral," and so many things we did that were "immoral." For instance: I was made to understand at 14 I was on the downward trail when the preceptress found me one day in the dormitory lawn looking for a three-leafed clover, for, as I said, I was sent from the farm and knew clover when I saw it. Another time I was observed to be watching from a dormitory window the young men of the institution playing baseball at a distance of four hundred miles away. I wouldn't for a while write down the words the preceptress called me on that occasion. I committed other crimes not quite so bad, but I don't want to think of them. I didn't return for the second year; I suppose my parents were advised that "withdraw." Not long ago I heard a young man say: "Mount Holyoke is an awful place, but they do send out some mighty fine girls."

About the report that the Atlantic Monthly was forbidden to girls at Mount Holyoke. Not long ago I got a new dress I cut the hem down as much as possible. A friend, calling, said: "In Boston skirts are worn as high as the Atlantic Monthly"; and here was mine in a Saturday Evening Post! Another friend comforted me by saying: "But you know the Atlantic Monthly stands a very highest."

CYNTHIA ROWBUST.  
Arlington Heights.

THROWING SALT  
An anonymous correspondent writes concerning the verse published in this column some time ago:

"O never sit down at the table  
When the number is thirteen,  
And lest witches be there  
Put salt in your beer  
And scrape your platter clean."

the World Wags:

Throwing salt over the shoulder is religious in its origin, and dates back to pagan times when the master of the house, before asking his guests to begin eating the good things on his table, threw a pinch of salt into the burning brazier before the Lares and Penates in his hall as an acknowledgment that he held his wealth and everything else by the high favor of the "divine deities" and not by any merit of his own. When gods and goddesses disappeared to make place for the one high immortal Deity, the brazier disappeared also, but the salt was still thrown on the floor in sacrifice, because for many years salt was a most costly item in household expenses and valued highly for its wholesome effects. The saying of a "grace before meat" which used to be the custom in all Christian households really took the place of this salt ceremony, because it acknowledged in words the mightiness of the giver of all good things. The salt throwing has continued as a superstition. The underlying thought is: "I willingly sacrifice something I value highly to the Supreme Power so to prove I am not guilty of presumption." (This was the worst fault in religion.)

At least two columns of The Herald would be filled with an account of various superstitions connected with it in ancient and modern times. In Ireland in the old days, women in the street and girls from the windows sprinkled wheat and salt on anyone entering on public office. Before seed was put into the ground, the mistress of the family sent salt into the field. This custom observed anywhere in Ireland today? As for spilling salt on the table, let us quote from John Keats' "Mag-astromancers posed and puzzled."

"I have read it in an orthodox divine, at he knew a young gentleman who, by chance, spilling the salt on the table, me that sat with him said merrily to him that it was an ill omen, and wish't him take heed to himself that day: of which the young man was so superstitiously credulous, that it would not be out of his mind; and going abroad that day, got a wound, of which he died not long after."

the World Wags:

Out in Iowa, the bootleggers are raising the price of Ilkkoer on account of having to put alcohol in it to keep it from freezing.  
H. B. L.

THE DARKENED HOUR  
(For As the World Wags)

Under a winter moon, the snowdrift's sheen

Of ~~the~~ and white  
And overhead the carved, sure stars,  
and keen  
Cry of wind in the night . . .  
And silence like the lips of one just dead . . .  
God, how the hours fly  
When moonlight flaunts across the darkened bed  
Of one who waits to die!  
Cambridge. LEE.

As the World Wags:

Manager—You're sure her accident was faked?  
Investigator—Sure, she said she caught her heel in her skirt.  
AN UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

It is a figment of the imagination to conceive a gigantic black man striding over the world with a banjo in one hand and a saxophone in the other disintegrating the British empire.—Arthur Bliss.

The curious notion of the 19th century that we are rational creatures, deciding deliberately what is best for us, is psychologically lunatic.—The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

## 'LE JONGLEUR'

Boston Opera House: "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," opera by Massenet; Chicago Civic opera company. The cast:

Jean . . . . . Mary Garden  
The Prior . . . . . Cesare Formichi  
The Monk Poet . . . . . Edouard Coteuill  
The Monk Painter . . . . . Jose Mojica  
The Monk Sculptor . . . . . Howard Preston  
The Monk Musician . . . . . Antonio Nicolich  
The Conductor . . . . . Desire Deferre  
Stage Director . . . . . Giorgio Polacco  
Charles Moor

Here was a performance of many excellent features. Mr. Polacco, to begin at the top, made the utmost of Massenet's over-exquisite score. He refrained from adding sugar to a confection already quite sweet enough; he contrived, on the contrary, by stressing touches of robustness there are, to tone some of that saccharine quality down. So beauty remained, and charm—and in Massenet, at his best, there are much of both. All hail, then, to Mr. Polacco for giving his due to a composer often maltreated.

The first act, of course, neither Mr. Polacco nor anybody else, on the stage, behind it or in the pit, could raise out of the slough of dullness. The convent scene, however, thanks to the delicious comedy of the artist monks and the clever characterizations and the natural behavior of the chorus, offered a delightful half hour. The sentimental appeal, the musical charm of the closing scene, also made themselves felt; nobody rubbed the sentiment in until it turned maudlin.

As for the principal performers, Mr. Coteuill sang smoothly and sonorously. Mr. Formichi likewise sang very well indeed, particularly his song of the humble sage bush—though never a jolly old cook, it is safe to say, yet told a simple tale so in the terms of a dramatic cantata. This same old cook, in other respects, Mr. Formichi characterized neatly.

There remains Miss Garden, who sang and danced so charmingly. There comes a time, as everybody knows, when operas need to be "restudied." Has not the time come when the art of Miss Garden should be studied anew?

Last night Miss Garden, from the technical point of view, the musical and the expressive, sang admirably. As an actress, on the other hand, surely she fell below her high repute. She had a boy to impersonate, or, it may be, a young man. A young girl instead she set forward—and not, at that, a young girl closely observed, but the young girl type too often seen on the stage. Why does not Miss Garden, if Jean she must play, spend a few hours in a boys' school, to learn at least the motions? As a singer it was that Miss Garden shone last night, and shine indeed she did. Will re-study lead to a change of the usual view?

After the opera came a ballet, "Capriccio Espagnole," the music by Rimsky-Korsakov. Charles Lavwers conducted. "Romeo et Juliette" will be sung this afternoon; tonight, "Aida."  
R. R. G.

## BURTON HOLMES TALKS ON ITALY

Burton Holmes gave the last of the present season of his travel revues last night in Symphony Hall. There will be a repetition tomorrow afternoon. The subject was "The Heart of Italy." Towns were visited and pictures shown, some of which were probably put on the screen for the first time in any travelogue or travel revue. These pictures were not only interesting through historical associations, they were often beautiful in themselves.

Starting from Rapano, with glimpses of mansions and castles by the sea, arriving at Portofino the audience wondered at the strange villa of Sem Benelli, the author of "The Jest" and "The Love of Three Kings." As the story goes the villa was paid for by the American royalties on the former play. There was a stop at Verona, time enough to see the old houses, churches, the house of Capulet, the tomb of Juliet—if the legends are to be believed—the Roman arena. And here was a sign illustrative of the present anti-profanity campaign. As Mr. Holmes remarked, Italian profanity is so picturesque it would be a pity if it should disappear.

The pictures of Venice were more familiar, but those of Urbino, Gubbio, Orvieto (famous for its wine which will not bear exportation; and for its cathedral) Spolito, Assisi were new to the great majority in the audience. The oxen in the Urbino market excited admiration. Siena and Pisa were visited. How women are more or less cheerful beasts of burden in these towns was vividly brought home. An especially beautiful view was that of the Baptistery at Pisa by moonlight.

In the second part of the travel revue, the pictures were of Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Sorrento, Capri, Amalfi—places better known, but none the less to be revisited. Again there was a very large audience.

## 'LAST COMMAND'

"The Last Command," a film drama, starring Emil Jannings, written by Lajos Biro, directed by Josef von Sternberg and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Gen. Dolgorucki . . . . . Emil Jannings  
Natascha . . . . . Evelyn Brent  
Leo . . . . . William Powell  
Serge, the valet . . . . . Michael Visaroff

This is the second American-made picture using the remarkable genius of Emil Jannings and is even better than the first and excellent "The Way of All Flesh." There is, necessarily, something reminiscent about Herr Jannings's foreign pictures in his current work. "The Last Laugh" and "Variety" were film masterpieces and it is not given to man to make more than a reasonable share of masterpieces during his life.

"The Last Command" hinges its dramatic breaking of a proud man on the loss of his coat, just as "The Last Laugh" changed the mental attitude of the old doorman, but the present film has other points in its favor. It is plotted with originality. It is cleverly directed and one can sit before it and not be sure what the next few feet of film will disclose.

The cry for "action—we must have action" is merely a whisper as Emil Jannings stalks in as a palsied and broken Russian nobleman who has turned to the screen as a means of making a living when his own class and accomplishments are broken on the wheel of the Russian revolution. He is shown being shoved and pushed by a crowd of extra men as they gather like a pack of wolves for their film accoutrements. The old man has been discovered for what he was once and is to play the part of a Russian general. He takes from his pocket a decoration, the only thing remaining of his past glory and puts it on his splendid uniform. The extra-brotherhood ridicule him and as he looks into his make-up box mirror, a shaking and disheartened old man, the film is cut back to the time when he was grand duke and general of the Czar's great armies.

The episodes leading to the revolution are next on the screen. One finds the grand duke in all of his elegance, but intelligence has been used in this characterization.

Eventually all of the officers of the imperialistic army that are handy are lined up and shot. Jannings as Dolgorucki is among them. He falls with the rest, but later he is found to be severely but not mortally wounded.

Dolgorucki lives to die another day and "The Last Command" was issued in Hollywood when the old gentleman forgets for the moment that he is not what he was once. "The Last Command" is the best picture that has come from Hollywood, France, England or Germany in many moons.

One is always assured of a sumptuous surrounding program at this theatre, but in this instance the photoplay does not need it. It is there, however.  
C. M. D.

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Chicago civic opera company, afternoon performance, "Romeo et Juliette," opera in five acts and six scenes; text by Jules Barbier and Michel Carre; music by Charles Gounod. Produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, on April 27, 1867; Mmes. Carvalho, Dara, Duclos; Messrs. Michot, Barre, Puget, Laurent, Troy, Cazeau, Neveu, Wartel. Revised and produced at the Opera, Paris, on Nov. 28, 1888; Adelina Patti, and Mmes. Agussol, Canti; Messrs. Jean de Reszke, Delmas, Muratet, Meichissee, Tequi, Ballard. First performance in the United States at New York, Nov. 15, 1867: Minnie Hauk and Mme. Fleury; Messrs. Pen-cani, Orlandini, Antonucci, Medini, Testa, Barili, Mueller, Velden, Reichardt. This performance was in Italian. The cast yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Capulet . . . . . Cesare Formichi  
Juliet . . . . . Edith Mason  
Tybalt . . . . . Jose Mojica  
Romeo . . . . . Charles Hackett  
Mercutio . . . . . Desire Deferre  
Stephano . . . . . Irene Pavloska  
Duke of Verona . . . . . Antonio Nicolich  
Friar Lawrence . . . . . Edouard Coteuill  
Gertrude . . . . . Maria Claessens  
Gregorio . . . . . Tuccino Sandrini  
Paris . . . . . Albert Ramaport

Meyerbeer was of the opinion that a composer should not presume to take for an operatic subject any great work in another branch of art. Many have cried out against Gounod for his "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet"; foolishly abused him, for he set music to the librettists's version of the famous stories; not to Goethe and Shakespeare. It could be wished that he had not written the Waltz for Juliet—in which the music plays havoc with the words—nor had put the "Jewel" song in the mouth of Marguerite; but in these instances he sacrificed himself to Mme. Carvalho, who wished to display her virtuosity. (Gounod, like the celebrated Inca, could not say "no" to any woman; in which respect he was followed by Massenet.)

Some object to the introduction of a page acted by a woman. The objection is not substantial if Stephano is a pretty woman with sculptural legs, an apparition like Miss Guercia who dazzled the eyes and disturbed critical judgment in the old days of opera in Mechanics Building.

Whether "Romeo and Juliet" or "Faust" is the more engrossing opera is a subject for academic discussion. There are charming pages, there are dramatic pages in both. Modern composers, though they may affect disparagement of Gounod's talent, have been influenced by him down to the present day. There is this to be said: a melody by Gounod, in opera, oratorio, or song, is pure Gounod. One can not attribute it to any other composer. Let this also be said to his credit: he respected his singers, wrote admirably for them, and did not believe that the orchestra—though he wrote skilfully for instruments—should assume the most important part.

The performance yesterday was in many respects interesting. The opera was sumptuously mounted. Capulet probably did not have a ballroom so magnificently proportioned as the one seen yesterday, and we doubt if his garden was comparable to the one devised by the Chicago artists. There were a few returns to old operatic conventionalities in the stage management. Mercutio sang the stupid song about Queen Mab to the audience while Romeo leaned pensively on a chair some distance from him, and partisans of the house of Montague stood respectfully in the background.

Miss Mason was a charming Juliet, in appearance, action and song. She almost stripped the "Waltz" of its inherent vulgarity by being playful confidentially with her nurse instead of singing it as a concert air for the eagerly anticipated applause. How easily she sings! With what sympathetic tonal purity! She moved the audience by her sustained song, by her unaffected girlishness and later by her womanly ardor: she aroused enthusiasm by the masterly swelling of a note in the final cadence of the "Waltz."

Mr. Hackett was now a fervent lover; now spirited in the duel scene. When the music called for comparatively quiet expression, as in the measures just before Romeo leaves the garden, the vocal quality was beautiful. In more impassioned moments it was decidedly nasal and there was the suggestion of unnecessary effort. It is a pity that Mr. Hackett does not free himself from this nasal delivery. In other respects he is an accomplished, well-graced artist.

Mr. Formichi as the good man Capulet radiated beneficence and joy in the ballroom scene. Mr. Mojica was a spirited Tybalt. Whatever role he assumes, he gives character to it. He can be dramatic in song as well as in action. Mr. Coteuill's noble organ was finely used, not abused. The dignity and humanity of his Friar Lawrence was a feature of the performance. Yes—

## OPERA 'ROMEO ET JULIETTE' GIVEN



terday was not one of Miss Pavloska's days. She did not reconcile us to the introduction of Stephano with a song. Mr. Defrere was a capital Mercutio. That he did not arouse applause by the Queen Mab song was Gounod's fault. Mr. Polacco conducted with his customary musical and dramatic insight. A very large audience was much pleased.

## "AIDA" EVENING BILL

Claudia Muzio and Marshall Sing  
Leading Roles

Boston Opera House. Aida, opera by Verdi. The Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

The King.....	Chase Baromeo
Amneris.....	Augusta Lenka
Kadames.....	Charles Marshall
Aida.....	Claudia Muzio
Ramses.....	Alexander Kipnis
Amonasro.....	Richard Bonelli
Priestess.....	Elmor Marlo
A messenger.....	Lodovico Oliviero
Stage director.....	Charles Moor
Conductor.....	Roberto Moranzoni

A very good performance was that last night of "Aida." The fineness, of course, that Verdi himself would have exacted, if what we read of his ways is true, was lacking. Where, though, just at the present, could this fineness be found? For that we must wait till "Aida," long forgotten, is accorded, in some future revival, the respectful pains due an antique.

On its own level, nevertheless, the performance had its merits. The setting was very magnificent, tasteful as well. On the stage Mr. Moor made his forces stand about in effective groups; Mr. Moranzoni made his in the pit refrain from too much of the noise which "Aida" seems to invite; animation, too, he secured, though not exactly brilliancy or the highest degree of euphony.

On the stage there was also Mr. Bonelli, as wild an Ethiopian in look and bearing as one could wish to see, yet still a man, not, like too many Amonasros, a gorilla. Without one superfluous or meaningless gesture, Mr. Bonelli gave a powerfully imaginative im-

personation of a savage who was yet a king. He sang superbly.

Like a king Mr. Kipnis bore himself, though he was only a high priest, and surpassingly well he sang. Miss Lenka sang with beautiful voice, smoothly, and with refreshing ease. Miss Muzio, in the great ensembles where she had to mind what she was doing, sang with brilliant tone that dominated all. At other times she appeared curiously tolerant of tone forced and harsh. She acted with full authority. For two acts Mr. Marshall sang in the way he seems now to have made permanently his own, a way that pleases, for he was well applauded. Mr. Baromeo lent a fine voice to the occasion and genuine skill in its use.

The audience, very large, showed every sign of content. R. R. G.

## "LAST MOMENT"

"The Last Moment" a first showing of an American film directed by Paul Fejos, and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," a German film, were presented at Symphony hall last evening by Artkino.

It seems no less than a most extraordinary feat to catch with the camera those moments that appear just before one sinks into unconsciousness. If one has never had ether, or fainted, this motion picture will recall some of the same sensations that swim before one's eyes. The subject of "The Last Moment," however, is a drowning man and his life flashes before him from the time he was a small boy to the last fateful incident which makes him choose quiet oblivion.

This may sound harsh, but the entire picture, the theme, backgrounds, use of camera angles and character development has been treated with so deft a hand, so cannily photographed and withal in so rational a manner that the screen gives a powerful glimpse of the soul of a man.

He isn't a perfect man, he trips up in his journey but he succeeds in the fundamentals, he changes from a weak mother-boy to a great actor in the theatre. He could not be otherwise than great and play Hamlet, at least that is the idea suggested successfully.

It is not fair to divulge more of the plot, needless to say the picture is a great work. It tells its story plainly. If at times the acting seems over-pronounced, one should remember that this is also a phase of the mind, it is said, just before it releases existence.

Otto Mathieson, who played the principal role, shaded his performance, a very difficult performance, with a keen sense of the dramatic values. His callow youth was all of that but his manhood took on a new dignity and his later importance gave him a poise and polish. The different women appeared for sq

short a time that their work was left to be adequate but not startling. The young boy left a definite impression. He was a dreamy youngster as fair as Pan.

Most of the credit for this interesting and unusual film must go to the director, however, with the cameraman getting hearty commendation.

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is another film which is fantastic, but, with more depth and purpose than is usual in our customary film entertainment. It is another psychical study and keeps interest at white heat. It would again be wrong to tell its story because anyone wishing to feel the power of the screen can do so at Symphony hall this week. C. M. D.

## FRITZ KREISLER IN SYMPHONY HALL

Crowds Enjoy Performance of  
Great Violin Artist

The name of Fritz Kreisler, who gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday, has long become part of a legend. He personifies the art of violin playing as Paderewski personifies the piano and Casals the cello. Reviewers have already formed a convenient phrase: "the Kreisler of this or that instrument," and are generously dispensing the title to all who distinguish themselves by rich tone and songful interpretation. Periodical appearances of Kreisler in flesh and blood afford us an opportunity to confirm the legend and rejoice at the thought that, in spite of his canonization, Kreisler plays for us with apparently the same relish as when he first awoke to the realization of his genius.

"Sonata in E major" by F. S. Bach (or Partita if we are to observe Bach's own title), was appropriately put at the head of the program. The partita was designed for violin solo. Among Bach's masterpieces the sonatas, together with the suites for cello solo, stand as examples of genius unexcelled in instrumental writing. Yet the idea of adding a piano accompaniment tempted many, from Robert Schumann on. Kreisler's own piano-writing is ingenious and discreet; Mr. Lamson's touch is equally subtle and unobtrusive; but there was almost a regret that Kreisler did not let his violin vibrate all by its glorious self, "senza cembalo" as the early editions of Bach have it.

It took a devil in full regalia to suggest the Devil's Thrill to Tartini. In a dream, dreamt so many years ago, that the Freudians have not had a chance to delve into it, the devil extemporized a music so beautiful that the composer, spellbound and bewildered, hastened to commit it to paper, the moment he had returned to consciousness. Alas, according to Tartini's own confession, the written sounds were too slow to translate the devil's—shall we say, heavenly—inspiration. Let us hope, for Lucifer's sake, that there was much more devilry in his original version, for the music seems now tame. The difficulties which were supposed to be neck-breaking, are within the prowess of a good conservatory pupil. The artist's art is worth in this instance more than composer's. And Kreisler played it—devil or no devil—superbly.

Things fade—the tinsel wears off; the pig's skin alone persists. Schumann's Fantasia is rot, Schumann in excelsis; grandiloquent but singularly empty appear its vain ascensions, and unconvincing its progress. Again, the artist came to the fore, forsaken by the composer—and Kreisler's playing unassisted, shone through what might otherwise have been a bore.

Ernest Shelling's "Irlandaise" is a display of excellent craftsmanship; Kreisler set out its brilliant passages magnificently; his direct and all but abrupt endings unpreceded by obvious ritards ought to serve as a lesson to many a violinist. Two Spanish dances—by Albeniz and De Falla—were, perhaps, flavored with too much of Viennese nonchalance; but the ethnological inaccuracy did not impair the excellence of the performance. The rest was Kreisleriana unalloyed. Kreisler's charming violin-pieces with these inimitable accompaniments are certainly the main treasure of the violinistic repertoire. And to hear an authentic interpretation of these pieces, hundreds of times played and thousands of times murdered, was a pleasure not often afforded. N. S.

Isabelle Burnada, a mezzo-soprano, who will give her first recital in Boston tomorrow night, is known in private as Isabelle de la Giroday. Born on the island of Mauritius, of French-English parentage she went at the age of nine to Canada. Her family settled in the West. Her first teacher in music was Patrick Burns of Calgary. Last year she returned from Paris, where she had pursued her studies for six years. She gave a recital with success in New York last November. Four years ago she made her debut as Orpheus at Orange, France, taking the role at short notice on account of the illness of Marcel Boudouresque, who was one of her teachers.

Albin Steindl, violinist, who will be the soloist at the People's Symphony Orchestra, Albin, who is now here as a member of the Chicago Civic Opera. When he was seven years old, as the story goes, he played a concerto by Vieuxtemps in Berlin. Having studied further, he toured with his father and two brothers in England, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia. He came to the United States in 1910, having been invited by his uncle, Bruno Steindl, who was for 27 years the solo violoncellist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Albin, who is now here as a member of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, has composed music for the violin and for the orchestra.

Reta Foley, soprano, accompanied by Mary Foley, will sing Irish folk songs at Ford Hall tonight at 7:30 o'clock, also the Women's City Club next Tuesday night, where she will sing in costume and say a few words about the history of Irish music. Some of the songs on her program are "more than one thousand years old."

Pasquale Amato, baritone, will sing at the Metropolitan Theatre this afternoon, "Largo al Factotum" from "The Barber of Seville" and the Prologue to "Pagliacci." This will be the fifth Sunday concert at the Metropolitan; at the sixth and seventh, the soloists will be respectively Ethel Leginska, pianist, and Edith Mason, soprano.

Mr. Amato, born at Naples in 1879, studied at the Conservatory of that city, and made his debut as the elder Germont in "La Traviata" at the Bellini Theatre, Naples in 1900. His first important engagement was at Buenos Aires in 1903. He came to the United States in the fall of 1908, as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. As a member of this company he appeared in Boston as Kurwenal, Tonio, Amonasro. He sang with the Boston Opera Company as Iago, Giorgio Germont, Amonasro, Count di Luna. Kurwenal, Worms (in "Germania") Jack Rance, Figaro, Manfredo, Rigoletto, and on Oct. 31, 1914 he sang at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra airs from Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII" and Handel's "Serse" (the "Largo").

It is now, and has been for some time, the policy of the Metropolitan Theatre to preface the film play with a musical entertainment, combined with a miniature musical comedy or a good-sized revue of high quality. There is a band of twenty-five on the stage for this portion of the program. As a result of the combined attractions about 50 per cent. of the whole program consists of entertainment such as one would expect to find at "legitimate" theatres.

There is a varied program of familiar operas this week at the Boston Opera House. Tomorrow night "Louise"; Tuesday night, "The Jewels of the Madonna"; Wednesday matinee, "Carmen," and at night "Tannhaeuser"; Thursday night, "Martha"; Friday night, "La Traviata" with Claudia Muzio charming as singer and actress in that role; Saturday afternoon, "Samson and Delilah"; and Saturday night, "Rigoletto." A program that should delight the old guard suspicious of opera that they have not heard.

"Martha"! We hear even now the wild applause after "The Last Rose of Summer" is sung with great expression. Well, if the heroine's part is acted and sung in an aristocratic manner by Miss Mason, as it should be performed, the tunes should give pleasure. The Lady Henrietta is a lad of high degree, elegant in action and in song. Those of us who were so fortunate as to see and hear Adelina Patti in the part, before she began her series of farewells, have no patience with sopranos of suburban grace lumbered like Martha of old with much serving. No, "Martha" is not farce-comedy with music. One of the worst performances of "Martha" we ever saw, probably the worst, was given in Boston by the Metropolitan Opera company; the worst vocally and dramatically. There had evidently not been due rehearsal. The chief singers either loafed or skylarked—say rather clowning it through the successive scenes.

Miss Garden will be seen again, as Louise and Carmen. Some will regret that Wagner is represented only by "Lohengrin" and "Tannhaeuser," which are surely not representative of his better self; many regret that it was not thought worth while to include "Don Giovanni," "Falstaff" and "Pelleas and Melisande" in the list for the two weeks. Dr. Muck used to say that no opera house could justify call itself an opera house if two or three operas by Mozart were not in its repertoire.

But the giving of opera in a proper manner is an expensive indoor sport. We quote from a Chicago dispatch of Jan. 28, published in the New York Sun:

"The 1927-1928 season of the Chicago Civic Opera, which closes tonight with the presentation of "Martha," has proved a costly one to its guarantor Samuel Insull, president of the opera organization, in a report to guarantors last night said they would be called upon to pay 90 per cent. of their \$500,000 guaranty and probably the same amount next year. Mr. Insull's report showed an increase in the number of performances, with about a corresponding increase in attendance and a slightly higher revenue from seats at boxes.

"Outlining plans for financing the new \$20,000,000 skyscraper opera house he said: 'The work of preparation is finished; the work of financing is completed; work of construction will be started immediately, and if everything goes right we expect to give opera in the new house in October or November of 1929.'

"Mr. Insull warned, however, that the necessity for annual guaranties would continue for several years. 'But eventually we will create a great property, free of debt. Its income will be employed to give the community grand opera at reasonable prices, without the necessity of raising any guaranty fund,' he said."

Mr. Cadman, writing "The Witch of Salem," forsook his beloved Nor American Indians, but contrived to introduce a West Indian woman, a Madegascar pirates. For the latter he said he had historical authority. O native composers are not inclined to let the poor Indian alone. On Jan. "Winona," an opera by Perry S. Williams and Alberto Bimboni, was produced at Minneapolis. Chief Caupolican took the leading part. Mrs. Edm-



ler of Chicago is reported as saying: "A wonderful production, musically and dramatically." As we shall probably not hear the opera in Boston less the adventurous Mr. Rosling adds it to the repertoire for next March the Hollis Street Theatre, we must accept the lady's judgment.

I have never been able to understand why concert hall owners call some of their seats "fauteuils." This is a French word. "Stalls" would surely do as well. But a friend to whom I made this observation yesterday pointed out that "fauteuil" is merely a corruption of the old English word "faldstool." That word went abroad, got changed almost beyond recognition and returned to us. "Why shouldn't these seats be called faldstools, then?" I asked. "Because no one would understand what it meant," my friend said.—London Daily Chronicle. P. H.

## IN OUR THEATRES

### Plays of Symbolism, Comedy, Mystery to Be Seen Here for the First Time

An unusual play "The Dance of Life" will be brought out at the Repertory Theatre tomorrow night. Hermon Ould wrote it. When it was produced at King's, Hammersmith, on June 3, 1925, there was music for it by John Foulds, who was born at Manchester, England in 1880. This conductor and composer who has written besides orchestral and chamber pieces such incidental music for the stage. His most important work as yet is "A World Requiem" in two parts, each of 10 numbers, for solo voices, chorus, choir, orchestra and organ. It was produced at Albert hall on Armistice day of 1923.

"The Dance of Life," adapted by the Frenchmen, A. Gantillon and Bernard Zimmer, was produced at the Atelier Theatre, Paris, last November. Again there was music; this time by Marcel Delannoy.

At London the chief parts were taken by Charles Koop, Beresford; Mary Merrall, Olga; Muriel Aked, Beresford's mother. "Mr. William Page" Mr. Harrowfield produced the most remarkable Norfolk suit that we have seen for years; and Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, in a small cockney part, acted better than anybody else." The Daily Telegraph said that the play deserves the attention due to an honest endeavor to say something worth saying—an endeavor rare enough in our theatre."

Beresford Harrowfield, an intellectual prig, wishes to discover what life is all about. His mother is enraged because he kissed Olga, the pretty girl, "a lady down on her luck." As a result Beresford and Olga make a pilgrimage of six months to know what life really is. They meet with all sorts of adventures and experiences, material and spiritual. He finally learns that for him, life is—Olga. We are told that the play presents "two planes of consciousness," the naturalistic, and one of the symbolic movements of Beresford's sub-conscious mind.

"Four Walls" by Dana Burnet and George Abbott was "tried out" at Atlantic City in June of last year. It reached the John Golden Theatre, New York, on Sept. 19. Many of the actors were taken from the Yiddish theatre. Muni Wisenfreund played Benny Horowitz, former leader of an East side gang, who returns from five years "up the river." Jeanne Greene played Frieda; Bella Finkle, Bertha; Clara Langsner, Mrs. Horowitz, the pebble old mother. Benny is described by Mr. Stephen Rathbun as having a freedom of the will complex, and many a so-called 'intellectual' has been flustered before him." He does not wish to have any tie that will bind him outside of his love for his mother and friendship for Bertha. Having gone straight for some time, and having a job, he goes back to type and accidentally kills a new gang leader. A lying alibi delivers him from the police, but Benny, learning that this escape will make him the slave of his former sweetheart Frieda, gives himself up, preferring freedom in prison to slavery outside with a low grade woman.

Mr. Rathbun wrote: "The play is never melodrama despite a melodramatic background"; he relieved the minds of timid theatre-goers by assuring them that not a revolver is discharged.

William Hodge, who has a large and faithful following here, brings with him tomorrow night for performance at the Plymouth Theatre, "Straight Through the Door." Called "a mystery comedy," it was produced at Detroit on Oct. 16, 1927. It was then entitled "The Man at Home." This title was changed to the present one that the play might not be confused with "The Man From Home," long associated with Mr. Hodge.

The leading part, played, of course, by Mr. Hodge, portrays an actor who is trying to provide a home for himself and family. "The turmoil of carpenters, painters and plumbers in action, the disorder of a house cluttered with tools and materials, the wranglings with builder and architect, the threats of a bolshevik stone mason, and the disturbance to domestic tranquillity resulting from the subtle wiles of a beautiful lady interior decorator—these are a few factors that make the summer vacation of this actor anything but a blissful one. In addition, a mysterious murder brings the sleuths of the law about the premises. There is also a story of young love in two flappers and a dashing polo player."

"Straight Through the Door" is the eighth play in which Mr. Hodge has been dramatist and leading man. In this instance he is also his own manager. The play has been seen in cities of the middle West; and in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, but not in New York.

Editor of The Sunday Herald;

Text of a letter received by a prominent actress and snatched from her purse by Oswald of Wesleyan:

"Dear Miss Blank (her name isn't really Blank, or Black, or Blake. It doesn't even start with B. If you'd like her phone number, it's in the Hollywood directory. So's her name.)

Dear Miss Blank (reprinted from above): It was very thoughtful of you to tell us all you preferred the Whiffenpuff Cigarette. Seeing as you're interested in these things, I thought I'd write and let you know that my favorite pill (that's just slang for cigarette), is the Ancient Blonde (there's not a sneeze in a silo!) My wife she likes the Sakarino because it helps her to be nonchalant, but just last night I suggested she try So-and-So because the green packages would almost match her American Mercury. She said she'd see about it. Cousin August likes the No-Ash, Sister May goes in for Ring-Blowers, and Aunt June is a Throat-Soother fan. I'll have my rela-

tives down in Illiopolis, Ill., write you and tell about their favorite smokes. I can't say about them for sure, except my brother. He smokes cigars. Truly—Truly—"

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

It may be remembered that Sir Thomas Beecham when he landed in New York made disparaging remarks about musical conditions in England. Bitter words escaped the barrier of his teeth, to borrow the Homeric phrase. It was natural that English musicians should resent Sir Thomas's remarks.

At a conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians in London last month, Dr. E. Markham Lee thus freed his mind: "It may be that we musicians in this country do not take Sir Thomas Beecham as seriously as the American public do, but I think it is a most painful thing that he should go over there and cry stinking fish. (Hear, hear). I think it is a most unpardonable thing that he should say in America that we are the laziest people on earth, and that our music is comatose." Dr. Lee then proposed a resolution to the effect that English musicians were not in a comatose condition but were very much alive.

Norman O'Neill, the composer, and Frederick Austin would not subscribe to the resolution. The former said to a reporter of The Daily Telegraph: "I entirely agreed with what Sir Thomas says about the laziness of English musicians. Musically we are the laziest people in the world. We have been promising and promising, but nothing is ever done. The painful performances we sometimes hear are all due to lack of rehearsal, and this is partly due to lack of financial support. But that is not the sole reason. The fact is I do not think our orchestral players like rehearsing very much. Music has become to so many people a matter of business instead of art. All the spirit which will make an artist work has gone out of it."

Sir Thomas told us when he was in Boston that London's orchestral men were of the first quality, but their pay for playing in symphony concerts was comparatively small, that few concerts of this nature were given in a season, so it was not surprising that they sought work in film theatres, and organized little companies of their own. Rehearsals of symphonic works for this and other reasons were necessarily few.

Norman O'Neill, a composer of no mean order, had this to say recently about jazzing the classics. He began by remarking that the makers of popular dance tunes, frankly owning up to a lack of original ideas, took an existing air and jazzed it. He had heard Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me" jazzed out of hearth and home and turned into a commonplace tune by a still more commonplace composer. "I am no enemy of what is called ugliness when it is sincere, because then it often becomes attractive, but when an insane uproar is poured out like a foul smell by a jazz band, then it is offensive, as it is not made with any artistic intention. I wonder if some of our modern jazz merchants and composers realize that, in spite of saxophones, savisophones and xylophones, their tunes might be as old as ancient Rome, and that their syncopations and harmonies do not make them new at all. But perhaps I do them an injustice, as they so frankly quote from the great masters occasionally."

The reporter added that Mr. O'Neill, looking into the future, thought he saw signs of a more subtle construction of musical periods with melody less confined and not diffused. What appeared in some of them to be only wild eccentricities in some of the ultra-modern school composers might well be the beginning of some great new movement or development. . . . The important noises, as they knew them, might be the forerunners of some notable developments. It was vastly more difficult to be what was called original today. It might be they had no great geniuses amongst them—no Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Grieg, or any of that great company. The test, no doubt, was the greatest test of all—the test of time. If the advanced school of today," added Mr. O'Neill, "I hesitate to call any of them giants, is not doing much to keep the fountain of melody flowing, at least the lesser lights, even our jazzing friends, are endeavoring to pour out some sort of tune."

The Symphony concert in which the Cecilia Society assists promises to be of unusual interest. P. H.

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Hofmann, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. "Russian Music," by John P. Marshall. 8 P. M., the Players of Concerted Music (formerly the 18th Century Ensemble).

**MONDAY**—Boston Opera House, 8:00 P. M. Chicago Civic opera: "Louise." Mary Garden, Maria Claessens, Rene Maison, Vanni-Marceux. Ballet. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Isabelle Burnada, mezzo-soprano; Emanuel Bay, pianist. Handel, Largo (recitative and aria); Haydn, Life is a Dream; Saint-Saens, "My heart opens"; Schumann, two Venetian songs; Schubert, Der Doppelgänger, Erlkönig; G. Faure, Les Berceaux, Solr, Toujours; De Falla, Al Pano Moruno; Nin, El Vito; E. German, Love Is Meant to Make Us Glad.

**TUESDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:00 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Jewels of the Madonna." Rosa Raisa, Augusta Lenska, Antonio Cortis, Giacomo, Rimini. Ballet. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

**WEDNESDAY**—Boston Opera House, 2:00 P. M. "Carmen." Mary Garden, Elide Norena, Fernand Anseau, Luigi Montesanto. Ballet. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco; 8:00 P. M. "Tannhauser." Leone Kruse, Cyrena Van Gordon, Forrest Lamont, Richard Bonelli, Alexander Kipnis. Ballet. Conductor, Henry Weber.

**THURSDAY**—Boston Opera House, 8:00 P. M. "Martha." Edith Mason, Irene Pavloska, Antonio Cortis, Virgilio Lazzari, Vittorio Trevisan. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8:00 P. M. "La Traviata." Claudia Muzio, Charles Hackett, Richard Bonelli. Ballet. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 11:00 A. M. Ernest Schelling's concert for children. Boston Opera House, 2:00 P. M. "Samson et Dalila." Cyrena Van Gordon, Charles Marshall, Cesare Formichi. Ballet. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco. 8:00 P. M., Elide Norena, Lorna Doone Jackson, Antonio Cortis, Richard Bonelli, Virgilio Lazzari. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.



Several important additions have been made to Everyman's Library, published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. Constance Garnett's translation in two volumes of Dostoevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov" will be welcomed by many. The statement by the publishers that the current French and American versions are not complete, but are abridged, is not wholly true. It was true of the first translation into French, with chapters omitted and impertinent changes, but the translation by Henri Mongault and Marc Laval, published in 1925 by Bossard, is complete, admirable in every way, as is the Bossard edition of "Les Possédés" with Stavrogin's "Confession" included. It is hardly necessary to speak of the amazing "Brothers Karamazov," which has been called the greatest novel in the world, though some might mention the "Odyssey" or "Don Quixote," while men of English speech cannot forget "Tom Jones." For the present edition of "The Brothers Karamazov," Edward Garnett furnishes an interesting introduction. It appears that Dostoevsky planned a continuation with Alyosha's temptations in the world as a theme, but nothing of these was written, for Dostoevsky died suddenly.

"The novel, as it stands, was designed to combat the philosophic materialism and unbelief and common European ideas of science of the younger generation." This introduction is informing and finely critical. At the end Mr. Garnett quotes Prince Mirsky saying in his recent "History of Russian Literature": "Our (Russian) organism has grown immune to his (Dostoevsky's) poison which we have assimilated and ejected." Mr. Garnett thinks that if Dostoevsky were to rise from his tomb he would fiercely cry that his prophecies had come true; that Russia has been betrayed by the Liberals and Progressives. "Whereas, with more justice, the Westerners would urge that Imperial Russia had been led to her ruin by the blind stupidity of the Autocracy and the dark forces of Rasputinism. Dostoevsky, the champion of 'orthodoxy,' cannot be separated from Dostoevsky, the artist.

In essentials, people remain much the same as their progenitors, and as a psychologist, Dostoevsky was the most profound of the Russian seers. And who knows what will arrive tomorrow? The Slavophiles have disappeared only to be succeeded by the Russian 'Eurasians,' whose regenerative mission is to Asia."

At last we have a complete translation into English of this stupendous novel; this disclosure of spiritual abysses; this portrayal of raging lust, hoggish depravity; while pure Christianity has for its representative the saintly, understanding, compassionate Alyosha.

There are two other novels among these additions to Everyman's Library: Ainsworth's "The Admirable Crichton" and Renan's "Life of Jesus," for the latter may fairly be called a charming romance. Has Ainsworth readers today?

"The Tower of London" is worth while chiefly for Cruikshank's illustrations. "Jack Sheppard" was a joy of boyhood. In "The Admirable Crichton" Ainsworth puts his hero in the France of Henri de Valois and represents him at the end very much alive. There is nothing about his adventures in Italy; of his being stabbed at Mantua in the dark by a half-drunken Prince, who did not recognize his tutor. Mr. Rhys in his introduction describes "The Admirable Crichton" as a novel which in its way, is "a masterpiece of splendid swashbuckling and derring-do, based upon that historic fact which is the surest foundation for romance." "Swashbuckler" is a good, sound word; but is there any good reason for inventing a verb "to swashbuckle"? Mr. Rhys refers to Sir Thomas Urquhart's extravagant life of Crichton; the fantastical Urquhart, whose translation of Rabelais is one of the glories of English literature. Would that Urquhart's "jewel . . . serving to frontal a Vindication of the Honor of Scotland" and his other works were republished in a not too expensive form! There is an interesting biographical appendix to "The Admirable Crichton."

As the Rt. Rev. Charles Gore, late bishop of Gore, says in his excellent preface to Renan's "Life of Jesus," the book "stands and will, doubtless, continue to stand, as an exquisitely conceived and executed romance rather loosely or remotely based upon history." We are old enough to remember the sensation caused by the first appearance of this book in an English translation; how Renan was abused

from the pulpit and by the press for "historical inaccuracies," unwarranted suppositions, the importance assigned to Mary Magdalene as "the creator by her loving credulity of the faith of Christendom." The republication of the book is timely, now that several lives of Jesus have appeared, and George Moore has revised again his beautiful "The Brook Kerith." Dr. Gore, in his introduction, says that he certainly could not be expected to write a panegyric, nor was he wanted to write a denunciation; what was desired was "a critical estimate, from a present-day point of view—a very different day from Renan's own."

"It was a calamity," Dr. Gore says, that verbal infallibility was ever claimed for the gospel documents. "As St. Luke's preface shows, the evangelists made no claim to such infallibility." Edward Meyer, who is far from orthodoxy, not believing in the miraculous and the supernatural, ridicules the critics of his own country who are sceptical about the authenticity of these documents. So Adolf Harnack, also far removed from orthodoxy, has revised his earlier views of the four gospels in accordance with the evidence. Dr. Gore finds the modern descriptions of Jesus written from the naturalistic or purely humanitarian point of view contradictory, for the Christs of Renan and Harnack, though different, resemble one another, while Schweitzer and those of the Apocalyptic school look on Jesus as "a visionary prophet, fanatical and self-deluded from the start."

For Lord Houghton's "Life and Letters of John Keats," first published in 1848, an introduction is supplied by Robert Lynd, who speaks of the book as the foundation of all biographies of Keats ever since. Now Houghton was singularly reticent in regard to certain things. He did not mention the name of Fanny Brawne; but she did not die until 1865, and the story could not be told while she was alive. A large part of Mr. Lynd's introduction relates to Fanny. Some have thought that the story should never have been told; that Keats's letters to her should have been thrown into the fire. Mr. Lynd answers: "These letters, these outcries of a dying and tortured lover, enrich our knowledge not only of Keats, but of human nature." Naturally only comparatively few of Keats's letters are here published. For full acquaintance with them one must go to H. Buxton Forman's edition.

A joyous volume in Everyman's Series is "A Book of Nonsense," by Edward Lear, with his illustrations. To a selection are here added H. Hoffmann's "King Nut-Cracker" and "Struwelpeter," rhymes from "Alice in Wonderland" and "Lilliput Levee," "Mother Goose," Thompson's "Nursery Nonsense," etc. Is there any authority for the statement that Oliver Goldsmith collected the Mother Goose rhymes and wrote the humorous maxims?

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The eleventh program of the People's Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall, William F. Hoffman, conductor; Albin Steindel, violinist, assisting artist. The program was as follows: Mozart, overture, "Marriage of Figaro"; Tchaikowsky, Suite, "Nutcracker"; Hubay, Concerto for violin (Albin Steindel); Steindel, Tarentella for orchestra; Hadyn, variations from string quartet, Opus 76; Beethoven, Symphony No. 8.

Bostonians love their music. They usually sit in rapt and concentrated appreciation, quiet and orderly, their applause is dignified, but their great attention and pleasant demeanor speak volumes, nevertheless. Especially is this true in the rather intimate confines of Jordan hall, but yesterday the "bravos" rang out and the hand-clapping was too energetic to be truly Bostonese. The cause of all this commotion was Albin Steindel, violinist, and one suspicion is that a representative number of his fellow-artists of the Chicago civic opera company were present to hear him play.

Not that Mr. Steindel did not deserve all the appreciation possible for his music. He has a rare gift and uses it well. His violin is a particularly beautiful thing in his hands and he is the master. He plays as if he were alone, utterly unconscious of the audience, making his music for the sheer joy of hearing the high notes clear and sweet, the low notes, resonant and deep-throated and the ones connecting the high and low, serving their full amount of melody to the man who can lure them out of the funny little box with strings draped across a side of it.

According to the program notes, this is Mr. Steindel's second appearance with the People's symphony orchestra. He was born at Munchen-Gladbach, Germany. At the age of seven he played a concerto of Vieuxtemps with the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin. After further study he made a concert-tour with his father and two brothers, playing in the principal cities of England, France, Prussia, Russia and Ger-

many. Mr. Steindel came to the United States in 1910 and has subsequently appeared in many cities as soloist. He is at present a member of the orchestra of the Chicago company.

Mr. Steindel also led the orchestra in a composition of his own, Tarentella, the first time it has been performed at these concerts.

The rest of the concert was also enjoyable. Its theme was lighter than is usual and saved one the trouble of untieing their emotional bow-knots. The Tchaikowsky ballet music almost dances itself and Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" with the violins doing their heart throbs (although the program notes speak of it as "a nervous, ejaculatory theme") added smiles and pleasure to a musical afternoon. Haydn and Beethoven were not slighted in any way.

C. M. D.

## Mary Garden

A sitting room at the Ritz, though rather a luxurious apartment in itself, provides a cramped setting for the personality of Mary Garden. As she enters the room, dressed for tea, she looks a conventional chic Frenchwoman of the great world. A small red felt hat, pulled very low over her eyes, seems molded to her head. There's a brief slender black silk frock, intricate in its simplicity, unrelieved except for a wisp of delicate lace in the bodice, two strings of enormous pearls circle her neck, great pearls drip from her ears, she wears immense bracelets of linked gold and square-cut emeralds on her fingers. She has slender ankles, and a face alive, full of esprit, one of those ageless faces. She looks like Mme. la Comtesse from the pages of Marcel Proust.

She talks in a torrent of words, of gestures, of shrugs, of clinking bracelets. You forget what she is saying in watching blue eyes so alive, lips so expressive, a face so vibrant. There's more than the difference between our habitual Anglo-Saxon method of delivering from firmly set lips, as nearly a monotone as possible, and the freer continental play of expression. It is rather a difference of spirit. She lives her life in a wider atmosphere than ours, makes broader flights, she is nearer the sun.

Suitably enough, she is speaking of airplanes. Last summer she spent some weeks at a tiny hotel perched near a mountain top, the highest Alpine outpost of civilization. From her bedroom window she could see 20 glaciers. She felt exhilarated, a glorious idea of space possessed her. In other words, she decided to buy an airplane. The plane is now being built in a French factory, ready for her next summer's vacation. As soon as the opera season is over, she sails, for five months as far as possible removed from music. She neither wants to sing, to hear singing, nor discussions of singing. During the winter she lives, with all her being, in music, but with the summer she plays as passionately in the open air. She goes where she wishes and does what pleases her. She re-charges herself. Perhaps for that reason the air is full of her vitality. She envelops in it the humblest people about her. Over the constantly ringing telephone her "Bien! bien!" is somehow thrilling. In a burst of discussion with her French maid, busy in the next room pressing a pale green costume for "Louise," her joy of living sounds in her voice.

Miss Garden could not live without her vacation. Without her summers of absolute play, creativity, her roles would become impossible. "Why do American men never rest?" she says. "They work all day so hard, driving themselves on and on, and at night I see them in New York and Chicago, at the opera, brought by their wives, sitting nervously on the edges of their chairs, enduring, enduring. I feel sorry for them that they must be there, for they look so tired." Only in Boston they look so tired. An audience which sits back with some measure of serenity and gives itself up to enjoyment. From the stage she feels a Continental atmosphere of leisure and pleasure in the music, an absence of tension, here, as in no other American city.

Each year, as she steps off the gangplank to American soil, she is surrounded by a swarm of reporters whose collective mind contains but two single thoughts—the first, "Mary, are you married?" the second, "Mary, how much do you weigh?" These questions, recurring ad nauseam, have wearied Miss Garden of enlightening an interested public as to how she keeps the girlish figure which on Friday night formed the main topic of conversation between the arts of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." "It does no good to tell how I do it," she says, "for no American woman would be willing to do what I women would have never the strength of do. They have never the strength of do. They will to live as I live." In the first place, she never drinks, and more important than this, eating as a pleasure has long been unknown to Miss Gar-

den. She has lost all sense of "gourmet-mandise," of greed, from years of adherence to a strict regime. On awakening, her maid brings her tea and toast like any Englishwoman, later comes breakfast like any American woman, still later lunch, a hearty lunch, omelette, chicken or game, vegetables, dessert, coffee. But after lunch is done, sert, coffee. "No dinner" is the comes nothing. "No dinner" is the charm that keeps Miss Garden physically ageless. Followed, her rule is effaciously, but in book form it would hardly make a best-seller. It sounds even more disagreeable than exercise. As for marriage, Miss Garden has never been married, is not married and will never be married. She is an artist, she will remain one till she dies, and for her that precludes any possibility of marriage. Her music comes first. Love she considers a side issue, an amusement. Life would be unbearable without love. It is a thing to laugh

over, and keeps one young, but for a great woman marriage and domesticity are out of the question. To critics who find her views on this subject a trifle subversive, she replies, "I said—a great woman." Bernhardt was unmarried, Duse, George Sand, Maude Adam "Think of any outstanding woman, and you find that she never married, tried marriage in her early youth and found it lacking."

To keep her life still more free, Miss Garden has no home. No Chippendale chairs, no sets of Meredith left a grandfather, no baby's first two years or husband's bronchitis hinder her translation of herself into terms of music. And in one other respect she stands apart from other women, a goddess. She never need visit the shop hunting clothes. Molyneux, the young English captain, who at 32 has a shooting-box in Scotland, a villa here, and a palace there, all from making level women still more beautiful, designs everything she wears. She writes for "three daytime costumes," or for "stag gowns for Sappho," calls at Molyneux and finds the clothing complete unto the 59th detail. The gloves match the stockings, and hat, cloak, even jewelry are designed for the gown. Miss Garden does not even pick the models herself but wears what Molyneux thinks is best for her.

When she sings, she gives everything all of herself, to the world. She holds nothing back. But her private life is her own. No one may cross very far over her threshold. It is a consistent in her character that she never sings for her friends. When asked to sing in a drawing room her reply is invariably, "Sappho comes on Tuesday night. You may buy a ticket." Her own mother has never heard her sing except from a seat in the opera house.

Miss Garden believes that a public figure should be surrounded by a certain air of mystery. Like Napoleon who calculated his appearances at the opera to preserve a nice balance public interest, Miss Garden will rarely sing for charity, because she feels that too many appearances wear the romance that surrounds her name. She has seen too many artists meet their ruin through a passion for charity concerts. Once a year, she sings for children's charity in Chicago, once a year in Paris. For the remaining time along with her rules "no liquor" and "no dinner" goes a third, "no char concerts." A concert of any kind Miss Garden finds a particular ordeal. She hates to stand alone with a pian upon a vast stage, and look at row upon row of respectable people waiting with their hands folded in their laps, her to open her mouth. Without glow, the costumes and scenery opera, she feels cold and dead. Concert is a synonym for abomination.

Radio, on the other hand, thrills her. She is "mad" over singing into a little box, and will do it as often as she is asked. Certainly nothing could be more respectable than her radio audience, sitting in their carpet slippers enjoying their Thais with their even pipes, but there is something about a voice going out on the air, over hundreds of miles, into homes of all kinds that thrills Mary Garden. It is an idea of space and distance, of her soaring, beauty infinitely reproduced. She has a radio of her own in her room at the Ritz. It stands beside a cot with an exotic coverlet of pale peacock-colored ostrich feathers, where she lies in her evenings alone (negligee Molyneux) and listen in. The radio, an immense discriminator, she says, makes the shoddy unbearable, and good perfection. Observing her character and her vitality you judge that she spends very few hours, with earphone filleting her auburn head, beneath ostrich coverlet.

In the immediate future, Miss Garden wants to do Ravel's "L'Heure pagnole," and possibly a new opera an American composer. She loves Hegger's "Judith," and had the job depended on her, would have brought again to Boston. Honegger has asked her to create the title role



new "Antigone," at Paris, but she refused. No singing in Paris, or any else this summer. She prefers airplane, her mountains and her villa, to a triumph in a new a, with Paris at her feet. The French maid brings a cloak of illine, light and soft as elderdown. eloped in the sables she is sweeping the room, but the little maid runs. "N'avez vous pas de sac, ma- re?" In a flurry of French, a red dbag to match the little red hat. Is luced. La comtesse descends in the ator, to give some autographs, to ac- truit from an admiring gentleman, sibly to grace someone's dinner party n an empty plate and a glass of r before her, certainly to give to yone she meets a feeling of new tical well-being, a zest, or at least aughtening of the spinal column.

R. H. G.

Feb 7 1928  
Miss Pearl E. Locke of Milton, Pa., 20 rs old and weighing 122 pounds, has vertised for a husband with \$10,000. "I want to have the fine clothes that men love to wear . . . The young n who come to see me are poor; I am out fed up on punching time clocks d figuring whether to buy silk stock- gs or coal out of my weekly salary. . . The man with largest bank ac- unt wins the bride." Noble girl, this e-eyed Pearl!

The choir will now join in the chorus the good old song sung by May Irwin years ago:  
When you ain't got no money,  
ell you needn't come round,  
you is broke Mister Nigger,  
I throw you down.  
e only Coon dat I can see,  
de one dat blows his dough on me,  
when you bring destuff, Mister Nigger,  
se to be found;  
at when you ain't got no money,  
ell you needn't come 'round,  
or you ain't the only poodle in the pound.  
at when you ain't got no money,  
ell, you needn't come round.

SOCIETY AND THE OPERA

is the World Wags:  
I am sure that only through oversight as our estimable society editor neg- ected to cover the high lights of the pera season on the second balcony. ut of the goodness of my heart I would nture to supply this deficiency. society (a small "s") turned out in ill force to witness the thrilling per- mance of "Tosca," and to watch the allet ballet afterwards. Long before he doors were opened the Misses nkle, Strum, and Warble, so promi- nt in budding musical circles, dis- layed their stunning frost-bitten noses hile standing in line for the rush eats. George Polupopolokopolous, also line, wore a brand-new hat from aymond's. He had previously supped eartly on garlic. The scholarly at- osphere, without which the brilliant pera season could not be a success, was dequately furnished by two drunken arvard students.

The literary world turned out in good orce. Two copies of the American ercury, one Vanity Fair and one of Western Stories were in use to while away the idle hours of the standers-in- ne. Before the curtain arose, the two umptuous and commodious salons rerved for standing-room were well lled. Dick Maguire, the noted and repressible conversationalist, did not uffer from laryngitis last night. Spike Dugan, who was presented, or etter, re-presented at court last week, ent an air of dignity and grace to the ag happy family assembled above the ast tier of boxes. Miss Sadle Goldfine azzled the audience many yards below with a new gold tooth.

Nor was the smart younger set in re- lement at this gala occasion. Smart- ess, embodied in 12 different Phi Beta Kappa keys, seated itself languorously and gracefully upon the steps. Many ounds and members of the Household eague were able to find their way to empty seats.

Many of the men struck a pleasant note by wearing light suits. Innova- tions are always in order. On the whole the predominating note in apparel consisted of eyeglasses. Bald heads were not a few.  
For the success of this occasion, and for the obvious enjoyment of society, great thanks are due to the ushers, who displayed an uncanny sense of equilib- rium in going up and down the steps, and a noteworthy kindness of heart in general.  
Yours for bigger and better social columns,  
Cambridge.

REASON  
(Obituary read by L. Cooke in a Maine newspaper): "She was a sweet soul without a relative in the world."

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE  
(For As the World Wags)  
I thought in days of long ago,  
The planets moved about me,  
Exceedingly important I,  
No human dared to doubt me.

Alas, the truth has come to light—  
And they now boldly flout me!  
One Sunday I was late for church.  
They sang a hymn without me.  
ELEANOR W. VINTON.

PANDOWDY  
As the World Wags:  
I see that Mr. Whiting has agreed to stick to apple pie, and as he has no use for pandowdy, says he will leave it to you. The reason for this, no doubt, is that he has never eaten a real pandowdy. It is no relation to an apple pie.

My home was a New Hampshire farm and my mother made apple pies and pandowdies. She baked them in the old brick oven in a brown earthen pan six inches deep. When done break down the crust and mix with the apple and let it stand over night; then serve with a real cream sauce with sugar and nutmeg.  
Say, my friend, there is nothing to compare with it. I have tried the things they call doddies now but they are nothing like the real thing.  
I can tell friend Whiting where to find a real apple pie such as he never ate before, but I never expect to eat another real pandowdy. I fear it is a lost art.  
FRANK E. WATSON.  
Haverhill.

"Pandowdy: Of obscure origin. A kind of apple pudding, variously seasoned, but usually with molasses, and baked in a deep dish with or without a crust." Another definition: "Food made of bread and apples baked together." Deep thinkers ate it at Brook farm (see "The Blithedale Romance"). As a boy at school in Massachusetts Charles Godfrey Leland loathed the dish (see his entertaining and egotistical memoirs). It was baked in our little village with an upper crust.—Ed.

TRIOLET  
(For As the World Wags)  
Beneath a fragile wisp of moon  
I stand another fond Pierrette,  
Eager for words that fall too soon;  
Beneath a fragile wisp of moon  
Pierrot still sings his faithless tune,—  
And I shall listen and regret—  
Beneath a fragile wisp of moon  
I stand another fond Pierrette.  
ALICE PORTER  
Boston.

WE KNOW HER  
(From Oral Hygiene)  
"I have," said the diplomat, "a secre- tary in whose secrecy I can trust abso- lutely. In the first place, she does not understand what I dictate, and in the second she forgets what she has writ- ten."

A STRAY IN THE FOLD  
(London Daily Chronicle)  
"I was very pleased to see you in church at our watchnight service, Tom," said the vicar, meeting the black sheep of his flock the morning after.  
"So that's where I were, was it," said old Tom. "Dang me if I could rightly remember."

IS THIS AN OLD ONE?  
"Gentlemen," said the judge, ad- dressing the members of a jury in Tex- as, "you will please take your accus- tomed place in the court."  
And 10 of them crowded into the dock.

'LOUISE' AT THE OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE  
Boston Opera House, Chicago Civic Opera Company; "Louise," musical ro- mance in four acts; book and music by Gustave Charpentier; produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, on Feb. 2, 1900: Mmes. Riott, Deschamps-Jehin, Tiphaine; Messrs. Marechal, Fugere. New York: Manhattan Opera House, Jan. 3, 1908: Mmes. Garden, Bressler- Gianoli, Zeppilli. Messrs. Dalmores, Gilbert. Boston Theatre, April 5, 1909: Mmes. Garden, Doria, Zeppilli; Messrs. Dalmores, Gilbert. Boston Opera House, Dec. 18, 1912: Mmes. Edvina, Gay, Barnes; Messrs. Clement and Marcoux. The cast last night was as follows:  
The father..... Vanni-Marcoux  
The mother..... Maria Claessens  
Louise..... Mary Garden  
Julien..... Rene Maison  
Notambulist..... Jose Mojica  
King of Fools..... Jose Mojica  
Irma..... Alice d'Hermanoy  
First philosopher..... Desire Defere

Second philosopher..... Antonio Nicolich  
A rag-picker..... Chase Baromeo  
A confidante..... Howard Preston  
A milk woman..... Alice d'Hermanoy  
A street arab..... Elinor Mario  
A street sweeper..... Lorna Jackson  
An old clothes man..... Lodovico Oliviero  
Mr. Polacco conducted.  
When "Louise" was first performed at the Opera Comique, good mothers at that marriage market were shocked by the reprehensible conduct of Louise,

especially by her rebellion against maternal advice and discipline. What an example to set before their daughters! There on the stage was the awful sight, described by Frank Stockton as a parent at bay.  
That was in 1900. Today the be- havior of Louise does not seem even surprising. Too many parents are ac- customed to the sullen or open defiance of their daughters; nor are the poor fathers and mothers always consulted as to the choice of the lover. The girl of the period demands freedom. Her idea of liberty is license. Her de- sires are not suppressed; she proclaims them from the housetop. Her parents, old fashioned or at any rate of another generation, were useful in a way. They brought her into the world; they reared her, but as she thinks only for a con- ventional marriage—in a church with the expected fuss and parade—a con- ventional life as a wife, and as a moth- er, if Nature is allowed to have a voice in the matter.

These emancipated daughters shine in what is known as society. Those in humbler circumstances are not so wont to be brazenly defiant of parental au- thority. They may be secretly envious of the others; some may quietly throw their bonnets over the windmill; but at home they pay attention to advice whether they act on it or not. To many seated in the boxes and on the floor of the opera house Louise is a sister.

Much of the music in the opera is still fresh, descriptive, as in the second act; very human as in the first act with its suggestion of peaceful home life, the rest after the day's work, the good refreshing onion soup. The second act is still vividly entertaining; the fourth gives full opportunity for dramatic acting. The third act after the sensuous air for Louise is chiefly spec- tacular. The lovers shouting "Paris!" as they see the lights appearing in the city do not move us, nor does the in- troduction of Charpentier's "Crowning of the Muse." That the composer was not wholly dependent on Parisian street cries for thematic material is amply shown by his melodic lines for the Father and the Daughter. (When "De- puis le jour" was first sung in Bos- ton at Marie Decca's recital, the book of words contained this amazing line: "Since the day you led me to the altar!" Opera, like life, has its little ironies.)

Hearing "Louise," one asks if Char- pentier will be known as the composer of one opera. His so-called sequel "Julien" failed miserably. "Louise" was said at the time of its production to be the first section of a trilogy; but for nearly 30 years Charpentier has not written anything worthy of attention. He has busied himself, apparently, in providing free performances of "Louise" for shop girls, possibly to teach them lessons of independence.

It was a pity that the scene of the dressmaker's atelier was omitted last night; for it is amusing, it contains one of Charpentier's most effective melo- dies, it is indispensable to an under- standing of the story. At the end of the first scene in the second act Louise goes into the workshop; Julien leaves disconsolate. As the opera is now per- formed, lo and behold the lovers are high up on Montmartre; Julien is read- ing a book; Louise gives vent in song to her amorous ecstasy. The spectator is left in ignorance as to what has hap- pened in the meantime.

The performance gave genuine pleas- ure. "Louise" is now associated with Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux. To dwell at length on their respective portrayals, would seem unnecessary, but this may be said: While Miss Garden in face and figure was singularly girlish, her con- ception of Louise's character has ripened and matured. It is less cap- ricious, less restless, all the more con- vincing in its mutinous expression. She does not make the mistake of turning Louise into a "grande amoureuse." The girl was infatuated with Julien; her mother nagged her; her father's love and sage counsel, while his love was returned, did not prevail over her long- ing for the gay life to which Julien tempted her.

Looked at in the light of cold reason this episode of fleeting passion was rather shabby affair. After her adven- ture, humdrum existence at home was intolerable. It was easy to prophes- the end. The early scenes between father and daughter were played feel- ingly, without emotional extravagance. And Miss Garden sang the music with a fine appreciation of the various senti- ments, with true vocal eloquence.  
There could not be too warm praise for the masterly portrayal of the father by Mr. Marcoux.  
The honest working man, with so- cialistic ideas put into his head by Charpentier; the defender of the ad- ored daughter against the narrow-

ness and pettiness of her mother; anxious for Louise's happiness; dis- trusting the artist's life; at the end heartbroken and at the same time in- furiated by the perversity of the girl— there he stood in the person of Vanni Marcoux. Mr. Maison was a sturdy Julien, hardly a romantic apparition, but a free and frank singer who made a favorable impression. Mmc. Claes- sons as the mother was as artistically disagreeable as those who would excuse Louise for her revolt could wish. The other parts were adequately taken. The stage management was effective. Werc skirts worn as short in 1900 as they were last night?

Mr. Polacco gave a musically intel- ligent and sympathetic reading of the score.  
The opera tonight will be "The Jewels of the Madonna."

ISABELLE BURNADA

Isabelle Burnada, mezzo-soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall, well accompanied by Emanuel Bay: Largo, Handel; Dieu loue par la Nature, Pupissance et Providence le Dieu, Peni- tence, Beethoven; Row Gently Here, When Through the Piazzetta, Schu- mann; Der Doppelganger, Der Erlkoing, Schubert; Les Besceaux, Solr, Toulours, Faure; El Pano Moruno, de Falla; El Vito, Nin; Love Is Meant to Make Us Glad, E. German.

In the course of the evening Miss Burnada made it clear that her voice, when employed with judgment, is a voice of real beauty. It is a mezzo so- prano that leans toward the contralto quality, rich and solid of texture in the low register, warm and pleasant in the medium. At the top, when delivered with force, it hardens; its soft tones, furthermore, lack body. It seems ill-ad- vised of Miss Burnada to put up with two defects which she could easily do away with if she would.

For Miss Burnada appears to be a very good musician, indeed. She sings fine music, which is not on every sing- er's lips. She knows what style means, furthermore, Handel's air, from the mu- sician's point of view, she sang admir- ably.

Melody none too obvious, like that in Faure's "Solr"—melody which many a singer would have overlooked—Miss Burnada delineated firmly and sensi- tively.

She had rhythm at call, particularly for the Spanish songs and Schumann's songs of Venice. The three personages of the Erl King Miss Burnada set for- ward vividly—by song alone, if you please; and she had no need to call to her aid either ventriloquism or crude at- tempts at dramatic action.

A sound musician, as woman of in- telligence and imagination, a singer with a voice—why, the question will arise, did not Miss Burnada produce a deeper effect?

Her art, it seemed last night, is scaled to a parlor and a small company, not to Jordan hall. More she must give, and that more incisively, if she would make her song tell. More care- fully she must plan her climaxes; she must brighten the color of her tones; to her melodies she must add higher curves. For the good of sonority she must remedy a matter or two of technique.

All this Miss Burnada can manage if she admits the need of it. Let us hope she may, for, plainly enough, she is a singer of ability and of high aim.

R. R. G.

'THE LOVELORN' FILM AT 2 THEATRES

Opens at Washington St. Olympia and Fenway

"The Lovelorn," now on view at the Washington St. Olympia and Fenway, is a picture of modern youth. Beatrice Fairfax's story, based on 15 years of counsel to love-stricken people, proves

good screen material. There are Sally O'Neil, Molly O'Day, Larry Kent, Allan Forrest, Charles Delaney, James Mur- ray and Kate Price giving creditable portrayals of really human people liv- ing workaday lives. The story is per- haps a bit more sentimental than the usual run of pictures, but it is good, honest sentiment, capably handled, and the audience does not seem to mind the shedding of a few tears. It seems that two sisters love the same boy. When one turns him down he goes to the older girl for consolation, but the other



sister is seen with one of those weary heavies always in evidence in the movies and the boy, inflamed with jealousy, finds he still loves her. The heart tragedies of youth are made very real in the picture, and these young players help to make them seem so. Anyway, the boy leaves town owing money to

everyone, the "menace" drops out of the picture and the two sisters find real love in the devotion of two older admirers. A good audience picture, well directed, with the sentiment never becoming sloppy in this "Love-lorn."

## HOLLANDER TROUPE OFFERS "GYPSY GIRL"

Opening Friday evening Feb. 17 for an extended run, Isidore Hollander, director of the Hollander troupe at the Grand Opera House will present Hannah Hollander in the title role of "Gypsy Girl."

"Gypsy Girl," written and composed by Jacob Kalich and Joseph Rumshinsky, managers of the Kessler Theatre in New York, had a season's run at this New York playhouse last year.

## 'SCANDALS' AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

SHUBERT THEATRE — First performance in Boston of eighth edition of George White's "Scandals," a musical revue in two acts. Book by William K. Wells and George White. Lyrics by B. G. Sylva and Lew Brown. Music by Ray Henderson. Hermand Rosenberg conducted. The principals who appeared in the many sketches and scenes were Ann Pennington, Willie and Eugene Howard, Tom Patricola, Harry Richman, Buster West, Frances Williams, Williams sisters, Rose Perfect, John West, Jane Sels, James Carty and George White's ballet.

Mr. White's entertainment is much after the manner of its kind. He still retains his lavish hand in his settings, with spectacle after spectacle to arrest the eye. Nor is the dancing ingredient lacking. For there is Buster West, and for another style of this art there is Tom Patricola.

Mr. White has corrected a glaring defect of the past, and now he underscores the comedy element. It would be better had he touched this element with a lighter hand.

For a performance that goes the pace of 32 scenes one must know that to dwell on them all is impossible.

Gasp No. 1 was the black curtain that folded after each scene. With this sombre background there glistened myriads of sequins that sparkled and shimmered in an industrious spotlight. Then the intruder, Harry Richman, factotum of the evening, with a pleasing personality and an agreeable voice and an impetuous way of making love. Then a disrobing act, employing a group of pretty girls—an act that gave much promise in an undressing way but did not keep it.

Tom Patricola talks on a soap box, but he is more eloquent with his feet, and so proved last evening. Willie and Eugene Howard, long since singing their comics to grand opera arias, did the same thing last evening, only more so. One of Willie's best scenes was "The Feud," a "western." Willie assuming the role of Pincus and playing it much after the manner of Sandy in "The Danites."

For spectacles it is perplexing to pick. "The Triumph of Women" was at least one of them, introduced in song by a quartet that might have stepped fresh from the locker-room shower among Jack Slattery's proteges. There was Mme. Sans-Gene, hardly from the washtub last evening; a Salome, Lucretia Borgia, carrying aloft her cup; Dallah, without Samson; Cleopatra, seductive, but with arms pinioned; and Eve, fat and 40, and so on for an interesting evening. T. A. R.

## CONTINUING PLAYS

Colonial — "Sidewalks of New York." Ray Dooley stars in Eddie Dowling's musical comedy. Last two weeks.

Wilbur—"The Road to Rome." Jane Cowl, in Robert Sherwood's satirical comedy. Third week.

Copley—"This Woman Business." Benn Levy's comedy of misogynists and their ways. Second week.

## 'WEST POINT' AT STATE THEATRE

"West Point," a film drama starring William Haines, directed by Edward Sedgwick from an original script, written for the screen by Raymond Schrock and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Bruce Wayne ..... William Haines  
Betty Channing ..... Joan Crawford  
Bob Sperry ..... Neil Neely  
"Tex" McNeil ..... William Bakewell  
Bob Chase ..... Ralph Emerson  
Coach Towers

Mal. Raymond G. Moses, U. S. A. One can sympathize with the way Joan Crawford as Betty Channing felt when she had to meet William Haines time after time and have him unbearably fresh, a symbol of the specimen Mr. Haines has given to the screen of a smart aleck, and we can also sympathize with her for liking him in spite of himself. No matter how determined one is to avoid any future pictures where the routine that Mr. Haines has used for months and months might be possible, one goes and, what is more disappointing, enjoys his picture.

"West Point" is the second of the series of academy pictures to be made in the historic spot where American youth is turned into officers for the United States army. The story naturally concerns itself with this business and need we add that William Haines starts out as a fairly successful self-centred plebe and gradually is broken into something entirely different?

Probably for reasons of contrast a small and not particularly good "Tex" McNeil is added to the cast and the play, but in spite of this relapse into cinematic sentimentality the picture is interesting. In the first place the scenes are authentic and the spirit of the academy has been carefully observed and passed onto the screen. A football game between the Army and Navy is a pleasant thrill even if one anticipated that Haines would be used the few last minutes of play to win the day for the Army and save his own neck with his comrades.

Thus endeth another of the Haines epics with the audience passing through the gamut of emotions satisfactorily and enthusiastically. There are laughter and tears, excitement and love. That is success! So—one may be prepared to see many more of William Haines's smart aleck characters and one will probably enjoy them in spite of oneself. C. M. D.

## "CIRCUS SHOW" SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S THIS WEEK

Several Good Acts on Varied and Enjoyable Program

"La-dee-es and gentle-men. You have before you the only living specimen in human form that can claim a certificate in both sexes. Jean-Eugene. Half woman, half man."

That and more of the same can be heard on the stage at B. F. Keith's theatre this week when Billy Inman, as barker, presents the freaks in Wagner Brothers big side show.

Before the freaks are presented there is an "outdoor" performance. Henry Regal, assisted by Ida Gerber and C. Henry give a splendid exhibition.

The act that won the hearts of the audience was the singing and dancing of Dudley Douglas, "Boots" McKenna and Elsie Pilcer. They received several curtain calls.

Gilbert & French do a novelty singing and dancing act. "As We Were," is an amazing comedy of the past with a parlor scene of many years ago. Al-mira Sessions has a company of 10 who do good work.

Ann Butler has as interesting a collection of slang as has been heard on the stage in many a day. She appears with Hal Parker in a skit called "Driftwood."

Vivian Hart sings pleasantly to the accompaniment of Charles Emblar.

## 'YOURS TRULY' AT MAJESTIC THEATRE

MAJESTIC—"Yours Truly." Gene Buck's musical comedy first produced in New York, Jan. 25, 1927, at the Shubert Theatre. The cast then contained besides Mr. Errol, Marion Harris, Harry Kelly and others. Clyde North and Anne Caldwell did the book and lyrics and Raymond Hubbell, the tunes. Ralph Reader staged the dances and Joseph Urban designed the sets. The present cast includes:

Shuffling Bill ..... Irving Fisher  
Joey Ling ..... Jack Stanley  
Mac ..... John Kearney  
Phil ..... Jean Kirkland  
Diana ..... Elizabeth Duray  
Diana ..... Theodore Babcock  
J. P. Stillwell ..... Leon Errol  
Truly ..... Vic Casmore  
Benzolino ..... Lotta Fanning  
Ruth ..... Vera Myers  
Scats ..... Evelyn Hoey  
Mary Stillwell ..... Jean Kirkland  
Bandit ..... Tom Waleg  
Dixie Moore ..... Forest Yarnell  
Chang

"Yours Truly" depends for the great part on Leon Errol's ability to entertain and the comedian of the uncertain legs and comedy falls comes through with

flying colors. In fact, Mr. Errol's pantomime and his beautiful bit of pantomime as he tries unsuccessfully to put a stamp on a letter and mail it sets the audience in such gales of laughter that he had to work hard during the remainder of the performance to give them all they anticipated.

His little trick of slipping, tippy-tap, down several stairs in walking position never fails to amuse. Errol does a sort of man about town whose weakness for liquor brings him into Chinatown, and it is here with atmosphere aplenty the first act takes place. The heroine of the piece, the daughter of a millionaire, instead of playing around in night clubs and living the life of the idle rich, has a mission in Chinatown where she feeds the cold and hungry and goes in for reforming. There are plots and counter-plots that allow several very lovely Joseph Urban sets, notable among them, the garden scene, the Chinatown den, and the night club where the finale is held.

Evelyn Hoey, who has been heard many times at the Metropolitan in many of the "blue" variety, has little to do as the heroine, only two numbers being allotted her. Since she is not a typical musical comedy heroine "who neither sings or dances" as Florence Moore would say, it is rather refreshing to hear Miss Hoey croon her two songs, ably assisted by Irving Fisher, an engaging chap who has been seen here before in "Sally" (with Mr. Errol, here before) and in the Follies last by the way) and in the Follies last season. Next to Mr. Errol, Miss Hoey and Mr. Fisher gave the most pleasure of the evening. The Tiller girls were there with many new tricks. There was lost none of their precision. There was a little too much of the Tiller girls, however, and a suggestion is made that their night club number be omitted and Miss Evelyn Hoey be allowed to do a song or two from her famous "blue" repertoire.

A word for Ralph Reader, who staged the dances. He has done an excellent job. He not only pays attention to the footwork but has his ensembles using their hands to express rhythm and manages to achieve something different. Inez and Earl Van Horn, roller skaters, presumably recruited from vaudeville, fill a sagging spot in the last act with some remarkable spinning. A. F.

## "LOVES OF CARMEN" AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Dolores Del Rio, Victor McLaglan Head Cast

Dolores del Rio, Victor McLaglan and Raoul Walsh, the trio responsible for the success of "What Price Glory," have contributed their talent to the making of another film, "Loves of Carmen," which is featured on the screen at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week.

Miss del Rio in the title role gives a superb portrayal of the gypsy cigarette girl whose daring love affairs make her the talk of all Spain, the scene of the narrative. McLaglan is seen as a torador and woman-hater. Raoul Walsh deserves much credit for his direction of this entertaining photoplay.

## REPERTORY THEATRE — "The Dance of Life," a comedy drama in nine scenes, by Hermon Ould. First presented in London, June 3, 1927. The cast:

Mrs. Harrowfield ..... Olga Birkbeck  
Olga Heath ..... Katherine Warren  
Beresford Harrowfield ..... Milton Owen  
Mr. Harrowfield ..... Dennis Cleugh  
Maggie ..... Joan Damon  
Harry Wickthorps ..... Thayer Roberts  
Arrington ..... Thomas Shearer  
Mrs. Brendle ..... Adelaide George  
Joe Fischer ..... Arthur Bowyer  
Plain-Clothes Policeman ..... William Mason  
George Brendle ..... William Faversham, Jr.  
A. Warder ..... Josef Lazarovitch  
The Pinner ..... Arthur Sirom  
The Bobbed-Haired Girl ..... Gertrude Blunt  
Hannah ..... Cecilia Radcliffe

The play deals with the efforts of Beresford Harrowfield, a wealthy young do-nothing, to find out the meaning of life. He kisses the parlor-maid, which brings on a quarrel with his father, ending in his leaving the house for six months in order to find out for himself some basis for existence. First of all he visits an artist friend because he is unconventional, but finds him merely untidy, though contented with existence. He next goes to work as a laborer and takes lodgings in a workman's family. He learns not to talk but to listen, and his knowledge increases. The husband of his landlady steals to support his wife and baby, and Beresford takes the blame and goes to jail. While undergoing his imprisonment he finds himself in spirit on a hilltop with a piper who bids him dance if he would live. In vain he tries, but the sorrows of the world hang like lead upon his spirit and the whirling music plays on bearing with it the figures of those he has known like leaves in an

autumn gale. At last Olga comes, and he finds his joy at last and can dance. Love is the end and aim of life—having found it the world to him is no longer an empty waste but full of possibilities and infinite hope. The final scene is merely a reunion of their bodily forms and their plans for a future in which Beresford is to be prime minister.

The acting was quite satisfactory with special mention for William Faversham, Jr., and Adelaide George as the burglar and his wife. Katherine Warren and Milton Owen were excellent as the seekers after happiness, and Dennis Cleugh shone as an irate and domineering parent. E. L. H.

## Keith Albee St. James. Keith Albee Players in "She Walked in Her Sleep," a farce in three acts by Mark Swan. The cast:

Katherine Prescott ..... Marion Swaine  
Serena, Katherine's mother ..... Mary Hill  
Maud Bruce ..... Clara Joel  
Daphne Arnold ..... Sydel Landrew  
Ted Lennox ..... Samuel T. Godfrey  
Charles Prescott ..... Henry Wadsworth  
Bill Bruce ..... Walter Gibson  
Roscoe Keith ..... Frank Charlton  
John Arnold ..... John Winthrop  
Mamie ..... Edith Speare

It must be a compensation for a very personable young woman who is called upon to "rig herself up in outlandish fashion" to be greeted with loud applause. There was really nothing of gaucherie, burlesque and East side lingo which Edith Speare omitted in playing the part of Mamie. Not for a moment, however, was she conscious of her audience; not once did she lose control of herself though unforeseen things happened. She was really the perfect comedian even to the elastic in her tooth. Those behind us kept reconvinced each other with "she is such a nice looking lady when she gets dressed up."

The play, the farce, the near-riot, well what does it matter? It possesses all the ingredients of a farce because it gets more impossible and more nonsensical and withal more laughable as each new incident presents itself. It is woven about the two pals who really should go out and found an Ananias club, they are such past masters at thinking up alibis. The first difficulty transpires when one of their alibis—that good one about "she walked in her sleep"—turns out to be true. The rest of the play concerns the unravelling of the pals from the mass of circumstantial evidence in which they find themselves.

Messrs. Gilbert and Wadsworth were complete fools for one another. They would make a go of teaming together in a movie a la Hutton and Beery. Every facial expression was funnier than the preceding, although it is true that Wadsworth is often too conscious of his audience to be as funny as he might be. Gilbert derived the full amount of laughter from every line and gesture. Every one was well cast and every one had a good time. If tonight's performance is an example of what Samuel Godfrey, back on the job of director, is going to do—more power to him. F. B.

## PLYMOUTH THEATRE — William Hodge in "Straight Through the Door" a mystery comedy in three acts. Written and produced by Mr. Hodge. The cast:

Meyers ..... Jack C. Connel  
Arnold ..... Abbott Adan  
Bushman ..... John O'Meara  
Anna Abatello ..... Helen Gilno  
Artiano ..... William DeLo  
Roy Saunders ..... Robert Beye  
Amy Thomas ..... Betty Byr  
Eugene Thomas, Jr. .... Paul Jacob  
Mrs. Harriet Thomas ..... Carol Mar  
Abby Thomas ..... William Hod  
Eugene Thomas ..... Edward Cool  
John Witherspoon ..... William Cull  
Martin Rolius ..... William Cull  
John Finney ..... Joseph E. Sorach  
Frederick Otman ..... Maurice Barry  
Lock ..... By Hims

The eighth play in which Mr. Hod has been dramatist and leading m opened at the Plymouth last night after playing a few months in Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other cities. The scene of "Straight Through the Door" is laid "30 miles from New York" in the country home of a playwright. All three acts take place in the library, which is gradually brought to completion by carpenter and painters in the course of the play. The curtain rises on the doorless, windowless room with a workman gracefully reclining on the floor smoking. This sets the pace for jokes about builders, and business of passing a buck from workers to contractor a buck from contractor to architect. The house should have been finished long before it seems, and the playwright and wife and children are camping out. It is as best they can while the final touches are slowly added. Real bitterness creeps into the squabbles as workers demand money and owner demands work. This development, plus the fact that the architect is in love with wife and the vampish interior decorator is setting her cap for the husband, provide the background for a murder. Someone shoots the contractor "strut through the door," and the rest of the play is devoted to a solution of the m







Schmitt, whose "Legend of Salome," "Music for Out Doors" and "Reves" have been performed at our Symphony concerts is an untamed person, who has been described as "the wild boar of the Ardennes." The last we heard of him he was at the head of the Lyons Conservatory but spending most of his time in Paris. It is said that as director of a conservatory he made teachers and pupils extremely uncomfortable, but the good man may have been slandered. It might be asked with regard to many composers, singers, fiddlers, pianists, conductors, directors: "In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell?"

Who was responsible for the shabby, pitiable list of operas performed here by the Chicago Civic Opera Company last week and those of this week—the management of the opera company, or the Boston committee? Boston has been better treated by this company, or by the Boston committee in the past.

Who insisted on inflicting Cadman's "Witch of Salem" on this much enduring community? The opera had no success in Chicago. The Boston committee should have protested against a performance here. A glance at the piano and voice arrangement should have been enough.

During the last season in Chicago, operas worth hearing were in the repertory of the company. Were they considered too good for "ignorant" Bostonians? It would have been a pleasure to see Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux in "Monna Vanna." To be sure it is not a "great" opera, but it is spectacular, with an interesting story, giving full opportunity for the two singers named. Many would have been glad to hear "Don Giovanni," "Pelleas and Melisande," to hear "Judith" again with Miss Garden's admirable portrayal of the deliverer; to judge again the merits of

"The Jest." Wagner is represented this season in Boston by "Tannhaeuser" and "Lohengrin," only by these two early operas—and what is "Tannhaeuser" without a romantically heroic quondam friend of Venus?

But this company is without a heroic tenor. Surely one would not thus characterize either Mr. Marshall or Mr. Lamont. The other sections of the company are much stronger than the band of tenors. Mr. Anseau is excellent in his roles, but he cannot be expected to take heroic parts in Italian, though, no doubt, he would be more effective than other tenors now in the company. Mr. Maison, a newcomer, with a good, honest voice, is certainly not a romantic apparition. The versatile, delightful Mr. Mojica is not for strenuously dramatic business. The new singer, Mr. Chase (with an Italian surname) is a useful acquisition.

No, however successful this little season is pecuniarily, the choice of operas shows only a provincial, box-office spirit. Let us hope that the Chicago management and the local committee will treat the Boston public next season—if there will be another season—with more consideration.

Next Sunday afternoon, Mme. Galli Curci in Symphony hall, the People's Symphony orchestra in Jordan Hall.

## 'TANNHAEUSER'

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House. Chicago Civic Opera Company. "Tannhaeuser," romantic opera in three acts and four scenes: Text and music by Richard Wagner. Dresden, Oct. 19, 1845, Johanna Wagner and Wilhelm Schrodter-Devrient. Messrs. Tichatschek, Mitterwurzer and Detmer, Wagner conducted. New York, April 4, 1859; Mmes. Siedenburger and Pickaness; Messrs. Pickaness, Lehman and Graff. Carl Bergmann conductor. Boston, Jan. 20, 1871. Mmes. Liehtmay and Roemar; Messrs. Bernard, Vierling and Franosch, but the first act had been performed here on Oct. 25, 1864; Mmes. Frederici and Canissa; Messrs. Himmer, Steinecke and Graff. The overture was performed in 1853; excerpts from the opera in 1854 and 1857.

The cast last night was as follows:

Herman, Landgrave of Thuringia  
Alexander Kipnis  
Elizabeth, niece of the Landgrave  
Leone Kruse  
Tannhaeuser  
Forrest Lamont  
Wolfram of Eschenbach  
Richard Bonelli  
Walter of the Vogelweide  
Albert Rappaport  
Biterolf  
Howard Preston  
Herman, the Scribe  
Antonio Nicolich  
Venius  
Cecilia Van Gordon  
A Young Shepherd  
Lillian Muesel  
"Venusberg" Bachchanale, by Maria Yureva  
and Verushka Swoboda. Assisted by Miles  
Chapman, Leticia, Lundgren and Ballet  
Conductor  
Henry G. Weber

Wagner might have written a more entertaining opera if he had accepted Heinrich Heine's version of the legend. In Heine's poem there is no mention of Elisabeth or of Wolfram with his applauded song to the evening star; no weary minstrel competition with the lady; no sitting a middle-man; but

Tannhaeuser after his travels returned to Venus, who awakened at midnight, threw her white arms about him, cooked his supper in her kitchen, combed his hair, and laughing sweetly, asked her good man to tell her his adventures. Yes, he had visited cities in Italy and Germany. Heine's verse defies poetical translation. A prose paraphrase must here suffice.

"I had business in Rome, but came quickly back to you. Rome is built on seven hills. The Tiber flows there. I also saw the Pope in Rome; the Pope sent you his greetings."

Or if Wagner had only rewritten the whole opera when he composed the

Bachanale in the Venusberg for the first performance in Paris! When this Bachanale is played as it was last night, the rest of the opera, with the possible exception of Tannhaeuser's narrative, is old-fashioned, music that might have been written by any Kapellmeister of the Forties. The song in praise of Venus; the ditties of the competing minstrels; the Landgrave, who occupies a prominent position in the great gallery of Operatic Boreds; Elisabeth with her stained-glass-window prayer; Wolfram turning Italian in his Romanza, not to mention the entrance march or procession of Knights and Noble dames—music, which, like the grand march in "Norma," is admirably suited for the accompaniment of calisthenics in a young ladies' seminary—O Richard, O mon Roi! Are you the man who wrote "The Mastersingers" and "Tristan and Isolde"?

In 1852 Wagner wrote from Zurich to Robert Franz: "The performances of my 'Tannhaeuser' about to take place now in Germany are really of very trivial value to me. They will be horribly badly done, of that I am sure."

One does not wait in lively anticipation on a performance of this opera by the Chicago company. It has been said that no one ever failed as Hamlet except Willard; the part is actor proof. Not so with Tannhaeuser, who must be romantic in looks, bearing and song. But what can be said in favor of Mr. Lamont's histrionic and vocal portrayal of the singing knight? Much of the music for Venus lies above the agreeable section of Mme. Van Gordon's voice. Mme. Kruse was fair to the eye; she acted with a knowledge of routine after the German manner. Unfortunately she was so moved by the trying situation in which she found herself, by her joy at seeing Tannhaeuser after his long absence, by her horror at hearing his indecent song, that her voice almost constantly trembled. Messrs. Kipnis and Bonelli bore away the vocal honors, such as they were. The ensembles were generally effective, and the opera was well staged. Mr. Weber conducted as

if the music showed plenary inspiration; but how "Tannhaeuser" has aged!

The large audience enjoyed the performance. The opera tonight is "Martha."

## "CARMEN" PRESENTED

Mary Garden Plays Star Role at Boston Opera House  
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Carmen," opera by Bizet. Chicago civic opera company. The cast:

Jose  
Zuniga  
Carmen  
Escamillo  
Micaela  
Dancairo  
Remendado  
Lilla Pastia  
Dances by  
Yanchn. White, Maria Yureva, Verushka Swoboda and the Ballet. Conductor, Giorgio Polacco. Stage director, Charles Moor.

Ups and downs marked the afternoon. There, for instance, sat Mr. Polacco, so brightly disposed, so rhythmical, that he made moments of enchantment out of Bizet's charming entractes. The opera through, for that, he was ready to do his best, but what, pray, could the man do, with people on his hands overcome with rhythmic sluggishness?

He hurried them up, when he believed they could be hurried; when he saw no amount of prodding would serve, adroitly he adapted his pace to theirs—the while he maintained rhythm as nearly as might be managed. More successful work Mr. Polacco has often done, but never work more skilful.

Mr. Moor gave him weak help. He moved his people about in routine fashion and too often he let them stand about in rows. Luckily, though, for the needful animation in tavern scenes and at bull fights, the ballet was there to aid. They danced most Spanishly—in the way at all events, we Americans take to be Spanish—though the girls at the fight did have the look of Russia in their garb. Miss Yureva made engaging play with her long black train, orange lined. She helped Mr. Polacco.

Sometimes Miss Garden did, sometimes she hindered him. Her first act seguidilla she sang so un rhythmically that it lost all effect; the chanson Bohemienne she treated quite as injudi-

ciously. Her impudence to Zuniga missed half its point because she would not trust to Bizet's notion of time.

Impudence, none the less, and shrewishness, she counted on to make that first act march. Everybody in sight she sauced; she pulled hair with a vengeance. She manœuvred with a shawl till one, in sympathy with the poor strip of silk, felt weary. This was all very well, but wherein lay the charm that turned men's heads? There was not a vestige wherewith to wile the most susceptible.

The charm that is rightly Carmen's Miss Garden kept in reserve till the quintet of the second act, when she chose to join the other four in helping Mr. Polacco. The life they put into it, the skill in song and action! And here—and all the rest of the act—Miss Garden made deft use of her hands, like no Carmen perhaps since Minnie Hauk; with the grace and the air of a Spanish woman she spoke with those hands, and, to make a good matter better, she proved with every motion a feeling for rhythm as keen as any ballerina's. This rhythm Miss Garden retained in the dance that followed. Jose, at last, had cause to forget his duty.

Admirably Miss Garden managed the duet. Refraining from the writhings at which the movie house can always beat the opera house, she depended on her voice alone, and not for years has the scene been so convincingly done.

The better, then, Miss Garden sang, the greater her effect, the more telling her charm and power. Why should she enjoy trying what she can accomplish by restlessness, un rhythmic singing, and extravagance? Many would like to know.

By his rhythm Mr. Vanni-Marcoux scarcely helped Mr. Polacco on, though he did present a striking portrait of the complacent toreador. The famous song he acted especially well. Miss Norena in her turn felt her aria more laggingly than Bizet indicated, but she sang it so smoothly and with such excellent tone that the afternoon's heartiest applause fell to her. Mr. Anseau acted with power and imagination, and sang with fervor.

The audience was large as usual.

R. R. G.

Hildegard Schwinghammer of Albany, Minn., who won the nail-driving contest at the University of Minnesota school of agriculture, is now safely in our Hall of Fame. She was proposed for membership by several with the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. A. Sharp Minor, an organist, has been proposed for membership, but at present there is opposition. More letters concerning him are requested by the election committee.

## DELETED

(For As the World Wags)

The bathing beauties dressed of yore  
The same as Mother Hubbard;  
Today their costumes weigh no more  
Than what was in her cupboard.

The "rag and bone and hank of hair",  
About which Kipling bleated,  
Found she still had some things to  
spare

So they were soon deleted.

If Mother Hubbard's fabled pup  
Should be re-in-car-nated,  
He'd see the bathing damsel up  
And be, henceforth, elated;  
For though no clothes at all she owns,  
She "has got nothing else but" bones!

MARY R. CANDY.

Portland, Me.

## AID FOR OUR POLICE

As the World Wags:

I have noted headlines today with interest and approval to the effect that "Warm Wine Cheers Chilly Paris Police," a neat bit of artful alliteration apart from its promulgation as a proper purely philanthropic proposition. The preserved health of officers whose sworn duty is the enforcement of law and order is the foundation upon which that civic status rests. An asthmatic cop or one whose feet are cold to numbness will be ineffectual in the pursuit of a well-warmed bootlegger to whose toes an adequate prescription of hot buttered rum has found its way. Even the most patriotic prohibitionist must see that, and also how neither equality nor equity is possible between the opposing forces under the legal enactments nearest the desire of his heart.

Cannot some provision be made, possibly through the agency of the Anti-Saloon League, under which each one of "the finest" of Boston could know that there was an official speak-easy in each precinct where he could seize, without a special warrant, a potion of warm wine or hot buttered rum, or what have you for what ailed him, to keep him in efficient physical condition?

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H., Feb. 5.

## THE COUNTRY GIRL

As the World Wags:

I had not seen her for all of 10 years till I glimpsed her one day at the Sherman . . . long eyes, silk-lidded and sad—insolent and tired and gold under delicate dark of her lashes . . . skin, the exotic pallor of mock orange flowers at night . . . voice, like a rough caress—finished abroad and forgotten mouth, an elfin red heart, but she smoked as a man smokes alone—that naturally—and when she was not too bored, she was amused—faintly . . . She was the Lido and Cannes, Biarritz and the Riviera—even to those of us for whom these names will never be other than dream-drift. . . . In black, exquisitely furred and as slim as the proverbial poplar, her hair was as I had remembered—amber and miser's gold. . . . Music about us—a mist—then a nostalgic air to which we had thrilled as children and her eyes stared suddenly . . . brilliantly . . . and so I dared to approach her. . . . Learned later, and only by chance, of lengthy Canadian price lists, of her armored cars and her drivers and the love of adventure she fed. . . . Then, one day she was gone as suddenly as she had come, and I was lonely again—as lonely as I had been those long 10 years before when she went away East to school. . . . But the picture I hold to school. . . . Cream is a country girl still. . . . Clouds edged with fire as a thunderstorm obscures the sun and a farm girl driving a wheat-rack team—racing against the rain. . . . Winning—a barn door's length—but exultant and laughing and gay . . . a light in her eyes that somehow went out . . . a dream that never came true.

HONEY.

## A GOOD OLD GAME

As the World Wags:

Mr. Arnold Bennett started it by announcing that the 12 best novels were all by Russians; whereupon Mr. John Galsworthy promptly asked him how he got that way and what about Mark Twain, Dickens, Thackeray, Dumas and Cervantes. Mr. Frank Swinnerton has said that he couldn't bear to have Stendhal and Balzac left out—and now we (we're in swell company, but we don't care) would like to crash the argument by saying that we don't give publisher's blurb who wrote the 12 best novels, and so far as we're concerned the matter can now be dropped. We know a few books that we wish we hadn't read; and the reason is that we'd like again to have the pleasure of reading them for the first time. The are (if you've read this far, we take you're interested, and if you haven't why, God bless you, that's your business), Gogol's "Dead Souls," Max Beebohm's "Zuleika Dobson," Anatole France's "Penguin Island" and the "Procureur of Judea," Voltaire's "Candide" Syngue's "Playboy of the Western World" Haldane MacFall's "Woodings of Jezeb Pettyfer," and James Stephen's "Croc of Gold."

SHELBY LITTLE.

## ON ACCOUNT OF HIS NAME?

(From the Literary Digest)

New boy Sultan of Morocco ordered cayoctoainshrdlumfwpcmfwy, late ruler's friend, thrown out of royal palace

## THE LIFE OF AN INTELLECTUAL

As the World Wags:

When Milton Shaksper Dickens was just a day old he jumped out of his cradle, grabbed a hammer, and pound the framed motto, "God Bless O Home," into small bits.

"I abhor aphorisms," he said, and began reading the Encyclopedia Britannica with gusto. The next day he read the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," "The Outline of History," and Einstein's "Relativity." But he grew disgusted.

"This frothy drool will make a dull," he soliloquized, and turned some Sanskrit, which interested him 20 minutes—then he outgrew it. And he developed. Joyce's "Ulysses" was his primer. Hieroglyphics were his crossword puzzles. Epictetus was his job book. It occasionally stimulated him a wry smile. The day came when he had read almost everything in the world and was impatiently waiting for the presses to grind more grist. He solved every problem that afflicts the mundane lump of dirt. He was the master of the world! (That's a phrase I just invented.)

And so he sat down at last to typewriter and decided to let the world know about it. Here was to be a million opus that would out-Mend Mencken, bewilder Wells, and make Art Brisbane inarticulate. It was to be an erudite epitome of the wisdom of the world—yep, the universe! Just then his eye fell upon one of the world's greatest utterances by the world's greatest writer in the world's greatest newspaper. Overcome with envy and utility, Milton Shaksper Dickens attached the typewriter to his intellectual neck with a stout rope and threw it into the deepest part of lake, following as a matter of course. Beastly shame, isn't it? But that's what happens to some of the lesser mortals when they read the remarks of the great—OSWALD OF WESLEYA!



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is very hard to believe that Edith can be a famous prima donna. I am sure she is swathed in a red velvet gown, a Fortuny affair, with gold trimmings here and there, and on the tables of her sitting room stand vases of extraordinarily tall roses, nothing extravagant in roses, garnished with broad trailing crimson ribbons. Decorations never found in the parlour of an ordinary woman of the world. But glowing negligee and flouting American Beauties cannot change the impression that you are speaking to a very simple, very sweet and very winning New England lady. She has a very fair face, an intelligent face, with nose and fine lips and gray eyes, steady. Her dark hair is short, so casually brushed back off her head that you only realize it is cut when she turns her back, crossing to the piano. Pictures of her palazzo in Milan.

Back in New York, after one audition Gatti-Cazazza engaged her on a two-year contract. She was dazed with success, she was justified, she lived in a seventh heaven of wonder at having really landed in the Metropolitan Opera House, until one day she asked Gatti to let her sing "Boheme." "Have you ever sung Mimi?" "No." "Do you really think that the Metropolitan is a place for experiment?" said Gatti. "If you go to the best bootmaker and order a pair of shoes for \$25 or \$30, would you expect him to use a laborer who makes shoes for the first time?" She felt the famous director's justice, his reasoning impressed her deeply. With her own intelligence and determination, qualities which strike you in the first 10 minutes of quiet conversation with her, she broke her Metropolitan contract, left the promised land almost as soon as she had entered it, and went to Mexico. She sang in a Mexican opera house, in Havana, in France at the Opera Comique she learned the French roles, in Monte Carlo and Italy she sang the Italian, she sang at La Scala, she sang every role possible for her voice over and over again, before she ever re-

Edith Mason says: "The maestro is either up or down, always one or the other. I must stay in the middle, try to balance." The maestro, as she always speaks of him, is her teacher. She learns the preliminary work of a new opera with other instructors, then he takes her, with intensity, and the struggle for perfection begins. She must be flawless to satisfy him. One night, when she took two breaths in a long cadenza, he woke her three times, unable to sleep in his annoyance over the extra breath. But where many wives find husbandly instruction the most irritating in the world to endure, Miss Mason never feels that sense, because, she says, he knows so infinitely much more than she does. Now this statement shows her as not only an extraordinarily modest prima donna, but a very successful wife. May she have many happy summers in her Milan palazzo. May gay and beautiful ladies trail their silks over its vast polished floors, beneath its glittering crystal chandeliers. May she forget the trials of a singer's life in her own boudoir with its walls of palm-green damask, and rose curtains, or in little Graziella's apartments, carved "with figures strange and sweet, all made out of the carver's brain," where the "lamp with twofold silver chain" is made like a bluebird in a silver cage.

After the frenetic jubilation, th



tumult and the shouting in adoration of the Lord most high, the great King over all the earth, what section of the score remains gratefully in the memory of the hearer? Only the pages, semi-Oriental in character beginning with a violin solo, the music for "He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom He loved." Here, while the solo voice sings exotic measures, interrupted by the murmurs of the chorus, while the orchestration works a sensuously Oriental charm, one finds true tonal poetry. On the other hand, although the chorus and the instruments may cry to heaven their praise, one misses the intense racial spirit, the Hebraic fanaticism with which the Jewish music of Ernest Bloch is charged.

When the difficulties presented by the composers of these two choral works are taken into consideration, the performance by the chorus was creditable. The singers showed greater security and courage in the Psalm than in the Ode. It is to be regretted that the effect of the Psalm was impaired at the end by many leaving the hall. The smell of smoke from a building outside led them to fear fire in the hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with his customary brilliance and magnetism, but even he could not give life to Beck's Symphony and Rimsky's Overture.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Schumann, Overture to "Manfred"; D. G. Mason, Symphony in C minor; Bella Bartok, Concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Bartok, pianist); Rimsky-Korsakov, Introduction and March from "Le Coq d'Or."

### SERENITY

(For As the World Wags)

Though she lives in a narrow house  
On a grimy little street—  
In a byway, off the highway,  
With its rush of hurried feet,

And hears the distant clamor  
Of voices, harsh and loud;  
The bartering, wrangling, begging,  
Of pushing, milling crowd,

With cries of hate and anger,  
Of envy and of greed,  
And all the horrid clatter  
Of trade and lust's mixed breed,

She sees from her little doorway  
Where mirth is holding sway,  
Along the dusty pavement  
Mid children in careless play;

While dreams, like bright-winged swallows,  
Over murk and turmoil fly  
Above the walling houses,  
Out to the sunset sky.

SARAH HINDS WILDER.

Worcester.

### INCREDIBLE

Miss Grace Moore, who has sung for the first time on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, said (undoubtedly in a clear bell-like voice) to a representative of the World that she had read every one of the critical reviews. "I am not bothered by the adverse criticisms."

When Miss Moore has sung in grand opera for several years she will tell reporters that she never reads reviews of her performance the night before. This is a stock remark with a prima donna, although she may subscribe to a clipping bureau, and sends her maid for the morning newspaper before the arrival of the milkman.

### SOCIETY NOTES

Mr. Marcellus Graves was heard saying to a friend in the lobby of the Boston Opera House: "Yes, it's been a great week; a real musical treat. I made one dress shirt go for five nights."

So Miss Beatrice Fuller, a white girl of 19 years, living at Rockville, Ct., finally married Mr. Clarence Kellem, a mulatto. If she had read Leonard Merriker's "The Quaint Companions," she might have hesitated, but Lee, the mulatto hero of that book, was a tenor singer, and that aided in bringing unhappiness. As far as we can learn, Mr. Kellem does not sing—at least not professionally.

### A RENOWNED SCIENTIST

As the World Wags:  
I am permitted to make the following extract from a new Dictionary of Biography:

**VOLSTEAD** —? This famous chemist was a native of Sweden and became internationally known as a deep student and authority on the physiological action of ethyl and methyl aldehydes on the human system. In 1920 he announced to the world the revolutionary law in physics that a solution con-

taining more than one-half of 1 per cent. of ethyl alcohol was intoxicating and if used in excess of that amount was not only immoral but criminal. Aided by other experts in alcoholism organized as the Anti-Saloon League, he succeeded in having this epochal discovery made a part of the fundamental law of his adopted country. Our constitution now is the leading pharmacopoeial authority throughout the world on what constitutes intoxicating liquor, used as a beverage. No other nation in the world has such a reputation in scientific circles and the United States may justly be regarded as the greatest living authority in physiological chemistry, thanks to the profound researches of Mr. Volstead. In spreading this great theory among the people, and especially among those who doubted its soundness, he was greatly aided by the entire police force of the country; thousands of special deputies and undercover experts, as well as the coast guard, employing 265 vessels manned by over 13,000 chemists schooled in alcoholic lore, and supported by a minority of public opinion. Mr. Volstead's discovery has cost the United States to date of writing \$264,000,000. According to the Women's Chemical Temperance Union the success of this law has been well worth the price; a billion dollars annually would not be too large a sum to pay for this extraordinary law in physiology. In unscientific circles Mr. Volstead's reputation is much below one-half of 1 per cent. Since the passage of his law Congress has restricted immigration.

WOOF WOOF.

### HOT DOG

Mr. John W. McDonough of Manchester, N. H., has proposed for our Hall of Fame the name of Dr. E. Ned Ozeldam, veterinarian, who has been appointed inspector of sausage factories.

### SEE ADV. COLUMNS

As the World Wags:

So gossamer-like these dainty French underthings, so mild and mellow. Wrinkles and that yellow mask vanish overnight, and by adding a little lemon juice you can get most distant stations. It not only sweeps thoroughly, but washes the windows and fits snugly around the hips, leaving the stiffest beard on the way to a permanent and profitable position. Only a few cents a day will give you greater personality and healthier children, skillfully blended. Remember, no knowledge of music is required. Simply clip the coupon to the left and we will send you a sample bottle profusely illustrated in four colors.

MOX THE AD. MAN.

### NO WONDER

(Huntington, Ind., Herald)

An original poem was then read by Mr. Kendell, welcoming the guests and explaining the occasion. President Mummat desponded in prose.

As the World Wags:

Pollyanna gives me a pain in the midriff, but I did get a good idea from her today. "There's something to be said for the newspapers hiring famous novelists and playwrights to report murder trials. They may write true, but at least on odd days the newspapers print their pictures instead of the murderers."

### ADD 'BEDSIDE MANNERS'

(New York State Line)

Patient: "Doctor, what are my chances?"

Doctor: "O, pretty good, but don't start reading any long-continued stories."

### THE SEVEN SEAS

M. R. R. writes: "Which are 'the Seven Seas'?" Mr. Kipling wrote in 1912, through his secretary, to an inquiring American: "The Seven Seas are the N. and S. Atlantic, N. and S. Pacific, Mediterranean, Indian ocean and Channel seas."

### THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE

A Scotchman had been told by his doctor that he had a floating kidney. He was much disturbed by the diagnosis, and went to the minister of his church with a request for the prayers of the congregation.

"I don't know," said the minister dubiously. "I'm afraid that at the mention of a floating kidney the congregation would laugh."

"I don't see why they should," replied the sufferer. "It was only last Sabbath you prayed for loose livers."

Wall Street Journal.

## "LA TRAVIATA"

Boston Opera House: Chicago Civic Opera Company. "La Traviata." Opera in four acts; text by Francesco Maria Piave (after Dumts's "La Dame aux Camelias"); music by Giuseppe Verdi. Fenice Theatre, Venice, March 6, 1853: Mme. Donatelli; Messrs. Graziani and Varesi. New York, Academy of Music,

Dec. 3, 1856. Mme. La Gr. Brignoli and Amodio. Boston. June 8, 1857: Mme. Gazzaniga; Messrs. Brignoli and Amodio.

The cast last night was as follows.

Violetta Valery	Claudia Muzio
Flora Bervoix	Charles Hackett
Alfredo Germont	Richard Bonelli
Giorgio Germont	Jose Mojica
Viscount de Leterriere	Desire Defreire
Baron Douphal	Giovanni Polese
Marquis D'Obigny	Antonio Nicolich
Doctor Grenvil	Anna Correnti
Annina	Gilda Morelato
Servant to Flora	Gilda Morelato
Incidental Dances by	Yechslav Swoboda and Ballet

Conductor.....Giorgio Polacco

There is little to be said in 1928 about the opera itself. It will be remembered that Verdi was greatly moved by the younger Dumas's play which he saw in Paris; that the opera failed in Venice for several reasons—the Venetians did not like so sad a story and they laughed at the fat soprano when the doctor assured her she could live only a few hours, the tenor was hoarse, the baritone dissatisfied with his part. If Turgeniev spoke in one of his novels of Verdi's haunting melodies, especially those in the last act, Tchaikovsky wrote to Arensky, who had composed an orchestral suite, "Marguerite Gauthier," reproaching him for being interested in the history of "a demi-mondaine adventures, which, even if written with French cleverness is in truth false, sentimental and vulgar."

One used to smile at the old 17th century costumes for an opera of the '40's period. One still remembers Campanari as the elder Germont in pantaloons. Mme. Melba introduced the 1840 costumes in London. When she took the part of Violetta at the Manhattan Opera House in 1907, Hammerstein had entirely new costumes made to represent accurately the dress of the men and women in Dumas's play.

"La Traviata" still lives, still tempts singers to portray the three chief characters, still moves audiences. It is, perhaps, the weakest of the three operas written by Verdi in close connection; musically less important than "Rigoletto," not so intensely dramatic as "Il Trovatore"—yet an opera that one would not willingly see missing in the repertory of any great or small opera house. One might wish that the elder Germont's square-toed air, "Provenza," had not been written; but there are many pages that for expressive tenderness and sadness only Verdi could have found. Forget the conventional, expected flourishes and cadenzas of the period. The opera still has truth and force; emotionally melodic charm.

The performance last night was er-grossing. What a pleasure it was to see a Violetta who has marked histrionic ability; one who can infuse dramatic feeling in lyric passages. Mme. Muzio knows the traditions of the operatic grand manner; but not as an archaeologist, not as an antiquarian; for her Violetta, whatever costume she may wear, is a suffering woman, sacrificing her happiness through love, a woman of today as of yesterday. Mr. Hackett was not the lay figure so often seen, a lay figure labeled Alfredo and provided with a voice. From the beginning to the end he gave a portrayal of character, in song and in action. Mr. Bonelli, sufficiently dignified as the father, was justly applauded. The other parts were well allotted. The ballet in the third act, instead of being a bore, as is too often the case, was a pleasing feature. A great part of the success of the performance was due to Mr. Polacco, who conducted with a fine appreciation of detail; of the significance of Verdi's score. An audience that filled the Opera House from top to bottom was enthusiastic.

The opera this afternoon will be "Samson et Delila"; tonight, "Rigoletto."

## 'SAMSON' GIVEN AT OPERA HOUSE

Boston Opera House: "Samson et Delila," opera by Saint-Saens. Chicago Civic Opera Company; afternoon performance. The cast:

Delilah	Cyrena Van Gordon
Samson	Charles Marshall
The High Priest	Cesare Formichi
Abimelech	Giovanni Polese
An Old Hebrew	Edouard Cotreuil
A Philistine Messenger	Jose Mojica
First Philistine	Lodovico Oliviero
Second Philistine	Antonio Nicolich
Incidental ballet	Giorgio Polacco

Conductor.....Giorgio Polacco

When producers feel an urge to produce "Samson," they might, to the benefit of all concerned, look the facts square in the face. Shrewd they would show themselves if they would admit that scarcely a dozen bars exist, in "Samson's" entire length, of music truly dramatic. Wisdom next, those shrewdness, they would show, those producers, if they would, meekly bow their heads to facts, instead of banging their heads against them. Banging their heads against a wall—that is what it

means to try to make drama of Saint-Saens's lyric measures, his orator choruses, his vein, sometimes, operetta.

If Reinhardt were at hand to man the crowds, or some Russian endow with the peculiar Russian skill at the sort of thing, perhaps something could be done. A Marie Brema would be needed, though, or a Lucienne Brev the type of singing actress who kne how to pose expressively and beautifully at once, to handle flowing drapery in the way of the ancient Greeks. the background, through the force of imagination, could be made both serve beauty and to enhance the dramatic significance of the whole, might be that Saint-Saens's few dramatic moments could be stressed without real damage to the sense of the portion.

Yesterday afternoon's most agreeable features were those when Saint-Saens's music not touched up, and his taste the picturesque were left to work their spell as best they might. Mr. Coty showed how these things should be done. With no attempt to "act," where a ing is out of the question, standing where he belonged, he suggested by curl of his lip more than other persons could contrive with the help of all bodies, he sang Saint-Saens's music with a significance that nobody suspected therein, with noble tone, furtherm and smoothness.

Miss Van Gordon too, when she s in the fine way that is possible to he she did so oftener than usual—a great pleasure. By her attempts make dramatic bricks where no music straw exists, she did herself and music no good. The famous canon, cause the singers, with Mr. Polacco abet them, tried to crowd more into than it will hold, fell through. So, the same reason, did the first act. Mr. Marshall, with better judgment restrained his voice for the most singing with unusually free, sonorous tone. Of his music, thus wisely trea he was able to make the power tel its utmost. In the last act, when r he had something to do, Mr. Mars suggested movingly the unhappy, fa hero.

There was also the ballet to pie with dances intelligently planned spiritedly carried out. Mr. Polacco his energy, and persuasiveness, le weary orchestra to do its best for. To the charm of Saint-Saens's score, he did all justice, except v he stood ready in his hunt for dr to sacrifice beauty with the result so times of noise. The chorus, by same argument, sang generally when they did not try to make music say too much.

The audience showed genuine en siasm. R. R.

## "RIGOLETTO" AS ADIE

Chicago Company Closes Its Bo Season

The Chicago Civic Opera Com gave its final performance in Boston one year as the curtain fell across tragic scene of "Rigoletto" last r Mmes. Norena, Correnti and Jack MM. Bonelli, Cortis, Lazzari and I ton; Moranzoni, conductor.

It was Rigoletto, the hunchback j with all of his sardonic glee turne grim tragedy as played by Richard nell, who proved to be the harbor which the waves of Verdi's music c lash themselves and curl back splendiferous force. Bonelli made of lletto an imposing hunchback, i humble, never cringing, and flavore fine performance with full tones.

Mme. Norena warmed to her c losing the brassy taste that seeme her voice during her first scene; one felt concern when she at last under the knife. Lorna D Jackson was an agreeable and del ful Madalena and Antonio Cortis a and frivolous Duke.

Altogether it was a good and p ing opera. "Rigoletto" is a clever a It leaves itself humming in one's and throat. Its storm is pond enough to remain fresh in one's i ory for another fortnight.

## Ernest Schelling Stresses t Brasses in Program

The third in the series of childr concerts by Ernest Schelling, assi by members of the Boston Sympl orchestra, was given yesterday mor at Jordan hall. The program wa as follows: Weber, Overture to "Obe BBethoven, Scherzo from Symp No. 3 (Eroica); Beethoven, Tcha sky, Strauss, excerpts for horn with by Willem Valkenier; Saint-Saens, by Willem Valkenier, strings and tr tuor for piano, strings and fl (Menuet and Gavotte), Mr. Sch (at the piano, trumpet solo by G M song, America; Wagner (a) Magic Scene, (b) The Ride of the Val from "Die Walkure."

Mr. Schelling separated the from the rest of the orchestra day and gave the younger genera



# AFTER THE OPERA

## Notes on the Repertoire and Singers—Baleful Carmen as a Comic Character

Boston swallowed 16 operatic performances in two weeks; swallowed greedily, without inquiring too curiously into the fare that was offered. As long as Mmes. Garden, Mason, Raisa and Mr. Marcoux were announced as members of the visiting company, the great public seemed content. (The majority go to see and hear celebrated singers, not inquiring anxiously about the nature of the operas in which they will appear. If Miss Garden should take it into her head to play the heroine in "The Bohemian Girl," the opera house would be crammed.)

The season opened with "La Gioconda," based on Victor Hugo's play, "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua." We called attention to one or two other operas with the same libretto, not knowing that "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua," with music by Alfred Bruneau, was produced a few weeks ago at the Opera Comique, Paris. Melodrama with or without music is still a box office magnet, during the romantic years of the drama in Paris, when fatal letters, keys to secret doors, vials of poison, daggers were indispensable stage properties. Prosper Merimee prefixed this letter to his "Famille de Carvajal," a burlesque on the popular melodramas of the day:

"Dear Sir: I am 15½ years old. Mamma does not wish me to read novels or romantic dramas. I am forbidden everything that is horrible and terrifying. They pretend that this soils the imagination of a young person. Could you not, dear sir, make a little drama or a short story, very sinister, very terrible, with lots of crime and love, a la Lord Byron?"

"P. S. I should like a sad ending, and like especially an unhappy death for the heroine."

Charles Mere, the librettist of the new opera, took greater liberties with Hugo's melodrama than one noted in "La Gioconda." First of all he cut out the crucifix of my "mother." He introduced at the beginning of the last scene a supper. His third act passes in the tavern of Gabourde, with brave police spies, who sing the "Chanson des Reîtres," taken from Hugo's "Legende des Siecles." And at this tavern a shameless dancer, Esmerelda, half-naked, passes from one bravo to another.

We spoke of the inferior repertoire provided for the Bostonians, and it is not necessary to fume again in print about it; yet one cannot refrain from asking a second time, why "The Witch of Salem" was handed to us. Was it because Salem was not many miles from Boston and there would therefore be "local interest" in the opera? Or was it because Mr. Cadman, an "Amurrican" and every American composer should be heartily encouraged whether his music is good or bad? Mr. Cadman has written three operas that have been performed. Why did not the Chicago management, the local committee, insist on a Cadman trilogy? Or was there a lurking suspicion in the hearts of the local committee that "The Witch of Salem" might be a sufficient dose? Perhaps the committee thought that Dr. Cadman of daily religious counsel might be taken for the composer and the box office might be the more enthusiastically besieged.

When one thinks of the operas in the Chicago repertoire that might easily have been performed here!

Have the respective committees no heart that they should allow Mr. Lamont to appear in Boston as Tannhaeuser? Nor is Mr. Marshall impressive in the roles which are allotted to him. Years ago Boston audiences explored the fact that many German tenors and sopranos were beer-fat. Why do not Messrs. Marshall and Lamont, if they are to appear here in heroic or romantic roles, follow the example of Miss Garden, eat little and do much exercise. Even if they should, they would no doubt roar as lustily as song.

Mr. Polacco was to hear ambitious young singers at the opera house last Thursday morning. We do not know whether his courage gave out; or whether bravely enduring, he had the good fortune to find promising voices and even a moderate degree of intelligence. It is amazing—this confidence on the part of young men and women that they will succeed as performers in concert or in opera; that they will compose symphonic works that will cause conductors to shout for joy; songs that will impel publishers to sign hurriedly hidebound contracts for all future compositions.

We may be sure of this: Mr. Polacco told the truth to the aspirants. He may not have said to a bleating tenor and roaring baritone: "Why don't you seek a position as a chauffeur?" to a squealing soprano: "Better stand behind a counter." Mr. Polacco is a courteous man. This insane ambition is not always the natural attribute of the young man or maiden; it is fostered, encouraged by doting parents and ignorant friends, by vocal teachers who wish to retain the unfortunates as pupils. "You are ready for a recital,"—saying to themselves no doubt when they are alone: "God help the audience!"

Even the Boston audience now regards "Carmen" as, for the most part, a comic opera; say rather a musical comedy. The spectators expect Miss Garden to amuse them. "Isn't she cute?" But Carmen is a baleful creature from her entrance to her death. She plays on the passions of men. She is more than an entertaining coquette. Mme. Calve gave us the true Carmen when she first took the part in Boston; but she soon saw it was necessary to cheapen her performance in order to suit American taste. Even Marie Dupree, with her small voice understood Carmen's character and portrayed admirably at the Tremont Theatre before she took her talent to the theatre for fame in spoken comedy.

Although Bizet's music was arranged and disarranged by the Russians when they performed their version of "Carmen" in Boston, they made one get all previous portrayals of Carmen, the soldier, the bull-fighter. Let us be granted that as a rule the singing was not to be commended by sticklers for pure song, but how well it was suited to the characters on the stage! There was a Carmen who was not deliberately and incongruously kittenish to excite the laughter of the unthinking. Who will forget the stupid face of the easily-beguiled soldier of whom she soon was weary? Fortunately the gospel-eyed Micaela did not appear any more than she does in Merimee's story. One still sees the women staged above waving their fans as

they looked down on the tragedy below. After that memorable night all performances of Bizet's opera, as far as dramatic action and truthful portraiture are concerned, seem dull and stale.

Honegger's "Antigone," brought out recently at the Monnaie, Brussels, text based by Jean Cocteau on the tragedy of Sophocles, is warmly praised. Cocteau has taken one episode: Creon forbids the paying of funeral honors to Polyneices. Antigone, having disobeyed the order, is condemned by Creon to be buried alive. Tiresias reproaches Creon, who, fearing the anger of the gods, withdraws his sentence, but it is too late; Antigone has hanged herself; Haemon, not willing to survive his betrothed, kills himself. Creon, despairing, implores the mercy of the gods. The music seeks first of all to express violence of feeling. "It is concise music, amplifying itself, however, at times to grip the nerves of the listener and make him take part in the action. It creates a feverish uneasiness, an emotion made profound by its force of expression at once wild and personal. The score has a disturbing strength, from which it is difficult to escape."

Would that the Chicago Opera Company had given Boston a second opportunity of seeing Miss Garden again as Honegger's Judith. P. H.

Myra Mortimer, a contralto, who will sing here tomorrow night, was born at Spokane, Wash. She first thought of being a pianist, and studied with that intention, so that at the age of 14 "she was able to play a Mendelssohn concerto with orchestra"; but she turned her attention to singing, and studied in this country and in Europe. She gave a recital in Boston a year ago this month. She has given recitals in European cities.

Aimee Ponchon, mezzo-soprano, and William Simmons, tenor, will sing on Tuesday night. The former has been praised in Chicago. Mr. Simmons, coming from the middle West, was graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1926. He also studied with Sergei Klubansky in New York. He is a member of the faculty and teacher of choral music at Boston University.

Miss Buel's program of Tuesday night includes piano pieces by Vuillemin, Le Flem and Aubert. Vuillemin, born at Nantes in 1873, has sought inspiration in Breton folksongs. He has composed incidental music for the stage, orchestral pieces, as well as music for the piano. Paul Le Flem, born at Lezardieux in 1881, began his studies at the Paris Conservatory; completed them at the Schola Cantorum, where he now teaches. "Much more cultured than the average of composers, he is licencie-es-lettres and of a philosophic turn of mind. His music, however, has nothing intellectual about it, but draws its inspiration deliberately from the folk tunes of Brittany." He has written a symphony, violin sonata, a symphonic poem, piano quintet, songs and piano pieces. When Vincent d'Indy, one of his teachers, last visited this country, he brought with him one of Le Flem's orchestral compositions, but he did not conduct it in Boston. Louis Aubert, born at Parame in 1877, is known in Boston chiefly by his opera, "The Blue Forest," and his orchestral Habanera.

The Flonzaley Quartet will give its last concert of the season on Wednesday night. A quartet by Erewin Schulhoff is on the program. Schulhoff was born at Prague in 1894. He studied in that city, later at Vienna and Leipzig. In 1913 he was awarded the Mendelssohn prize for piano playing; in 1918 the Mendelssohn prize for composition. As an excellent pianist he has played in the interest of modern music in European cities; as a composer, he strives after "pure expression (Naturalismus)" and cultivates the grotesque; that is the opinion of conservative German critics. He has written a symphony for soprano and orchestra; one for alto and orchestra; other orchestral pieces, chamber music, songs and many piano pieces. We believe that his quartet has been performed here in private. It is said that the next season of the Flonzaleys will be in the nature of a farewell, for the members will disband at the end of the tour.

Margaret Hamilton, who will play the piano, next Saturday afternoon, began her studies at the age of four at Youngstown, Ohio. "At the age of five she could play some of the more difficult compositions in piano literature. With the ability to play and the comprehension of musical structure came also the inspiration to compose, and at the age of six she began winning prizes for her songs and piano composition." When she was eight years old she received lessons at the Institute of Musical Art in New York. She has played with several orchestras and was awarded a prize offered by the Walter W. Naumburg Musical Foundation. She is said to be blessed with a "delightful and scintillating personality."

Marie Conde, soprano (Mrs. David S. Blyer) will sing at the Metropolitan Theatre today. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Coburn, Egyptologist. Mme. Conde, educated musically in Boston, was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company for a season as a coloratura singer. She appeared as Gilda in Brooklyn. For the last five years she has been busy with concert work. Her book of poems, "Voices Underneath," was published recently. Newton Centre is her dwelling place.

Next Sunday Mme. Jeritza will sing in Symphony hall; the People's Symphony orchestra will give a concert in the same afternoon at Jordan hall. In the evening the Women's Symphony orchestra, led by Mme. Leginska, will play in Jordan hall, while Leon Reisman will give his postponed concert in Symphony hall.

Mme. Leginska has put on her program a Symphonic Intermezzo by Radie Britain, who, born at Amarillo, Texas, took piano and organ lessons in Chicago. She studied composition and orchestration in Munich with A. Albert Noete. Noete, born in 1885 at Starnberg, came to this country as a 16-year-old boy; studied in Boston and for two years—according to a German dictionary of musicians—was a critic on the staff of the Boston Advertiser. In 1908 he returned to Munich. He is not only a music critic; he has composed the opera "Francois Villon" (Carlsruhe 1920), and "The Duchess of Padua"; symphonic pieces, as "Hector's Farewell and Death," "Lucifer," a rhapsody, etc. In Munich Miss Britain gave a concert of her own compositions. She has written an overture, "Pygmalion," a string quar-



let a "Western" suite for piano, songs and piano pieces. Her "Intermezzo" was performed for the first time on Jan. 3 at Chicago by the Women's Symphony orchestra of that city. Esther Lundy Newcomb, soprano, who will sing at the concert next Sunday night, comes from Chicago.

On Tuesday, Feb. 21. Henri Deering, pianist, will play for the first time in Boston. He studied in Paris with Philipp; with Schnabel in Berlin.

Alexander Kelberinc, pianist, will also play here for the first time on Thursday evening. A pupil of Busoni and Silloti, he gave his first recital in New York on the 30th of last month.

Portia de George, soprano, will sing in Wesleyan hall on Friday evening, Feb. 24, arias by Mozart, Mascagni, Debussy; songs by Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Franz, Rubinstein, Grieg, Griffes, Kountz, Chadwick, Watts.

Ernest Schelling's next concert for children will be in Jordan Hall on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, on Feb. 25th.

Bernardo Siegel, a Brazilian pianist, will play in Steinert hall next Thursday evening at 7:45 o'clock, under the auspices of the Women's City Club. His program will comprise pieces by Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Saint-Saens and Moszkowski. He recently gave a recital in Carnegie hall, New York.

A. M. S. asks if Miss Garden was the first to take the part of Louise at the Boston Opera House. When "Louise" was first performed at the Boston Opera House Mr. Marcoux played the Father. That was in 1912. Mme. Edvina took the part of Louise. Miss Garden was not seen in the part at this opera house until Feb. 22, 1914 with Mme. Gay and Messrs. Lafitte and Marcoux in the other chief roles. Mme. Edvina reappeared early in 1914; Mme. Beriza played Louise in March of that year. Paolo Ludikar was the Father late in January of the same year. Of late the Boston audiences think of "Louise" in association with Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux.

We quote from the review of a concert that took place in West Newton. The review was published in the Newton Graphic of Jan. 27:

"Mr. Paul A. Peltcher, the tenor soloist of the quartet, sang 'The Holy City' with wonderful tonal quality and technical effect. Miss Irene Forte, who is a favorite with West Newton audiences, played 'Nocturne in E-flat' in her usual symphonic manner. Miss Olive K. Burrison, soprano soloist of the church, sang 'The Master Calleth,' by Fichthorn, with achieved harmony and sweetness."

Why is it that congregational singing in our great London cathedrals should compare so unfavorably with city places of worship of less importance? The best effort is made at St. Paul's, and the worst is at Westminster Cathedral. Hymn books are freely distributed, but even familiar hymns to well-known tunes fail to move the congregation out of their shyness. One authority suggested to me that possibly worshippers entering a cathedral are awed by the surroundings and are in doubt whether they are expected to sing. But some of the most inspiring congregational singing is to be heard in our fine old provincial cathedrals, so there must be some other reason for the failure of Londoners.—Daily Chronicle.

A. A. Milne has written a new play which will be produced on the 29th at the Haymarket Theatre; the title has not yet been chosen. The play is described as "a detective story in three acts."

We asked if Lady Macbeth would wear pink pyjamas in the sleep-walking scene when the tragedy was produced in modern dress. This performance took place at the Court Theatre, London, on the 6th. She did not; she wore an "ample nightdress," to the disappointment of the audience. Her other costume was a short red dress; her hair was shingled. Macbeth wore the khaki uniform of an officer of today. His moustache was of the toothbrush order. A whiskey-and-water syphon was one of the properties. "The critics indulgently look upon the production as a travesty which has many humorous points."

F. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Galli Curci, soprano. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, W. T. Hoffmann, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8:00 P. M. Burgin and Durrell string quartets. Gliere, octet, op. 5; Haydn, quartet, D major, op. 64 (Hornpipe quartet); Spalding, quartet, E minor.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Thomas Johnson, tenor. Negro spirituals.

**MONDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Myra Mortimer, contralto; Coenraad V. Bos, accompanist. Anon, Abide with Me; Attey, On a Time. Folk songs (1615), Phyllis Was a Faire Maid and Lord Rendel; Schubert, Heimliches Lieben, Der Wanderer ann den Mond, An die Laute, Die Gertrine; Wolf, Morgentau, Rat einer Alten, Klinge Mein Pandero, Beherzigung; Carpenter, May the Maiden; A. M. Shaw, Waiting; E. C. Sharp, Japanese Death Song; C. Engel, The Sea Shell; Carpenter, Her Voice.

**TUESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Aimee Ponchon, mezzo-soprano, and William Simmons, tenor; Howard Slayman, accompanist. Miss Ponchon: Schumann, Frauenliebe und Leben; Endicott's arrangement of Sheep in Clusters; Burlleigh, Sailor's Wife; Beach, Wings (first time); Foster, One Golden Day. Mr. Simmons: Messenger, La Maison Grise from "Fortunio"; Lalo, Vainement, ma Bienaimée from "Le Roi d'Ys"; Widor, Mon Bras Pressait; Debussy, Voici que le Printemps; Robinson, Ships That Pass; Quilter, O Mistress Mine; Endicott, nocturne; Chadwick, The Danza; duet, Tu Pleures from Massenet's "Manon."

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Dai Buel, pianist. Bach, prelude and fugue, E major; Schumann, Arabesque, op. 18; Chopin, sonata, B minor; Vuillemin, En Kerneo (bagpipes), The Drunken Fisherman, Notre Dame de Kerinec, and again the bagpipes; Le Flem, Avril; Revel, Jeux d'eau; Aubert, Lutine; Rameau, Gavotte Variee; Liszt, Harmonies du Sol; Chopin, two etudes, Berceuse, Ballade, op. 47.

**WEDNESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Flonzaley quartet this season. Brahms, quartet, B flat major, op. 67; Erwin Schuelhoff, first quartet; Beethoven, quartet, C major, op. 59, No. 3.

**THURSDAY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor, and Pablo Casals, violoncellist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Famille Girouard, baritone; Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist. Schubert, der Atlas, An die Leier, die Stadt. Hahn, Tous Deux, En Sourdine, La Bonne Chanson, Massenet, Salome! Salome! (from "Herodiade"). Dvorak, By the Waters of Babylon and Turn Thee to Me (from "Bible Songs, op. 99), Tune Thy Strings, In His Gypsy Costume and From the Heights of Tatra (from Gypsy Songs, op. 55). Griffes, The Lament of Ian the Proud, The Dreamy Lake, An Old Song Resung.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Margaret Hamilton, pianist. Respighi, Italiana, Siciliano. Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue, E minor. Schumann, Sonata, F sharp minor. Debussy, La Plus que Lente, and Danse. Medtner, Two Fairy Tales, E minor and C minor. Rosenthal, Papillons. Delibes, Dohnanyi, Nalla Waltz.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

speaking acquaintance with the trumpets, the horns, the trombones and "grave and impressive" tuba. As usual, his program was arranged to show to advantage the merits of this particular branch of the orchestra, and so ideally were they presented that this audience should at least have a comfortable familiarity with the brilliant brass from now on.

There are those who take their music seriously, there are those who feel that a smile either before or after taking a little Weber, Wagner or Beethoven is something like a crime. If only there were more with Mr. Schelling's musical sense, common sense and sense of the comical when introducing the joys of music to young people especially!

Members of the Boston Symphony orchestra lent their talents splendidly to Mr. Schelling's conducting and seemed to have as pleasurable a time as did a large and enthusiastic audience.

C. M. D.

Feb 13 1928

Books of reminiscences with anecdotes of men and women are almost always readable, especially when the gossip has a malicious flavor. If the narrator is a dull dog or a snob, he may still give pleasure by the revelation of his nature. When the writer is an observer of changing fashions and manners; when he can afford to dispense with snobbishness; when he has had the opportunity of meeting those whom the world regards as great, his book is bound to be interesting.

"By the Clock of St. James" is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Percy Armitage, C. V. O., wrote it with the assistance of Maj. Desmond Chapman-Huston. Mr. Armitage, now interested in Boy Scouts, to whom he dedicates the book, was for many years the "controller of social and court functions" in London. He is old-fashioned in believing that birth and breeding are of some value in a man as they are all-important in other animals. He speaks of Sir John Armitage, whose death in action at St. James was mourned by Harry Warrington in Thackeray's "Virginians," and rather plumes himself on the fact that his mother was a Berkeley. He has something to say of his great-uncle Grantley Berkeley, but he does not refer to the brutal assault made by Grantley on Fraser, the publisher, who had included in a number of his magazine Dr. Maginn's savage review of Grantley's novel, "Berkeley Castle." Nor does he mention the Berkeley who accompanied the beautiful singer, Mrs. Austin, and was her passionate press agent at New York in 1826. He was described by Richard Grant White as "a member of a noble English family, who managed all her affairs with an ardent devotion beyond that of an ordinary man of business." There is a reference to the famous story of the fifth Earl marrying Mary Cole and the question of legitimacy that was decided in the House of Lords with reference to a son.

When Percy was born in the late thirties there was boxing, cock-fighting to amuse the hard-swearing, hard-drinking gentry. The boy was driven in a yellow, high-bodied chariot, drawn by four horses. Postillions in crimson liveries rode on the way to Berkeley Castle. At his first school the headmaster had the habit of tossing a handkerchief on the floor, ordering a new boy to pick it up, and then genially applying a few twigs of supple birch "on that part of the boy's anatomy apparently designed by nature for the purpose." Percy went to Wellington under the auspices of Charles Kingsley, whom he saw at Eversley Rectory, at a tall desk, smoking an inordinately long churchwarden. At school on the island of Jersey the boy saw the girl who was afterwards Mrs. Langtry, with a wealth of hair over her shoulders, buying things at a chemist's shop kept at St. Helier by the father of Millais.

We do not purpose to tell the life-story of Mr. Armitage. Let us note some of his observations on social manners and customs, on changes in London, which was geographically and socially a small place when he went there to dwell. He mourns the hideous chimneys of the present time; in Elizabethan and Tudor days they were things of

beauty. The "Professional Beauty" arrived on the scene about 1875. She seldom made a great success of her life. "I have always considered them the forerunners of 'climbers' who afterward became so ubiquitous and such a nuisance." The term Society meant only those who were eligible for presentation at court. One never met socially actors nor people in trade or business, except a few bankers. "It is difficult to realize today how recent is the social welcome to actors. The only actors invited to great houses were the Kendals, the Bancrofts and Irvings. Constance, wife of the first Duke of Westminster, did much to break down a stupid convention."

To walk or ride in Hyde Park one donned one's best clothes. A lady never walked there except with a gentleman a near relation or very intimate friend and then only before luncheon, that is between 12 and 2 o'clock. She might walk alone from one side of the square in which she lived to the other. She never went in a hansom; never patronized a 'bus. No one in society traveled except first-class. No one smoked in the streets. In country houses men were sent to smoke in the kitchen or servants' hall. "A friend of mine who is under 50 tells me that he was once reprimanded by a senior member for lighting a cigarette in the hall of the Carlton. . . . No man ever carried a parcel, nor does he now if he can possibly avoid it." A week-end party in those days was a dismal formal, stupid affair. People paying country house visits in Mr. Armitage's early days were accompanied by a maid and a valet, or a maid and a footman. Since the world war guests find tips a serious tax. An Irish acquaintance said to Mr. Armitage: "Week-end visits don't pay unless you steal the soap and the sealing-wax—and not even then." In the writer's earlier days a guest of the highest distinction purloined a large supply of his host's notepaper, and used sheet of it for his bread-and-butter letter to his hostess. The account of the parties of all sorts organized by the writer is good reading. "It was only when people began to give balls in empty houses and at hotels that smoking became general. Nowadays people smoke all over the house during a ball, and I am told, burn holes in priceless inlaid tables, tapestries and carpets—so easily does freedom degenerate into license. . . . Even then a band, if be fashionable, had to have a foreign name! Now it must have an American one, a variation which may (or may not) be an improvement."

Chapters are devoted to Queen Victoria, Edward VII, the coronation of George V, and ceremonial at the Court of St. James's. Queen Victoria was one of the best informed women of her time; she had the gift of getting the best from others. Her greatest contribution to her age was that she stood for the principle of authority, or respect. "There can be no above if there is no below." The are chapters about Indian princes and nobles, the potentates of Nepal, foreign royal visitors, peace conferences: St. James's palace, Presidents of the French republic. One chapter is entitled "Prominent People I Have Known"; another is "Royal Weddings and Wedding Presents." Mr. Armitage has not a high opinion of peace conferences. "I have sitting in dark places, or walking on eggs, and these gatherings are most alternate periods of boredom and anxiety. The average session at a peace conference seems to me to begin in darkness and end in gloom."

Mr. Armitage has many stories tell: strange to say there are few anecdotes about literary men or men of other arts. He remembers August Lumley, the Beau Brummel of yore gone by, Lumley, a brilliant dancer the polka; he found the Empress Eugenie an incomparable person, who insisted that her intimate women friends should have beauty, brains, character and personality; he mentions in a passing way Whistler and Oscar Wilde, only in connection with Lady Archib Campbell's outdoor performance of "You Like It"; Poole, the tailor, half-a-page. Here is a strong belief in the British army and navy.

Vanity Fair is to him a mirror of times; perhaps not so superficially attractive when viewed from the inside. He has seen all the advantages of



of human nature, brilliance, wit, vanity, high rank, money, power, now that he calls him an old man, he chooses first and best cause to remember "the ever young spring of the milk of human kindness which I have met with everywhere." The book is enriched with illustrations and a good index.

## Andres Segovia Again Shows Mastery of Instrument

Andres Segovia, the celebrated guitarist from Spain, gave a recital last night in Symphony hall. This was his first appearance here. He played a variety of pieces, those by Torroba and others were dedicated to Mr. Segovia. He seemed ever-hard on the guitar, more than the instrument could stand. Why not rewrite them for chamber orchestra? A neat play of color serve them well. R. R. G.

## Wagner Program Presented at Jordan Hall

The 12th concert by the People's Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, Mr. Will-F. Hofmann, conductor, with Miss Haskell, soprano, and Mr. J. Warren, baritone, as assisting soloists. It was an all Wagner program, consisting of the following: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Wotan's Farewell and Fire Scene from "Die Walkure"; Ride of the Valkyries; introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin"; second act, "Tannhauser"; prelude to "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde"; overture "Tannhauser". The unusually large and enthusiastic audience was attracted by this well arranged program. The orchestra was considerably augmented to meet the demands of the larger Wagner's instrumentation. When Wagner wants subdued solemn sounds, does he get it? By the use of brass instruments played "piano," so he uses soft tones of eight horns instead of the usual four, and a unique and beautiful effect is secured. Mr. Hofmann used the added resources with great effect from the very beginning. J. Warren appeared for the second time as soloist for the People's symphony yesterday, singing "Wotan's well," which showed his voice well suited for use with orchestra, although yesterday there was a lack of dramatic effect in which this song demands that only partially made up by his command and excellent diction. The introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" Mr. Hofmann had his solo groups better organized than in "Ride of the Valkyries," where the wind section failed to reach the high sweeps in high register with efficient dynamic power to make the effect thoroughly realistic. The string

sections were at their best yesterday. Miss Haskell also appeared for the second time this year at these concerts yesterday, giving a brilliant rendition of the exuberant music in the aria from the second act of "Tannhauser." She had all the vivacity and buoyancy which the character demands, and one could easily imagine the effectiveness of Miss Haskell's singing had she appeared in the vestments of Elizabeth, awaiting the return of her lover, Tannhauser, in operatic stage settings. It was, however, concert singing, excellently done and Miss Haskell was recalled many times by the audience she actually thrilled. A. H. D.

## GALLI-CURCI SINGS

Amelita Galli-Curci gave her final concert of the season at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Homer Samuels, pianist, and Ewald Hahn, flutist. The program was as follows: Purcell, "There's not a Swain"; Arne-Crist, "Where the Bee Sucks"; Mozart, "Ah! lo so," from the "Magic Flute"; Alabieff-Liebling, "The Nightingale (with flute)"; Billi, "Canto il grillo"; Leoncavallo, "Serenade"; Schubert, "Die Forelle"; Benedict, "The Gipsy and the Bird" (with flute); Watts, "The Poet Sings"; Loth, "Winter, Summer"; Donzetti-Wohlfarth-Guille, "Little Raindrops"; "Mad Scene," from "Lucia" (with flute). Mr. Samuels played Debussy, Dr. Gradus and Parnassum and Golliwogg's "Cakewalk"; Brahms, "Intermezzo in B flat minor." After two weeks of opera, an uncommon occurrence in Boston, there was still a large and enthusiastic audience gathered together to hear Mme. Galli-Curci, and for very good reason. So remarkable are the facile high notes of this singer that every time one hears them anew they are struck with the probability that a "giffie" had a hand in donating them. One could even weave a pleasant story about the

"giffie" wandering about without much to do when he (or she) heard the lilting sounds of a flute and immediately was struck with the idea that it would be nice to bestow this art on a human, just to see what would happen. Galli-Curci must have come along at that time and the boon was given her of mimicking the flute with tones as silvery (for the most part) and with a shade more warmth. Perhaps the "giffie" was not mischievous and is pleased that this experiment did not create jealousy and that a song and a flute can mingle tones so that when they become entangled it is difficult to tell which is which.

The thought will not be put aside, though, that Galli-Curci should vocalize a bit before she starts her program, so that those in the audience who have never heard her or have not heard her for some time will have a hint as to what is in store for them. It will save them the trouble of going through disappointment as Galli-Curci does the things that the average artist does and does them not so well as some. Once over the first few songs, that are more or less nods at any rate, and once safely launched in Ah, lo so and the Nightingale, her coloratura agility, which is also melodic, recharms and one breathes adjectives and sighs once again.

Mr. Samuels played in a thoroughly enjoyable manner, as did Mr. Hahn, and Galli-Curci was as gracious and generous with her encores as usual. The program ended officially with the familiar Mad Scene from "Lucia," which is well, as there are those who would have felt that the cheese had been left off the plate of good apple pie if this had been omitted. C. M. D.

ST. JAMES THEATRE — "White Cargo," a drama in three acts by Leon Gordon, given by the Keith-Albee players under the direction of Samuel T. Godfrey, with the following cast: Allen Langford, Samuel T. Godfrey, Fred Ashley, Harry Witzel, Walter Gilbert, A Doctor, John Winthrop, A Missionary, Frank Charlton, A Skipper, Malcolm Arthur, Engineer, James Hagan, Working Man, Henry Wadsworth, Jim Fish, Norman Faust, Tondelego, Clara Joel. This play of white men in the tropics which swept the country a few seasons back, has a lot to answer for, since its great popularity has been sending playwrights to the public library ever since to read up on ivory, apes and peacocks, cork helmets, grass skirts and jungles. Be it said in favor of "White Cargo" that many hours spent watching dark-skinned temptresses and cat-crazed Englishmen in these later war-heated dramas has not reduced it to absurdity. For it is more than good theatre—it has the realistic and inevitable qualities, of, say, a "What Price Glory." Its performance by the local company

is really favored because of the work of Samuel Godfrey and Walter Gilbert, two gentlemen whose craftsmanship can always be depended upon. Godfrey as the man who goes to the dogs before our eyes, and Gilbert as the man who has already gone and stays that way, are both convincingly what they purport to be. Godfrey's job is perhaps the more difficult, but he manages the disintegration of his young Englishman in a highly enlightened manner, so that when the youth who came to Africa with stern jaw and unflinching ideals eventually mates with a half-breed harlot, he does not jump out of character.

Other parts were well played, and the production was smoothly mounted. Clara Joel appeared well as the briefly gowned, enticing gold-digger of the jungle, and John Winthrop, a shade declamatory at the start, settled down into a sympathetic portrayal of the philosophical old doctor. H. F. M.

## ELSIE JANIS HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Star at Best in Series of Impersonations

Elsie Janis can do her revues, musical comedies, and concert hall splurges and always find a public, out it is a vaudeville and the intimacies it permits that allow her to appear to best advantage. She lost her voice last fall in California when playing the leading role in "Oh Kay" out there and was ordered to rest for a year by her doctor. A few months seemed to do the trick, however, and Miss Janis is back at work once more, better than ever.

Yesterday afternoon she introduced a new song she had written called "I Couldn't Be Bothered" (men being the subject she couldn't be bothered about). After this was successfully presented in the Janis manner, she began on her impersonations, having her various characters sing the song. First there was Lenore Ulric of "Lulu Belle" fame. Next in line, one of her best, too, was George Mack, the tailor of the "two black crows." Then came Beatrice Lillie, high pompadour and all, with her sweeping gestures and her "p-lease." Sarah Bernhardt, in pink negligee trimmed with ostrich, sat in a high-backed chair and sang "Just A Memory" in French for us. John Barrymore, a black scarf about his shoulders, declaimed a few lines of Hamlet with a Janis burlesque tucked in between them.

Will Rogers was her last one and in this she indulged in rope swinging as she talked. It was entertaining throughout, this Rogers stunt, but a little too lengthy. When she gives you just a flash of her characters it is far better. Miss Janis is a great artist, in her line, however, and the audience called her back yesterday again and again. Her dance as an extra encore could be omitted and not hurt the act. Lester Hodges was an able accompanist. The surrounding bill is unusually good at Keith's this week. The house was packed yesterday afternoon. It looked like the good old vaudeville days.—A. F.

## 'THE GAUCHO'

"The Gauchito," a film drama starring Douglas Fairbanks and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast: The Mountain Girl, Lupe Velaz; The Girl of the Shrine, Eve Southern; Ruiz, the Usurper, Gustav von Seyffertitz; The Padre, Nigel de Brulier; The Gauchito, Douglas Fairbanks.

One might suggest as mildly and politely as possible that the next time Douglas Fairbanks feels the urge to write his own scenario, some of his friends take him in hand and remind him that his job is that of an actor and producer—not an author. The production of "The Gauchito" is lavish and beautiful. There are many men in light colored uniforms with long swinging capes which not only grace the army but the picture. The buildings "in a country beyond the Andes" lend themselves to the interesting background that Mr. Fairbanks has built for his play, but his story is not thick enough to spread over all of this splendor.

Roughly the story tells how a bandit chief leads his gauchos (South American cowboys) to a shrine city and occupies it. There is a more elegant and cruel usurper in an adjoining city and the balance of power is treated very much like a single bone with two energetic dogs worrying it. It is only a matter of time before the cruel one gets the hero in jail with a gallows being built outside his window when the hero tricks his jailers, leaps from garrison to tree and from tree to tree until he joins his worthy comrades, stirs up a stampede of steers to clear the way back into the town and save the lives of a kindly padre and the girl of the shrine who were to go to the gallows with him. This later was a

whim of the cruel usurper, but the play was wrested from him and one sees him bowing his head before advertisements featuring "The Gauchito" before the end of the film.

There is a victim of the black doom to make things more interesting and a mountain girl played by Lupe Velaz. So closely does she resemble the lovely Dolores del Rio that she might be her sister and Miss Velaz is at home before the camera. She contributes a major share of the pleasure of this film. Eve Southern is the girl of the shrine and is beautiful as such but has little to do. Douglas Fairbanks is a graceful Gauchito, uses a cigarette the way a prima donna does a sustained note and his great energy in a way to make the rest of us marvel. C. M. D.

## COHENS AND KELLYS SHOWN AT OLYMPIA

Paris Setting of Film Comedy —Also at the Fenway

"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris," at the Washington street Olympia and Fenway this week, contains an abundance of clever comedy. As the title suggests, the famous Jewish and Hibernian families frolic in Paris. For the most part it is comedy of the Mack Sennett variety, easy to laugh at, but at times it takes on the aspect of a French farce, with the excellent acting and brilliant directing lifting it completely out of the commonplace. J. Farrell McDonald and Vero Gordon lavish as much pains on their parts as if they were appearing in the most serious kind of drama. In fact, they carry the art of pantomime to a point where the audience can easily distinguish what they are saying by merely watching the action on the screen.

No less excellent is George Sidney, peppery father of the Jewish family, whose delight is bickering with his Irish partner. Mr. Sidney's facial contortions are marvelous, his sense of comedy is immense. Then there are the young Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Kelly of course, being Cohen's daughter, Charles Delaney and a delightful looking Miss by name of Sue Carol capably portray this couple.

Gertrude Astor plays this siren to perfection. Another person who should be mentioned in the honor list is William Beaudine, the director. Comedy is this man's forte, and he has not only made the film constantly amusing, but also immensely pleasing to the eye. Camera tricks are his specialty, his close-ups really tell the tale instead of slowing up the action.

Heading the seven act vaudeville bill are Kenny-Carver & Co. in a bright comedy skit, "Oh Auntie." Ward and Diamond, old time favorites, bring a new song and dance routine which scored heavily. Others are the Hong Kong Troupe, Oriental acrobats; Jones and Jones in a character sketch of the Southern negro; Stateroom 19, a novel comedy act; Wall and Deeds and Fred and Daisy Rial. Another of the well-liked collegian comedies, Paramount News and orchestral selections complete the program.

## 'YELLOW SANDS'

COPLEY THEATRE—"Yellow Sands," a comedy in three acts, by Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts. The cast was as follows:

Richard Varwell	E. E. Clive
Emma Major	Barbara Merriman
Arthur Varwell	David Clyde
Joe Varwell	Rupert Lucas
Thomas Major	Norman Cannon
Lydia Blake	Gaby Fay
Mary Varwell	Elspeth Dudgeon
Jennifer Varwell	May Ediss
Ninnie Masters	Barbara Hastings
Nelly Masters	Ether Douglas
Mr. Baslow	Ralph Roberts

Eden Phillpotts, guinea pig among novelists, has produced, along with his regular quota of at least one book a year, a play as gentle and undistinguished as his books. Yellow Sands is a fishing village, mainly inhabited by Varwells, all waiting hopefully for the death of Aunt Jennifer Varwell, 80 years old and the possessor of £5000. Aunt Jennifer decides on her fiery socialist nephew, to the extreme surprise of everyone in the cast and no one in the audience. Aunt Jennifer dies in a parenthesis between act two and act three, the socialist's ambition suffers a very normal change from the saving of the world's underdogs to love in a cottage with Lydia, and that is the plot.

The play wanders through a first act of introduction to the quaint village characters, rather like reading a novel by Joseph C. Lincoln. May Ediss is lovely as Aunt Jennifer, a fragile little old lady, looking like a bit of porcelain in plum color and cascading lace ruffles.



## "I'll Leave It to You" Is Given in Capable Style

With a gentle air of serenity she accepts the more or less disinterested homage of her kin. There is her brother Richard, the family drunkard. Mr. Olive makes him an engaging old n'er-do-well, who at least never bothers to hide his true colors. There is Jennifer's sister-in-law, Mary, one of those God-fearing women who "wouldn't be so silly as to wish you many happy returns, Jennifer, on your 80th birthday," and her son, Arthur, crazy for red-haired girls. Then there are two giggling spinster cousins, Minnie and Nellie, and last of all Joe. It must be said of Joe that his bursts of red enthusiasm become almost as boring as those of a real off-stage socialist, also that if anyone could make Joe lovable, Mr. Lucas could.

There is the interior of Jennifer's cottage, with a whatnot complete with conch shells and wax flowers under glass, antimacassars, and lace frills on the piano bench. There is Jennifer's birthday party in act II, with Richard singing an improper song about trained fleas in a boarding house, and for the benefit of haried hostesses Jennifer has a new idea on how to end a party—"You can all go home, if you please." There is a reading of the will after the funeral, and a good deal of philosophy on the order of "The sea's honest. The sea be generous."

The lines have brightness but never achieve wit, the characters are types and never become quite real, the play is gently rather than acutely soporific. It's all right if you like that type of thing, and apparently it's the type of thing the English like, for it ran all last winter in London. Possibly it's the difference in accent, or perhaps prohibition has something to do with it. "Yellow Sands" is inclined to wilt in the cruder air of the new world. But even here it has its admirers, for a lady in row four audibly described it as "an awfully cute play." R. H. G.

## "THE LEOPARD LADY" IN TWIN THEATRES

Jacqueline Logan Stars in Circus Story

"The Leopard Lady," top-line photograph at the Modern and Beacon theatres this week, a DeMille production and featuring Jacqueline Logan and Alan Hale, tells a fascinating story woven around a circus which travels through Austria. It is redolent of the sawdust ring and appeals to old and young alike. Whenever this circus arrives at a town a murder occurs, and it is the solution of these crimes which forms the basis of the highly thrilling incidents in the development of the plot. Miss Logan as "The Leopard Lady" and Alan Hale as a comradely cossack rider are artistic in their portrayals.

In the companion picture, "Soft Living," Madge Bellamy, in the starring role, portrays the part of Nancy Woods, a modern girl who makes her living as secretary to a famous divorce attorney. She becomes cynical concerning marriage because of her occupation, and decides to secure an easy livelihood herself by marrying a man of wealth. Although her husband is madly in love with her, he sees through her ulterior motive, after they are married, and teaches her a valuable lesson.

## "CONEY ISLAND" FILM AT SCOLLAY SQUARE

Ralph Ince, in "Coney Island," has brought to the screen of the Scollay Square Olympia and Fenway, a story of the joys and sorrows that beset the concessionaires, ticket sellers, and fun-makers of the world's greatest amusement park.

## CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

Colonial—"Sidewalks of New York," Ray Dooley stars in musical written by Eddie Dowling. Last week.

Hollis—"Four Walls," John Golden's present melodrama of life in lower East Side, starring Muni Wisenfreund. Last week.

Majestic—"Yours Truly," Leon Errol in Gene Buck's first musical comedy. Second week.

Plymouth—"Straight Thru The Door," William Hodge stars in his latest play. Second week.

Shubert—George White's "Scandals," with Willie and Eugene Howard, Ann Pennington, Tom Patricola, Buster West, Henry Richman and others. Last week.

Wibur—"The Road to Rome," Robert Sherwood's comedy starring Jane Cowl. Fourth week.

Repertory Theatre: "I'll Leave It to You," a comedy in three acts, by Noel Coward. The cast:

Joye	Adelaide	George
Sylvia	Katherine	Warren
Bobbie	Arthur	Sircom
Evans	Margaret	Conklin
Mr. Dermott	Cecilia	Radcliffe
Oliver	Thomas	Shearer
Daniel Davis	William	Faversham, Jr.
Mrs. Crombie	Milton	Owen
Edith Crombie	Olga	Birkbeck
	Willie	Richard

It is perhaps permissible to wonder whether Noel Coward did not suffer a change of heart in the course of writing "I'll Leave It to You." The play starts as comedy pure and simple; perhaps farce would be more correct; but it soon becomes self-conscious and even preachy and ends in the approved Cinderella style. Surely there is no need for an author so clever to become afraid of his own characters and reform them in time for the last act. When we go to see one of his plays we expect to be amused, not to have our minds improved. No one knows better than Noel Coward how to make a quarrelsome family true to life and thoroughly likable, but judging by everyday life they would have kept on arguing to the end, and his sudden sweetening of their dispositions seems slightly implausible to say the least.

It must be admitted that Daniel Davis was somewhat of an optimist when he expected his idle nephews and nieces to make good on the strength of a possible legacy—either optimistic or an unusually keen observer. Doubtless, even he was surprised at the marvelous results when every one of the loafers turned out to be a genius—or very nearly. The results must have been almost as startling as the real fortune that suddenly dropped into his lap just before the final curtain. Just why the children should have been so fearfully taken to task for their disappointment over the non-existence of the legacy promised to each of them is not altogether clear. They had been badly fooled and, what was worse, laughed at heartily—no wonder their tempers were not of the best. Sylvia, even if she was in love with Daniel, need not have been so unbearably priggish in her lecture on morals and behavior—there is such a thing as an excess of virtue. Uncle Daniel had his little joke, however, and came out of it with a wife and a fortune, leaving a chastened and uplifted set of relatives behind him. Highly improbable but very pleasant and amusing.

The performance last night was carried through with great spirit and enjoyment; the company seemed thoroughly at home in their parts and squabbled and argued with great relish and conviction. The ineffable Bobbie and Evangeline were excellently played by Arthur Sircom and Margaret Conklin. The latter was especially good as a languid literary maiden. William Faversham, Jr., as Oliver, the son of the house, was most convincing as an athletic heavyweight who had mechanical genius, none the less. Cecilia Radcliffe as the mother of the unruly brood, played with delightful absentmindedness and gentle obtuseness, while Olga Birkbeck made a vivid and highly amusing character out of Mrs. Crombie, the social climber. Milton Owen, as Daniel Davis, and Katherine Warren, as Sylvia, were rather handicapped by the incessant moralizing thrust on them by the author—they were much too noble to be funny. But both made their parts bearable and at times entertaining. Thomas Shearer's Griggs, the indispensable butler, was most amusing, if slightly overdone. E. L. H.

## BARCAROLE

(For As the World Wags)

When morning finds me stiff and sore,  
And dressing slowly lags;  
I curse the weather prophet's lore  
The World and all its snags.

My oats or eke my "bale o' hay"  
Might lure the stable nags.  
They tempt me not—I fain would say  
The World is full of fags.

The coffee cold—the bacon worse,  
The eggs are storage hags,  
The rolls are heavy as a hearse,  
The World seems made of rags.

The postman brings a tailor's bill,  
The Time persistent drags;  
My furnace will not kill the chill,  
The World's a sphere of scrag.

At last the beaming butler brings  
The well known lot of gags,  
That one collects as jokes and stings,  
The World is changed—it Wags!

WOOF WOOF.

## MISSING?

As the World Wags:

Is it possible that a much esteemed character, for a long time missing from your columns, is one of your brain-children, a product of your imagination, or is he some little known character that was taken from the lore of mythology in your library and given 20th century settings and modern desires, appetites and imperfections?

He was a lovable character, as were his faults which you occasionally brought to the attention of your readers.

Can it be that you are about to put before the public the great volumes so often referred to as "Man as a Social and Political Beast," and are using the title of this character as your pen-name?

Are your readers to resign themselves to the fact that this grand and lovable character, possibly the most lovable mentioned in your column, is never to reappear in As-the-World-Wags?

If so, I am disconsolate!

J. F. TOBIN.

Leavenworth, Kansas.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is not a mythical character, Mr. Tobin. He is a good man, in spite of the faults to which you allude, and he weighs about 165 pounds, in due proportion to his height. He has not called on us for some weeks, nor has he favored us with comments written in his acute and humane manner on the daily routine and extraordinary events of life. There is no telephone in his room in Blossom court; letters addressed to him there have been returned to us. Is it possible that he has gone to Nicaragua to study the practical results of intervention? The police deny the rumor that he offered assistance in the attempt to solve the Smith College mystery. He himself is in some respects a mysterious character. His landlady and his printer are as anxious as you are, Mr. Tobin, to know what has become of him. He has no fear of gunmen. As Juvenal wrote in his justly admired satire: "Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator," or, as Gifford translated it, not attaining the satirist's conciseness: "While void of care the beggar trips along."

And in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song."

That Mr. Johnson is "vacuus" is a reproach to the Rockefeller Foundation, and the awards of the Nobel and Pulitzer prizes.—Ed.

## MUSICAL CRITICISM IN ST. LOUIS

As the World Wags:

Following the first number of last Sunday's "Pop" concert (Corelli's Suite for String Orchestra from "Op. V"—Bernardino Molinari leading): "Mamma, mamma! Ain't he wonderful? Such effects he gets. So refined. He ain't so refined looking as he plays refined, mamma." A. W. M.

Mr. Richard Roe sends to us from Bermuda the following clippings from the Royal Gazette and Colonial Daily:

Mr. Gustave Stern, manager of the stock brokerage firm of Baar, Cohin & Co. (members New York Stock Exchange) is a guest at the Belmont Manor. Mr. Stern is an ardent cyclist. His one regret is that he did bring Mrs. Stern with him.

## ANOTHER APOLOGY IMPENDING

Mr. — is an ardent cyclist. His one regret is that he did bring Mrs. — with him.—(R. G. and C. D.)

We were able to explain the mistake, but how Mr. — will be beyond us.

## THIS IS NOT A SCOTCH STORY

As the World Wags:

This is not a Scotch story. It simply has to do with a Scotchman who was tired of the silly stories told about Scotchmen. "I'll fix 'em," he said to himself. "I'll throw away my mush and my hoot and my money—they ain't gonna tell stories about ME!"

But, just the same, in the course of time he got hold of an automobile. Well, sir, you know—after while this Scotchman died, leaving the motor car to his married son, who had a little boy. Now, the married son, it seems, didn't know a thing about the old man throwing away the oatmeal and the money; he lived entirely for the future of his little boy—in fact, he had the little fellow's future so much at heart that he thought it would be a good idea to teach him to drive the automobile.

"Say, pop," said the wee laddie, side-swiping a banana cart, a fire plug and a Yellow and then roaring past the red light, "what kind of a automobile will I have when I grow up to be a big man like you?" "I can't tell," replied pop, "till we get back to the garage!"

ORACLE.

## THE COCK ON STEEPLES

As the World Wags:

What is the significance of the cock used so frequently on our church spires, as a weather vane or sort of superfluous? It would not seem that Peter's denial of his master was an incident that Christendom would be proud to symbolize in high places, unless as a warning. J. L. B.

East Lynn.

There are several explanations. The one accepted by many is as follows: "The cock symbolizes preachers. For the cock, ever watchful, even in the night, gives notice how the hours pass, wakens sleepers, predicts the approach of day, but first excites himself by striking his sides with his wings. All this must be understood mystically. The night is this world. The sleepers are the children of this world asleep in their sins. The cock is the preacher who preaches boldly and excites them to cast away the works of darkness. And as the weather-cock faces the wind, the preacher turns himself to meet the rebellious by threats and arguments."

We now quote from Collins's "Symbolism of Animals and Birds in English Church Architecture": "Early writers say that the cock is significant of vigilance and liberality, the latter because it calls for the hens to come and share its food. The clergy, says a medieval poet, are not to keep all their learning to themselves, but, imitating the cock, to distribute to their congregations. In a sarcophagus of the third century it is as a general emblem of human weakness and repentance. In St. Peter's Church, Rauleston, Hereford, every conceivable place on the capitals is occupied by the carving of cocks."

It is believed that Pope Gregory in the sixth century declared the cock to be the emblem of Christianity; that a papal enactment of the ninth century ordered the figure of a cock to be placed on every church steeple as the emblem of St. Peter. In ancient Greece the cock, as the bird of the morning, was emblematic of renewed vitality.—Ed.

## Aimee Ponchon and William Simmons Give Concert

Aimee Ponchon, mezzo-soprano, and William Simmons, tenor, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall, accompanied by Howard Slayman. Miss Ponchon sang Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle; an "early American" song, "Sheep in Clusters," arranged by Samuel Endicott; Burleigh's "Sailor's Wife"; a new song, "Wings," by John Beach, and "One Golden Day," by Fay Foster. With Mr. Simmons she sang a duet from Massenet's "Manon," "Tou Pleures."

Miss Ponchon sang well, especially in her English songs, where she was sufficiently at ease to maintain a considerable degree of evenness in her voice, a voice, at its best, extremely agreeable; a voice, furthermore—at its best, that is to say—freely and effectively produced. A mistress of remarkably clear enunciation in both German and English—very likely, too, in French—Miss Ponchon was able, on the comfortable home ground of her second group, to set forth the meaning of the texts with a warmth of style beyond the reach of the run of singers in Jordan hall.

Words cleanly and intelligently uttered, melodic phrases tastefully shaped, conviction there to quicken the whole—no wonder Miss Ponchon was enthusiastically applauded. She had some thing to give. In time, no doubt, after further study, she will be able to sing the exacting Schumann songs with the fervor they need, the beautiful tonal imagination, as well as the musical intelligence she had for them last night.

Mr. Simmons sang "La Maiso Grise" by Messager, the aubade "Lalo, Widor's "Mon Bras Pressait," Debussy's "Voici que le Printemps," "Ship That Pass," by Robinson, Quilter's "Mistress Mine," a nocturne by Endicott and Chadwick's "Danza."

He has, like Miss Ponchon, admirably clear enunciation. Last night, indeed, he gave the impression that he set enunciation, in his scale of values, first—above melody, accent, tone; he seemed, particularly in his French song not so much to be singing as to be reciting words on pitch.

Now that he has developed his enunciation so soundly, it would be well Mr. Simmons were to turn his attention to the development of tone, so that all his tones can come forth equal in his best—his best is very pleasant whatever the vowel called for, in whatever range. By a firmer tone, a quality more even, Mr. Simmons would be able to suggest a beauty in melody which last night eluded him.

This is too bad, for Mr. Simmons, songs like the "Danza," say, or the Irish encore, can make the meanest clear. And he, like Miss Ponchon, blessed with the knack of pleasing people. A large audience applauded him roundly.

R. R. G.

## MISS DAI BUELL

Last evening, in Symphony hall, Miss Dai Buell gave the following program of pianoforte music: prelude and fugue in major, Bach; Arabesque Op. 18, Schumann; Sonata B minor, Chopin; Er Kerneo, Vullemin; Gavotte by Rameau; Harmonies du Soir, Liszt; Two Etudes Berceuse, and the A flat Ballade Chopin.



ne Bach and Schumann numbers as introductory numbers to the opus Sonata, and would have done admirably had they not suffered in a muffled and indistinctiveness that never left Miss Buell's playing throughout the program. They were quite colorless. Yet, they acted introductory to the best conceived, most poetic number on the program, opus in B minor, Chopin. Here the player had more opportunity to give a broader spirit to her music, and might an excellent singing quality play that had not appeared before. In fact the Sonata started Miss Buell on a fairer road, had she followed it up with something better than Vieuxtemps' "Opus Suite," which really is nothing more than merest novelty, and did nothing by following the more serious music of Chopin. It was capable that her instrument particularly well adapted to imitation Bagdad playing, but if it was chosen for purpose the price paid was far too high in the other numbers, for the gain in the long and tedious.

Miss Buell next played "Avril" by Lehmann, which was a bright and welcome piece. At the end of the second part, the player received at least half-dozen baskets of flowers and bouquets, evidence that Miss Buell had many admirers in the half-filled hall. The third and last group of pieces, the listeners found themselves on more familiar ground, and had Miss Buell's playing sufficiently improved in these, three 'first time in Boston' pieces had have been forgiven on that account, but at no time did her playing show the radiant, transcendent music actually exists in the numbers. More is required than technique and dexterity to make a pianist with imagination, finish, and artistic values must also be included. At the close of the recital, Miss Buell was enthusiastically applauded, and obliged to play a number of encores.

A. H. D.

Feb 16 1928

Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, director, assisted by Pablo Casals, violinist, will give a concert in Symphony hall tonight.

Alfred Girouard, baritone, will give a recital in Jordan hall tonight. Songs by Schubert, Hahn, Dvorak, Griffes, and a pair from Massenet's "Herodiade." Mario Siegel will play the piano in Steinert hall. The recital will be under the auspices of the City Club.

Underground poster in London, displayed probably for a day in the city, displays the cuckoo theme of the "Pastoral" symphony, the "Wedding," from Mendelssohn's "Without Words," "Dear Little Cup," Schumann's "Slumber," and Wagner, Elgar and Tchaikovsky, and even the "Maiden's Prayer."

Margaret Hamilton will play the piano in Jordan hall next Saturday evening. Music by Respighi, Mendelssohn, Schumann (sonata, F-sharp), Debussy, Medtner, Rosenthal, and Dohnanyi.

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert Friday afternoon and Saturday evening is not the one that was announced. As it now stands it includes Rimsky-Korsakov, Introduction and Variations for Orchestra, Op. 18, from "Le Coq d'Or"; Bartok, Concerto No. 5 for piano and orchestra; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6 "Pathetic"; Bela Bartok will play the piano part of his concerto, which was performed last summer at the Tanglewood festival. (Mr. Bartok will take part in a private chamber concert tonight: Bartok, Sonata for cello and piano; Sonata and other pieces; string quartet No. 2.) Bartok, born in 1881 at Nagyszombat, Hungary (now annexed to Rumania), died at Bratislava and Budapest. He began to compose in his ninth year, and wrote a piano sonata (1897), a string quartet (1898) and a string quartet (1899). The list of his works includes operas, orchestral suites, chamber music, many piano pieces, songs. He has compiled and published collections of Hungarian, Rumanian and Slovakian songs and dances. Probably the first to play any of his music in Boston.

Mr. Gebhard, when the "Bear" was excited attention and comment. It has been performed here at a symphony concert; a string quartet was played by the visiting Hart House quartet of the University of Toronto. It occupies a leading position among composers of today. Mr. Lawrence Gilman has characterized him as a powerful, intransigent, the an of darkly passionate imagination,

tion, austere, sensuous, ruthlessly logical, a cerebral rhapsodist; a tone poet who is both an uncompromising modernist and the resurrector of an ancient past."

The orchestra of Lincoln House Association, Jacques Hoffmann, conductor, will give a concert at Lincoln House, 80 Emerald street, tonight at 8:15. Mozart, Overture to "The Magic Flute"; Glinka, "Kamarinskaya"; Saint-Saens, prelude to "The Deluge" (violin solo by David Kuhlous); Beethoven, two movements from Symphony No. 1; Tchaikovsky, Marche Slav. Mrs. Lillian Orbach, soprano, will sing these songs: Warner, My Hedgerow and Meadow; Donaudy, Perduta ho la Speranza; Densmore, A Spring Fancy. This concert will be open to the public without charge; to all persons over 17 years of age. No tickets

will be required. The orchestra will number 50 players.

The Intercollegiate Glee Club contest will take place in Symphony hall on Friday, Feb. 24, at 8 o'clock. The judges of this, the third, contest will be Malcolm Lang and Thompson Stone of Boston, and Ralph Baldwin of Hartford, Ct.

The Boston Flute Players' Club, George Laurent, musical director, will give its 40th concert next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, at the Boston Art Club: Jac Pillois, Cinq Hai-Kai (Japanese lyric epigrams), for flute, violin, viola, violoncello and harp. The composer will conduct. Pillois, Bucoliques (sonatine), for flute and piano; Poulenc, trio for oboe, bassoon and piano; Mozart, piano quartet in G minor; Roland E. Partridge, tenor, will sing songs by Copland, Ballantine, Griffes and Pillois. The music by Pillois will be performed for the first time in Boston. A sketch of M. Pillois, born at Paris in 1877, a pupil of Vierni and Widor, will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

The program of the concert by the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor, in the Repertory Theatre next Sunday evening will

be as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue arranged for strings by Mabel Wood Hill; Liszt, "The Preludes"; Schubert, "Unfinished" Symphony; Britten, Symphonic Intermezzo; Wagner, Overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Esther Lundy Newcome, soprano, will sing Mme. Leginska's Six Nursery Rhymes with small orchestra accompaniment.

Ruth Collins of the dramatic department, N. E. Conservatory, will give a lyric action recital tonight in costume in Recital hall at 8:15 P. M., assisted by Beatrice C. Perron, violinist, Dorothy R. Knouss, harpist, and Mary Fishburne, pianist. The recital will be under the direction of Clayton D. Gilbert of the dramatic department. Songs by Watts, Besly, Dunhill, Lohr, Alice Barnett, Bantock, Goetzl and Wakefield Smith.

It is decided that in the "modern costume" performance of "Macbeth," Lady Macbeth shall wear a night-dress. It is, indeed, difficult to see what other course could be taken in view of her words (presumed to be addressed to Macbeth): "Wash your hands, put on your nightgown." You really cannot talk of a husband's nightgown while his wife wears pyjamas.—London Observer

## FLONZALEY FOUR

The Flonzaley quartet, for this season's closing concert, played Brahms's B flat quartet, op. 67, a quartet by the unfamiliar Erwin Schulhoff, and the Beethoven quartet in C major, op. 59.

Applause greeted the players on their entrance like that with which a crowd salutes the reigning prima donna. There was, though, in it a warmer heartiness, less of caprice and excitement, more real friendliness and respect. Dignity and solid attainment, high standards never lowered—they count, whatever those who favor the meretricious may swear to the contrary.

Fashions change; there's no denying that. This year the fashion-chasers rush in droves to hear this performer or that; the next winter they refuse to go near him. A body, nevertheless, remains, of persons who respect good work—of which there is none too much—who continue to hear those performers who can continue to make their concerts engrossing. This body of the faithful is the body musical, on which performers depend for their support. They hold the Flonzaley quartet high; so much they made clear last night.

They liked, nine-tenths of the company present, the odd quartet by Schulhoff. They were not at their ease at first—the hilarious first movement failed to soften certain forbidding faces, though it had as gay a romping tune to it as anybody could ask, rhythm clean cut yet changing, with nothing

out of the way at all but an excess of dissonance for those who fancy less. Even the second movement, serenadelike in its melody, cool in color but varied enchantingly, did not drive away all stern looks.

The third movement did. It runs, the program states, "alla Slovacca." It sounds like that; does not the very word "Slovacca" suggest the kick, the snap, the bounce that animate this pleasant piece? The tune, though, in its rhythm is point to point like "Yankee Doodle." Had an American written this "allegro giocoso" how people would have gone on about the new American spirit in music! From an American audience, at all events, it hunted away the last vestiges of disapproval. Its atmosphere, too, held so firm that the finale, in totally different mood, could not fully establish its own mood, or moods, till near the end.

This attractive quartet was enthusiastically applauded. Missionary work the Flonzaley quartet, indeed, have done; they have accomplished much.

The new piece they played with as sympathetic a spirit as though their oldest member were not above 20 years old—and with the musicianship that comes of maturity and sound knowledge. The Brahms quartet, especially the last three movements, they played in their most notable style, in which perfection of finish and emotional warmth marched arm and arm to a splendid accomplishment. R. R. G.

Feb 17 1928

Pathetic "Personal" in a London newspaper: "The world has treated me badly—women especially. I walk and drive through town and country and nobody seems to smile."

Somebody should be so compassionate as to kiss this unfortunate gentleman, if only on the brow.

What may be the personal qualities which justify a writer attempting a novel nobody knows, because the definition of a novel must include the virtues of "The Pickwick Papers" and "War and Peace," to say nothing of "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Pilgrim's Progress."—H. M. Tomlinson.

The wrapper is the worst enemy of an author. No wonder that Ralph Strauss, reviewing Ernest Boyd's "Literary Blasphemies," writes: "One may commiserate with him on the few words of explanation on the wrapper. To be told that Shakespeare will here be found to be 'debunked' is hardly a good recommendation for the book in this country" (England).

### NOT "MISTER"

It is usually considered right to use the "esquire" when addressing professional men and other men who enjoy incomes exceeding £500 a year.—Septimus Bright in the Daily Chronicle.

### ACTRESS

(For As the World Wags)

You wear your sorrow like a scarlet gown  
While people stare and criticize and frown.

You go your way with ear-rings hanging long,  
Your clinking bracelets make a silly song.

With bright-eyed buckles on your dancing feet  
Your laugh seems gayer and your step more fleet.

They shake their heads—so stern and archly wise,  
They cannot penetrate a mad disguise!  
Boston. ALICE PORTER.

### SOLIQUY IN A FLAT

As the World Wags:  
Life aint no knockout. Get up in the morning and who makes the fire and who gets the breakfast? Yeah, does he? Yes, he does, in a pig's eye. He's gotta shave he has. He'd drive ya nutty singing in the bathroom. Then he comes to the table rubbing his hands together like a floorwalker. Oh yes he's fresh as a buttercup—he feels great he does. "No dear, no waffles—just eggs an oatmeal an sausage an bacon an pancakes. . . Well of all the crust. Wouldntcha know it. Me making hot waffles for that lazy loafer. Yeah I'll give him sausage. I'll give him a sock on the puss. Sure he wants the paper first. Oh yes he's gotta hurry down to the office. Wouldntcha think he'd fold his napkin. He hangs his pajamas up he does. YES HE DOES. . . My gawd, no hot water. Hot flat this. Ice for nothin in the winter. . . Telephone? Yep. . . Must be Mazie. . . Hello Maiz. . . Yeah I was all finished HOURS ago. . . Lunch at Child's, lets—and then to the Metropolitan. . . Huh? . . . Wotcha say? . . . Sure. . . Alrighty—Uh-huh. . . Well aint she the pig. . .

Yeah sure alrighty. . . Uh-huh just so I get home time 'nuff to throw the potatoes on for supper. ORY-VWA!  
ORACLE.

### HOW'S THIS, WATSON?

(University of Illinois class schedule for February, 1928)

#### ARCHITECTURE

12. History of Architecture—Prerequisite: Sophomore standing. Not open to students expecting a degree in Architecture. (3). 3 MWF; 305 E. H.

### NOW THAT I AM A MAN

When one takes up old habits for diversion,  
The things for which in youth he'd had a flare,  
As with new wine that's poured into old bottles,  
The kick he had expected is not there.

Old loves and games of the same vernal vintage,  
Old intimates, old tastes in books and such,  
Become in time among his pet aversions  
Like an old suit which he has worn too much.

It's best to leave old habits in the discard,  
Else one might find himself, like David, cold  
To beauty strangers bring him from Phenicia;  
And then he'll know, too soon, that he is old.

### THE PHANTOM LOVER.

### THE NILE FOR NERVES

(T. P. O'Connor.)

If I were free I should like to go for a month or two every year to the Nile. Of all the vacations that are useful to people with nerves jaded by London life, there is no such omnipotent cure as the Nile. At first it is not easy to see why it should be so. Mud is all around you, and almost within you; the river is muddy; all the towns and villages you pass on the way to Cairo are muddy; and on the shores and banks of either side are a succession of small muddy cabins. Yet in no place have I ever been where I was so full of that unconscious happiness that comes of the perfect equipoise of the nervous system. I awake at 6; held out for a quarter of an hour till I asked for my cup of coffee and three eggs (three Egyptian eggs are about equal to one English); and I think I got to almost the state of the Buddhist Nirvana in not caring about anything that had ever happened to me in my life before or was going to happen in the future.

### RED ROSES

I brought her red roses,  
But she wore a yellow dress,  
They were really lovely posies,  
Yet they only gave distress.  
'Twas disaster, nothing less,  
For the fact too well discloses  
I'm the kind of man, I guess,  
Who always brings red roses  
To match a yellow dress.

To have the best intentions  
In the heart is not enough,  
For you just provoke dissensions  
If your technique is too rough.  
If any one supposes  
He can please without finesse,  
Remember, all she knows is  
That I brought her red roses  
When she wore a yellow dress.  
BERNARD.

### WILL SOMEBODY SING IT?

We read that there is in France a disrespectful song about railway station-masters that every Frenchman knows "Nobody believes it to be based upon any ascertained statistics about the private lives of this estimable body of men. Indeed, the nature of their employment which keeps them constantly at home makes them even less likely than other men to be the victims of conjugal infidelity." These station masters are vexed when they hear the song. The one at Nexon, having stopped a train for "seditious singing," identified the vocalists, and took them before a magistrate who sentenced them to jail for a month without the option of a fine.

### SHE'S NOT GOING BACK

(Chicago Southtown Economist)

Miss Ella Gavin, 6450 Woodlawn avenue, is convalescing at her home, from a visit with relatives in Paxton.

## CAMILLE GIROUARD

Camille Girouard, baritone, sang this unusually dignified program last night in Jordan hall, accompanied by Margaret Kent Hubbard:

Der Atlas, An die Leier, Rastlose Liebe, Die Stadt, Schubert; Tous Deux, En Sourdine, La Bonne Chanson, Hahn; "Salome! Salome!" from Herodiade, Massenet; By the Water of Babylon, Turn Thee to Me, Tune Thy Strings, Oh Gypsy, In his Gypsy Costume, From the







by Dr. Davison; Mme. Arthur  
ner, mezzo-soprano; Arthur  
tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone;  
ssac, narrator. This will be  
performance in the United

## ACTORS' FUND NOW AT COLONIAL

### g Performers at Local Houses Contribute

10th annual benefit in behalf of  
r's fund of America was held  
afternoon at the Colonial  
before a large and enthusias-  
ence. Stars from most of the  
ons playing in Boston, acts  
udeville houses and two local  
as took part in the entertain-

Errol, star of "Yours Truly" at  
estic, was master of ceremonies  
was excellent. So often come-  
in this capacity in an endeavor  
unny will forget that after all  
ain job is to introduce the vari-  
ormers to the audience. Mr.  
ve every player his and her due  
en-time and waits gave him op-  
ties, he did some clowning that  
ed the audience.

he acts did their best and were  
y applauded by the large house.  
and Eugene Howard, Rose Per-  
om Patricola, Ann Pennington  
and John West and Frances  
as from the "Scandals" were  
the performers. Jane Cowl  
William Hodge made appropri-  
eeches for the occasion. "The  
alls of New York" company at  
olonial contributed three scenes  
their show. Ray Dooley, the shin-  
ur. Fred Allen stepped over from  
eith-Albee Boston long enough to  
ne of his original monologues that  
ugely enjoyed.

ey Pearl and his orchestra from  
ent" and Jacques Renard and his  
d from "Cocoon Grove" added  
el tunes to the program. Evelyn  
of the "Yours Truly" company  
some "blues." The Sixteen Tiller  
from this company and Irving  
of the same show were outstand-  
atures. Several entertaining dra-  
sketches were included on the  
and generous program. Walter  
wig was stage director. A. F.

## THE SECRET HOUR' AT METROPOLITAN

### Negri Stars in Film Directed by R. V. Lee

"The Secret Hour," starring Pola  
Negri in a film drama written and di-  
rected by Rowland V. Lee and presented  
at Metropolitan Theatre this week  
the following cast:

..... Pola Negri  
..... Jean Hersbolt  
..... Kenneth Thomson  
is the picture which was used  
the Pola Negri mind off of  
del," especially after she had be-  
attached to the idea of wearing  
original gowns worn by Rachel  
are at present in a museum in

the present film has served its  
purpose of keeping Miss Negri happily  
ed doing most of the things she  
ell. It may be excused, otherwise  
st be called harsh things. The  
es are by far the worst seen here  
ny months. Double negatives,  
infinities and "ain'ts" are in  
ance with a fair spattering of  
on" English to complicate the  
language, as well as the queen's  
urse the director was trying to  
y the idea that he was dealing  
medicated persons. It seems too  
ere is not a better way of doing

story might have been mothered  
Laura Jean Libby. A waitress her-  
oes of work in the steaming city  
ows her preference for the country  
an eligible bachelor, who was  
but on the quest for a fair young  
In order to make his quest suc-  
el he sends a photograph of a  
looking youth who works for  
nd a proposal to the fair waitress.  
ecepts his suit, falls in love with  
photograph and proceeds to the  
ry, where the elderly lover plans a  
ong. Long before one should know

everything will come out in the best  
cupidistic manner, one anticipates an  
accident or death when the elderly lover  
drinks too much red wine, being other-  
wise a most innocuous soul.

The film gives Pola Negri every op-  
portunity to show that she has a singu-  
lar and attractive personality. So long  
as she remains in the camera's focus  
there is something interesting to watch.

The surrounding program is excep-  
tionally good this week. The overture  
tableau "Bohemian Girl," is well staged,  
well sung and pleasing. Helen Yorke  
is the soloist. The stage show is by  
John Murray Anderson. A return en-  
gagement of M. Senia Gluck's troupe  
is welcome. The entire production  
shows the able hand of its producer,  
but who thought of the chariot race  
with the calico ponies as a grand finale?  
C. M. D.

## THE JAZZ SINGER

"The Jazz Singer," starring Al Jolson,  
a film drama based on the play by Sam-  
son Raphaelson, directed by Alan Cros-  
land and presented by Warner Brothers  
with Vitaphone accompaniment at the  
Modern and Beacon theatres, with the  
following cast:

Jackie Rabinowitz (Jack Robin) Al Jolson  
May McAvoy May McAvoy  
Mary Dale Warner Oland  
Sara Rabinowitz Eugene Bessner  
Cantor Josef Rosenblatt Himself  
Moisha Yudelson Otto Lederer  
Jackie (13 years old) Bobbie Gordon

Vitaphone, the remarkable device  
which gives the screen a voice, a song  
or a symphony orchestra, has been  
greatly improved. No longer does the  
voice seem to proceed from the side of  
the screen while the action goes on its  
way several feet from it, giving the un-  
comfortable feeling of having your eyes  
and ears crossed. Movement and sound  
have become more perfectly synchro-  
nized, the tone is pleasing and Al Jolson  
has registered in this, his first motion  
picture, in a very satisfactory manner.

There is only one Al Jolson. The  
dynamic force which unwinds him only  
to rewind him tighter than ever, giving  
off sparks of vitality in the process, is  
always fascinating to watch and hear.  
He is startling, he always remains so  
and he succeeds in bringing his in-  
dividuality to the screen.

The film is entirely suited to Jolson's  
talents. In truth it should be, as the  
theme of the original play was in-  
spired by the story of his life. If the  
photoplay is not so good as the stage  
play, the director is probably to blame.  
He had a clever cast, a good story and  
Al Jolson. With that he mixed too  
much sentiment, called box-office by  
some, and it was not needed. Jolson

was left to rollick, sing and sob in the  
best Jolson style.

The story is familiar. Five genera-  
tions of cantors in the synagogue had  
succeeded each other until Jackie Ra-  
binowitz (Al Jolson) of the present gen-  
eration felt the spirit of jazz. He ran  
away from home after being whipped  
for singing in a—on the screen it looked  
like a glorified beer garden might have  
looked—and worked his way to success  
on Broadway as a jazz singer. On the  
night his ambition was to be realized  
on the stage the post that his father  
had filled faithfully was left vacant  
by his illness. The jazz singer had to  
decide between his ambition and his  
filial duty.

May McAvoy is beautiful, but her  
part has been made unconvincing. War-  
ner Oland, Eugene Bessner and Otto  
Lederer are excellent. The boy Jackie  
looks a miniature Jolson. The back-  
stage scenes are clever, with the ex-  
ception of the ones between May Mc-  
Avoy and Jolson, and from evidence be-  
fore one these are befuddled only be-  
cause of faulty directorial psychology.  
C. M. D.

### Margaret Hamilton Heard in Interesting Program

Margaret Hamilton, pianist, played  
this program yesterday afternoon in  
Jordan hall:

Siciliano, Baletto, Respiant, prelude and  
fugue, in E minor, Mendelssohn; sonata, F.  
sharp minor, Op. 11; Schumann "La plus  
que lente," Danse, Debussy; Two "Airy  
tals, E minor, C minor, Papillons, Rosen-  
thal; Nails waltz, Delibes-Dohnanyi.

Miss Hamilton would show herself wise  
if she were to engage some hard-hearted  
sound musicians to stand over her while  
she performs the Schumann sonata.  
"Here, Miss Hamilton," it should be  
this person's duty to ask, "why just here  
do you hurry your pace? What is your  
reason for playing this passage so  
thunderously?"

The Herald last Sunday published an account of the adventures of  
"Diplomacy" in this country since the adaptation of Sardou's "Dora" was  
first played at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in 1878, by Mmes. Sara Stevens,  
Ponisi, Coghlan, Pearl Etyinge and Granger, and Messrs. Wallack, Montague,  
Robinson, Shannon, Lloyd, Leonard, Ayling and Edwin. It is permissible to  
add a few notes.

Sardou's "Dora," a comedy in five acts, was produced at the Vaudeville  
Theatre, Paris, on Jan. 22, 1877. Dora, Mme. Pierson; Marquise de Rio-  
Zares, Mme. Alexis; Countess Zicka, Mlle. Bartet; Princesse Bariatine, Mlle.  
Montaland; Le Baron Van der Kraft, Parade; Andre de Mauriac, Berton;  
Férolle, Dieudonne; Toupin, Joumard. There were 188 performances that  
year. The success was so great that the principals were all provided with  
substitutes: Rejane, for example, for the Princesse. But Mme. Pierson played  
Dora to the end.

Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson, making an adaptation of "Dora"  
for Squire Bancroft, cut the five acts to four. They changed French army  
officers into English; the Franco-German misunderstandings into Anglo-  
Russian; the German attempt to put spies into foreign offices was changed  
to the Eastern Question, and the theft of a dispatch was a matter of Anglo-  
Turkish interest. Sardou represented a friend of Dora's husband discovering  
her criminality; the adapters made him the husband's brother. The scene in  
which Dora repulses the proposals of Stramir was cut out. The clock scene  
at Berne was devised and written by Lady (then Mrs.) Bancroft. In the  
adaptation there is sympathy at last for the Countess Zicka; in Sardou's play  
she is villainous to the end. There was a dispute about the title: Some wished  
"The Mouse-trap." Mrs. Kendal played Dora; Kendal, Capt. Beauclerc; Ban-  
croft, Orloff; Mrs. Bancroft, the Countess Zicka. This was at the Prince of  
Wales's Theatre, London, Jan. 12, 1878. Some complained of the "mutilated"  
version.

It was said that "Dora" nearly cost Sardou his election to the French  
Academy in June, 1877. Ex-President Thiers thought, rightly or wrongly,  
that the Countess Zicka was meant for "a certain influential foreign prin-  
cess with whom he was on intimate terms." He tried to keep Sardou out of  
the Academy.

Sardou died in 1908. In Dec. 6, 1905, his "L'Espionne" a version of "Dora"  
was produced at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, with Marthe Brandes tak-  
ing the part of Dora and L. Guitry that of Andre de Maurillac. Sardou  
had cut the play down to four acts, uniting the first and second. The  
French critics regretted the disappearance of the scene in which Dora,  
enraged at Stramir's statement that she had been his mistress, throws  
her bouquet in his face and chases him from the room.

It should be remembered that when "Dora" was written Parisians, not  
having recovered mentally from the war, saw spies in every place. Women  
of foreign nobility were said to serve their governments by shining and  
entertaining in Parisian society. In 1905, when there was again uneasiness,  
Sardou thought it the time to bring out his new version of "Dora." There  
were 23 performances of "L'Espionne" in that year; 31 in the next year;  
there have been performances of "L'Espionne" in Paris as late as 1913 if not  
later.

The late William Archer in "The Old Drama and the New" says of  
"Diplomacy" that though it was brilliantly acted and mounted in London,  
it did "positive harm by lending a new prestige to the ignominious practice  
of adaptation." When he saw the play in 1893 he wrote: "Really, this intrigue  
of Sardou's is such a marvellously delicate piece of mechanism that it is  
impossible not to admire it, and to watch with interest the subtlety of its ar-  
rangements. Here is no figure which like the Berné 'Kail-supper' puts the  
spoon to its left ear instead of its mouth. Every limb, every joint, works with  
precision; the figures are as large as life and twice as natural. The scene of  
the three men, admirably acted by Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Hare and Mr. Forbes  
Robertson, really moved me."

It would be a pleasure to speak about the various casts in "Diplomacy,"  
but space forbids. Some of us were so fortunate as to see Rose Coghlan as  
the Countess Zicka; some of us were so unfortunate as to see Mr. William  
Gillette in 1914 playing Henry Beauclerc, and thus giving an excellent por-  
trayal of Sherlock Holmes.

Mme. Ethel Leginska will be the pianist with the Metropolitan Salon  
Ensemble at the Metropolitan Theatre this afternoon. The program will be  
as follows: Mozart, Overture to "Don Giovanni"; Beethoven, Minuet in G, No.  
2, Schumann, piano quintet; Friedemann, Slavonic Rhapsody.

An account of "Grimaldi," to me seen at the Hollis Theatre tomorrow,  
a play by Mr. Podmore, will be found elsewhere in this section of the Sun-  
day Herald. The play was produced late in May or early in June of last  
year at Whitestone Landing.

"Grimaldi," a tragedy by William Bailey, was printed in London in 1822.  
We do not think it was ever performed. Was this Grimaldi the famous  
clown? Born in 1779, he did not die until 1837. There were other Gri-  
maldis: Francesco Maria Grimaldi, the Italian Jesuit and natural philosopher;  
Giovanni Francesco Grimaldi, landscape painter and architect to Pope Paul  
V; employed by Mazarin and Louis XIV upon architectural designs and  
fresco painting in the Louvre. But a play entitled "The Life of an Actress" in  
which Grimaldi, the clown, was the hero, was written by Dion Bouicault  
and produced in New Orleans in 1855. The dramatist played Grimaldi; the  
beautiful Agnes Robertson, afterwards outrageously treated by her husband  
Bouicault, took the part of Violet. This play was performed at Wallack's  
Theatre, New York, where Bouicault, whose reputed father spelled his name  
Boursiquot—his real father was probably Dionysius Lardner—was the gen-  
eral director, on Oct. 18, 1856. At New Orleans E. A. Sothorn and his wife,  
Mrs. Vernon, and Messrs. Dyott and George Holland were in the cast. The  
play was performed at the Boston Theatre on March 9, 1857.

This play was brought out in London at the Adelphi on March 1, 1862.



We quote from the Athenaeum of March 8, 1862. The review is published in Townsend Walsh's authoritative "Career of Dion Boucicault."

"Mr. Boucicault's portraiture of the by turns obsequious, courteous and indignant Grimaldi was in all respects a masterpiece of histrionic ability. What is technically called 'make-up' was complete, and his manner throughout was true to the natural bearing of a man fallen into misfortune, but conscious of noble birth and noble feelings. He showed, too, some extraordinary powers. While teaching his pupil, he has to point out to her how Rachel delivered a particular speech, and finds it necessary to resort to the original French. This feat he brilliantly accomplished. His nervous anxiety for his debutante's success on the stage, and his passionate disappointment when he misses her from the next scene and learns the story of her abduction, were both admirably delineated. These things place Mr. Boucicault in the front rank as an artist of versatile abilities and a comprehensive mind."

"Noble birth"? Grimaldi was of a family known as dancers and pantomimists. His father, "Old Grimaldi," was a clown. There were many legends about him, but as a recent biographer has said, his adventures, though they fill a volume, are imaginary, or accidents to be expected from his occupation. As a boy he was fond of breeding pigeons and collecting insects. It is said that he collected with great patience 4000 specimens of flies. He was "a sober man, of good estimation." He had a brother who went to sea, turned up, and at once disappeared. It was supposed that he was murdered. Grimaldi had a son, Joseph S., who made a successful debut in 1914 as Friday in "Robinson Crusoe"; he then entered on an "undisciplined and calamitous career," and at the age of 30 died of delirium in 1832.

Grimaldi made his first appearance in 1781 in "Robinson Crusoe" at Drury Lane, where he stayed for almost 25 years. Famous as a clown, he appeared at times in legitimate drama and was a theatrical manager. In the last years of his life he was poor and partially paralyzed. He had frequented the Marquis of Cornwallis tavern for many years. The proprietor, George Cook, used to carry him home on his back on account of the paralysis.

A second benefit was given to him in 1828, when seated through weakness in a chair, he went through a scene in "Harlequin's Hoax," sang a song and made a short speech.

Charles Dickens's life of Grimaldi was really a compilation from autobiographical notes and other material. Dickens wrote only the preface; his father made changes or additions for the rest of the biography. Yet 1700 copies were sold in the first week of publication. He was reproached for writing about a man whom he could not have seen. In his amusing answer, admitting that what recollections he had were shadowy and imperfect, he said: "I don't believe that Lord Braybrooke had more than the very slightest acquaintance with Mr. Pepys, whose memoirs he edited two centuries after he died."

## LEO REISMAN

### A Conductor Who Takes Jazz Seriously— Questions for Theatregoers—Notes

Dr. Davison, conductor of the Harvard Glee Club, has written a long "appreciation" of Leo Reisman, whose concert will take place in Symphony hall tonight. We quote in part from this eulogy:

"I can still remember the miracle of that first hearing at the Hotel Brunswick to which indeed I went at a grudging pace. How I set my ears to resist the impact of that fury of sound which we had come to call jazz; and how I sat (and still sit) for hours under the spell of the music! And this was the marvel: that although the music was dance music, one didn't dance because one wanted to give the performance one's undivided attention."

"No one, possibly not even Mr. Reisman himself, knows the whole secret of his success; but there are certain details which I believe make his work an outstanding contribution to the jazz of our day, and which mark him as perhaps the foremost of our leaders of dance music."

"The first of these is his extraordinary ability to attain variety of orchestral color by the manipulation of solo instruments and by the adjustment of the various sections of his orchestra, in dynamic relation to each other. Such matters would no doubt be considered routine in a well drilled symphony orchestra, but they are in general entirely neglected by dance conductors, possibly because it is assumed that no other purpose need be served by the music save the furnishing of sound to accompany motion. This is not Mr. Reisman's view, however, and he makes his attitude quite clear by the manner in which he treats the rhythm, namely by suggesting rather than inflicting it."

"Instead of perpetually distracting one's attention from the music by literally hammering one with the beat via drums, banjos and other percussive media, he assumes that he may take it for granted that the basic rhythm, be it duple or triple, is understood by everyone, and upon this assumption he allows free play to the more subtle and less easily heard details. Thus the counterpoint, which is so important a consideration in the best of modern jazz, is made to flow and become really articulate instead of being chopped up into regularly recurring rhythmic compartments. The phrasing, too, which in the case of Mr. Reisman's orchestra is so delicately crisp, achieves its maximum effect because, when it falls upon the beat, it is not obliterated, as is the case in so many dance orchestras, by the rhythmic machinery."

"Perhaps the chief distinction of Mr. Reisman's work, however, is his elevation of jazz into the sphere of music; and this he has accomplished not so much by his care in the details which I have just enumerated as by his ability to unify all these matters into a really artistic whole. At no particular moment does one regard the rhythm or the color or the phrasing; it is only when the music ceases that you realize how perfectly the various elements have been fused and you speak no more of jazz, but of music instead."

"Mr. Reisman is an artist. That he takes jazz seriously and has worked

hard and faithfully to achieve his ideals needs no other witness than his excellent orchestra. It is Boston's great good fortune that he chooses to exercise his talent here. Long may he remain!"

To the Editor of The Herald:

General dissatisfaction, as you doubtless noticed, with the list of operas offered us by the Chicago company this year, by no means produced general unhappiness among opera addicts. On the contrary: Having, by disdainful comment on "Carmen" or "Tannhauser," or "Marta" or "Rigoletto" satisfied one's need of feeling superior, one could slip in to a performance, get an unexpected kick, and enjoy it with all the wild and irresponsible freedom of a secret vice.

Of course, no possible program for 12 evenings could satisfy everybody. But a list might be made that would satisfy somebody. Between acts on evening I made a list that would satisfy me. For the evenings only: Let who will dictate the matinees—I would prefer, on the whole, that they should be dull and hackneyed, by way of contrast.

First week—Monday: "Falstaff"; Tuesday: "Pelleas et Melisande"; Wednesday: "Meistersinger"; Thursday: "Boris Godounov"; Friday: "Carmen"; Saturday: "L'Heure Espagnole"; Sunday: "Noces di Figaro."

Second week—Monday: "Rosenkavalier"; Tuesday: "Otello"; Wednesday: "Eugene Onegin"; Thursday: "Tristan und Isolde"; Friday: "Sno maiden"; Saturday: "Orfeo."

Would I be content with my own list, supposing it bound me to be present at every performance? Certainly not. I couldn't stand it—no normal human being could. I intend it only as an alluring grab-bag.

Cambridge, Feb. 15.

E. O.

Alexander Kelberine who will play the piano next Thursday night is Russian, who studied at the Kieff Conservatory. Exiled from Russia he went to Vienna, where he studied for three years with Leo Sirota, pupil of Ferruccio Busoni. Mr. Kelberine, having studied further with Siloti, gave his first recital in New York on the 30th of last month.

Henri Deering, pianist, who will give a recital next Tuesday evening studied in Paris with Philipp and in Berlin with Schnabel.

The sonata for violoncello and piano op. 4 played last Thursday at private chamber club concert, was by Kodaly, not by Bartok, as was erroneously stated in The Herald.

Michael Bohnen, as Tonio in "Pagliacci," provoked enthusiasm at the Metropolitan Opera House on Feb. 13 by walking on his hands. Mme. Jeri had already attracted favorable attention as Floria Tosca by singing ly-

dawn.

John McCormack gives these reasons for putting "classical" selections on his programs before singing "popular" songs:

"All my programs fall into four parts. In part one I sing the songs which I owe to myself as an artist—Bach, Handel, Mozart."

"In part two I sing the songs which I feel the public ought to know whether at first they want to love them or not—Wolf, Schubert—some of the purest melodies ever written."

"In part three I sing the songs which I owe to Ireland—simple folk songs which have been more to me than perhaps any other music in the world."

"In part four I sing the popular songs which most of the public come to hear."

"The public come to hear parts three and four, and the man that plays the piper ought to be allowed to call the tune. Besides, though I give them the popular stuff (and I try to put a little more into it than you imagine it to deserve), they get the other as well."

"I get them into the hall, and I give them what they want, but I cate them as well. And they find themselves liking Schubert and Bach and they love the other things."

These questions are propounded for intelligent theatregoers to answer apropos of National Drama week. We are indebted to Little, Brown & Co. for the list.

#### DO YOU KNOW

1—When the first play was produced in America? Who was our native tragedian? What American actress often played the roles of Hamlet and Romeo? Our great tragedian of the Victorian era? The father of American comedy?

2—The name of the Pulitzer prize play for 1922? For 1925?

3—Why Harriet Beecher Stowe refused to sanction the dramatization of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

4—The two leading Spanish playwrights who are brothers?

5—Where to find plays for children to act?

6—A play written by an outstanding figure of American letters about literary dictator of 18th century England?

7—What Victorian playwright wrote over 400 plays?

8—Who created the following characters, and in what plays they met? Round: Aubrey Piper, Daisy Mayme Plunkett, Mrs. Craig?

9—What play has been called the Spanish "School of Scandal"?

10—What Austrian dramatist, whose plays have become popular in America, was formerly a physician?

11—Two playwrights, formerly associated with the Madison Square Theatre, whose sons have become famous in the same profession?

12—What star of the American stage dedicated his recent autobiography to "the girl with the nice arms"?

13—What play by an American author, after being rejected by many in this country, won the Stratford Memorial prize in 1910?

14—The name of the leading spirit of the Moscow Art Theatre?

15—What actor holds the world's record for reciting "Casey at the Bat"?

16—What Italian playwright always delineates characters obsessed with the riddle of personality and the enigma of existence? An English playwright whose characters are always the exponents of his theories?

17—Four men who have made important contributions to stage in America?

18—What modern Irish dramatist is the creator of a new mythology?

P.



## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**Y**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Marla Jerilza, soprano. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra. Stuart Mason, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players Club. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Leo Reisman and his orchestra, "Rhythms." See special notice.

Repertory Theatre, 8:15 P. M. Boston Women's Symphony orchestra, Miss Leginska, conductor. See special notice.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Raymond Eaton, baritone. Art and folk songs.

**AY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Jean Bedetti, solo violoncellist. See special notice.

**DAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Henri Deering, pianist. Bach-Liszt, organ prelude and fugue, A minor. Franck, prelude, aria and finale. Ravel, Superin's Tomb; Chopin, Sonata, B minor, op. 58.

**SDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Alexander Kelberine, pianist. Bach, organ prelude, G minor (arranged by Siloti after Th. Szanto's transcription). Prelude and fugue, F minor ("Well-Tempered Clavichord"). Schumann, transcribed by Siloti from the 2d sonata for clavier and piano (transcribed by Siloti after Busoni's transcription and edition, MS.). Chaconne (arranged by Siloti after Busoni's transcription and edition, MS.). Beethoven, sonata D minor, op. 31, No. 2 (to be played without pause). Liszt, Benediction de Dieu dans la Solitude. Schumann, Un Conte op. 26, No. 3. Scriabin, prelude, Poeme op. 32, No. 1. Chopin, nocturne, Liszt, Hungarian rhapsody, No. 12.

Bates hall, Y. M. C. A. building, 8:15 P. M. Tokar quartet (Messrs. Tokman, Langlois, Kaganov, Ziegler), assisted by Cyrus Ullian, pianist. Kreisler, quartet, A minor. Hadley, piano quintet op. 50. Schubert, quartet op. posth.

**AY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Wesleyan hall, 8:15 P. M. Portia de George, soprano; Edward Whitcomb, accompanist. Mozart, Voi che Sapete from "Le Nozze di Figaro." Scarlatti, Sento nel core. Vivaldi, Un certo non so che. Scarlatti, Gia il core dal Gange. Mascagni, Voi lo sapete, from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Grieg, Widmung, Im Fruhling. Rubinstein, Der Traum. Grieg, Ich hab dich. Debussy, L'Annee en vain chasse l'annee, from "L'Enfant prodigue." Griffes, The Dreamy Lake. Kountz, The Sleigh. Chadwick, You art so like a Flower. Watts, Joy.

Symphony hall, 8 P. M. Intercollegiate Glee Club contest. See special notice.

**RDAY**—Jordan hall, 11 A. M. Ernest Schelling's children's concert. Schubert, allegro from "Unfinished" symphony. Chabrier, Espana. Mendelssohn, allegro from violin concerto (Oscar Shumski). Sowerby, The Irish Washerwoman. Tchaikovsky, Marche Slave. This is the last concert of this interesting and instructive series.

Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Cecile de Horvath, pianist. Schubert, Impromptu, A flat minor. Seebeck, Minuet a l'antico. Glazounov, Sonata, B flat minor. Debussy, Ballade. Liszt, Ballade, B minor. Chopin, Mazurkas, A flat major and C sharp minor. Moszkowski, etude, G flat major. Mrs. Beach, Heartease. Goossens, March of the Wooden Soldiers. Strauss-Chulz-Eyler, Blue Danube Waltzes.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

being the person's job, pres-  
he may find occasion to ask.  
ou realize that, in this welter of  
all melody is lost, all rhythm?  
those misplaced accents—does care-  
less account for them, or mistaken  
gent?" Is this what you take "alla  
to mean, is that "maestoso?" The  
will surely inquire if Miss Hamil-  
lays the sonata as she played it  
day.

Miss Hamilton can find definitely  
tful answers to these disagree-  
questions, there will be no more to  
It is thus she feels music; no fur-  
discussion is possible. But, the  
res stand 10 to 1, Miss Hamilton  
the unconscious of the excesses into  
her exuberance leads her, for  
very same theme—Mendelssohn's  
s fugue, for instance, or that of  
nata's aria—she played musically  
to contrary, according, apparently,  
she happened to feel at the mo-  
ment.

Some episodes, furthermore,  
lay quiet ones like that toward the  
se of the sonata's first movement,  
Miss Hamilton played very musically  
let, phrasing them well and using  
tone. It was where she felt an  
eo break loose that Miss Hamilton  
stray.

he does not fancy the notion of  
erseer, pray let Miss Hamilton  
erful her fugue and her sonata for  
rst. She will be amazed to find  
many points of significance she  
erks, how often she loses her way  
will prove worth her while, for she  
is blessed with talent.

R. R. G.

Feb 20 1928

### OUR HERO

(For As the World Wags)  
Ties of March are coming fast,  
st, we hear that piercing blast  
rst upon us yester year  
wicked my good remaining ear,  
America First."

wrrior paced the burning deck  
ay our nation's life from wreck  
kp it out of England's claw;  
ne it clear that he was for  
America First."

valued the King to keep his stools  
a inglicizing Yankee schools;  
ol snoot can show its beak  
ig Bill Thompson lives to shrink  
America First."

od the Irish, Greeks and Poles  
a the mob of alien souls  
ake Chicago's voting show  
ren burg that does not know  
America First."

The suckers gave him votes enough  
To beat his rival with this bluff.  
Italians, Germans fare quite well,  
But Yankees—huh! can go to hell—  
"Thompson First."

WOOF WOOF.

As the World Wags:  
We speak of "wetting our whistle."  
But in book II, chapter II, of "The Ad-  
ventures of Joseph Andrews," we read  
that the justice orders them to "give the  
gentleman a glass to wet his whistle  
before he begins." Which is correct?  
THE RECTOR.

We now quote from one of the many  
books that have helped us—not from El-  
bert Hubbard's Scrap Book, which  
makes its readers the wonder of their  
associates and neighbors (see advertise-  
ment): "To wet one's whistle (in which  
'whet' has been substituted for the  
earlier 'wet'); to clear the throat or  
voice by taking a drink: 1674 Flatman.  
"Belly God." First whet thy whistle  
with some good Metheglin." (O let us be  
joyful!) 1386 is the earliest date given  
for "wet one's whistle." About 1460:  
Towneley Mystery. "Had she once wet her  
whistle she could sing full clear her Pat-  
ter noster." Burns, Dickens, Robert Bu-  
chanan, W. H. Hudson wrote "wet." The  
noun "wet," a glass of liquor, was some-  
times confused in the 18th century with  
"whet."—Ed.

As the World Wags:

That Signorina Hilda Piccolo should  
have her portrait on the new Italian  
bank-notes is but justice; they will be  
the high notes, I presume.

AH CHEE.

As the World Wags:

Get your pictures ready! If you have  
none, hire thee to a photographer and  
have one taken. If you have a wife and  
family, save their pictures. If you mar-  
ried a widow, save her first husband's  
picture. Save your father's, your mother-  
er's, your sister's, your brother's. Save  
your grandfather's, your grandmother's,  
your mother-in-law's. Save your pas-  
tor's, your doctor's, your dentist's, your  
stenographer's, your caddy's, your next-  
door neighbor's, your butcher's, your  
baker's, your candlestick maker's. Oh,  
yes! Don't fail to get a picture of the  
house where you were born. . . . You  
may be mentioned as a candidate for  
President.

B. B.

### A DAILY READER

As the World Wags:

Glancing at the morning's headline  
tother day I exclaimed: "Well! Well!

Lindbergh's back home!" And Trudie  
looked up from making noodles and in-  
quired: "So? Where's he been?"  
JAZBO.

### IS GRANDMA CRAZY?

(For As the World Wags)

Yes, I think my Grandma's crazy  
Or is suffering from the heat.  
She has gone and had her hair bobbed,  
And she acts quite indiscreet.

Now she smokes and flirts and powders,  
And a lipstick oft she plies,  
While her eyebrows dark are pencilled  
To enhance her dear old eyes.

Yesterday her form was graceful,  
Full of dignity and pride,  
Challenging the soul of manhood,  
For respect that shall abide.

Then her dresses touched her instep,  
Graceful lines both trim and neat,  
Glimpsing oft a dainty ankle  
And a pair of pretty feet.

Now a yard of silk or satin  
Overdrapes where "stepsins" hide  
All that's left of my dear Grandma,  
But her vanity and pride.

"Would to God the gift were gae her,"  
As she flaunts her scant array,  
So she'll see as others see her,  
In the light of her new day.

A. B. McLEOD.

As the World Wags:

Noisy soup-imbiber (in restaurant)—  
Whatcha lookin' at?  
Interested onlooker—Sorry, sir; thought  
you'd fallen in.

AN UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

### A 100% AMERICAN

As the World Wags:

At Cornwallis, Ore., comes now one  
Art Needham, claiming to be some sort  
of a champion in that he not only mas-  
ters 50 sticks of gum in one wad, but  
can play a cornet at the same time.  
Girls, "There's a man." JOD.

### PROOF

He must have been an honest man  
From what the paper said,  
No eulogy—just one line ran:  
John Smith, age fifty—dead.  
MARGARET BRUNER.

### MARVELS OF THE EYE

As the World Wags:

Good fortune surely attended Candida  
Leslie, the heroine of a recent novel, in  
that she was not near a powder maga-  
zine when her eyes "flashed fire," and  
Paul Etheridge must have felt a good  
deal cut up when Madge de Cover-  
dale's eyes "looked daggers" at him  
while they at the same time performed  
the dual triumph of sending forth  
"shafts of scorn." Roger Egremont was  
no gentleman when he "hurled poison-  
ous darts" at his wife with his eyes, and  
then "cast a baleful look" on the poor  
lady to add to her unhappiness. It is  
not to be wondered at that her eyes  
"swam in tears," after which she "cast  
them on a photograph of her husband,  
taken during their courtship" and  
"love's light returned." Was it to give  
them the opportunity of taking the air  
that the heroine of another novel went  
to the door of her home and "sent her  
eyes roving up and down the street" and  
gathered in and restored them to their  
socket in time to let them "fall upon  
her husband" in a glance that "pierced  
his guilty soul"? It is not to be won-  
dered at that the eyes of an outraged  
husband in a recent novel were "dis-  
tended with horror and surprise" when  
he found his wife in the embrace of his  
dearest friend while they "looked the  
silent language of love at each other  
with their quivering eyes." Who could  
blame him for "casting a venomous look  
upon them," while his eyes "spoke a  
hated and disgust that his lips could  
not utter"? Well, well, W do u  
know? JEFFERSON L. HARBOUR.

### CIVIC PRIDE

(Dallas Medical Journal)

"Dr. E. R. Carpenter has been elected  
to membership in 'Who's Who in Ameri-  
ca,' the red book. About 15,000 names  
are listed in this publication, including  
80,000 citizens of Dallas."  
And the doctor probably purchased  
a copy of this invaluable city directory.

## LEO REISMAN A

By PHILIP HALE

Leo Reisman and his orchestra gave  
a concert of "Rhythms" last night in  
Symphony hall which was full from  
floor to upper gallery with the expectant  
audience. The program was illustrated  
with portraits, an excerpt from Mr.  
Loeffler's manuscript, a poem by Ver-  
laine, a eulogy of clowns by Theodore de  
Banville, Dr. Davison's appreciation of  
Mr. Reisman, Mr. Reisman's glorifica-  
tion of jazz as a musical form. The list

of pieces to be played was also printed,  
but the order was not followed. As the  
hall was so dark that this list could not  
be read, the order was not maintained.  
Mr. Reisman gave the titles, sometimes  
after a performance, sometimes before  
it. It was as if the various titles were  
drawn from a grab-bag. This bag con-  
tained prizes; also some things of little  
worth.

The leading feature of the concert  
was Mr. Loeffler's new composition,  
written for this concert and dedicated  
to Mr. Reisman. Among the other  
pieces were an effective fantasia on  
Russian airs, Handy's "Aunt Hagar's  
Blues" (with remarkable doings on  
trumpets by Johnny Dunn), Grofe's  
"Three Shades of Blue" and "Missis-  
sippi" suite, Friend's "Sunrise," Rube  
Bloom's "Soliloquy" with Mr. Bloom,  
pianist, and compositions by Donald-  
son, McHugh, Pola, Green, Padilla,  
Johann Strauss, Laynez, Stolz, Kern,  
De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, Klick-  
man, Ford, Handy and others were on  
the original program. The first part  
a fascinating Tango for strings was  
played; fascinating although the mu-  
sic was not jazzed; or was the fascina-  
tion due to this abstinence?

The audience applauded warmly each  
composition in turn, but Mr. Loeffler's  
"Clowns" excited genuine enthusiasm.  
The composer was called to the stage;  
the orchestra stood in his honor; it  
seemed as if the audience would never  
weary of paying tribute to him. This  
"Intermezzo: Clowns" deserved it. Here  
is a musician noted for the purity, one  
might say the fastidiousness of his  
taste; his polished workmanship, his  
avoidance of everything obvious or that  
makes a direct and anxious bid for im-  
mediate popularity; whose refinement  
is proverbial; who seeks the one fitting  
musical phrase, harmonic and or-  
chestral dress as Flaubert, the one ex-  
pressive word, the balanced and sonor-  
ous sentence. This composer, in  
"Clowns," shows the characteristics that  
have given him marked individuality;  
yet he caught the jazz spirit, repro-  
duced song that we are accustomed to  
associate with the negro, invented in-  
toxicating rhythms. All this he did,  
not as a composer of serious and  
imaginative music condescending to  
humor an audience by pandering to its  
taste, but as one eager to prove that  
jazz may be worthy the attention of the  
true artist who will gladly devote his  
singular abilities to the cultivation and  
improvement of this form; a form that  
is too often vulgarized even by men of  
indisputable ability.

There were other compositions merit-  
ing the applause; there were a few that  
were simply cheap and without signifi-  
cance though striving to be important.  
The performance of the orchestra was  
more than creditable; it was often ex-  
cellent. Mr. Reisman and his valiant  
men are to be congratulated.

## MISS LEGINSKA

Last night in the Repertory Theatre,  
the Boston Women's Symphony Orches-  
tra, Ethel Leginska, conductor, gave its  
second concert, the soloist being Esther  
Lundy Newcomb, soprano. This was  
the program:

Bach, Prelude and fugue No. XXII,  
arranged for strings by Mabel Wood  
Hill; Mozart, Aria, "Voi che Sapete"  
from "Marriage of Figaro"; Liszt, "Les  
Preludes"; Schubert, Symphony (unfin-  
ished); Leginska, Six nursery rhymes  
for soprano and small orchestra; Radie  
Britain, Symphonic intermezzo; Wag-  
ner, Overture to "The Flying Dutch-  
man."

Miss Leginska has brought marked  
improvement to her orchestra since its  
opening concert. She has tidied its at-  
tack; from certain choirs she draws  
finer tone than she could draw two  
months or so ago; her will, to a far  
fuller extent, she now can impose upon  
her forces. The gain indeed is great.

Last night's concert, nevertheless, was  
not in all respects successful. Work as  
Miss Leginska might—and nobody can  
work harder or more intelligently—she  
could not suffice her orchestra's tone  
with brilliancy. The setting of a wain-  
scotted parlor may have been to blame;  
the players perhaps were stationed too  
far to the rear of the stage. In any  
event, whatever the cause, the tone  
came over muffled, dull. The music  
therefore, of necessity missed fire.

The program, too, was not entirely  
well planned. A string orchestra, nine  
times out of 10, lacks the bite, the color  
of a string quartet; it cries out for  
oboes and the like to lend it life. A  
Bach prelude and fugue, made over to  
strings, sounded strangely unlike Bach  
—which would not matter if it had not  
sounded dull and thick. The theme of  
the fugue, by the way, thus transformed,  
suggested a passage from an opera by  
one of Wagner's followers. Bungert, per-  
haps, or the Strauss of Guntram.

Far brighter Miss Leginska's strings  
sounded forth in her beautifully planned  
reading of Schubert, also in her Liszt.  
Her Schubert, though, in that parlor,  
would not do. As for Liszt, it is a  
question if her orchestra is yet ready.



even with conditions favorable, for music that exacts splendor of tone as well as sheer bulk of tone for its full effect, not to forget the abandon that can only come with absolute security—a security scarce to be expected of an organization still quite new.

Since the chief merit of Miss Newcomb's aria lay in its suggestion of comedy, probably she sang Miss Leginska's songs well. Unfortunately those songs came late in a day that had been musically over-full. So did the symphonic intermezzo, heard for the first time in Boston.

The audience, of excellent size, applauded Miss Leginska heartily.

R. R. G.

## Director of Boston Flute Players Assisted by Artists

GEORGE LAURENT, musical director of the Boston Flute Players Club, gave a concert at the Boston Art Club yesterday afternoon, with the help of the following artists: Roland E. Partridge, tenor; Gaston Elcus, violin; Alfred Zighera, cello; Fernand Gillet, oboe; Bernard Zighera, harp; Harrison Potter, pianist; Jean Lefranc, viola; George Laurent, flute; Abdon Laus, bassoon; Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist.

Mr. Laurent began the afternoon with five "Hal Kai" by Jacques Pillois, the composer from France, for flute, violin, viola, cello, harp, the composer conducting in person. "Hal-Kai," it appears, are Japanese poetical epigrams. Mr. Harrison read them aloud.

They sounded feeble enough, but they did lead Mr. Pillois to write some attractive music. His little pieces, very short, have melody in their favor, but still more markedly they rejoice in a wide variety of charming instrumental timbres, all guided by a practical imagination exceedingly fine. The last epigram of the five, and also the longest, sounded the least distinguished of the set; Puccini-like in its turn of melody, it ought to prove worth its weight in gold at a Pop concert next summer.

A sonatine, "Bucoliques," for flute and piano, came next. So the program named it. It seemed, however, no more than a prolonged solo for flute with brilliant piano accompaniment. Its prelude flowed pastorally, the cantilena a shade plaintively, a scherzo in the highest of spirits, all melodiously, and all proclaiming its creator to be a musician of graceful fancy, of exquisite taste. Mr. Laurent played the flute part de-

lightfully, and Mr. Potter supported him well.

A more favorable opportunity Mr. Potter had to bring his abilities into action in Poulenc's trio for oboe, bassoon and piano. An odder combination of instruments surely never was heard. The very oddity, though, with rhythm to help, saved Poulenc's day. For his melody is amazingly ordinary, be it frisky like that in the presto or sentimental like the andante's. But the noble sound of the bassoon luckily added dignity when wanted, or, sometimes, the more usual comedy that is exacted of bassoons; whatever the mood, the oboe helped. The rhythm, too, mighty pronounced, kept the music always diverting, so the melodic commonness did not matter. It was most spiritedly played.

Mr. Partridge next sang these songs: "Old Poem," Copeland; "Palazzo Paganini," Ballantine; "In a Myrtle Shade," "The Lament of Ian the Proud," Griffiths, "O Bien Aimee, L'orsque Tes Pas T'Entraient Loin de Moi," "La ou Tu Respiras, Bien Aimee," Pillois.

He sang them very well, to Mrs. Hubbard's musical accompaniments, above all the lovely "In a Myrtle Shade." In the more intimate Art Club room Mr. Copeland's song sounded more worth while than it did in Jordan hall a month ago.

The concert ended with a superficial, polite performance of Mozart's G minor piano quartet. The audience was large and well pleased.

R. R. G.

## JERITZA HEARD

Maria Jeritza, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, made her only appearance of the season in Boston yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the Notre Dame Alumnae Association. She was assisted by John Corigliano, violinist, and Emil Polak, pianist. The program was as follows: Wieniawski, Romance from D-minor concerto; Bach-Kreisler, Prelude (Mr. Corigliano); Tchaikovsky, aria: "Jeanne d'Arc"; Schumann, 1 Grudge Not; Korngold, Song of the Lute from "The Dead City"; Strauss, Cecily; Duparc, the Road to Rosemonde; Debussy, Evening Fair; Beach, Ah, Love But a Day; Terry, The Answer (Mme. Jeritza); Granados-Kreisler, Spanish Dance; Sarasate, In-

roduction and Tarantelle (Mr. Corigliano); aria: "To Die Now" from "La Gioconda" (Mme. Jeritza).

Mme. Jeritza combines intelligence and song and the result is satisfying. She is not "passion's slave," as Hamlet lamented, but wise in the ways of words, of interpretations, of the graces which so become the tradition of good singing. Coupled with her talent of singing words sanely is the additional pleasure of her beauty. In a reminiscent moment someone once exclaimed that "the beauty of a lovely woman is like music." Maria Jeritza is twice gifted.

The arias were sung with confidence. She mounted to her forte phrases with zest, letting out full tones in open-hearted fashion. If there was to be a sacrifice, the tone was let go, the thought and effect were courted.

There may be those who would accuse her of practising electrobiology on some of her songs. Strauss becomes more like a fire-fly in her hand than a contented droning bee. She seems in perfect accord with Tchaikovsky, in sympathy with his sensitiveness and the melancholy, if you will, of his "Jeanne d'Arc." In a totally different mood she sang the Song of the Lute, taking care of every tone, making the quality fine and sweet. She was amiable with Duparc and Debussy and did not patronize Beach and Terry. She told their simple stories fairly, making them seem more profound than when lightly kicked about. A large and enthusiastic audience showed their warm appreciation of Mme. Jeritza's singing and she was graciously liberal with her encores.

Mr. Corigliano, violinist, played well. One might have liked the accompaniment less heavy in the Bach-Kreisler Prelude but the concerto had full agreeable tone. The Spanish Dance and Tarantelle, technically rollicking or sober at will. The entire program was enjoyable.

C. M. D.

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Yesterday afternoon the People's symphony orchestra gave the following program in Jordan hall: Enesco, second Rumanian rhapsody; Chadwick, the Angel of Death; Liszt, concerto for the pianoforte, E flat major; Rameau, Airs de Ballet; Thatcher, Legend; Berlioz, overture Le Carnaval Romain.

Two features made this concert, the 13th in the series, a notable one. Mr. Stewart Mason was guest conductor and Miss Pauline Danforth, the pianist. The audience was not as large as usual, but all enjoyed and appreciated the program. Miss Danforth gave an excellent account of herself in the Liszt concerto. She was always within easy technical reach of what she was doing—never forcing anything beyond her ability or its necessity. We have heard this concerto played in a more dazzling fashion, and it must be admitted that it has contents that are fresh to the ear today, and beauties that all classes of listeners can enjoy. These Miss Danforth presented one by one in clear and musical fashion. She reasoned that if one has not the necessary strength in one's arms to make it the spectacular piece it can become in the hands of a Rosenthal. It is better to stay on the artistic side, and play within one's powers. Her certainty made her playing most enjoyable. Mr. Mason deserves mention for his share of the artistic outcome of the concerto for giving Miss Danforth a fine orchestral accompaniment. She was recalled a number of times.

The orchestra then played some 18th century music by Rameau, which were bright and melodious, in both respects far superior to the next piece to follow: "Legend for orchestra," a "first time in Boston" piece, which had little else to commend itself. The concert closed with a brilliant rendering of the bright Berlioz overture. The program consisted of rather light material, affording little chance for emotional range, giving one a sense of sameness.

A. H. D.

## JAZZ LOVE

(For As the World Wags)

He met her at the Chateau d'Or,  
A snappy dancing place,  
She was a quiet little thing  
With such a pretty face.

He was a gay collegian  
Who thought he knew the game  
But in the ways of dancing girls  
Believe me he was lame.

He trotted round the town with her  
And gave her lots of things;  
Among them was a Chow Chow dog,  
A watch and ruby ring.

And one night when the saxophones  
Droned like a storm at sea  
He whispered, as he held her tight,  
"Dear, will you marry me?"

"Oh, Charlie, darling, let me think  
Until tomorrow comes."  
And then she wrote "I have eloped  
With the Greek who plays the drums."  
JAMES L. EDWARDS

And so the Hesperopithecus tooth supposed to prove that apemen lived millions of years ago in the United States, or at least along the banks of a Nebraska river, is said by a learned professor to be the tooth of a wild pig.

As yet no "chunk of old red sandstone" has hit the abdomen of any one present at the dispute, nor has any one of the disputants made a bitter retort recalling Bret Harte's quiet Mr. Brown, that most sarcastic man who on several occasions had cleaned out the town.

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving my old rocking-chair?"

Did Benjamin Franklin invent the rocker? If Manasseh Cutler's entry on July 13, 1787, in his journal is to be taken as evidence, Franklin was the man. "He also showed us his long artificial arm and hand, for taking down and putting books up on high shelves which are out of reach, and his great armed chair, with rockers, and a large fan placed over it, with which he fans himself, keeps off flies, etc., while he sits reading, with only a small motion of his foot, and many other curiosities and inventions, all his own."

"The Possible Origin of the American Rocker" is discussed pleasantly by Esther Stevens Fraser in that always interesting magazine Antiques. The article is illustrated with pictures of rockers from about the year 1780. Having read this article, we looked up the quotations under "rocker" and "rocking chair" and found no dates respectively earlier than 1857 (Olmstead's "Texas": "She sat down in the rocker at the end of the table") and 1832 (Mrs. Trollope, discussing American manners: "They sit in a rocking chair and sew a great deal"). Mr. Albert Matthews has supplied many notes about American words to the great Oxford Dictionary; perhaps he knows of earlier dates than those just given. Jonas Chuzzlewit is represented as "rocking on his chair"; but a man may swing himself to and fro on a kitchen chair or a throne.

Englishmen used to sneer at this American institution; the American was sometimes caricatured in Punch as seated in a rocking chair; in our boyhood we often heard "Don't rock so; it makes me nervous." For a girl to rock was considered unladylike; she might, in the frenzy of rocking, show her ankles and petticoat to a staid male visitor and thus disturb his composure.

There's comfort in an old-fashioned rocking chair, especially when it has broad arms. Better, far better it is in a drawing room than an "antique" of doubtful parentage, bought at a high price, fit only for a torture cell of the Spanish Inquisition.

## As the World Wags:

Last summer, during vacation, I gotta job as the tinsmiths helper. One day we had a soldering job and when we put the acid on the iron the solder wouldn't stick. I went to the shop and got some more acid. Well, the solder wouldn't stick to that either. The tinsmith was pretty hot. "That aint acid at all!" he sez. "You just run over to the drug store man with that and tell him to analyze it." The drug store man took the acid and after while he came back and sez: "You go back and tell yer boss that while it aint the best in the world ta go ahead and drink all he wants ta."

ORACLE.

Who was the first to say that in these days of motor cars, citizens and citizenesses are divided into two classes: the quick and the dead?

## WORDS—WORDS

Interesting questions derived from passages in Whittier's "Snowbound" were asked yesterday in an editorial article of The Herald.

"What is 'shagbark'?" Is it not in this country a variety of the hickory nut? John Quincy Adams wrote in 1827 about his "shagbark walnut trees." We quote from Greenough and Kittredge's "Words and their ways in English": "In some parts of America the name walnut is given to the 'shagbark,' a kind of hickory nut, and the true walnut is known as the 'English walnut.'"

In our little village of the Sixties God-fearing parents encouraged the boys to go nutting after shagbarks—though these nuts were called "walnuts" by us—but "English walnuts" though they were eaten on festive occasions were classed with butternuts and Brazil nuts as too rich, unwholesome for the children. "Shagbark" defined the tree,

whose bark has a rough and shaggy appearance when the tree is old.

"What is 'gundelow'?" It's an obsolete form of "gondola." In this count a large flat-bottomed river boat of lig build and a lighter were often called "over a century 'gondolas' or 'gundelas.'" In 1777 one E. Badham wrote: "Colonel Brown has taken Ticonderoga a number of armed gundeloes." A "gondola-car" was a railway car having a platform body with low sides.

## As the World Wags:

The next witness in the Great Murd Mystery Trial was the colored maid.

As she began, "Well, jedge, heered—" a man in the throng of the audience began to laugh uproariously. When the Court Officer got him on side, he proved to be none other than the Typical New York Theatre Patron.

"Say, you," began the officer, "w't the heck did you mean by it?"

"Nothing at all, officer. Why, thought she was the Comedy Relief."

FORREST F. HARBOUR.

Mansfield.

## As the World Wags:

Here is another Scotch story. Tell it in Edinburgh. A Scotch thief pursued by the police, suddenly inspired dashed into a convenient bank. The police followed. "Sanctuary, sanctuary!" bellowed the thief, and the police departed, foiled and dumbfounded.

JOSEPH CARROLL

## LEAVE OF ABSENCE

(For As the World Wags)

You sit at home and drink your tea  
And never dream that I surmise  
The torture of the beckoning sea—  
You sit at home and drink your tea  
Apart, aloof—yet close to me,  
Sea-passion in your eager eyes—  
You sit at home and drink your tea  
And never dream that I surmise!

ALICE PORTER

## 'DIPLOMACY'

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE: "Diplomacy," a play in four acts adapted by I. Stephenson and Clement Scott. "Dora," a comedy in five acts by Villen Sardou ("Dora" produced at Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, Jan. 22, 1878; "Diplomacy" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, Jan. 12, 1878; York, Wallack's Theatre, April 1, 1878; the revival of 1928, Philadelphia, 30). The cast of "Diplomacy" produced last night by George C. Tyler as follows:

Markham	.....	Tyrone
Mion	.....	William
Henry Beauclerc	.....	William
Mme. Marquise de Rio-Zares	.....	Cecilia
Michael Orloff	.....	Jacob
Capt. Julian Beauclerc	.....	Rollo
Algie Fairfax	.....	Anthony
Lady Henry Fairfax	.....	Margaret
Baron Stein	.....	France
Comtesse Zicka	.....	Helen
Antoine	.....	Charles
Sheppard	.....	Georges
	.....	Rayne

Even when "Dora" was first produced in Paris objections were made to incidents as extravagant as those, incidents beyond the bounds of possibility. Sardou was especially abused for the perfume incident which Zicka's theft is detected, but Charles Reade, more violently proached for "impossibilities" in his novels, he had his convoluted answer: it had happened in real life. When Stephenson went for Squirecroft to see the play in Paris, he do its success in London. Bancroft himself and took courage after famous scene of the three men he with Scott and Stephenson revised and re-revised their adaptation before they ventured to announce performance. Though Bancroft wrote the dialogue, he made suggestions, objected, approved; in a passed judgment. The title changed out of courtesy to Charles Reade who had based a play "on Tennyson's poem."

A revival of an old and once popular play serves this purpose: it brings pleasant recollections; it invites most compels; comparisons. As not now necessary to inquire how Sardou's comedy was mutilated by English adapters, so it is not necessary to compare Mr. Tyler's company those of former years. The question is: What sort of a play does "Diplomacy" now seem to be; do the ent men and women of the contemporary deftly the characters in play?

The play by its strong scene holds the attention; the ingenious construction still excites admiration the moment, although the speculatively reflecting after the play is and even during the performance, doubt the plausibility of scenes. Is it possible, he will ask, Baron Stein would so easily have accepted the invitation of the broth enter their room? Would not the spy have been at once suspicious knowing the importance of the moment that was in his hands? An



in which this document  
him? Machine made—yes,  
Sardou's factory, as set up on  
oil. But why question the  
when the result is bravely  
tic? Where the play has  
d is in the love scenes, in the  
to Algie; in the chatter of  
ry. By the way, when the  
itchener was introduced, pos-  
modernize" the play, was there  
hecy of the man's future rep-  
Seeing the play one accepts  
his adapters' history, dip-  
hroglios, plots and counter-  
this is not history, it should  
purposes of the theatre. To  
ard Shaw's Julius Caesar is  
a personage than the man of  
and Suetonius.

pany was what is known as  
ar" one. It was a pleasure  
and actresses of experience  
ation, some of them old and  
ds, working together in unity.  
ar cast" is often a bitter dis-  
ant. One star differech from  
ar in glory, St. Paul told the  
s. On the stage this or that  
wish to emphasize his or her  
glory, and show the differ-  
this instance there was no  
h rivalry. That excellent actor  
ower did not try to make  
a man of importance, indis-  
o the action. One might say  
Starr, an emotional actress,  
one scene in which to shine,  
e rest was miscast. One would  
the Baron to have been more  
an Mr. Coburn made him. Mr.  
idea of the proper portrayal  
tently maintained. For Messrs.  
i, Peters and Ben-Ami there  
but praise, although to Mr.  
s allotted perhaps the least  
character in the play. Mr.  
quiet, restrained, was thus  
effective. It is a pity that a  
iant part was not given to  
in. Miss Loftus was sufficient-  
with her French, voluble but  
intelligible either in French  
English. Miss Gahagan, fas-  
ven in her villainy, was pa-  
emotional in her confession,  
e wishy-washy lines given to  
very end break the spell. The  
handsomely mounted. An  
that filled the theatre gave  
ens of enjoyment and warm  
on.

## INUING PLAYS

**ETIC** — "Yours Truly,"  
s musical comedy, star-  
Errol. Second week.

**UTH** — "Straight Thru  
o" William Hodge stars in  
play. Second week.

**BI** — "The Road to Rome,"  
herwood's comedy, star-  
Cowl. Fifth week.

**LY** — "Yellow Sands," com-  
den Philpotts, with E. E.  
he cast. Second week.

**ETORY** — "I'll Leave It to  
comedy by Noel Coward.  
nd last week.

## GE LIEBLING PHONY SOLOIST

Program of Monday  
s Given Last Night

oth program of the Monday  
s of the Boston Symphony  
a Serge Koussevitzky, conduc-  
ven last night, George Lieb-  
o. The program was as fol-  
a, concerto No. 2 in F major,  
to fl, flute, oboe and trumpet  
by Felix Mottl; Liszt, concerto  
orte in E flat, No. 1; Sibelius,  
No. 1 in E minor.  
ists of the Bach concerto  
rs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet,  
s. As usual, the music was  
re superbly. Nothing but the high-  
lats can be given. Is there an-  
pnet so cheerful and gay as  
certo? It seems almost argu-

ling played the Liszt concerto  
bly. Gently and easily he got  
u of his tones and deftly built  
imaxes with the aid of the  
re. He succeeded especially well  
econd theme, elaborating it  
precisely and with good effect.  
nphony by Sibelius was sur-  
nd dramatic. The tuba and  
ule bass stitched the moods to-  
aul Rosenfeld is quoted in the  
as saying of the second or  
temovement: "Steeped in his  
thos, the pathos of brief bland  
of light that falls a moment,  
ad mellow and then dies away."  
restra accomplished this.

always moved to quote from  
after hearing the Boston Sym-

phony under Mr. Koussevitzky's leader-  
ship as, for instance, "The music rose  
with its voluptuous swell," and "music's  
golden tongue," but if the patrons of  
music, the muses, Orpheus, Euterpe or  
Terpsichore could but listen, would they  
not be satisfied?  
C. M. D.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"Crime," a  
melodrama in four acts and seven  
scenes by Samuel Shipman and John  
B. Hynes. The cast:

Annabelle Porter	Marion Swayne
Tommy Brown	Henry Wadsworth
Woman	Mary Hill
Man	Kenneth Fleming
Officer	Royal Beal
Ray Morsby	Samuel T. Godfrey
Snat	Frank Charlton
Dorothy Palmer	Clara Joel
Frank Smiley	Frederic Ormonde
Marjorie Gray	Edith Spence
William A. Emery	Winfield Hyatt
Eugene Fenmore	Walter Gilbert
Mouse Turner	Malcolm Arthur
Milly	Betty White
Cl. Gorsan	Royal Beal
Li. Terney	Frank Twitche
Inspector McGuiness	John Winthrop
Tony	Royal Beal
Stenographer	Edward Robinson
Voice on Radio	Kenneth Fleming

Boston, a fairly law-abiding city  
save for acrimonious discussions of the  
processes of law, was last night the  
scene of a most successful and well  
planned jewel robbery. Thanks to the  
police the criminals are arrested and,  
we gather, on the point of being con-  
victed. The real trouble was that a  
murder, not intended by the master  
mind of the gang, was committed by  
an insubordinate gangster who had a  
passion for bumping people off. It  
turned out to be a very foolish thing to  
do since it brought the other members  
of the band within uncomfortably close  
range of the electric chair; it also  
meant that the murderer didn't have  
much time to enjoy his exploit—his boss  
decided that he had done enough harm  
and put him out of the way just in  
time to avoid being killed himself.

It may be gathered by now that  
"Crime" lives up to its name and skimps  
no effort to give the innocent specta-  
tor a good idea of what is going on  
all the time in Chicago or New York,  
where the scene of the play is laid.  
Hoid-ups, jewel-robberies, murders,  
night clubs, police methods of extract-  
ing a confession by use of the third  
degree—quite a revelation in itself—  
honor and dishonor among thieves,  
finished off by a thoroughly sporting  
gesture on the part of the master  
criminal, all make for splendid enter-  
tainment. It is no wonder that "Crime"  
ran for months in New York and  
created a veritable sensation in Lon-  
don where it was no doubt taken as  
a representative slice of American life,  
along with the phenomenally and de-  
servedly successful "Broadway."

Last night the company at the St.  
James faced a difficult job, the play  
required a very large cast, innumerable  
shifts of scenery and rapid performance  
if it was to be fully effective. Not  
having seen the original production,  
it is impossible to compare them, but  
we doubt if it could have been any bet-  
ter than that at the St. James. The  
actors were thoroughly at home in  
the parts; playing with great sincerity,  
they projected the full intensity of  
there different loves, hates and loyal-  
ties of these criminals into the under-  
standing of the audience. It was an  
excellent piece of work. Special men-  
tion must be made of the clever staging  
of the jewel robbery with the curious  
crowd, the sham fight, and the un-  
ruffled crooks.

Walter Gilbert made the most of Eu-  
gene Fenmore, leader of the crooks; it  
was a part that suited him admirably  
and he made it most attractive. It was  
too bad to have such a good sport go  
to the chair for the unintelligent  
Tommy and Annabelle, but after all he

got them into trouble and had to help  
them out. Clara Joel was distinctly  
too melodramatic as Dorothy Palmer,  
Eugene's castoff sweetheart, but Samuel  
Godfrey did a fine job as Rocky Morsley  
the crook whose aim was too good for  
his own safety. It was a great show,  
well done.  
E. L. H.

## "WEST POINT" OPENS AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM WINTER GARDEN REVUE AT SHUBERT

**SHUBERT THEATRE**—First perfor-  
mance in Boston of the 1927 edition of  
the Winter Garden revue, "Gay Paree,"  
a musical entertainment in two acts,  
with Charles "Chic" Sale. Staged by  
J. C. Huffman. Ensembles and dances  
by Seymour Felix. Sketches by Har-  
old Atteridge. Music and lyrics by  
Alberta Nichols, Mann Holliner, Maurie  
Rubens, J. Fred Coots and Clifford  
Grey. Harry Levant conducted.

The principal performers besides Mr.  
Sale were Alice Bouden, Esther Ster-  
ling, Paul Davin, Ruth Lockwood, Rich-  
ard Bold, Lorraine Weimar, Douglas

Leavitt, Frank Gaby, William Mont-  
gomery, Rita Gould, Eric Titus, Ben  
Holmes, Stephanie Peters, Irene Cornell  
and the Gay Paree dancers.

This entertainment is a succession of  
sketches, spectacles, dancing and sing-  
ing, and is much after the manner of  
revue a la mode. If you like your  
sophistication somewhat crude, here you  
will find it to your heart's delight in  
almost any of the sketches, with the  
saving grace of the old soldier before  
the Lincoln Memorial at Washington.  
Then, again, we are getting back to  
first principles in dress—or undress.

The music is the usual hoop-de-  
doodle-do of routine revue. One might sit  
up now and then at smart bits of or-  
chestration, but there are few tunes "to  
whistle afterwards." There were pleasing  
moments in song of Richard Bold, new-  
comer of last evening.

To those who know their vaudeville,  
"Chic" Sale is ever familiar. His act is  
always a welcome repetition. Last eve-  
ning he emerged beyond his customary  
sphere, the while he went through his  
bucolic types, cracking steam pipes and  
all. Everybody roared, even the stoics.  
Then there was Rita Gould, who in  
the dialogue might easily earn the title  
of Miss Sophisticate herself. The ex-  
cellent Frank Gaby, who for the once  
left his puppets behind. Douglas Leavitt,  
with a comic flair, if he could only  
leave his mugging behind.

For the spectacles, we recommend  
them all. Opulent indeed; startling, yes,  
even so close after the hand of the  
exotic Mr. White. Let us say a word  
for the ensemble dances and evolutions  
of Mr. Felix. He has shown astounding  
invention, both in dance and manoeu-  
vre; and thrice fortunate is he with  
such apt pupils. Dance they would,  
taking in the broad expanse of the  
Shubert stage, and dance they did as  
one.  
T. A. R.

## "Patent Leather Kid" Show- ing at Four Boston Theatres

"The Patent Leather Kid," a film  
starring Richard Barthelmess, adapted  
from the novel by Rupert Hughes, di-  
rected by Alfred Santell and presented  
by First National at the Fenway, the  
Scollay Square and Washington Street  
Olympias, the Capital in Allston and the  
Central Square in Cambridge with the  
following cast:

The Patent Leather Kid	Richard Barthelmess
The Golden Dancer	Molly O'Day
Puffy	Arthur Stone
Capt. Green	Lawford Davidson
Jake Stuke	Mathew Betz
Mobile Molasses	Raymond Turner

There have been many war films,  
there have been many films about the  
prize ring, but "The Patent Leather  
Kid" is clever enough, is good enough  
to seem even refreshing. Richard Bar-  
thelmess has a part at last which gives  
him an opportunity to show that he is  
a creditable actor and even an inspired  
one at times.

It isn't an easy part to play, the hard-  
boiled prize fighter who was fearless in  
the ring, but turned yellow in the face  
of shell fire only to be recharmed into  
courage when the only man who had  
ever understood or loved him was killed.  
It isn't a pretty sight to see a man  
cringing in a shell-hole with every bit  
of him turned into flabby fear who had  
been so insolent, so care-free and self-  
satisfied, but Barthelmess makes his  
character live, gives him realism, and  
and in spite of the pleasant person-  
ality which is part of him even through  
what are supposed to be his most des-  
picable scenes, the Patent Leather Kid  
is convincing.

Molly O'Day and Arthur Stone as  
Puffy give Barthelmess splendid sup-  
port. Mathew Betz as Jake Stuke, man-  
ager of the Kid, is also good. The acting  
cannot be criticised unfavorably in any  
way, and this reflects creditably on the  
director. The story is the only thing  
that should have crutches in this pic-  
ture, and then only at times. The  
author, the adapter and the rest—prob-  
ably had to bow to drama when they  
made the paralyzed boy make every ef-  
fort to raise his hands and fail only to  
be so moved by his desire to salute the  
flag that he had once scorned that he  
could not only stand up without any  
great feebleness, but raise his hands to  
his head.

The happy ending is a pleasant way to  
end a film, so why should one quarrel  
with a few medical impossibilities when  
the rest of the entertainment is good  
and a capable star is given a part which  
he does so well.

## VARIED PROGRAM GIVEN AT KEITH'S Prima Donna Ill, but Accompanist Carries on and Gets Applause

A program of diversified entertain-  
ment, well apportioned in its varying  
phases of dancing, singing, instrumental  
music, drollery and acrobatics, has been  
prepared for patrons of B. F. Keith's

Theatre this week.

"Jerry and Her Baby Grands," a  
musical treat compounded of harmoni-  
ous melody from four baby grand  
pianos, played in unison by four com-  
petent young women, is one of the  
features that meets with the audience's  
warm approval. The presentation is  
under the direction of Geraldine Val-  
licre, with Mollie Klinger as contralto  
soloist.

Due to illness, Miss Sybil Vane, the  
prima donna billed for a leading part  
in the program, was unable to appear  
last night. Her accompanist at the  
piano, Leon Domque, essayed to carry  
the act through single-handed with a  
group of piano selections, and suc-  
ceeded so well that when he had fin-  
ished the audience registered an insist-  
ent demand for more. Snow and Colum-  
bus, with Miss Coes, danseuse, danced  
their way to the audience's favor with  
some attractive numbers.

## HOMO AMERICANUS

(For As the World Wags)

Blow the trumpets and beat the drums.  
Behold our National hero comes.  
Salute him, Boobs, the time is ripe  
To boost our great American type,  
As is our habit,  
BABBITT

Hark to his elegant nasal twang  
When telling the "boys" composing the  
gang  
Of hundred percenters his patriot stuff  
That yields a large tailing of bunko and  
bluff  
As he would blab it,  
Our BABBITT

His clothing exposes a wide open check,  
A loud speaking scarf encircles his neck;  
His jaws keep a-wriggling, as if on a  
sprint  
While chewing his gum fully flavored  
with mint.

Much like a rabbit  
Does BABBITT

He tells of his travels, and how he would  
scoff  
And tell the poor fish where Europe gets  
off.  
The rest of the World has gone to the  
dogs;  
Italians are Dagoes and Frenchmen are  
Frogs;  
We should grab it  
Said BABBITT

He's an Eagle, an Ant Eater, Owl and  
Cuckoo  
In all of the Orders that make up our  
Zoo;  
He's a Noble of this and a Kleagle of  
that  
And wears many ribbons on his ten-gal-  
lon hat.  
Don't crab it, but stab it  
Says BABBITT

He dieth as all of the creatures of clay,  
But his funeral rites are the talk of the  
day,  
With a half-dozen bands strung out for  
a mile  
All playing jazz music in popular style,  
Never drab, it  
Was BABBITT  
WOOF WOOF.

## "JOHN JASPER'S SECRET"

As the World Wags:

I have been much interested in "John  
Jasper's Letter," given to your column  
by the Rev. Clinton W. Wilson from  
his "Sequel to the 'Mystery of Edwin  
Drood.'" I hope Mr. Wilson's sequel  
will soon be published, for the notes in-  
dicate originality in treatment.

Can you tell me whether "John Jas-  
per's Secret" was written by Wilkie  
Collins in collaboration with a friend?  
My copy bears no authors' names, but  
the preface refers to the "writers." Some  
years ago I had the privilege of  
going up the "postern stair" and stand-  
ing in John Jasper's sitting room, one  
of whose windows looked upon the  
High Street, the other into the Cathed-  
ral close.

KATHARINE W. HUSTON.  
Bath, Me.

Our copy of "John Jasper's Secret"  
was published at New York by R. F.  
Fenno & Co. in 1898. The title page  
gives the names of the authors,  
"Charles Dickens, Jr., and Wilkie Col-  
lins." As a matter of fact, this sequel  
to "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was  
written by Henry Morland. In this  
book Edwin Drood was not murdered.  
Jasper died in the opium den. The old  
hag finds "T. F." on his shoulder. "Ye  
didn't keep yer secret from her."  
Ye haven't always been John Jasper,  
deary! not when yer double tongue  
named ye Jean Journeaux, when ye  
were sowing what I supposed ye called  
yer wild oats, away over beyond the  
water there—first singin' away and  
then stealin' away the only child I had  
in the world—even if she was nothin'  
but a ballet girl! I've knowed ye, deary,  
all along, though I couldn't get words  
to prove it! If I could, the poor old



soul would ha' sent ye back, long ago to the gal'ys at Toulon, where they put ye for killin' the only one as stood up for her—where they give you that pretty mark, deary, and where he'd have been today, but for knowin' how to make yourself somebody else, and gettin' away!" In this book Bazzard, Mr. Grewgious's clerk, is Datchery. Drood marries Helena Landless.—Ed.

I have arrived at the conclusion that it does not matter twopence how you spell a word provided everybody knows what it is.—The Bishop of Manchester.

#### TWINEY, SPARE THAT BIRD!

As the World Wags:

I have not dared, for a good many years, to wear my Sunday suit and hat when I visit Boston, and am glad to see that the Animal Rescue League has taken up the matter of reducing the pigeon population. It surprises me, though, to hear that an organization founded on humanitarian principles should so far ignore the anguish of a mother at the loss of her cherished egg as to consider for a moment robbing her of it, as the newspapers report their plan to be. Moreover, they fail to consider the economic waste that such action would involve. No one wants a pigeon's egg, anyway, but left to nature it has a high potential value.

The A. R. L. is frequently appealing to the public for cash, and might well learn a lesson from a man who used to have a loft down on Long wharf. Before automobile days, P. Cressey used to haul the bananas from the fruit steamers. He fed his horses on the wharf, using butter firkins for nose-bags. This was a wasteful habit, as most of the oats were shaken out, and many pigeons were attracted thither by the good pasturage. The man I speak of fixed up his loft for their accommodation. Did he destroy the eggs? Not by a jugful. But he did a rattling business in squabs, and there is no reason why the A. R. L. should not establish a chain of such lofts about the city and do likewise.

Pigeons are easily influenced. If we felt that our flock was smaller than it should be, when I was a country boy, a salt fish nailed on the roof of the barn promptly turned the balance in our favor. A small American came to me one night to seek for a pet dove in my loft, and found it—at least he said so. On returning to the barn floor with the lighted lantern, to prove his acquaintance with the works of Summerville & Ross he inquired: "Will I quinch it?" I replied: "You will." And he did.

The A. R. L. will meet with considerable opposition inspired by the International Hat Cleaners' Union, which is said to maintain the pigeon herds in the cities of the world, but I wish them the best of luck. The pigeon is a nasty critter in a city, anyway; and now that his slight excuse for remaining as a scavenger no longer exists there is no excuse for him. The English sparrows have practically given it up as a bad job and got out, but the pigeon is lazy enough to prefer to linger on as a pensioner. Away with him!

TOM TWINEY.

## GRIMALDI OPENS

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—**  
"Grimaldi," a play in three acts by William Podmore, presented by Roleman, Cohen and Frazee. Staged by John L. Shine. The cast:

Mrs. Lewis	Grace Hampton
Robert	Bettie Lawford
Joe	Horace Pollock
Joseph	William Podmore
Bella	John Brewster
The Marquis of Queensberry	Alison Bradshaw
Marie St. Clair	Etienne Girardot
Cap. Allstairs	Adele Klier
Blanche	Gerald Rogers
The Prince of Wales	Estelle Thebaud
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	Stanley Harrison
John Philip Kemble	Frank Elliott
Jane Byrne	Gerald Rogers
Lady Who Plays the Queen	Fred. Earle
	Edith Berkeley

When Mr. Podmore began turning his thoughts toward the clown, Grimaldi, for the theme of a play, doubtless, he saw in his mind's eye several ways in which to treat that theme. With Sheridan of Drury Lane right there on the stage in person why wouldn't it fit well to polish off a comedy as near as might be like the "School for Scandal" itself? The Prince of Wales could be run in, to heighten atmosphere.

In the plot, though, as Mr. Podmore weaved it, there was the making of romance, if only he gave the young lovers right of way. They had, indeed, a certain claim to it: a well bred, high-spirited young man forced to tread the boards as a clown, solely to please his father—there is dramatic material both novel and powerful.

Or a rousing theatre piece Mr. Pod-

more could build round this unwilling young clown. For he loved a lady who knew not who he was. Her father, though, did; hence scenes of violence, recrimination, renunciation, with a duel, to boot.

Faithful, however, Mr. Podmore held to what was most likely his original plan—to build his play about the famous retired clown Grimaldi, who had set his heart on his son's following in his steps. This Grimaldi rehearsed his antics in act one, tricked out like a cock with a marvellous tail. He played comedy with his housekeeper; he played the tender father with his wayward son; a dignified host he played to the skipping Prince of Wales. And, at the last, when his son lay dead, he played,

not to leave in the lurch Sheridan of Drury Lane, he played the clown once more, in rooster's comb and feathers.

The romance, though, and the stirring drama, Mr. Podmore did not quite cast aside; of the two elements he compounded a single scene and an excellent. To the old comedy dialogue and manner he held firm—in which firmness he showed wisdom, for the speech is the best of his play.

The play, therefore, might read better than it plays. Its comedy scenes are amusing. The scene in the lady's boudoir holds the interest. The scenes, though, that Mr. Podmore planned for Grimaldi himself, missed. He showed little skill in his leading up to them; leaning too heavily on situations powerful in themselves, he neglected to develop them to their full worth.

Though he impersonated very well an old man—any old man—Mr. Podmore was not successful in individualizing Grimaldi. Both the comic force, furthermore, and the tragic power he lacks to do justice to his own creation. Among the other actors, all adequate. Some of them more, Mr. Girardot stood forward for his vivid sketch of that wicked old nobleman of Queensbury. If the pace of the third act could be doubled, so that the backstage flurry could really be felt, that third act would be the better for it.

A large audience appeared very well pleased. R. R. G.

## PIANIST DEERING

Henri Deering, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. His program included these pieces. Bach's organ fugue in A-minor transcribed by Liszt; Cesar Franck's Prelude, Aria and Finale; Ravel. Tomb of Couperin, and Chopin's Sonata, B-minor op. 58.

Mr. Deering played here for the first time. Born in St. Louis, he studied with Philipp in Paris and with Schnabel in Berlin. Having had these advantages he came before the public in 1922 and played in Paris, London, Dublin, finally in New York in 1925.

His program last night showed serious purpose. Grant that transcriptions of Bach's organ music are not indispensable to a pianist—for Bach's music for the predecessors of the piano should satisfy any musician—Liszt's transcriptions are more respectful than those of Busoni's who was not always content with simply transcribing; and among his arrangements the A minor Prelude and Fugue is perhaps the most brilliant and at the same time most acceptable to a miscellaneous audience.

Ravel's orchestration of his "Couperin's Tomb" was heard here recently under his direction. It was interesting to note the skill with which it is made, but the music in its original form is charming. It will be remembered that the pieces of this Suite are each in turn dedicated to friends of Ravel's who were killed in the world war. It should also be remembered in connection with Franck's prelude, Aria and Fugue, that he began his musical career as a virtuoso pianist, and his parents wished him to devote himself to tours, as being more lucrative than work at compositions.

Mr. Deering is conscientious in his performance. Each note and phrase receive individual attention, each is as clearly cut as pebbles on a beach. Even if he plays with virility and a strong sure technique, he also takes the time to shade his tones carefully. He seems to like to let them sing but he is able by a dexterous twist of his hands to cut them off at any time.

Perhaps the Chopin sonata received Mr. Deering's finest playing but none of the selections on his program suffered from indifference. It was in the sonata, however, that he could show his great dexterity. There is nothing of the magpie in this pianist's work. He knows what he is about. It is pleasant to listen to as lucid piano interpretations. Mr. Deering has good proportion, good values and will, no doubt, go far in his profession. He has everything on his side. A fair-sized audience was genuinely enthusiastic. C. N. D.

AL 23-928

Stravinsky's opera-oratorio "Oedipus Rex" will be performed at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. This will be the first performance in the United States of the remarkable work.

It was produced in Paris by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe on May 30, 1927. The performance was said to be a poor one. The chorus and the tenor who took the part of Oedipus were inadequate, according to report; Stravinsky was not an authoritative conductor. The public naturally expected to see something in the nature of a ballet—Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" was also performed—and when it saw singers seated on the stage dressed as for a concert, many in the audience left in bad humor.

Jean Cocteau prepared in French a libretto based on the tragedy of Sophocles. Stravinsky thought at first of having the text in Greek, but as he feared for the pronunciation, the French of Cocteau was translated into Latin by a more or less ingenious Frenchman. And so chorus and the singers who take the parts of Oedipus, Creon, Tiresias, the Messenger, the Shepherd and Jocasta sing in Latin while a narrator speaks in French. It is the task of this narrator to tell the audience what it may expect to hear. He speaks in the prologue and at intervals in the course of the drama. He begins:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You are going to have a version of 'Oedipus Rex,' Oedipus the King. It is in Latin. That you may be spared the effort of using your ears and cudgeling your brains, and as this opera-oratorio does not offer anything more than a monumental generalization of the story, it is my purpose to remind you, step by step, of the tragedy as Sophocles wrote it.

"Not knowing it, Oedipus is at loggerheads with the Powers that constantly observe us from the other side of death. From the moment of his birth they have been busy in preparing a snare for him; you will presently see him caught in it. Here is the drama: Thebes is in an evil plight. First the Sphinx, then the Pestilence. The Chorus entreats Oedipus to save the city. He has already overcome the Sphinx. Oedipus gives his promise."

Would a Narrator in Boston find the audience ignorant of the horrible story of unconscious parricide and incest?

The tragedy has already been performed here three times: in Greek with George Riddle as Oedipus and with John K. Paine's music; in the French version by Lacroix when Mounet-Sully and his company were seen, in 1894—music by Membree; Gilbert Murray's translation was produced by Martin Harvey at the Boston Opera House late in 1923 with music by Hudson and Nilsson.

Widely differing opinions have been expressed about the merits of Stravinsky's work. Leading French critics have pronounced it to be the most important of all his compositions. Others who have before this recognized the great talent of Stravinsky find "Oedipus Rex" a "paradoxical" work in which "the pleasing formulas of the old opera give rise directly to a species of religious emotion, where the sublimity of the subject comes less from itself than from the genius of the composer who treats it almost without respect."

The recitatives and airs of Oedipus, Creon, Tiresias and the others are interrupted by the male chorus. This chorus will be the Harvard Glee Club, which has been rehearsed by its conductor, Dr. Davison. The solo singers will be Arthur Hackett, Fraser Gange and Mme. Matzenauer. The words of the Narrator will be spoken by Paul Leyssac, one of Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Theatre company, who is known not only as an actor, but as the admirable translator into French of stories by Hans Christian Andersen.

As it has been said by those close to Stravinsky that he is greatly impressed by Handel, by the oratorio form, "in lyric creations based on dramatic subjects in which the action never hinders the musical development," it is meet and proper that the only work to be on the program with "Oedipus Rex" is by Handel: his Concerto for strings and two bands of wind instruments.

If Stravinsky had known that his "Oedipus" would be performed in Boston he might have taken for his libretto the translation into Irish written by the

Rev. Dr. P. Browne of Maynooth, published there by the League of St. Columba. The translation is in blank verse, "in Gaelic—the most rhymeful (if the word is permissible) of languages."

Apropos of the new play, "Grimaldi," Mr. Townsend Walsh, to whose excellence of Boucicault we referred last Sunday, writes to us from New York "Boucicault's play that bears the title 'Grimaldi' is not in any way connected with the famous clown. The Boucicault play is a free adaptation of French piece, 'Viola, ou la vie d'un actrice'; the principal role, Grimaldi an impoverished nobleman, an eccentric old fellow, living in a garret in Paris. In acting the part Boucicault used French dialect. Mr. Etienne Girardot who is a member of Mr. Podmore's company, told me he had played in the Boucicault piece in London. At the suggestion of William Winter, Richard Mansfield studied this same part an even put the play into rehearsal. He was not mercurial enough and so, finding himself unsuited for the character abandoned it. As far as I know Mr. Podmore's play is the first to deal with Joseph Grimaldi, the clown. Grimaldi often played low comedy parts and was liked in the provinces for his performance of Bob Acres. Mr. Shaw, Harvard has several play bills of Joseph in the role of 'Fighting Bob.'"

Alexander Kelberine, pianist, will play here tonight for the first time in Boston. His program contains unusual transcriptions of Bach's music. Beethoven Sonata in D minor, op. 3, No. 2, and pieces by Liszt, Medtner, Scriabin and Chopin.

The Tokar string quartet will also give a concert tonight. It will take place in Bates hall (Y. M. C. A.). Cyr Ullian, pianist, will assist in the performance of Hadley's piano quintet. Quartets by Kreisler and Schubert.

Tomorrow night the Intercollegiate glee club competition will take place in Symphony hall at 8 o'clock, and Port de George in Jordan hall at 8:15. Soprano, will sing arias by Mozart, Macagni and Debussy, besides songs by Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Franz, Rubinstein, Grieg, Griffes, Kountz, Chadwick, Wat.

Saturday morning at 11 o'clock is the hour for Ernest Schelling's concert for children, the last of the season. Music by Schubert, Chabrier, Mendelssohn, Sowerby, Tchaikovsky. Young Oscar Shumski, violinist, will be the soloist. This concert will be the last of the series. In the afternoon, Cecile de Hovath will play piano pieces by Schubert, Seeboeck, Glazounov, Debussy, Liszt, Chopin, Moszkowski, Mrs. Beach, Gocane, Strauss, Schulz-Erlen.

## POLISH CHORUS WINS 1ST PRIZE

A crowd which filled Symphony yesterday afternoon enthusiastically cheered and applauded participants the fifth international music festival which was held under the auspices of the Community Service of Boston the Women's Municipal league. Chorus singing by groups of various nationalities, a patriotic tableau, old chants by bluejackets from the United States naval training station at Newport, national dances, and community singing were features.

Following the contest, Comdr. Richard E. Byrd, U. S. N., explorer, aviator and citizen of Boston, awarded the prize, \$250 for the mixed chorus, to the chorus, under direction of

Anthony Nurczynski of South Boston. The second prize he awarded to Lettish chorus, directed by Robert Stiefel. He was assisted in making awards by his little dog, "Igloo," accompanied him to the north pole is scheduled to go with him when sets out in quest of the south pole.

As Comdr. Byrd stepped onto the stage to make the awards, the followed him, but shyly rushed back the stage. The commander said was Igloo's first public appearance. He was stricken with stage fright, dog soon came back and remained side his master through it all.

Comdr. Byrd pointed out that the makes for friendship and brotherhood between the peoples of the world. He referred to Lindbergh's recent flight to the south, too, he asserted, better understandings and brings nations closer together.

After remarking that the juvenile Malcolm Lang, chairman, Thon



Harrison Potter, found it  
ult to pick the winner, he  
the awards as stated above.  
king part in the contest were  
in chorus, under Mrs. Erdine  
Oedell as director; Finnish  
der Mrs. Martha Isaac Lind;  
rus, under Anthony Nurczyn-  
e Lettish chorus, in charge of  
efel. The Russian chorus,  
ander F. Alekhin, and the  
ale chorus, in charge of Aug-  
tin, contributed to the pro-  
did not compete for prizes.  
group of apprentice seamen  
United States Naval Training  
Newport, R. I., in charge of  
R. Shaw, pleased the audi-  
program of short numbers.  
fter Scott Troupe of High-  
rs, under Drum Major Miss  
ham, who was named cham-  
e world at Canada and has  
tals, featured the Scotch reel,  
dance and the Highland fling.  
ity singing was in charge of  
D. Zanzig.

ic group of men and women  
he committee in charge, in-  
s. Henry D. Tudor, president  
en's Municipal League; Mrs.  
endell, president of the Na-  
tional Federation; Mrs. Robert  
matics, 2d, Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer,  
ard Burlingame Hill, Mrs.  
artol, Miss Fanny P. Mason,  
and J. Evans, Mrs. Ronald T.  
s. Theodore G. Bremer, presi-  
women's Cosmopolitan Club;  
Kennedy Morse, Mrs. Eva  
White, general director Com-  
vice; Miss Frances G. Curtis,  
ld T. Davison, Thomas Whit-  
te, Augustus D. Zanzig and

624 1528

#### GYPSY BANDS

(As the World Wags)  
ands, in trappings gay,  
wanton, aimless way,  
to town at shifting pace,  
long at any place  
surcease, night or day,  
my mind fantastic play  
ps of thought that stay  
ough to leave a trace,  
ke gypsy bands!

uld carol songs of May,  
nt chant a winter lay;  
ese fancies such a race,  
I wish them "health and

heir tents and flit away,  
ke gypsy bands!

WOOF WOOF.

#### MORNING PLATFORMS

An Phoenix took charge of  
go Herald in the absence of  
e made this announcement:  
at large will understand  
al upon "Josh Haven's plat-  
that gentleman defined  
since to be the liberty of  
ing he pleased about any-  
t considering himself at  
ale."

be profitable to inquire into  
er of this Joshua Haven,  
t pass on to the considera-  
important things. Was the  
arm" with its present po-  
ing used in the United  
le 1844? And where did it  
ento the mouth of a politi-  
Birdofredum Sawin wrote

Party Platform, tu, just  
with the mind  
-thinkin', honest folks that  
a to go it blind."  
h soundest planks in a plat-  
scem rotten to wild-eyed  
n A good many years ago a  
helsea, Vt., attended a po-  
ntion. On his return he was  
e village store: "What sort  
tm did they propose?" He  
A fine one, the finest you  
ut they went to work and  
t of its most inherent quali-

received the following letter  
niently fair-minded wisher  
ury's good:  
ed Wags:

ve known that party conven-  
managed by a few devoted pa-  
nd practical politicians sitting  
h scenes while the manikins  
ay mumble memorized mo-  
he have already been fixed up  
ention on the stage. We have  
vilege of a private view of  
k of the two parties on the  
rmount question of policy re-  
e 18th amendment. The Re-  
arty will have a fool-proof,  
d, quartered-oak plank couched  
anguage:

announce our unalterable ac-  
e the 18th amendment as a  
e constitution. It is there to  
removed therefrom by lawful

processes, and the party pledges itself to  
enforce it in the same efficient manner  
as it is now enforced by the Republican  
administration. We point to the annually  
increasing arrests as evidence that the  
law is being respected under our party  
officials. Appropriations annually in-  
creasing testify to our success in en-  
larging the prohibition forces. The  
country cannot be allowed to continue  
half-wet and half-dry, and we are her-  
eby pledged to see that it shall not be."

The Democratic platform is none the  
less explicit, and is a cheering example  
of straight-from-the-shoulder statement  
of party belief:

"The Democratic party regards the  
18th amendment as one of the integral  
parts of our fundamental law. It is there  
to be enforced, until it is amended or  
taken out by regular constitutional  
means. We do not favor its nullification  
by half-hearted measures administered  
by unfriendly officials. If returned to  
power we pledge the Democratic admin-  
istration to enforce its provisions as  
other amendments have been enforced  
in the past, when we have been in con-  
trol. Our record in this respect needs  
no elaboration. The country cannot be  
allowed to continue half-wet and half-  
dry, and we are hereby pledged to see  
that it shall not be."

Thus the issue is joined. Stripped of  
the buff, these gladiators will fight to  
determine the important question of  
giving a mandate to the party which  
promises to see that the country shall  
not be half-wet and half-dry. At least  
we shall have this great question settled  
on its merits. BOW WOW.

#### HOW THAT TOWN GROWS!

(Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph)

##### BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. George, 301 East  
Locust street, boy, Mennonite Sanita-  
rium, 3 o'clock Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. George, 301 East  
Locust street, Mennonite Hospital,  
Thursday morning, Feb. 16, boy.

Mr. and Mrs. John George, 301 East  
Locust street, boy, born Thursday morn-  
ing at Mennonite Hospital.

##### CUPID ON ROCKERS

As the World Wags:

If Ben Franklin invented the rocking  
chair, did he also invent that variation  
of it which I inherited from dear Aunt

Mabel known as a stationary rocker?  
If so, I wish he would come and get it.  
It has a stationary base and a rocking  
arrangement half-way between floor and  
seat. It is ugly, uncomfortable, hard to  
dust; it has none of the joyous abandon  
and honest rhythm of the rocker per se.  
I assume that it preceded the real  
rocking chair and was invented by a  
conservative, and that a liberal then  
came along and said: "If we're going to  
rock, for God's sake let's rock!"

An old lady I know has what she  
calls a "courtin'" rocker. A right rocker  
which when rocked the most im-  
perceptibly until the one it finds  
himself some distance from his original  
position. In this chair an old lady  
when her first beau came to call. He  
sat on the haircloth sofa across the  
room. She was shy, he was bashful.  
Conversation was difficult. To ease her  
nervousness she began to rock. The  
chair began to travel. It ended up, in  
the course of the evening, over by the  
sofa, whereon sat her caller. I like the  
picture, don't you?

JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

##### THE LITTLE HOUSE

(For As the World Wags)

A little house in a garden,  
With hollyhocks up to the thatch,  
But leaping fire and candle-shine  
When the north wind rattled the latch.

We laughed at the wrath of the north  
wind,  
And barred out his frosty breath,  
But love, nor joy, nor laughter  
Could ever bar out—Death.

In the little house dwell strangers,  
They tend the fire and the lights,  
And pluck the dew-wet mignonette  
In the brief, sweet summer nights.

Now only in dreams I go there  
And list to the dear, loved rhyme,  
"If I should marry a thousand times,  
I'd marry you every time."

SARAH BEATRICE KENYON.

##### THIS WAS NO JOY RIDE

(South Bend, Ind., Times)

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gale and Mr.  
and Mrs. Alvah Putnam of the local  
Ford agency returned from Chicago  
recently.

As the World Wags:

This is a joke on the women. Just as  
some of them began to agitate against  
smoking about all the women began to  
smoke. I hope they will proceed with  
the reform and have it enforced by the  
women themselves. I should like to  
watch the fight from a high tree. I  
saw a whist club at a duck-inn smoking  
around a table recently. They all smoked  
like small boys behind a barn. A flushed

face with a tobacco smoke halo or cloud  
effect is not noticeably artistic. They  
should smoke languidly with small puffs,  
always using a holder, not with volcanic  
expellings like exhausts from a truck.

Wishing them all kind of love, but no  
alimony, and a long and smoky life.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## KELBERINE HEARD

Alexander Kelberine, pianist, played  
this program last night in Jordan hall,  
before an enthusiastic audience: Organ  
Prelude in G Minor, Prelude and Fugue  
in F Minor, Sicilienne, Chaconne, Bach-  
Siloti; Sonata in D Minor, opus 31,  
Beethoven; Benediction de Dieu dans  
la Solitude, Liszt; Un Conte, Opus 26,  
No. 3, Medtner; Prelude, Poeme, Opus  
32, No. 1, Scriabine; Nocturne, Chopin;  
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12, Liszt.

Let us take Mr. Kelberine's techni-  
que for granted. It goes without say-  
ing that this young Russian, a pupil  
of the famous Siloti, has developed a  
mechanism absolutely adequate to  
whatever he fancies attempting, a  
mechanism, indeed, on the way to vir-  
tuosity. Whether, though, he ever at-  
tains the virtuosity in his grasp—that's  
a question.

Let us, in bold attempt at analysis,  
venture this guess, if an orchestra were  
to come his way for him to conduct,  
it's only a very cold shoulder that the  
piano would ever see of Mr. Kelberine.

Tonal color bewitches him. In Bee-  
thoven's sonata he laid it on thick, the  
true orchestral kind, so far as the  
pianoforte would allow him. Liszt's  
piece he made burn with it, dazzle and  
gleam. For Bach's organ prelude he  
might have had an organ at hand.

In imagination it is easy to see Mr.  
Kelberine directing an orchestra. With  
what gusto he could let his trombones  
loose! How he would harry the horns  
for more tone! With exquisite curves  
of his arms he would shape the violins,  
melodies for them. Lovingly he would  
summon the solo flute to turn on rip-  
pling cascades of silvery sound.

A master hand, quite like, Mr. Kel-  
berine would prove with an orchestra.  
A certain dignity he would have at  
command, and noble tone, as his open-  
ing pages of Bach's prelude showed last  
night. With big, stirring music like  
the piano arrangement of Bach's cha-  
conne—music where dynamic violence,  
in conjunction with a flaming tempera-  
ment, will work wonders—Mr. Kelberine  
ought to stand sure of success. In io-  
mantic music of the poorer Liszt type,  
he, with his passion for color and sym-  
pathy for that kind of melody, could  
scarcely fail to stand forward. Ready  
to slight Beethoven's melody and wrench  
his rhythm to make a Liszt-like holi-  
day, Mr. Kelberine ought to find him-  
self at home on many a podium with  
an orchestra before him.

Till, however, some orchestra does  
fall his way, Mr. Kelberine would show  
himself a wise young man if he would  
learn to make the best of his pianoforte,  
recognizing that a piano is not an or-  
chestra and never will be, and so per-  
fecting his technique that his piano  
music will always sound beautiful as  
well as effective and stirring. A sense  
of style, too, he might judiciously cul-  
tivate while he is waiting; Bach fugues  
and Beethoven's early sonatas are  
neither Liszt nor Richard Strauss.

R. R. G.

Feb 25 1928

## 'OEDIPUS REX' IN SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE

Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," an opera  
oratorio in two acts, text by Jean Coc-  
teau in French, translated into Latin  
by J. Danielou, was performed for the  
first time in this country yesterday af-  
ternoon in Symphony hall by the Bos-  
ton Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Kousse-  
vitzky, conductor, Mme. Matzenauer,  
mezzo-soprano, Arthur Hackett, tenor,  
Fraser Gange, baritone, the Harvard  
Glee Club, which had been trained by  
its conductor, Dr. Devison. The text  
of the Narrator was spoken by Paul  
Leyssac through the courtesy of Eva La  
Gallienne, director of the Civic Rep-  
ertory Theatre, New York.

This extraordinary composition was  
composed in 1926-27. The first per-  
formance was at an entertainment of  
Diaghilev's Ballet Russe, at the Theatre  
Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, on May 30,  
1927. That performance was wholly in-  
adequate, according to the testimony of  
those who heard it. The chorus was  
like the conies mentioned in Holy Writ,  
a feeble folk; the tenor who took the  
part of Oedipus was grossly incompe-  
tent; Mr. Stravinsky made the mistake  
of conducting his work.

Cocoteau based his story on the  
tragedy of Sophocles. Stravinsky, who  
had in his head the idea of an opera  
in Greek, decided that Greek is a "too

dead" language and is badly pronounced,  
so he decided on Latin. Is it not possible  
that he thought his opera-oratorio  
would thus find a public in countries  
where French would not be so easy  
for singers? The words of the Narrator  
he kept in French. It is the task of  
this Narrator to remind step by step  
the audience of the old tragedy; "to  
spare you from straining your ears and  
cudgelling your brains." It may here  
be said that Mr. Leyssac yesterday in  
the performance of this task was  
dramatic without being unduly theatric-  
al. His mere statement of facts as  
well as his declamation, more im-  
passioned, as the horror of the story  
unfolded itself, was, indeed, eloquent.

Strange to say, librettist and com-  
poser chose an intensely dramatic  
theme for a concert work that, wholly  
without action, as far as the eye is  
concerned, is sung by the characters  
without the aid of scenery and cos-  
tumes. The action was to be in the  
music itself, but not in operatic form.  
Stravinsky had been fascinated, as  
Andre Coeuroy puts it, by "the ideal of  
static art" attained in the great ora-  
torios of Handel. It is hardly neces-  
sary to add that Stravinsky did not  
write in 1926-27 with Handelian for-  
mulas in mind. Although with the two  
of them harmony is more important  
than counterpoint in arriving at this  
ideal, the aria, pathetic or florid, was  
not for Stravinsky's characters. He  
adopted for the most part a singular  
form of recitative, not bald and pros-  
aic; at times almost venturing into  
the arioso; not avoiding now and then  
cadenza-like measures. Only for Jocasta  
did he give a semblance of what was  
once known as the aria of the grand  
style; only for her did he invent melodic  
figures, as melody is understood by the  
people. It would seem that for other  
characters he had chiefly in view the  
declaratory sentences of the Italians  
in the early years of operas.

And in his choice of this style, Stra-  
vinsky was artistically far-seeing. To  
have given set arias, traditional duets  
to the chief singers would have cheap-  
ened tragedy, even if it had not brought  
undue attention to the characters as  
singers, not as the playthings of the  
gods on high. Here was no room for  
melodious, sensuous strains for meas-  
ures of dazzling brilliance. So, too,  
with the music for the chorus—from its  
wild appeal to Oedipus, to the sorrowful  
expulsion of the once-loved King from  
the city he had freed from the danger  
of the Sphinx; so, too, with the or-  
chestration, which, without extrava-  
gance, but by choice of instruments, by  
strange coloring, produced when neces-  
sary a peculiarly sinister effect, fol-  
lowed the despair of the people. The  
questioning, the awful revelation, the  
final tragedy.

In this work we find another Stra-  
vinsky from the man that having com-  
posed the barbaric "Sacredu Printemps"  
made the experiment of "going back to

Bach." To us this "Oedipus Rex" is  
Stravinsky's greatest work in the con-  
ception of the whole piece, in the con-  
tinuity and crescendo o. horrified in-  
terest, in effects of detail, in the classic  
simplicity of the ending. There are  
pages that incite immediate admira-  
tion—the music that accompanies the  
entrance and first speech of Creon;  
the muttering chorus, curious yet in  
dread of answer; the jubilant welcome  
of the appearing Jocasta; her rebuke  
of the contending princes and contempt  
for oracles; the music for the Messen-  
ger, the chorus of expulsion, in short  
the whole of the second act. How in-  
cise the musically dramatic strokes!  
Stravinsky's greatest composition? Is  
it not more than this? Is it not the  
most important work that has appeared  
since "Pelleas et Melisande"? The old  
form of opera with its conventionalities,  
its formulas, its absurdities is passing.  
Will the successor be in the form of  
ballet-opera, or will composers look  
toward Stravinsky as the forerunner  
of those who, taking courage, will profit  
by his example?

Mr. Koussevitzky should be heartily  
thanked for acquainting the audience  
with this superbly tragic work. The  
difficulties in performance are great  
and unusual; they were largely over-  
come. Praise is due the chorus, which  
had been well prepared by Dr. Davi-  
son. Mme. Matzenauer, mistress of the  
music, knowing it without the need of  
the printed page, was dramatic not only  
through her glorious voice, but by her  
natural and trained intelligence. Mr.  
Hackett's task was not an easy one; but  
is his the voice for the King Oedipus?  
Did he know the soul of the proud, per-  
turbed solver of riddles, driven to self-  
torture, madness? Mr. Gange, often  
sang with due effect, but for the music  
of Tiresias a true bass would have fur-  
nished a needed contrast.

The concert opened with Handel's  
Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D major for  
strings, an excellent prelude to the  
"Oedipus Rex"; noble music of Handel,  
nobly conducted, nobly played.

The concert will be repeated tonight.  
The program of next week: Walton,  
Sinfonia Concertante, for orchestra and  
piano (Mr. Zighera, pianist). Proko-  
fiyff, Scythian Suite. Brahms, Sym-  
phony No. 1, C minor.



The Alcott family has fared well at the hands of Little, Brown & Co. Last year Honore Willile Morrow in "The Father of Little Women" gave a graphic description of A. Bronson Alcott, whose methods of teaching the young, excellent as those methods were in many respects, excited the indignation of smug, respectable, old-crusted Bostonians; all the more because this teacher was an Abolitionist. Now comes a reprint of "Louise May Alcott: Her Life, Letters and Journal," edited by Ednah D. Cheney in an attractive form, with additional illustrations, while Caroline Ticknor's "May Alcott," also illustrated, is published by the same house.

It is said that the authorized life of Louisa has been in continuous demand for the last 40 years. It is the story of a brave woman, for she was sorely tried even in her home, with a philosopher of a father whose head was stuffed with unpractical ideas, a man known to many as a colossal bore, never "a good provider," to use the old New England phrase. Fortunately Louisa was ambitious, with a knack of writing for girls, above all blessed with a sense of humor. Yet it may be asked without fear of a thunderbolt striking the questioner whether or many lines from her journal and letters were worth publication.

We rejoice in knowing that Miss Wealthy Stevens paid for "Flower Fables" by Louisa, for Miss Stevens's Christian name did not necessarily associate itself with generosity, but is the world interested in knowing that in April, 1855, Louisa was in a garret "with a pile of apples to eat," even if there is this note: "Jo in the garret, L. M. A." "Little Women" does not require a laborious research into the origin of incidents and dialogue after the manner of "The Road to Xanadu." It is a pleasure to learn that a landlady, a deacon, would not clean a place where children had scarlet fever, living over a cellar where pigs had been kept; would not clean till Mrs. Alcott threatened to sue him for allowing a nuisance; but we are not thrilled by learning that in June, 1856, "Dr. Bellows and Father had Sunday eve conversations," unless it had been stated that Dr. Bellows succeeded in getting in a word or two, while A. Bronson rambled on. We also are pleased by the reminder that Louisa at one time "dashed off sensational stories," but are disappointed by Mrs. Cheney assuring us that these stories were never coarse or immoral; that they "did not give poison to her readers." We remember that in our little village the girls in certain households were not allowed to read the "Little Women" series, because some of the pages were tainted with what theatrical press agents call "love interest."

Louisa went in 1871 to the ball for the Grand Duke Alexis. "The big blonde boy the best of all. Would dance with the pretty girls, and leave the Boston dowagers and their diamonds in the lurch." How did he escape these dowagers, who seeing him were, no doubt, inflamed with what is characterized as a maternal interest. Alexis probably did not attend a meeting of the Radical Club "where the philosophers mount their hobbies and prance away into time and space, while we gaze after them and try to look wise." Louisa had no illusions about philosophers; there was one in her family. When Dr. McCosh asked her for her definition of one, she replied: "My definition is of a man up in a balloon, with his family and friends holding the ropes which confine him to earth and trying to haul him down."

Louisa read Goethe, Emerson, Shakespeare, Carlyle, Margaret Fuller and George Sand. "George Eliot I don't care for, nor any of the modern poets but Whittier; the old ones—Herbert, Craslow, Keats, Coleridge, Dante, and a few others—I like." She preferred Emerson's poems to Longfellow's. She heard Thackeray and Matthew Arnold read, but made no comment in her journal. Prof. Gajini, E. P. Whipple, Beecher lectured, "best of all a free pass to the Boston Theatre." Beecher afterwards paid her \$3000 for a serial story in the Christian Union. In spite of this she heard him preach early in 1876 and did not like him. Ungrateful Louisa! She read Dickens with pleasure. French lovers at Dinan calling each other pet names as "my little pig," "my cabbage," "my tom cat," "my sweet hen" amused her. She saw Forrest as Othello, but she made only this comment: "It is

funny to see how attentive all the once cool gentlemen are to Miss Alcott. Now she has a pass to the new theatre." At Mrs. Parkman's she saw "the lloiness (Fanny Kemble) feed. . . . I enjoyed the great creature afar off, wondering how a short, stout woman could look so like a queen in her purple velvet and point lace." Booth's Hamlet: "My ideal done at last." Seeing La Grange as Norma: "Quite stage-struck and imagined myself in her place, with white robes and oak-leaf crown," but the next day, "sewed happily on my job of 12 sheets for H. W." Louisa's farce, "Nat Bachelor's Pleasure Trip," was brought out at the Howard Athenaeum (1860). In 1884 she saw Henry Irving: "Always enjoy him, though he is very queer. Ellen Terry always the same, though charming in her way."

In 1865 Henry James, Jr., reviewed Louisa's "Moods": "Being a literary youth he gave me advice, as if he had been 80 and I a girl." In the great procession after the assassination of Lincoln, though few negroes were in it, she saw "one walking arm in arm with a white gentleman, and I exulted thereat."

In 1882 she helped start a temperance society, "Much needed in Concord. A great deal of drinking, not among the Irish, but young American gentlemen, as well as farmers and mill hands." Twenty-seven boys signed the pledge. There were vegetarian wafers at Fruitlands. Here is one: "Apollo eats no flesh and has no beard; his voice is melody itself." Louisa thought it would be a fine idea to erect a statue of her father, "the modern Plato," in New York. She said at a time when she had never eaten meat and her father was attributing unruffled sweetness of temper to a vegetable diet: "I don't know about that, I'm awful cross and irritable at times." At Wendell Phillips's funeral she sat between Fred Douglas and his wife.

Her life was one of self-sacrifice. For her family she put aside "ambitious dreams, health, leisure—everything but her integrity of soul."

Mrs. Cheney's book is provided with an adequate index; Miss Ticknor's "May Alcott" is unfortunately not so favored. This pleasing account of a woman whose life was sunnier and in some respects richer than that of Louisa's has already been reviewed at length in The Herald. It was characteristic of May's father that, receiving the news of her death, he immediately wrote a poem containing these lines:

"Transported May!  
Thou could'st not stay,  
Who gave took thee away"

and carried the verses over to his friend, Frank Sanborn. Thus the philosopher, "the modern Plato," found consolation.

## HELEN OF TROY

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy," a film drama adapted from the novel of John Erskine, directed by Alexander Korda, Hungarian director, and presented by First National at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Helen	..... Maria Corda
Menelaos	..... Lewis Stone
Paris	..... Ricardo Cortez
Eiconous	..... George Fawcett
Atraste	..... Alice White
Telemachus	..... Gordon Elliot
Elvases	..... Tom O'Brien
Achilles	..... Bert Sirottie

There isn't much of John Erskine's story in the film "Private Life of Helen of Troy" excepting the humanising aspect, but it is enough to start the farcical elbows bending, and this in the films is a treat, a joy and a pleasure. Intelligence is evident from the beginning to the end of this film, along with a nice sense of humor and appreciation of the fable that life is the same day after day and generation after generation. It has served well to make the story of the first blond gentleman preferred an entertaining film.

Perhaps the greatest credit should go to Prof. Erskine for dissecting Helen from history, giving her a good philosophy and putting her in a book, but if one may timidly venture the thought that the film is even more amusing than the book, one does. There are many titles and most of them are good. There is more than whimsical fancy woven into the plot of why Helen went to Troy with Paris and why Menelaos went after her. He had looked forward to going fishing, but the Spartan equivalent of the navy, the army and the marines overruled him, the fishing trip had to be postponed.

There are a few good-natured jabs at kinging, of husbanding, and even Helen does not escape the ironical play of facts. Paris is made to look dizzy and overpowering with allure until he carries many bundles and hat boxes for the eloping lady.

After the war, which Helen tried to stop but was persuaded to return to Paris because it would ruin her hus-

The last tribute was paid to Eddie Foy (Edward Fitzgerald) at New Rochelle on Feb. 21st. It was only last month that "Clowning Through Life," by Eddie Foy and Alfin F. Harlow was published by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York. There are 22 illustrations. There is no index, alas; there is no table of contents. The book itself is one of unusual interest. Squire Bancroft, writing his memoirs, ended his preface by saying: "For the egotism displayed in the following story I offer no excuse. Egotism is inseparable from autobiography"; but Foy's account of his life is not egotistical, for his bump of humor was strongly developed.

Foy was not a clown in the long line of famous men of whom Grimaldi and George L. Fox were brilliant examples. He clowning it, but not in pantomimes. Nature gave him the clown's face; there was no need of facial make-up. Fox, though he shone in comedies and burlesque, as a clown did not speak; Foy, when he spoke, and when was he not talking, was the clown, but not one that depended on slap-stick or tricks. The face of the unfortunate hero of "L'Homme qui rit" had been carved into a grin that provoked Homeric laughter in the street and in the House of Lords. The moment Foy appeared on the stage the audience laughed uproariously; when he spoke from one side of his mouth the spectators shook with laughter; they beat their sides in glee and wiped their streaming eyes. When he left the stage "at the early age of 67," he could proudly say: "I have never given the serious thinkers anything to discuss at their club meetings, but I have helped thousands to forget life's troubles for an evening—and that is something!"

He was born in Greenwich Village, New York. His father, who, like St. Patrick, came of "dacent people," ran a tailor shop. As a boy Eddie could occasionally see a pig, goat or a flock of chickens at large in the street. The East side was a bit woolly. "The Dead Rabbits and the Bowery Boys spent most of their energy in fighting each other; today the slums harbor crooks and gunmen who are more dangerous enemies to society than any of 60 or 70 years ago." It was an age of gorgeous clothing and lots of it. "A woman who appeared in public without hoops looked like a collapsed umbrella, and was usually set down as belonging to the 'lower clahses.'" The men wore flowing trousers with plaids sometimes eight inches across, and plenty of hair and whiskers." They slushed their hair with grease and pomatum. Town pumps were scattered over lower Manhattan.

Foy's father joined the Union army in 1862, was wounded and as a result went insane. The wife received no pension; Uncle Sam was too hard pressed in those days. The boy saw the great draft riot. His mother was very poor. Eddie became a bootblack, but practised dancing, singing and making grimaces. A wandering fiddler saw him and the 8-year-old boy became an entertainer. One of his mother's brothers in Chicago urged her to take her family to that city. The track was rough, the seats were hard, the journey took three days. Eddie saw Lincoln's body; the face was then sallow and shrunken. Eddie adored his Sunday school teacher, who was from 25 to 35 years old; he did not tell her he was a bootblack. He sold newspapers; he heard from alleys the songs of negro minstrels, and as operatic singing was then a precarious means of livelihood, many of the best male voices were found in these shows, which paid well and gave regular employment.

He was 15 years old when the great fire swept Chicago. His long account of that fire and the adventures of his family would excite the admiration of any reporter, novelist, historian. It is equalled only by his story of the Iroquois Theatre fire at Chicago in 1903, that dreadful fire in which he played a heroic part. His story is as graphic in its description of horrors, as it is simple and modest.

James Fisk, Jr., had announced that any sufferer from the great Chicago fire who wished to go to New York or any other point on the Erie railroad, could have free transportation. Let it be said to the credit of Fisk, that he also sent contributions of flour, meat, clothing to Chicago free of charge. The Foy family took advantage of this generosity, but it heard of the new Chicago, and again Fisk saw to it that passes would be provided. He had made them out on a Saturday, the day that Stokes shot him. A man in the Erie office handed them to Foy's mother on the following Monday.

The mother was employed as a sort of nurse, guard and companion to Lincoln's widow, who, melancholy, at times mildly insane, thought gas an invention of the devil, would have only candles in the room, or the shades drawn and the room pitch dark. Eddie met Jack Finnegan. They formed a song and dance team. Finnegan said "Fitzgerald" sounded "too Irish." "I questioned whether anything could be too Irish, but he overruled me." Finnegan took the stage name of Edwards. There were two Foy girls in concert halls, later in vaudeville. Fitzgerald admired them, took their name. The team became Edwards and Foy, "and I have been Eddie Foy ever since." Then began a long life of theatrical adventure. They encountered as "kids who weren't dry behind the ears," as "raw amateurs," professional jealousy. Edwards (Finnegan), left Foy, who took one Collins for a partner. Foy acted also as a "super" in performances with great actors. He would appear as citizen, ruffian, soldier, peasant, attendant. Seeing Edwin Booth, he wondered at his expressive hands. Now Augustus Thomas once said to a graduating class. "In my opinion the man who uses his hands most gracefully in the theatre today is Eddie Foy. You laugh at my mention of him because he is a comedian. Eddie wouldn't object if we called him a good professional clown. But his gestures are marvelously graceful; and it is his knowledge of boxing that makes him so easy with his hands," Eddie writes that any grace he may have shown came from watching Booth; he looked forward to the day when he, too, could play in tragedy, especially as Hamlet. It's the old story: The clown wishing he were a tragedian. It took Foy several years to realize that his face was not built for tragedy, that it would be a pity to waste his talents as a dancer and a clown.

Eddie, as an acrobat, joined a circus, and had amusing experiences; amusing to the reader. Later on there was another song and dance team. Eddie would walk home for many miles or ride on a freight train. His mother was in despair. "A hell of an actor, I'm thinkin'." But he formed a partnership that lasted more than six years with Jim Thompson. They found themselves in Dodge City, Kan., where they met the sheriff, Mr. "Bat" Masterson, who sported two big silver mounted ivory handled pistols in a heavy belt. Every woman in that town was treated with grave courtesy, no



natter whether she was a "professional entertainer." Women of that class dressed in gingham and cheap prints; as did the dance hall girls when they were off duty. It was doubtful whether men with desperate names, "Shoot Em Up Mike," or "Shoot His Eye Out Jack" had ever killed anybody.

When Foy and his partner arrived in Leadville there was no postoffice; up to January, 1878, the place had no name. The gambling houses could not keep up with the demand; vice was naked and unashamed. Robberies were of daily occurrence. "It was the greatest pandemonium and hurly-burly that I had ever gotten into," Horace A. W. Tabor was the leading citizen. He wore \$600 nightshirts. When he built his new opera house in Denver, he found a sculptor modelling a plaster bust in low relief on an inside wall.

"Who's that?" he demanded.

"That's Shakespeare," replied the artist.

"Shakespeare?" echoed Tabor. "What the hell did he ever do for Colorado?"

Tabor lost his fortune in 1893 and was glad to serve as postmaster in Denver.

It would be a pleasure to tell of Foy's adventures in Leadville, Denver, Tombstone, San Francisco—at this last place Foy acted for the first time in the "legitimate"; as Mr. Corrigan, in "The Colleen Bawn" with Boucicault, director and actor; to tell of Foy as a negro minstrel with Billy Emerson; of experiences in touring California and Montana; of joining Carncross's minstrels in Philadelphia; later with the Rentz-Santley Burlesque company, and Barry and Fay; of the return to San Francisco. Eddie was Corbett's assistant when he signed the agreement to fight Sullivan. Eddie's mother, hearing the result of the fight, said mournfully: "To think of it! A Mayo man licked a Kerry man!" It was in Chicago at last that Foy was engaged to play leading comedy parts in David Henderson's company. Six years with him, then a trip to London and Paris. Foy, speaking of Jimmy Sullivan's success in London, quotes press notices to show that "Sullivan made the greatest hit ever made in England by an American comedian." "I ought, in simple justice to myself, to mention the fact that I never played in England."

We have dwelt on Foy's earlier years, as the less familiar to the great public, but the book from beginning to end furnishes lively entertainment with its wealth of anecdotes, descriptions, comments. Nor have we alluded to Foy's family life, to the wives who in turn were loved by him and mourned; nor have we spoken of his children who "carried on" with him in vaudeville, and his last play, "The Casey Girl"; nor his trial of cinema life. "Being smeared from head to foot with synthetic custard was never my idea of humor." If Eddie Foy on the stage excited laughter, this volume of memoirs incites respect for his courage and unflinching good nature in times that must have tried his soul.

P. H.

## NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM

### An Old Theatre Seen in Scollay Square Changes in Character and in Name

The recent razing of the cumbrous structure that covered the entrance to the subway in Scollay square brings into greater prominence the ancient front of a once famous building.

To tell the Bostonian of today where modern structures of more or less dignity and beauty raise their architectural heads above the former homes of tragedy, comedy, pantomime, farce or burlesque once reigned as recognized kings and queens of amusements, would be no news, but to say that many thousands pass almost daily a building still rearing its antique walls on one of the widest and most open spaces in the heart of Boston, and that this building dates its birth into the world of amusements from 1818 will doubtless be news to most of them.

The exact date was July 4, 1818, and the showman responsible for its existence was Ethan Allen Greenwood, while the location of this more than century old theatre, was and still is, Scollay square, between Cornhill and Brattle street. Untold thousands pass this building daily, without knowledge of its ancient glory, the walls of which remain today practically as they were at the beginning of the 19th century. Take a glance upward on the Cornhill side and note the long windows which serve to indicate the difference from those of commercial or residential buildings. At the corner of Brattle street, a corner of the building has been chopped out to provide an entrance to the subway, but other than that, the exterior remains practically as of old.

It was an upstairs theatre, with the entrance at the same place as now, No. 75, which until recently led to an eating place. The lobby at the head of the stairs was 36 feet long, which space has been latterly devoted to the products of the culinary gods. The lower hall was 70x36, with an overhead of 14 feet.

Once upon a time there was a "New York Museum" away back in 1812, and it was exploited in Boylston hall, upon which the eyes of the said Ethan Allen Greenwood must have rested with envy, for six years later when he had acquired the funds, he purchased it and transferred it to 75 Court street, and renamed his adopted child the New England Museum, which name stuck for a long time, fortune favoring him, until in 1821, he added Mix's New Haven Museum, and displayed his collection of stuffed birds, reptiles, and an elephant, his paintings and wax figures in one part of the structure, a "Cosmorama" in another, and in the upper portion were statues and portraits. This went on until 1892, when he had a fire—not a big fire—but one large enough to enable him to collect some insurance very likely and enlarge, but he "didn't need a fire, he was doing a good business" as a Jew was overheard telling a friend about a mutual acquaintance.

In passing let me add that this collection included the celebrated painting by Rembrandt Peals which graced the grand salon of the later Boston Museum, and known as "The Roman Daughter in Prison" which no person making his or her exit from the place could escape seeing, nor did they wish

to, and having seen, they soon after bought another ticket in order to make another exit.

Exit Greenwood—enter Jonathan Harrington at 75 Court street, in 1840, the building having been in 1838 leased to Nathaniel Waterman for 100 years, and that lease still holds good, which accounts for the building standing practically intact.

Harrington was a magician, and had to be, to keep it two years, which he did, it later being known as Lee's Grand Saloon, when dramatic performances were given, then Washingtonian hall, where colored "Guinea Troubadours" with "Juba" announced as the "King of Dancers," and "unexceptionably the greatest dancer of the age."

This same year, 1845, it again changed its name with chameleon like rapidity to "Olympic," they with the usual incongruity giving the biggest possible name to the littlest theatre, and William B. English started bravely with Barney Williams as the star and Malvina Gray doing a fancy dance, T. B. Booth a comic song, "The Raging Canawl" and "Mr. Chanfrau" in the farce of "The Dumb Belle." In November the name changed to "Boston Olympic" in order to save confusion with the Grecian probably, and "The French Spy," "The Yellow Dwarf," "Rosina Meadows" and "Beauty and the Beast" rollicked across a 10-foot stage. It was at this time that "Miss" Western appeared, the Miss being undoubtedly used for stage purposes, the lady being Mrs. Western, the mother of Lucille and Helen, these young ladies being at this time but 2½ years old respectively. Mrs. Western married Mr. English for her second husband.

In 1846 we find a brief career started here as Graham's Olympic Saloon, with such distinguished persons as Mrs. W. G. Jones, Mrs. G. C. Germon, Mrs. Judah and "E. Adams" in the casts. This could hardly have been Edwin Adams, as has been questioned, for he would have been but 12 years old at that time, although it is not impossible, for Mrs. Fiske had played nearly the entire gamut of the drama before she reached that mature age. Edwin Adams was born here at the North end, in 1834.

The real dignity of the erstwhile New England Museum began with the tenancy of Brougham and Bland on April 5, 1847, when they christened their new acquisition "The Boston Adelphi," and opened it with "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," the burlesque called "Cher Ryan Dfairs Tar," which the decipherers of cryptograms will discover was no other than our old friend "Cherry and Fair Star." The evening closed with "The Widow's Victim."

Well, Brougham and Bland separately and collectively soon began to take cur-sory views of it, for they found themselves in a similar situation to that of John E. Owens and his diminutive stage in Baltimore, when he put on "The Forty Thieves" and had only room for four thieves to follow him when he entered, as he turned and waving an imaginary troop shouting, "The rest of the band may remain in the wood."

Before, however, they had reached the kitted stage of getting their eyes opened, they issued this "Especial Notice. The Managers conscious of any attempt however humble to rescue the immortal Bard's works from threatened overpowering on one side, or oblivion on the other, from too much popularity or from cruel neglect, beg to announce that they have in preparation, ANOTHER GRAND SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL, which will shortly be placed before the public, with the care and attention which characterize all the efforts of this Establishment."

As Brougham was nothing if not a prince of humorists, this undoubtedly referred to one of his famous travesties of Shakespeare, for Brougham was the king of burlesquers and spared nothing—he could write one over night, rehearse it the next forenoon and play it that evening.

They continued their first season to July 9 and closed, but courageously reopened again Sept. 6, 1847, with "The Queen's Lover," a burlesque of "Kings Richard ye Third" and "A Pleasant Neighbor."

Working like beavers in a pint pot, they struggled manfully until Jan. 21, 1848, when the names of Brougham and Bland disappeared and "Boston Adelphi" appeared without the formerly preceding "Brougham & Bland's." when a few days later the Transcript announced that "This little Theatre is now all life and activity. Mrs. Smith (W. H.) is quite a card and a valuable acquisition to the stock company." This "life and activity" lasted less than a week, and on Feb. 2 a benefit was announced for Mr. Bland which never occurred, but on Feb. 3 a benefit was given at the Boston Theatre for Mr. Brougham which caused the Advertiser to remark that it was "quite successful" and that "four such 'benefits' would bring about a thousand dollars."

Between Feb. 18 and the following summer various efforts were made to revive its fortunes, but a peck measure will only hold a peck, and any effort to crowd a bushel into it is useless, so Charles Hill discovered, although he gave them "A Glance at New York," the play made famous by the character of Mose, from April 10 into the following June, which was quite a record in those days; but after July its career was so difficult to unravel, it flickered and sputtered and soon went out.

To revert to John Brougham a moment. John Brougham was a man of unusual talent and ability, his wit coming naturally to him, having been born in Dublin, Ire., May 9, 1810, and as he came to America in 1842 when 32 years of age, he was in his prime when he labored so hard to make the Adelphi a success, being 36 at that time. The number of his plays is unknown, but they are up in the hundreds, his burlesques being famous, and include "Pocahontas," "Metamora, or the Last of the Pollywogs," "Columbus" and many others. His first wife was Emma Williams and his second Annette Nelson (Hodges).

In later years he became impoverished, and a benefit was given him in New York which netted \$10,278.56 on Jan. 17, 1878, which sum was invested in an annuity producing for him \$1380 annually, but he did not live to avail himself of it long, he giving up the struggle June 7, 1880, making Annie Deland and Laura Phillips, two staunch friends, his heirs. Every one who ever knew him was his friend, a genial, jolly, hearty, whole-souled man.

When passing through Scollay square look up at the scene of these experiences, but remember that in those days Scollay's building stood in the centre, where the subway entrance is now, and blocked the view of the Adelphi Theatre from the opposite side of the now wide avenue.

Roxbury.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violin. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Wm. F. Hofmann, conductor; Rose Zulalian, mezzo-soprano. See special notice. Symphony hall, Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone, conductor. Mendelssohn's "Elijah." See special notice.



Copley-Plaza Hotel, 8:30 P. M. Carolyn Berghelm, pianist; Scarlatti, pastorale and capriccio; Gluck, melody; Brahms, rhapsodie, G minor; Franck, prelude, aria and finale; Chopin, etude in A flat, three; coossaises, ballade, G minor; Strauss-Schulz-Evler, Blue Danube Waltz.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Carmela Ippolito, violinist; Nicholas Slonimsky, pianist.

**TUESDAY**—Symphony hall, 3 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice. Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club. See special notice.

**WEDNESDAY**—Lecture hall of the Museum of Fine Arts, 3 P. M. Ratan Devi. Costume recital of folk songs of the East and West, including Kashmiri folk songs and East Indian ragas.

Jordan Hall, 8:30 P. M. Boston Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, conductor; Pauline Danforth, pianist. See special notice.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Elly Ney, pianist.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Messrs. Maler and Pattison. Concert of music for two pianos in aid of the N. E. Conservatory of Music building fund. See special notice.

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Myra Hess, pianist; Bach, French suite in G; Chopin, sonata, B flat minor; Brahms, waltzes from op. 39; Albeniz, Evocation, El Puerto; Granados, Maja and Le Rossignol; De Falla, Le Recit du Pecheur and Danse Rituelle du Feu.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

band's political career if she didn't let him rush the gates and capture her as he had said he would, and after Melelaos had forgiven her—even then the film remains true to its task of putting amusing farce on the screen. Menelaos finally goes fishing.

Maria Corda is a lovely Helen. She is said to have come from Hungary to play this part. Her husband, Alexander Koroda, directed, and if he is responsible, as most directors are responsible, may we have more of his work. Lewis Stone as Menelaos is the one who carries most of the weight of the acting, if acting one chooses to call it, production is above reproach and so is the photography.

Gene Rodemich and a Jack Partington production are on the stage in "Hula Blues." The program includes dancing by the Felicia Sorel girls, Drena Beach and Francis Luther, a clever musical team; Moore and Powell, an original sketch by the Huberts, and Anna Chang singing American songs in the American way with Chinese intensity. C. M. D.

## Feb 26 '928 CECILE DE HORVATH

Cecile De Horvath, pianist, played this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall.

Impromptu in A flat minor..... Schubert  
Minuet, a l'Antico..... Schoback  
Sonata in B flat minor..... Glazounoff  
Ballade..... Debussy  
Ballade in B minor..... Liszt  
Mazurka in A flat major..... Chopin  
Mazurka in G sharp minor..... Chopin  
Etude in G flat major..... Moszkowski  
Heavenly..... Mrs. H. A. Beach  
March of the Wooden Soldiers..... Goossens  
Blue Danube Waltzes..... Strauss-Schulz-Evler

Before she had played many bars of Schubert Miss De Horvath had made it clear that she feels the line of a melody far more sensitively than most musicians do. Not more than those same few measures, furthermore, did she require to demonstrate to her audience that she has at her command the musical and technical resources needful to do justice to her subtle melodic sense.

She introduces beautiful color tone, tone which she can color at will. Along with unusual suppleness, she has developed the strength which leads to security, she can brush in her exquisite nuances with a touch both delicate and firm. Rhythm, too, she makes full use of—hence the vitality that quickens her melodies. How brilliantly, because of her rhythm and her tonal color sense, Miss De Horvath can put a point on the end of a lively passage!

Delightfully she played the Schubert impromptu, with no silly attempt at forced simplicity or playfulness. The minuet that followed she played quite admirably, with charm as well as with rhythmic grace. A pretty rhythm that kept it moving she found for Debussy's ballade, to the music's great advantage; she made the very most, too, of its none too impressive melody, while slighting none of the features more characteristic of the composer.

Because she is blessed with rhythm and the musical intelligence to know that she must plan a long piece through—not stand still in the middle or founder in the way of many a player—Miss De Horvath made the Glazounoff sonata and the Liszt ballade tolerable. More wisely, though, she might have applied her rare talent to music more grateful, more really worth while, as well as more in her line. For, in her own genre—and that is an attractive one—Miss De Horvath showed herself yesterday a pianist of unusual skill and charm.

R. R. G.

## LAST CHILDREN'S CONCERTS HELD

The fourth and last concert of the children's series conducted by Ernest Schelling, assisted by members of the Boston symphony orchestra was given yesterday morning at Jordan hall. This is the fourth season for these concerts. The program was as follows: Schubert, Allegro Moderato from the "Unfinished Symphony"; Chabrier, Espana; Mendelssohn, Allego Appassionata from Concerto for Violin (Oscar Shumsky, soloist); Sowerby, The Irish Washerwoman; Song, The Star Spangled Banner; Tchaikowsky, Marche Slave.

Mr. Schelling told of incidents in the boyhood and life of Schubert and then acquainted his audience with the history and detail of the percussion instruments of the orchestra in the last for this season of these interesting and instructive concerts.

Oscar Shumsky, a junior violin soloist, played the Allegro Appassionata from Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin and played it admirably. There is many an adult who might envy this boy's poise. He has also been well schooled in the courtesy of the concert stage.

At the close of the concert Mr. Schelling announced the names of the children who had won medals or honorable mention in answering the questions in the back of the program books of these concerts. There were three medals given, one for each of the three classes.

In the first class, children from 6 to 9 years of age, the medal was won by George Oliver Clark, Jr., and those receiving honorable mention were John Sears, Faith Thoron, Julia Barbour, Louise Barbour and Betty Sears. In the second class, children from 10 to 12 years, the medal was won by Alice Clark. Those receiving honorable mention were Phippen Sanborn, Richard Bowman, Ann Priscilla Meserve, Dorothea Foote Merriman and Mary Rogers. The medal in the third class, from 13 to 16 years, went to Ruth M. Prendergast, Carnzu Abbott Clark, Anne Torbert, Barnara Davis, Josephine Emery and Christine Jensen received honorable mention. C. M. D.

### TRIANGULAR LEGS

(By A. P. Herbert)

I should not presume to express any view

On the Modernist Movement in Art, But I've studied the work of Elizabeth Glue.

And this I can say from the heart— She can do what she please With her houses and trees

And I shall not attempt to advise, But I do not believe

That the daughters of Eve Have such very triangular thighs.

Was Sheba the Queen, who made Solomon gape,

A collection of parallel lines? Was Juliet just an elliptical shape

With a few geometrical signs? Elizabeth Glue

Give me anything new, And I'll swallow it down to the dregs,

But did Helen of Troy Run away with the boy

On such very triangular legs?

### AN UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER

As the World Wags:

The young swain an' the swainette was canoein' on the limpid waters of the river. He had ceased to paddle, an' as they passed an especial beautiful grove of willers through which long beams of sunlight made mottled flakes

of light on the water he says, "My, this is just like heaven." Then she, shyly lookin' into his cowl-like eyes, said, "Darlin', there ain't no place you ain't bin, is they?"

QUACKY DUCK.

### A FAIR-MINDED BISHOP

M. D. has sent to The Herald the statement, published in the Yorkshire Observer, Bradford, Eng., made by the bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney on his return from a tour of four months in America. He feels certain that the 18th amendment will never be repealed, and is more than doubtful of any reasonable modification of the Volstead act. Bootleggers, employers of labor, shop keepers, many women, and preachers are opposed to the repeal, or even to any modification. The bishop has this to say:

"Prohibition, however, has produced contempt for the law without parallel in modern history. It has produced hypocrisy in political, religious, and social life, which is very repellent to those accustomed to acting and speaking fearlessly as their conscience and their reason dictate.

"It has caused and is causing young people of both sexes to drink out of sheer bravado who otherwise would not have drunk. Indeed, even schoolboys at school dances sometimes disgrace themselves by getting drunk.

"It hardly touches the rich at all if they choose to ignore the law. It is the cause of corruption, bribery, and graft, which must be a veritable poison in the body politic; it has created a vast band of criminals, daring, impudent, resourceful, who are a disgrace to any civilization."

M. D. writes concerning this statement, "As a concise summing up of the good and the bad, it is better than anything I have seen. The English friend who sent it to me says: 'It shows our curious habit of stating both sides very strongly, and coming to no conclusion. My father used to remark, 'There is a great deal to be said on every side of a question'—a perhaps exaggerated tolerance; but it is true of many questions at least, and the better the man the less certain he becomes about many of these questions. The populace—the great unwashed, so to speak—have little patience with this aloofness, and the same may be said of the semi-educated business man.'"

As the World Wags:

A newspaper headline says: "562 millionaires in Britain and Ireland," which reminds one of the Irish hack driver in Pittsburgh who said: "Andy Carnegie and I have more money than any two men in town."

BILL SOUSE.

### HOW'S THIS, WATSON?

(Sheilville, Ill. Daily Union)

Mrs. Josephine Haldeman Julius, compassionate bride of Aubrey Clay Roselle, has gone on the stage.

As the World Wags:

We had a memory expert engaged to give a lecture at our club. We waited and waited, and, oh, what do you think? He had forgotten to come. The subject of his talk was to be "Memory Tests."

D. D.

### ANOTHER LIBEL

As the World Wags:

It seems there was a Scotchman who

raced into a drug store and asked the clerk for 10 cents' worth of poison.

"What are you going to use it for?"

asked the clerk, who was suspicious.

"I'm going to commit suicide!" thundered the Aberdonian. The worried clerk stilled the Scot and went in back

to consult the boss on the best way to save the man's life. The chief quickly replied: "Charge him 20 cents for it."

SANDY

This reminds us that Sir Harry Lauder

talked on thrift to actors in New York last week. Experientia docet.—Ed

### GRANDMA'S REPLY

(For As the World Wags.)

No, your Grandma isn't crazy

She's a person just like you,

Wants to look like other people,

Likes to do the things they do.

All her life she's had to cower

Behind dignity and pride,

Now at last they're out of fashion,

And she doesn't have to hide.

Why! she trims her skirts and tresses

To be comfy, just like you.

Wonder what you'd do, or not do,

Just because she asked you to.

Was some Power the giftle gie us,

To hear ourselves as others hear,

All this rot that you are talking

Would to you sound mighty queer.

E. L. C.

As the World Wags:

A "Follies" girl in New York has reported to the police that she was robbed of \$50,000 in jewels. This item is very

significant when you look at it closely. A few years ago no "Follies" girl was ever robbed of less than \$500,000 in jewelry. Times are getting hard in New York, that's what it means.

R. H. L.

### IN THE THEATRE

As the World Wags:

Can you tell us why "Diplomacy," which has had several revivals in this country, has to be given with the permission of Sir Gerald Du Maurier? Also why no copy of the text seems to exist

in French or English? It is a common custom for the French not to print the text of some current plays. I remember, for instance, that when Rejane played Meilhac's "Ma Cousine," the libretto was only a summary of the acts and not the actual lines. "Ma Cousine" can now be obtained in the regular play edition, and it seems

strange that after fifty years "Diplomacy" should not be in book form. I think any light you could throw on the matter would interest your readers.

VERITAS CAMBRIDGE.

Our correspondent says that the last bill of Rosina Vokes playing in Boston in his possession is dated Dec. 19, 1892. "If this is correct, I think she returned to England in June, 1893, and died that summer."

## HANDEL AND HAYDN

Last night the Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone conducting, sang Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The soloists were Ethyl Hayden, Nevada Van Der Veer, Henry Clancy and Henri Scott, with Mrs. Herbert O. Steeves of the chorus, to sing in the women's trio. The organist was William Burbank, and the orchestra consisted of 66 players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The performance was one to stir speculation. Is Mr. Stone not in sympathy with "Elijah?" The theory seems scarcely tenable; no conductor new to his post would choose for his first appearance a work which he does not believe worth while. An alternative theory appears more probable—a revolution cannot be brought about in a minute.

Mr. Stone demonstrated some of his principles of choral performance when, some months ago, he conducted Verdi's "Requiem." The fervor he put into it! Big tone he would have when the score demanded it, and if the chorus could not give what he wanted, he pieced out with the orchestra. A melody—and to bring it about he must indeed have set his foot down hard—he insisted should be shaped just so, in the way that made it say what Verdi meant it to say; it also had to sound right. Rhythm, too, Mr. Stone exacted, and accents that were just.

It is impossible to believe that he demanded less of his forces last night. As much, though, he did not get. So, the inference is, he needs more time before he can revolutionize an organization that has been going a certain way for many years.

If Mr. Stone feels the dramatic element in Elijah—of course he does, why shouldn't he?—and wanted to give it voice, last night he had much to contend against. His tenors were weak; not only were his sopranos nearly as weak, but they showed a distressing tendency to plunge at every high note as though they stood in quite needless fear of it. The contrasting choruses, therefore, must inevitably miss their effect.

The orchestra, at all events some portions of it, did scant justice to Mendelssohn's score; frequently they played with a blur—Mendelssohn, who set high store by clarity—and not always with incisive accent. The soloists added nothing, by firmness of rhythm, to that general sense of security which alone can lead to brilliancy or to dramatic effect.

Dramatic effect! Where was the Elijah who broke forth like a fire, whose words appeared like burning torches, the man of God by whom mighty kings were overthrown? Miss Hayden, though she sang smoothly and with pretty voice, made no sympathy manifest for the widow woman in sore distress. Angels ministering unto Elijah, the prophet Obadiah with his glorious promise from God—where were they last night, where?

Since, thus handicapped, Mr. Stone could not, for the life of him, make Elijah's drama tell, he did the next best thing, he sought for the utmost smoothness possible. The altos sang many a beautiful phrase; the basses sang with noble tone. The sopranos—too, in that chorus—is it "Blessed Are the Men Who Fear Him?"—found beautiful tone at their disposal. Wherever, in short, quiet singing, sustained and church choir-like, would do, the chorus sang extremely well.

Everybody knows better than to believe that Mr. Stone will rest content with suave singing of the church choir order. He has a musical temperament

of a quite different nature, and, to support this temperament he has the ability required. More time, though—that, clearly, is required too.

R. R. G.



# SYMPHONY HEARD IN 14TH CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall the People's Symphony Orchestra gave its 14th concert, Mr. William F. Hofmann conducting and Miss Rose Zalian, the Armenian mezzo-soprano, assisting. The program was composed of the following works: Tschalkowsky's "1812"; Gilbert: Salammbô's Invocation to Tanith; Strauss Tales from Vienna Woods, and Goldmark's Symphony, "Rustic Wedding."

The opening overture "1812," which is full of storm and stress, and whose general character is thoroughly national, was played with vigor and full appreciation of the incidents portrayed by the music. The invocation which followed, Miss Zalian represented Salammbô, daughter of Hamilcar, the famous general of ancient Carthage. Standing on the summit of the moonlit face of Hamilcar, with arms outstretched toward the sky, Salammbô pleaded for the protection and favor of Tanith. Miss Zalian's voice was admirably suited for the song, and her rich tones, her plaintive attitude, her enunciation and appropriate costume all made a most favorable impression on the large audience present. Any dramatic circumstance connected with the composition exerts an influence upon the emotional effect (based on the association of ideas), both on the players and singer, as well as on the listeners. Miss Zalian's prayer to Tanith was fervent and full of lyric beauty.

Listening to music becomes more than mere sensation when a gifted singer makes you feel her music as did Salammbô when imploring the protection and love of her favorite goddess—the object of her most passionate devotion. Miss Zalian received hearty applause for her excellent singing and as recalled many times. Mr. Gilbert, the composer of the music, was present and shared in the applause of the number. The concert closed with Goldmark's symphony, marked by its rich orchestral treatment in picturing the merry-making peasants, none of which was lost on the appreciative audience that listened to every note of "The Rustic Wedding." In token of his sincere devotion to his orchestra and its programs Mr. Hofmann received a floral tribute from friends in the audience.

A. H. D.

## KREISLER CONCERT

Fritz Kreisler, assisted by Carl Lamson as accompanist, gave his second concert of the season at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach, Concerto No. 1, A minor; Vieuxtemps, Concerto No. 4, D minor; Kreisler, Introduction and Scherzo (for violin alone); Gluck, Melodie; Couperin, Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane; Dohnanyi; Ruralia Hungarica (three Hungarian rural pieces).

There could be no greater appreciation heaped upon an artist than Mr. Kreisler received yesterday afternoon. Every seat in Symphony hall held an enthusiastic listener, judging from the applause; the stage was crowded and many more people stood in the side aisles. So fervent was this audience that Mr. Kreisler was not allowed to finish playing before they would burst into hand clapping. In the Vieuxtemps Concerto this was particularly so. It was doubtless meant as warm-hearted tribute and justly so, but one could not help but wish that enthusiasm had been held back until a few of Mr. Kreisler's beautiful last notes could fade naturally, not taking into consideration that the middle of a selection is not benefited by an interruption of this kind.

The concert was an enjoyable one. Mr. Kreisler did not play down to his audience as so many of the established artists do. He arranged his program to please and satisfy the more discerning. There are those who will argue that he is able to read into the simplest tune more meaning and expression than is found elsewhere but one still maintains that the Bach Concerto No. 1 is not a simple tune for the beginning of a program.

Does Mr. Kreisler not give an impression of grandeur to all of his music? Even the Gluck Melodie with all of its gentleness and beautiful tones did not escape this estimable quality. Exquisite is probably the word which best describes it, and the Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane as they were played yesterday. But all tastes were accounted for. Those who most enjoy the dramatic and emotional quality in music were given the Vieuxtemps fourth Concerto and the rich national characteristics of the Hungarian music were made richer under

Mr. Kreisler's bow.

It is always pleasant to recall the simplicity and scholarly bearing in this splendid musician. Perhaps the exuberant applause was natural expression.

C. M. D.

## MISS BERGHEIM

Last night at the Copley-Plaza, a friendly and enthusiastic audience that filled the hall listened to a piano recital by Carolyn Bergheim. Miss Bergheim is professedly a debutante, a pupil of Ignace Hilsberg, pianist and teacher of repute, now residing in New York. As a debutante, Miss Bergheim gave a program covering the most important periods in the literature for piano. Scarlatti, Gluck, Brahms, Chopin and Cesar Franck were represented, and an interesting arrangement of Strauss's waltzes

was given at the end of the program. In all these pieces Miss Bergheim disclosed a surprisingly mature technique, fine feeling for tonal colors and genuine musical temperament. The monumental polyphony of Cesar Franck was presented with intelligence and discrimination. In Chopin and Brahms as well as in Liszt's Liebestraum, played as an encore, Miss Bergheim gave proof of excellent taste and sensitiveness to the poetic import of the music.

With all this to her credit, Miss Bergheim may confidently pursue her studies with a view of higher achievements in music. More definite structural design, more balance of shadings and that undefinable something that makes a definite something that makes a quire. Her beginning was auspicious, bearing promise of success.

N. S.

James Lauren Ford, who died in New York last Sunday, frequently visited Boston, where he had relatives. He was missed of late years. The amputation of his legs, necessitated by disease, deprived his many friends in this city of his company. "Company," indeed, for he was most companionable.

Ford was a brilliant journalist, a keen satirist, an amusing story-teller. While he was associated for many years with the New York Herald, he was a valued contributor to Puck in the glorious days of Bunner and Keppler; he wrote for other periodicals and edited the Porcupine, which lived only a year. As a writer of short stories he was best known by his "Hypnotic Tales"; as a novelist, by "Dolly Dillencback" and "Hot Corn Ike." He told the story of his literary adventures in "Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shops"; an amusing book, also valuable as a contribution to the history of letters and the theatre in New York. His most characteristic book was "The Literary Shop," in which he wrote satirically of Harper & Bros., the Century Magazine under the editorship of J. G. Holland and his successors, the McClure "factory," and parodied contemporaneous tales written after the manner of T. S. Arthur. His recollections of the New York Ledger, as owned and edited by Robert Bonner, are still delightful reading. Some of the writers and editors satirized were friends of Ford's. They had the good sense to be amused, to appreciate his wit. We heard a man in New York, wishing to curry favor with Richard Watson Gilder, abuse the absent Ford. Gilder stopped him short: "Jim Ford is a friend of mine and a witty writer. There's a good deal of truth in what he has said about literary conditions in this city."

Ford was never tired, writing or talking, of railing against "climbers," solemn pretenders, amateur aesthetes. We hear him now describing certain "hoot-owls of culture." Yet he was fond of the old society in New York, and enjoyed association with its members. He had many close friends among actors, actresses, managers, writers, painters. Some one asked him how he had contrived to be connected with the New York Herald for so many years under James Gordon Bennett. "Whenever I hear that Bennett has landed in New York, I go at once to New Jersey and stay there till he sails for Europe. It's fatal to be seen by him in the office or for him to be reminded that you are working for him."

Jim was in his 74th year when he died. After he lost his leg he made his home on Long Island. He never married, but was a devoted brother. His sister Mary aided him in compiling "Every Day in the Year: A Poetical Epitome of the World's History," published in 1902. This anthology contains many verses not easily found elsewhere.

The New York Times ended its obituary notice as follows: "Ten years ago it was necessary to cut off one of his legs, and three years afterward the other. Two years ago he became blind.

But he did not cease writing until five weeks ago, a few days before the doctors ordered him to the hospital. And this beginning of the end of his long fight came shortly after the happiest day of his life, when he was brought up to the city to a friend's house and was made the guest of honor at a celebration attended by nearly every important man and woman in the literary and dramatic worlds of the city."

"Bob Stickney, retired circus rider," died recently at Miami, Florida.

As a schoolboy in New York city 60 years ago we snatched a fearful boy when master and guardian were not watching us. There was "La Grande Duchesse" with the never to be forgotten Mme. Tostee and the excellent tenor, Aujac. Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes were playing "Ixion" at Wood's Museum. Bryant's minstrels gave amusing burlesques, as "Lucretia Borgia," with Nelse Seymour as the revengeful duke, and "the great Ricardo" as the duchess. Carlotta Patti sang in "The Magic Flute" at the Academy of Music; Carlotta, lame and with a metallic voice which sounded like a barkeeper's cracking of ice. Then there was Lent's circus.

Robert Stickney was one of the chief attractions at this circus, riding bareback horses to the number of eight at least, perhaps more. He was a singularly handsome man, handsome of face and figure. It was said that he received daily letters from women of high and low degree. This is not surprising. Did not Roman matrons pursue gladiators? Did not Lady Castlemaine fall in love, as she understood that word, with Jacob Hall, the rope dancer? Not to mention the Duchess Josiane, who was enamored of "The Man Who Laughs," until she learned that he was a peer of the realm, and not a mere mountebank.

It was also said that Stickney, receiving the letters, tore them up, and never vouchsafed an answer or a meeting. We see him now, exulting, as he drove at furious speed the horses that he straddled, turning and waving a hand high in air at the gaping, applauding crowd.

### THE MONGREL YANK

("A Yankie is a mongrel mixture of many races."—The American Writer)

I don't brag about my blue blood,  
And I'm no descendant crank,  
But I know my blood is true blood—  
I'm a common mongrel Yank—  
I'm a snappy, scrappy, happy,  
Mongrel Yank!

In the roar an' gore of battle  
I'm a swearin', tearin' Yank!  
When I hear machine-guns rattle,  
Cuttin' down our chargin' rank,  
I'm a fightin', bitin', blightin',  
Mongrel Yank!

Though I wander from Ungava  
To Brazilian jungles dank—  
To Hawaii, or to Java,  
I'm a roamin', homin' Yank—  
Not a stayin', but a strayin',  
Prayin' Yank!

Be it lowland, be it highland,  
For this one thing God I thank:  
There's no land good as my land!  
I'm a boostin', boastin' Yank—  
A disgraceful, faithful, grateful,  
Mongrel Yank!

ALLEN QUADE.

As the World Wags:

Quick, stop the presses and make over to include under the head of Cunning Numbers. Describe her? Just a voice and a smile—a voice all full of tessitura and a smile like a battery of Kleigs. A hostler in a bookstall she is and I'll bet she could have sold you the Complete Sermons of the late T. De Witt Talmadge while you were shopping for Jim Huneker's "Painted Veils." I was buying a book. Me? Helno. I gotta book. This was for another fellow, and three bucks it nicked me. Handing me the parcel, she speared the finif and trilled to the croupier, "Three out of five." "I guess that's going pyrrhrea one better," she said as she tendered the brace of Jackson wrappers.

### THE WHITED SEPULCHRE.

#### HOW ABOUT THE OTHERS?

(Beloit, Wis., Daily News)

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Peters of the Prairie were given a farewell party Saturday evening by their friends and neighbors. About 35 were present and the evening was spent in playing buncos. Refreshments were served and 11 present report a most delightful time.

#### ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

(Maywood Herald)

TO RENT—SLEEPING ROOM FOR one or two men; close to L and Madison-st. cars and ginger ale factory. 1220 S. 18th-av., Maywood.

## 'MUSKETEERS' AT COLONIAL

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Three Musketeers," adapted by Wm. Anthony McGuire from the novel by Alexandre Dumas; lyrics by P. G. Woodhouse and Clifford Grey; music by Rudolph Friml; ballets and dances staged by Albertina Rasch; ensembles staged by Richard Boleslavsky; scenes by Joseph Urban; costumes designed by John Harkrider. Milan Roder, musical conductor. Florenz Ziegfeld's latest production, first seen in Washington, D. C.

The cast:

Jussac	Robert D. Burns
Comte de le Rochefort	Louis Hector
Unkneper	Harrison Brookbank
Zoe	Naomi Johnson
Lady De Winter	Vivienne Osborne
Porikos	Detmar Poppen
Athos	Douglas R. Macaulay
Aramis	Joseph Macaulay
Constante Boncheux	Vivienne Seal
Planchet	Lester Allen
D'Artagnan	Dennis King
The Duke of Buckingham	John Clarke
Anne, Queen of France	Vivienne D'Arle
M. De Treville	John Kline
Cardinal Richelieu	Reginald Owen
Louis XIII	Clarence Derwent
Brother Joseph	William Kershaw
Auberiste	Catherine Hayes
The Bosun	Richard Thornton
Patrick	Raymond O'Brien

The adaptation brings in salient features of the famous novel: The love of Buckingham for Queen Anne; the entrance of d'Artagnan, his boastful audacity with the sword, his reception by Porthos, Athos, Aramis, the plots of Richelieu; the recovery of the diamond, which worn by the Queen at the ball put the Cardinal to confusion. The three musketeers have often been seen on the stage; they have been heroes of the cinema. They are always welcome; always to be remembered gratefully. What pleasure the magnificent mulatto, magnificent as spendthrift, poseur, novelist, has given to the world! Unequaled in world-appeal except perhaps by the Defoe of "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes.

The story in this musical version is coherent, well-told. The interest is maintained; and the musical interruptions are less irritating than usual, for Mr. Friml's melodies have true and varied character, his ensembles are effective. Only in the long aria given to the queen does his invention play, is he seen to strive after the grand opera manner. The orchestration is rich. In a word, the music is that of a gifted composer with an instinct for the theatre. And even the numbers that at once make a popular appeal, as the stirring but simple tune for the three musketeers, is not common-place, nor a bid for cheap applause.

As a production alone, "The Three Musketeers" is well worth seeing. The scenes are those of Mr. Urban, who has here shown a taste free from any bizarre design or adventurous color scheme. They are striking, as in the opening scene, and that of the convent; they are exquisite when they are to serve as a background for remarkably beautiful costumes, as "The Garden of the Tuilleries." And for episodes that

not apparently call for any display of originality in the invention, as that in which the Cardinal plays at chess and plays with Plancher, Mr. Urban again delights the eye. The costumes enhance the beauty of the women, principals and chorus. We doubt if anything more charming has been seen on a Boston stage than "The Garden of the Tuilleries," with the evolutions and groupings of the graceful dancers and the final assemblage of royalty, ladies of the court, cavaliers and others.

Furthermore the male principals are pleasing in song and action. D'Artagnan and Aramis are especially well portrayed. Mr. Owen's Richelieu and Mr. Derwent's Louis XIII, Mr. Clarke's Duke of Buckingham have historic plausibility. D'Artagnan's boast that he is the best swordsman and the best lover in France does not seem to be an idle one. A pleasing, manly singer this D'Artagnan. The portrayal was so excellent that his little speech after the first act, in which he dispelled the illusion not only by taking off his wig, but by assuring the audience that if he had been here with "The Vagabond King" the success of that operetta would have been greater. Here was d'Artagnan the Gascon, but out of the frame. Miss d'Arle sang agreeably when she did not force her voice and leave the true pitch. The same may be said of Miss Segal. Miss Osborne was a fascinating Lady de Winter. The comedian was Mr. Allen who was singing in the approved conventional way supposed to be natural to the servant of a swashbuckler. The large chorus and the large orchestra did excellent work.

But the first act did not end until 20 minutes past 10. Surely there must be cutting if the performance is to be within reasonable hours. The audience was greatly pleased.







the reign of James II, was hung with portraits of the members and was too low for half-size portraits. The inquisitive reader of Deacon Brodie's trial might wish to trace the quotation in Lady Christian's letter to her son, Brodie, a "poor unhappy creature," had not followed the precept or warning "of the author of following lines, who I forget."

"Trust not the first false step of Guilt  
It hangs upon a precipice."

The ninth Lord Cathcart, father of Mary, was appointed Ambassador to Catherine the Great. The author says that a close friendship between Lady Cathcart and Catherine would be unthinkable. "The letters give an atmosphere of dignified detachment." Perhaps because all letters were liable to be opened and read by the Empress, there are accounts of coasting—most of the noblemen were aided by peasants in managing the sleds. Catherine played cribbage. At supper when the plates were changed a guest pulled a string which rang a bell. The plate went down a hole. The guest wrote on a slate that he wished to eat and the dish came up. (Was there not an arrangement like this at the suppers of Louis XV?) There is a description of Catherine's dress, coiffure, jewels, but nothing about her lovers as lovers. Catherine gave at the baptism of Catherine Cathcart a magnificent diamond aigrette. The child's father sold it "on her behalf" for £800. There is mention of "Convulsion lozenges."

We should like to know more about Mrs. Sabin, whose first husband was James Fleet; her third the eighth Lord Cathcart; the fourth an Irishman, McGuire. She said of her marriages: "The first was to please my parents; the second for money; the third for a title; the fourth because the Devil owed me a rudge." As she refused to make over her property to McGuire, he imprisoned her in his castle for 16 years. She was freed only when he was killed in a duel. There is an entertaining glimpse of Lord March, afterwards "Old Q," who talked in an extraordinary manner to the 17-year-old Louisa. Another surprising story is told of Lady Ligonier, who married "dear, good Durham, who presses her when she is good and whips her with a horse whip when she is naughty."

(The fashionable word for betrothed in 1776 was "promis," not "fiance.") Miss Howe frightened Louisa by affecting everything masculine: "When she was in boots, and she told us herself what she thought, which I leave you to guess." O modest Louisa!

At the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, though there was a table with all sorts of cold eatables, everybody carried provision. "The fashion is to have a pork bag full of sandwiches, biscuits and cold eggs. Some have wine. I always feel a little ashamed of eating in this public manner."

Mary's sister Louisa, as wife of Lord Carmont, ambassador to France, saw much of Parisian life. Before she left England she sent Mary Graham a pattern for an "Italian nightgown." How did this differ from an English one? We saw in Paris the wits, belles and aux, and gave thumbnail sketches of them. We met "Mme. du Defland," and at 80, but going about as if she was not. Should one wear rouge except in court? Parisian streets were shabby and smelly. Many of the common men dressed "in short bed gowns, no stays and very dirty."

The Duchess of Devonshire, at Alton, heard Mr. Garrick read two of "Macbeth" (sic). "It froze my blood."

Two Cathcarts were in British service during the American revolution. They were the festivities at Philadelphia in honor of Sir William Howe. Maj. Andre was among the revellers. William wrote from New York in 1779 about the licentiousness and gambling of the young men of fashion.

The Grahams toured. Sailing for Porto, they were captured by an American privateer (1780), but were well treated. At Torino it was considered disgraceful to milk cows. What was a "picarade" that Mary bought in Paris? The Cathcart wrote to them from Glasgow that a new playhouse was to be opened there, "to the great grief of many of the professors." Charles described life at Calcutta in 1783. Jane and Mary entertained Robert Burns at their Athole. One would like to know more about the supper at Lady Spens' house: three tables with "Desert frames on each, representing a fairy tale." He showed Bluebeard with Anne on the tower and the galloping brothers.

There are pages about the French revolution. Thomas wrote that Louis d' Marie Antoinette, endeavoring to escape, should have traveled in a shabby o-wheeled chaise; "the King might easily have made a Jew of himself by the addition of a beard."

There are 17 illustrations, 15 of them

portraits. There is a good index of names.

Let us add that Charles Greville, who was the "protector" of Emma Hart, afterward Lady Hamilton, was "sombre, sententious and cold as the agates he collected." Greville was a relative of the Cathcarts. When she was Lady Hamilton they proved steadfast friends and went to Calais to see her in her last sordid days.

## THIRD CONCERT OF APOLLO CLUB GIVEN

The Apollo Club gave its third concert of the season, last night in Jordan hall. This was the program:

Song of the World Adventurers, Converse; J'ai Pleure en Reve, Hue; Le Papillon, Foudrain; Arctic, Vidal; La Belle du Roi, Holmes; Celtic Hymn, Robertson; A Dirge for Two Veterans, Holst; Tinker, Tailor, Forsyth; selection from Wagner's "Parsifal" arranged by Percy E. Fletcher; Songs My Mother Taught Me, Dvorak-Smith; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Reddick; Do Not Go My Love, Me Company Along, Evening, Hagemann; Song of the Open, La Forge; De Campdown Races, Foster; arranged by Ralph L. Baldwin; Laudate Dominum, Converse.

The new conductor, Mr. Thompson Stone, made no bones whatsoever, wise man, about calling in such assistance as would lend variety to a program by men's chorus. He summoned Mrs. Marguerite Porter, with her fine, well-schooled soprano voice, to sing two groups of solos as well as the solo in that amusing ballad by Forsyth about young Molly O'Keefe; in that same piece he made use of the smooth vocalism of Dr. William Parks, baritone.

To accompany Holst's Dirge he had wind instruments at hand, and drums. Two trumpets and four trombones came into play in Mr. Converse's "Laudate Dominum." And, for the Celtic hymn and the Wagner excerpt, Mr. Stone did not hesitate to secure eight women singers from the Impromptu Club.

Mr. Stone showed good sense; tone of one character may easily fall, however deftly it be colored. Why not make use of contrast? The marked improvement, however, in the Apollo Club's work between the first concert this year and the third, would have sufficed to make the evening interesting without outside help at all.

This chorus, of course, has long sung well. Now, though, it sings better, with warmer tone and more expression; its soft sounds now have body and bite. With admirable skill Mr. Stone has secured a nicety of finish that still does not get in the way of vitality. Skillfully, too, Mr. Stone has brought about a neatness of articulation that does no damage to that legato which is the foundation of good singing. More power to him, and may his good work go on!

Of the agreeable, well-planned program the most interesting item, on paper, was Holst's setting of Whitman's Dirge. How many years ago must it have been that F. L. Ritter wrote piano music to accompany a recitation of the poem? Charles Wood, too, made a setting for bass solo, chorus and orchestra.

Holst, by his sensitive use of sombre timbres from brasses, by his drums that deepened gloom, did secure a certain emotional effect. He turned, furthermore, his fine feeling for rhythm to full account. His themes, though, sounded patric, quite unworthy of Whitman's great theme. Not too gratefully, furthermore, did Holst write for voices; he asked injudiciously much of tenors.

The singers, facing the difficulties bravely, sang the piece impressively. And directly after it they delighted everybody by their vocal adroitness in Forsyth's ballad, by their lively, springing rhythm. And how musically they phrased it!

R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS HANDEL CONCERTO

Pursuing his purpose for the audiences of the Tuesday afternoon series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky arranged the following program for yesterday: Handel, Concerto Grosso, No. 5, D major for string orchestra (Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz, solo violins; Mr. Lefranc, solo viola; Mr. Bedetti, solo violoncello); Mozart, Symphony, E flat major (K. 543). Tchaikovsky, Symphony, No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic."

Some might say that Handel's Concerto and Mozart's Symphony are more modern in the present sense of the word, more contemporaneous than Tchaikovsky's music, for, according to some, the "Pathetic" has aged. There is now a return to Handel, whose fame was obscured for a few years past, by those who affect to worship every phrase, every note of the old cantor. Certain English critics have even gone so far as to say that if Handel had not made his home in London, English music

would have developed quicker and more brilliantly. But is any composer more English than Handel?

Surely the vivacity of the fast movements in the Concerto played yesterday and the serene solemnity of the Largo are not German, not Italian. There is no need of partisanship in the case of Handel and Bach. Each is great in his own way, but to us the way of Handel is more human, far less pedantic.

As for Mozart, there has been a surprising interest of late in the man and his music. "Surprising" since three of his operas and three of his symphonies were alone thought worthy of consideration for many years. And here again there is no need of rivalry between him and Beethoven. If, as it has been said, Mozart could not have written the symphonies that followed Beethoven's "Eroica," which is only a supposition, it might also be said that Beethoven could not have written many of Mozart's compositions. Mr. Koussevitzky is as happy in his interpretations of 18th century music as he is in putting before his audience the music of the advanced moderns.

Nor has Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony aged as some would have us believe. It is still the overwhelming revelation of a soul that moves the soul of others. It is not easy to believe that Tchaikovsky was dissatisfied with the mighty lamentation that serves as the finale; that he thought of rewriting it, but he was a self-torturer, seldom satisfied with his work, as he was afraid of life and, still more, of death.

The third concert of this series will be given March 13 and will include Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the Symphony in A major, "Italian," op. 90; Rimsky-Korskov, Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade" after "The Thousand Nights and a Night," op. 35.

C. M. D.

The Parisian publisher, Ernest Flammarion, bethought himself of a collection, "Les Amours," books about the love affairs of famous men and women written by authors in good repute. Thus to Andre Antoine was entrusted the writing of "La Vie amoureuse de Talma." Maurice Donnay considered the amorous adventures of Musset.

"Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days," said one of Congreve's men. In "The Road to Rome," now playing in Boston, Hannibal is represented as being turned from thoughts of military conquest by a woman's wiles. Is there historical foundation for this dramatic episode? Suetonius dwelt more or less maliciously on the gallant exploits of Julius Caesar in his days of comparative leisure, and the old gossip raked together all facts and rumors about the love affairs of the Emperors. How about Hannibal?

One must turn to Plutarch and read his comparison between Hannibal and Scipio Africanus. We quote from the translation by Sir Thomas North. (By the way, in the catalogue of a New York bookseller, received a few days ago, this translation is attributed to "Sir Thomas More"! We keep Sir Thomas's spelling. He is speaking of Salapia.)

"This is the city where Annibal fell in fancy with a gentlewoman, and therefore they greatly reprove his immoderate lust and lasciviousness. Howbeit there are others that greatly commend the continence of this Capitaine say that he never eats lying, and never drank above a pint of wine, neither when he came to make warre in Italy, nor after that he returned into Africk. Some there be also that say Annibal was cruel and unconstant, and subject to divers such other vices; howbeit they make no manner of mention of his chastitie or incontinencie. But they report that his wife was a Spanyard, borne in Castule, a good towne; and that the Carthaginians gaunted her many things, and trusted her very much, because of the great faith and constancie of that nation."

This is by no means the first appearance of Hannibal on the stage. Thomas Corneille wrote a tragedy (1669) which failed. The hero was represented as cold and inactive. Scudery, Deprades, Ripperoux also wrote tragedies taking him for the hero. We read of Marivaux's "Annibal": "The policy of the Romans is skillfully developed. The passion of love is represented only with a sort of dignity and nobility."

Thomas Nabbes's "Hannibal and Scipio" was produced at Drury Lane in 1635. As it was acted before women appeared on the stage, Ezekiel Fenne took the part of Sophonisba. A tragedy similarly entitled, by Ramkins and Hathway, was brought out in 1600. Prof. Nichol's historical drama, "Hannibal," is dated 1873. There are nearly

a dozen operas with Hannibal the hero, three of them are entitled, "Annibale in Capua," one is called "Annibale in Torino."

Mr. Philip Merivale, now playing Hannibal in "The Road to Rome" and giving an admirable portrayal of the character, has long been interested in the career of the great soldier. This admiration led him to write his play, "The Life and Death of Hannibal."

The program of the Boston Symphony concerts this week comprises Walton's "Sinfonia Concertante," for orchestra and piano (Bernard Zighera, one of the harpists in the orchestra, pianist); Prokofiev's "Scythian" suite and the first symphony of our old friend Johannes Brahms. Walton's Concerto was performed for the first time in January of this year at a concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society in London. The reviews were favorable. Walton's overture "Portsmouth Point," suggested by one of Rowlandson's prints, was enjoyed by the Symphony audience when Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the first performance of it in this country.

The orchestra will be away next week. The program of the concerts on the return will be as follows: Vivaldi, No. 2 from "The Four Seasons"; D. G. Mason's Symphony; Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 (Mr. Horowitz, pianist), and the three familiar excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust."

As the World Wags:

May I make one or two corrections in my article on the New England Museum of Sunday?

In speaking of Lucille and Helen Western, I am made to say: "these young ladies being at this time but 2½ years old, respectively," when it should have been "2 and 1 years old, respectively."

A distinction with a difference. There may have been "statutes" in the upper hall, but I prefer to think they were merely statues.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

The players at the Barn in Joy street will bring out Eugene O'Neill's "Great God Brown" next Monday night.

The Habima Company will give a single performance of "Jacob's Dream" on Monday evening, April 2, at the Boston Opera House.

Apropos of "Saturday's children," soon to be seen here. A correspondent asks for the old rhymes beginning "Sunday's Child," etc.

### MORE ABOUT "DIPLOMACY"

After all that has been said here about Sardou's "Diplomacy" in this country, it is almost unbelievable that the Boston Museum's brilliant performances could have been overlooked. It strikes me more forcibly through the fact that "Dora" was the second play I ever saw, when a wee bit of a child. It opened the regular season at the Boston Museum in 1878 with Annie Clark, Dora; Marie Wainwright, Zicka; Mrs. J. R. Vincent, the Marquise de Rio Zares; Mrs. Fred Williams as Lady Henrietta Fairfax. Sadie Martinot made her first appearance with the company as Mion the Maid. Henry Crisp, the leading man of that season, played Julian, and William Warren the older brother, then called Lucien Freval. Alfred Hudson, George Wilson and others were in the cast.

A little later it was revived as "Diplomacy" and Miss Clark acted Zicka, which she always played afterwards. "Diplomacy" was one of the outstanding favorites of the Museum players and its patrons, and was frequently revived, as were the old English comedies, up to the time of the abandonment of the regular Museum company, which Bostonians should never have allowed to happen.

KENDALL WESTON.

Elly Ney, pianist, will play in Jordan hall tonight. Bach-d'Albert, Passacaglia. Mozart, Sonata, C minor. Brahms, Intermezzo, Rhapsodie, E flat major. Prokofiev, March, Piek-Mangiagalli, Dance of Olaf. Debussy, Soiree dans Granade; Dance, Feux d'Artifice. Chopin, Etude, A flat major, Nocturne, G major, Scherzo B flat minor. Schumann, Symphonic Variations.

Myra Hess will give a recital next Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall. Bach, French Suite in G. Chopin, Sonata, B flat minor. Brahms, Waltzes from op. 39. Albeniz, Evocation and El Puerto. Granados, Maja et le Rossignol. De Falla, Le Recit du Pecheur and Danse Rituelle du Feu.



## SINFONIETTA HEARD

The Boston Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall, with the assistance of Pauline Danforth, pianist. Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht" excepted, with which the concert began, everything heard was heard for the first time in Boston.

If some contemporary trifle had taken the place of the Schoenberg sextet, the large audience perhaps would have felt as content. For the company were out for modernity, no doubt about that, and Schoenberg, whatever his later eccentricities, was up to no tricks when he wrote of those lovers in the moonlight. Under the most favorable conditions that night music of his always sounds too long. Yesterday evening, with something more piquant to come, his setting of the moonlit scene, the woman's gloom, the man's magnanimity the final radiance of man, woman, night—monstrous long it seemed to people waiting.

Stravinsky's "Ragtime," for the matter of that, sounded none too short, but that and its like were what the world had come out for to hear, so of complaint there could be none at all. The music proved once more what scarcely needed proving again: Most people do best when they keep their place.

It well may be that Stravinsky, in his "Ragtime" piece, pointed the way to wonders that can be done with the idiom, both musical and instrumental, of the day. But music he wrote, to the ears of some listeners, mighty dull; the radio offers brighter entertainment every night of the week. The audience, however, led by authority, applauded enthusiastically.

Next came Honegger's concertino for piano and orchestra. Here was music easy to follow. Miss Danforth played a little theme like one of those in piano teaching book of the second grade of difficulty. "Little Boy Blue," it might be called, or "In the Garden," or "Play Time." With all patience she played it again, and again, and on and on, while the orchestra, first one instrument and then another, answered her politely. The movement did not last long; its monotony had not time to turn painful.

A pastoral followed, music with a hint of atmosphere about it, music which offered Miss Danforth an opportunity more grateful than five-finger exercises. To make the pastoral note unmistakable, Honegger presently did away with the real charm that lay in this movement's first pages, and took refuge in sounds, suggestive indeed to a person who has lived on a farm. The little concerto ended with a very bright piece, popular music indeed, but, as Fanny Squeers put it, more genteel. People liked the concertino. Surely it could not have been better played, by Miss Danforth and orchestra alike.

A bit of Kammermusik by Hindemith, op. 24, No. 1, closed the concert. "Wildly" he wanted the first movement played; no doubt the players did their best, but "wild" they could not make that music. A second movement left but faint memories behind it. The third, a little quartet for flute, clarinet, bassoon and a tiny bell, sounded, from its pretty play of color, very agreeable.

The fourth movement, the program note says, probably owes its sub-title, "1921," to the aftermath of the war. "Violent," the note calls the movement; "the trumpet breaks forth into a popular German fox trot with the entire orchestra playing in 10 different keys at once." But it did not sound one half so bad. And where was the violence? Noisy, yes, and bouncing, and very diverting in its way. Violence, though, and the war? Surely the program writer went astray.

The performance by the orchestra was excellent, or so it seemed to a person who did not know the music. Of what was most worth while Mr. Fiedler unquestionably made the most. Because he could not make dull music lively, or trivial music "wild"—that is not his fault. At least he gave us opportunity to judge for ourselves, and for that we owe him much.

R. R. G.

Mch 2 1928

Today is the meeting of our Contributors' Club. Now that educators are in solemn session and President Lowell has had his say about high schools, we listen to "L'Arc," who writes to us about

As the World Wags:

Recently I heard two college students discussing with all due seriousness the theory of relativity. Across the room two more were comparing experiences and conquests among the women. In one corner a grind was memorizing a mathematical formula that meant nothing to him. A condescending shark was conducting a seminar for the dumb-bells who had failed to cram for an exam. Not far from me a man was boasting that he had done no studying thus far this year. Another group were absorbed in a discussion of the latest sport news, and had conveniently forgotten work. A lively bull session was in progress and while the talkers were few, the listeners were many. An English major was reading the latest copy of "Smooty Stories," while a sophomore had discovered Boccaccio's "Decameron." A freshman was hidden behind a huge geography book which had cost \$4.75, book-store prices. A group of politicians were condemning every existing institution but their criticisms were entirely destructive. A few big men of the college were arranging the class elections in accordance with the fraternity no-deal agreement. In a far corner a man was trying to study.

L'ARC.

## A BEDTIME STORY

We have received letters asking anxiously whether Snowshoe Al has given up the practice of telling stories to the little ones that they may go happily to sleep. He is still contributing to the joy and the mental development of the bright-eyed Augustus and the blue-eyed Arabella. Here is his latest story:

Evening has fallen, my cherub, and the sandman is calling you to the arms of Morpheus! Papa is going to relate a cunning little episode between a rabbit and a wolf. I should prefer to talk to you about poetry, or obituary notices, or these damned magazine editors, but these silly animal stories are considered quite the thing for paposes, so here goes:

Little Reginald Rabbit, his face distorted with pain, wended his miserable way through the forest. He was doing large quantities of moaning and groaning, for one of his legs had just been nipped off and it didn't feel any too good. However, he kept going, although he couldn't keep his thoughts from his lost leg. A half mile in the rear (and gaining constantly on his intended prey) came William Wolf, a brutal devil with a fiendish look upon his features. Needless to say, he soon overtook his quarry.

"Salutations," remarked Will, "I observe you've had some misfortune."

"True," moaned little Reginald, "my left hind leg has just been nipped off in a brutal trap."

"I found said leg," stated William. "It was one of the juiciest legs I've ever eaten. I think I'll try another!" And so he bit off another of Reginald Rabbit's hind legs, despite Reggie's earnest objections. "Now," said the wolf, "I believe I shall try an ear!" And would you believe it, Lambkins?—he bit off one of Reginald's ears. He did so. Then he bit off the other ear. By this time Reginald was very angry, but that fiendish old wolf devil only laughed and bit off his other two legs! Then he chewed his nose off, after which he—oh, Lambkins, you mustn't cry! Did papa scare Precious? There, there, Daddy will sing Lambkins a soothing little lullaby:

"Poor Jesse left a wife to mourn for his life—  
Three children, they were bra-a-a-a-ve;  
Oh, that dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard  
Hes lai-i-i-i-d Jesse James in his  
gra-a-a-a-ve!" SNOWSHOE AL.

"ROCKER," "GONDOLA," "PLAT-FORM"

As the World Wags:

Mrs. Trollope's use of "rocking chair" (1832) is the earliest among my notes, though my next runs it very close, being dated 1833: "Seating herself in the rocking chair, she drew a long breath and thus addressed me" (Gen. G. A. McCall's "Letters from the Frontiers," p. 264). Olmsted's "rocker" (1857) is bettered by a year in Mrs. Charles Robinson's "Kansas": "A large Boston rocker, with mahogany squab-seat chairs and cricket made up the movable furniture" (p. 215). "Gondola" (in various forms) is found much earlier than 1777. Thus on Dec. 11, 1694, the New Hampshire council "Ordered That Wm. Furber keep a ferry from his house at Welchman's cove, to transport travelers over to Oyster River; . . . and that the said W. Furber keep attendance and a sufficient boat or gondaloe" (N. H. Provincial Papers, II, 147). Other examples are dated 1697, 1723, 1728, 1754.

1744, etc. An advertisement in the Massachusetts Centinel of Dec. 1, 1787, at stated that "This Day, Will be sold, at Public Vendue, . . . two Moses Boats, a Gundalo, . . . and sundry other materials." Perhaps some of your inquisitive, ingenious, and learned correspondents can explain the origin of "moses boat." In the years 1765-1800 the term often turned up in Boston newspapers, occasionally varied by the word "moses."

"Was the word 'platform' with its present political meaning," it is asked, "used in the United States before 1844?" Some remarks on this meaning may be of interest as showing the extraordinary pains taken by the editors of the Oxford English Dictionary. By previous lexicographers the American sense had been explained (as in the Century Dictionary) as "A systematic scheme or body of principles, especially of religious or political principles, expressly adopted as a policy or basis of action; as, the Genevan platform; a political platform; the Democratic platform." And form; the Democratic platform." And it was so explained in the proofs (even the page proofs) of the Oxford English Dictionary itself. The purpose of Sir James Murray in sending the present writer a page proof was merely, if my memory is good, to obtain earlier extracts than any he then had. What evidence I had was not conclusive, but it indicated that the usual explanation of the original of the American meaning was wrong. So, in the hope of being able to settle the question, a special investigation was undertaken, with the result that on getting my report Sir James Murray took out a dozen lines or so from the page proof and substituted for them the following statement: "This figurative use was developed in the United States between 1844 and 1848; in early instances, as 1844 and 1848; in the phrase 'a plank of the well as in the phrase 'a plank of the material platform on which persons meet and publicly speak (a sense known in United States from 1840). Although in some extent approaching senses 4 b, 4 c, 5 b, this in its origin had no direct connection with these."

It occasionally happens, as with "to burke" and "to boycott," that a word can be traced almost to the time, even to the very day, of its invention; but such instances are extremely rare, and in most cases all that can be done is to give an approximate date. Hence it would be very rash to assert that "platform" in the meaning under discussion, was not used here before 1844. Nevertheless, it may safely be concluded that its use before 1844, even if found in the future, was infrequent.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

## ELLY NEY, PIANIST,

Elly Ney, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall, before an audience well pleased: Passacaglia, Bach-d'Albert; Sonata in C minor, Mozart; Intermezzo, C major, Rhapsodie, E flat major, Brahms; March, Prokofieff; Danse d'Olaf, Pick-Mangialgalli; Soiree dans Granade, Danse, Feux d'Artifice, Debussy; Etude, A flat major, Nocturne, G major, Scherzo, B flat minor, Chopin; Symphonic variations, Schumann.

It was masterly art that came last night to exhibition. Already in the last few years Mme. Ney had shown herself a magnificent interpreter of Beethoven, Schubert and Chopin; her performances on two occasions stand because of their happy combination of temperament and musicianliness, in a high place among those remembered these many years.

Last night, though, whatever the cause, Mme. Ney was not in the vein. She was, on the contrary, to use the significant old Irish phrase, "all out of tune." So there stood her temperament as good as gone; not by a blaze could she, last night, sweep her hearers off their feet.

Thus out of sorts, Mme. Ney might, like one or two other performers, have sulked or stormed. Or she might have run off her evening's work indifferently. But, indeed, she paid her audience a finer respect, she played as well as she could.

"As well as she could," when speaking of Mme. Ney, means playing with the technique that commands tones of many colors, tones ranging from a pianissimo that is ethereal up to a sonority equal to an organ's. It means security. It means rhythm and accent beyond the comprehension of most players, melodies exquisitely moulded, and, above all else, it means a musically intelligent planning for every note of every piece—no floundering, no trusting to luck.

Her full effect Mme. Ney could not attain last night; it lay not, for the moment, in her power to make long pieces engrossing. Because, however, she was of a mind to do her best, certain short pieces she played remarkably well. For the Brahms intermezzo she found a rhythm and a tonal quality that let it the charm that some people always felt sure was there, though nobody else has made it apparent. A Brahms waltz she also played delightfully, the Chopin study, too. The Russian's march she tossed off as brazenly as though all were well. A bewitching deftness she had ready for the Italian's dance, a dazzling technical display for Debussy's "Fireworks."

To play so well when perhaps she would rather not have played at all—there is a triumph for Mme. Ney's musical powers, not to say her artist's conscience.

R. R. G.

Mch 3 1928

We read that this week was celebrated as National Turkish Bath Week. The N. Y. Sun exclaimed on last Monday: "It promises to be the biggest thing anybody has ever done for the bath in this country and the big men in the bathing game are fairly gnashing soap in their anxiety to do the public a service." (In the good old days of the "drama," vigorous actors, shining in "Damon and Pythias," "Macbeth" or "Under the Gaslight" were known as "Soap-chewers.")

A bathtub in American houses is no longer used chiefly for potted plants or as a receptacle for coal. The humble cottage on the Cape must now have at least three bathtubs, and the sudden rich insist on one for every "master bedroom," guest room, two in the cellar, one for every serving maid's chamber, not to mention a luxuriously appointed bathroom for the honorable mistress of the house. In this respect we are in advance of effete monarchies and tottering republics. We spoke last Wednesday of that entertaining book "The Beautiful Mrs. Graham." Physicians prescribed for Mary Graham health cold baths at home, but on wooden or tin tubs were known in an Perthshire house in 1777, so Thomas his wits to work.

He hesitated about a permanent building for bathing purposes in the house or in the field where the springs were "but as there is a necessity to have one I believe a wooden bath that might be placed in the housekeeper's new room would be the best, as it must be at least 12 feet long by 6 feet wide a 9 feet deep. It should be made in separate pieces to screw together like ginal" (a large chest for holding meat for which purpose it may serve some where afterwards, and in case it do not hold water at the corners or bottom, it can be pitched. There must be steps on the outside to go up to it each end, and at one end at the corner steps to come out by. If Mr. Sandem and you can think of easier execution and that will answer equally well (the bath must be long enough to all of throwing oneself head foremost in it) and be very soon made, you may write to me—tho' on recollection some plan must be adopted immediately as would lose too much time to wait for my answer, for the bath must be ready in a month. . . . There must be a fire in the bottom to let out the water while one wants to change it."

So poor Mary was probably without a bath for a month, and after she was through with the ordeal, the box was to be used for holding meal. Me England!

As the World Wags:

Bill Thompson, if you've a hearty your busses, listen to me! Poor K. George went up to an industrial fair Birmingham the other day and he got around to the electric heat he stood gazing at them very sa "Oh," said the king, "the fireplaces Buckingham Palace are so cold smoky. I wish I had an electric heat. Ah, Bill, hard as you've been on George and his ancestors, have a little I think of George shivering around his palace and saying, "Queen, that coal we got was certainly bum. darned near freezing to death." Oh, Thompson, sitting in your steam heat luxury, think of poor King George, then order a tag day to buy him an electric heater. Come on, now, Bill, heart!

R. H.

## STATION WEE!

(For As the World Wags)

Last night I heard the announcer, A vulgar and awful pronouncer, Get off his chest "The Tower of Babel Amid a Sahara of musical gabble.

But, even if I heard aright (Confusion of sounds occurs each night I itched to tag him with a label, To send him back to "The Tower of Babel." IDOHATE Taunton.

## STOP PRESS

As the World Wags:

The Rev. Deets Pickett of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Morals appeared before the Judiciary and supported the bill to legalize boxing in the District of Columbia Washington Post.

Late news from the "inside" in form circles enables us to forecast following expected orientations of



agues, but these rumors are to be  
d with cautionary signals:  
Priest Seagrave of the State  
aloon League will appear before  
ate committee on "Anti" legisla-  
d withdraw opposition to the sale  
per cent, beer made under proper  
tions. He is satisfied that it is not  
ating in the Volstead sense.  
Rev. Elam Skokum of Dayton will  
the hearing for the repeal of the  
arwin law, and tell the Tennessee  
ature that he favors removal of the  
onment clause for teachers con-  
of holding views favorable to evo-  
He thinks that Simian descent  
be taught in the universities, as a  
t theory, provided that it should  
de unlawful to apply it as an epi-  
particular persons or families in  
tate.

resident of the Public Interests  
(Newbury street, Boston), will  
nce that her society would remove  
an on smoking cigarettes by for-  
emale lecturers visiting the Uni-  
ates, with the understanding that  
ng the smoke would still be re-  
d as objectionable.  
mission to citizenship in Chicago  
never a vacancy occurs), will be  
in order of priority of application,  
according to Big Bull, all candidates  
prove an Americanism not less  
99 44/100ths pure, instead of the  
us 100 per cent. He makes this  
ssion as an act of courtesy to King  
ge. He says the poor prune has had  
esson, and he does not want any  
or international complications.  
WOOF WOOF.

#### PRAIRIE DUSKS

ore a hat that was much too tall  
a man who wanted none at all;  
the coat he wore was much too  
black  
the fragile things that would come  
back.

set him up like a lacquered toy  
they forgot he was once a boy  
knew the prairie and knew the  
sun),  
n they sent him down to Washing-  
ton.

y made him one with the gods  
above  
never remembered he might love  
ngs that are golden to any man—  
none of them ever saw his Ann.  
—DONFARRAN.

#### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

he World Wags:  
wife complained to the judge in  
t of her husband's callousness. As  
instance she stated that when he was  
rmed that his mother-in-law's  
se was wrecked by fire, and that she  
buried under the debris, this mon-  
said: "How deep?"

LOOKER ON.

#### ENIGMA

n as young as the earth is young.  
owered in the first rose; in me  
ned the first fruit on the first tree;  
d mine was the first song ever sung.

m as old as the earth is old:  
shall it be the end of me  
en the last leaf twirls on the last tree,  
d song is dead, and the sun spins cold.  
C. HENRY WARREN.

## 18TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

18th concert of the Boston Sym-  
Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky con-  
, took place yesterday afternoon  
nphony hall. The program was as  
s: Walton, Sinfonia Concertante,  
Orchestra with piano (quasi ob-  
o). Prokofieff, Scythian Suite.  
ns, Symphony No. 1, C minor.  
rd Zighera of the orchestra was  
ianist.

William Turner Walton was made  
over to the Symphony audience a  
over a year ago by his overture  
smouth Point, "lusty English music  
the roast beef-a-le-Rule Britannia or-  
This overture pleased by its honest,  
is spirit, music without great vari-  
of color, with little finesse in har-  
schemes or in the orchestration.  
of this sort are commonly char-  
zed as "wholesome."

concerto is much more ambitious.  
in three movements with the piano  
chiefly as an orchestral instru-  
seldom in solo work, though a  
lar cadenza is given to it shortly  
e the end. Walton does not show  
marked influence of any composer,  
ding or contemporaneous. This  
erto is melodically as individual—  
might add, peculiar—as it is in  
pects. There is an absence of  
ousness, emotion, passion, but it is  
in this account dry; on the contrary,  
interesting by its very peculiarities.

one of his chief themes, one  
y say that there was Irish blood in  
composer's veins. The treatment  
is musical idea, expressed in turn  
ferent sections of the orchestra, is  
ating in a way, as is the devel-  
are liveliness of the finale. An Eng-

lish critic found the "atmosphere" of  
the middle movement "devotional." If  
this is true, if one does not substitute  
"contemplative" or "ruminative," and  
can find any suggestion of ecclesiasti-  
cal rites or communion with the In-  
finite, the hearer is in a dissenting  
chapel. Certainly not in that musical  
Church of England, the Royal Academy.  
The "Old Guard"—Parry, Villiers  
Stanford, the noble army of Mus. Docs  
would have shaken their heads and  
groaned in anguish. The Concerto is  
post-war music. One may enjoy—as we  
enjoyed—this composer's independent,  
audacious spirit—and even the occa-  
sional crudities—preferable to conven-  
tional smugness—and then say to him-  
self: "Walton has not yet wholly found  
himself."

Has not the element of surprise  
something to do with the immediate  
acceptance of an unfamiliar work?  
When Prokofieff's "Scythian" suite was  
played here for the first time in 1924,  
the finale with the high pedal for vio-  
lins, the mighty ascending crescendo  
to a climax in which it seemed as if all  
the instruments reached the limit of  
their dynamic power, was something  
not heard, not thought of in one's long  
musical life: the effect was overwhelm-  
ing. Yesterday there was the remem-  
brance, there was eager anticipation;  
the performance was as superb: but the  
effect was in a measure discounted. If  
there are compositions that gain in  
beauty or grandeur by repeated hear-  
ings, are there not compositions of in-  
disputable worth that should be heard  
only once—granted an admirable per-  
formance—by any epicure in sounds?

We do not know where Prokofieff  
found the source for his argument, for  
the inspiration of this Suite. Veles, Ai-  
are to us vanished deities, or if they

still have worshippers, their altars are  
unknown to us. Whether Lolli saved  
Ala, or whether he was slain by the  
Evil-God, is not a question to keep a  
Bostonian sleepless in the night  
watches. The word "Scythian" is  
enough. Reading the titles one may  
reasonably await barbaric, wildly ex-  
citing, one might even say "sanguin-  
ary" music. Prokofieff does not dis-  
appoint the waiting hearer. As Poe  
says of the monarch of ghouls up in  
the steeple, this composer  
"Dances and he yells  
Keeping time, time, time  
In a sort of Runic rhyme."

In this Suite there is mysterious  
beauty in the opening measures of the  
movement entitled "Night: the Evil-  
God comes to Ala in the darkness." As  
light dazzles in the Finale of the Suite,  
so here Prokofieff has found music for  
"the blackness of darkness." (Contrast  
this music and the words of the apostle  
Jude with the measures of Gustav Holst  
for Walt Whitman's "huge and thought-  
ful night.")

The performance of this Suite was  
as brilliant as that of the symphony  
was thoughtfully eloquent. Mr. Kous-  
sevitzky is fond of this symphony. It  
was the fourth performance since Bos-  
ton had the great good fortune to wel-  
come him as conductor of the orches-  
tra. Yesterday he interpreted the music  
with the gusto that is peculiar to him,  
giving the romanticism to the music  
that is there if only a conductor is able  
to find it, feel it, and express it.

The concert will be repeated tonight.  
The program for March 16-17—the or-  
chestra will be away next week—will  
be as follows: Vivaldi, "Summer" (No.  
2 from the concerto "The Four Sea-  
sons." D. G. Mason, Symphony in C  
minor; Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 3, D  
minor, for piano (Vladimir Horowitz,  
pianist). Berlioz, excerpts from "The  
Damnation of Faust."

#### Guy Maier and Lee Pattison at Jordan Hall

Last night in Jordan Hall Guy Maier  
and Lee Pattison gave a concert of two-  
piano music, in aid of "the building  
fund," presumably of the New England  
Conservatory. They restored the spirits  
of many a discouraged soul, among  
them those who, hearing much music  
are repelled by the affectation and dis-  
guised banality that too often are ac-  
cepted as originality. Others were re-  
freshed, persons who stand amazed at  
the mediocrity, the paltriness, not to  
say the downright incompetence and  
vulgar taste of players and singers who  
now pass muster in the concert hall.  
People who are doing their best to  
teach music properly—they, too, must  
have felt a filip to their jaded spirits  
when, two nights ago, they heard Elly  
Ney and, last night, Mr. Pattison and  
Mr. Maier.

Of these artists' prowess at playing,  
in the Berlin lady's phrase, "acatara-  
man," there is no need to speak; their  
fine repute is spread too widely abroad.  
Of their surpassing musicianship, how-  
ever, and their extraordinary technical

resources it would be a pleasure to write  
a page.

Sinee, though, a page is not available,  
or yet a column, the pleasure must be  
narrowed to the briefly expressed opinion  
that in one short concert these admir-  
able artists gave their hearers much to  
enjoy of grace and elegance, poetry,  
fancy, sentimental and humor—all ex-  
pressed by the purest musical means, by  
rhythm such as we hear not twice in  
a dog's age, by a sense of musical con-  
tinuity we hear more rarely still, by a  
shaping of melody fit to ravish the  
ear, by a play of color, too, amazingly  
wide.

A treat it was to hear once more  
genuine virtuoso technique in conjunc-  
tion with buoyant temperament, fine  
taste and a sense of style which led  
to decorous readings of Mozart and  
Liszt alike, Liszt at his showiest, too,  
not to forget Mr. Eichheim—and made  
them all worth while.

The players began the evening with  
a fugue by Mason, from a Divertimento,  
op. 26a. Mozart followed, an andante  
with variations and the D major sonata,  
exquisitely enough played to suit the  
daintiest, but yet manfully, as a man's  
music should be played, and Mozart's  
seldom is. After Rachmaninov's "Tears"  
they went on with a rondo that called  
to mind books in old front parlors,  
"Friendship's Garland," say with vapid  
stories and feeble verse, and steel en-  
gravings of simpering damsels in gloomy  
woods. The rondo, though, could be  
safely enjoyed—Chopin wrote it. It  
had indeed a faded charm, very dif-  
ferent from the charm of Mr. Eich-  
heim's Siamese sketch or Mr. Platt's  
Pastorale of distinguished melodic flow.

There were also Saint-Saens's "Ani-  
mals' Carnival," two Chopin studies  
arranged by Mr. Pattison, and Liszt's  
"Don Juan" paraphrase—which last  
piece, of course, should have been  
snuffed at, but in fact was not. Virtuoso  
music, when played by a virtuoso, not  
to say two, may be counted upon to  
please. The entire concert pleased, as  
well it might; not every day do we hear  
music one-half so good. R. R. G.

"The Showdown," starring George  
Bancroft, adapted from a story by  
Houston Branch, directed by Victor  
Schertzinger, and presented at the  
Metropolitan Theatre with the follow-  
ing cast:

Cardan	George Bancroft
Edith Shelton	Evelyn Brent
Wilson Shelton	Neil Hamilton
Winter	Fred Kohler
Goldie	Helen Lynch
Hugh Pickrell	Arnold Kent
Kilmore Shelton	Leslie Fenton
Willie	George Kuwa

George Bancroft is excellent in this,  
the first picture in which he appears  
officially as a star. There is nothing  
particularly original in the material he  
has been given or in its treatment. For  
many seasons audiences of the speak-  
ing stage have been regaled with plays  
in which the insidious poison of the  
tropics has eaten into man's morals and  
stamina. Heretofore, the screen has ap-  
proached this topic mildly, probably be-  
cause of the film censors; mildly and  
at times silly.

"The Showdown" takes the newer  
manner of screen play by the horns  
and presents George Bancroft in a stir-  
ring film. One wonders, however, if any  
motion picture would fail to register  
with the dynamic personality of this  
player in it.

Oil is the thing that has lured men  
to this spot too near the equator for  
comfort. There is one who is young  
and weak, as is the way of these  
dramas, one who is big and strong and  
two more for good measure. Into this  
seething, sweating, drinking mascu-  
line society, a brother of the weak  
young man brings his young and beau-  
tiful wife. There are complications.

Paramount has surrounded Bancroft  
with an excellent cast. Evelyn Brent,  
who played with him in "Underworld,"  
is the girl who follows her husband  
from civilization and is nearly undone  
by the tropics. Fred Kohler probably  
does the best work of his career in this  
film as the expert sent by a big oil  
company to scout out new wells, and  
Leslie Fenton, as the young and weak  
one, is convincing. This part could  
have been easily overdone but was  
handled in an entirely creditable way  
by both the player and the director.  
This is Victor Schertzinger's first dicta-  
torial effort for Paramount and it seems  
to be entirely successful.

Gene Rodemich and his band are on  
the stage this week, surrounded by  
"Galloping On," a Frank Cambria pro-  
duction. The costumes are beautiful in  
this large collection of singers and  
dancers. Ben Blue is the comedian, and  
although there is no definite purpose to  
"Galloping On," it is pleasant, and  
"Bonzo" is always amusing. C. M. D.

## MYRA HESS GIVES

Myra Hess, pianist, played this pro-  
gram yesterday afternoon before an au-  
dience that filled Jordan hall to over-  
flowing:

French suite, No. 5, Bach; Sonata in

B flat minor, Chopin; Waltzes from Op.  
39, Brahms; Evocation, El Puerto, Al-  
beniz; La Maja et Le Rossignol, Grana-  
dos; Le Recit du Pecheur, Danse Ritu-  
elle du Feu, De Falla.

In far brighter fettle than at her  
previous recital, Miss Hess set the ball  
to rolling with a delicious performance  
of Bach's Allemande. It danced, that  
lively movement, like the nymph in  
Bishop's song, "with no footing seen"—  
with no halts in the rhythm, that is  
to say, no breaks whatever in the rip-  
pling melodious stream. Incisive  
rhythm and tone right crisp Miss Hess  
had ready at hand for the jig that  
closed the suite; those dances between  
she made scarcely so effective.

Miss Hess with Chopin's sonata ap-  
peared to announce that she bears no  
patience with those persons who swear  
the "heroic" Chopin existed not for one  
moment. The sonata's first movement  
she swelled into something so dramatic  
that it bordered on what the Germans  
call a "sensation piece," music of vio-  
lence, restless, gasping. So to do cost  
Miss Hess a technical effort that robbed  
the scherzo of its rightful dash and  
fling. Far more sympathetically Miss  
Hess played the scherzo's songful second  
theme. The funeral march she made  
impressive by her restraint as well as  
by noble tone. In the finale, oddly  
enough, Miss Hess hears, it seems, a  
hint of the boisterous.

So she does in the opening waltz by  
Brahms; since her day came, probably,  
Viennese balls are no longer opened  
with the pomp and circumstance of  
Brahms's time. Charming Miss Hess  
played the popular waltz in A flat; the  
true Magyar pulse she found, as well  
as an engaging deftness, for the two  
little pieces that derive from Hungary.

The audience applauded Miss Hess  
with genuine enthusiasm, evidently ad-  
miring her in her more turbulent mood  
quite as fully as in her more frequent  
quiet vein. R. R. G.

#### EVA GAUTHIER

Eva Gauthier will give a recital in  
Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon  
at 3 o'clock. Her program of music for  
the voice is from Monteverdi to Ravel.  
Celius Dougherty will accompany her.

Claudio Monteverdi  
Monologue "Orfeo" (Tu se morta) (1607)  
Maledetta sia l'aspetto (Scherzi musicali)  
(1632)

Canzone (1609)  
(With Harpsichord)

(No one will be seated during this group)

Airs Espagnols Anciens

Transcribed by Nin (1926)

Alma sintamos Pablo Esteve (1730-1792)

Minuc cantado Jose Basa (1670-1730)

Canciones Clasicas Espanolas

Fernando J. Obradors (1921)

La mi sola, Laureola (Juan Ponce Siglo

XVI)

Corazon porque pasais (Auto anonimo

Siglo XVII)

Aria de Actis y Galatea

Antonio Litteres (1680-1753)

Transcribed by Nin (1926)

New American Songs (Sun-K-ung Tua. D.

The Poet's Vision of Jade) (L. Cramer

830-908) (Lute of Jade) (L. Cramer

Bryn) (Lute of Jade) (L. Cramer

Berouee Amoureuse. (Sterns (1926)

A Soliloquy "Dumb Dora" Rogers (1927)

Where She Lies. Cowell (1926)

Two Negro Songs—The Weary Blues

Carpenter (1926)

That Soothin' Song

Jazz-Boys

Some Old and New French and Spanish Songs

Le Promenoir des Deux Amants Debussy (1910)

Anpres de cette grotte sombre

Crois mon conseil, chere Climene

Je tremble en voyant ton visage

(Sung without pause)

Les fleurs "Histoires au crepuscule" Block

D'Anne jouant de l'espinette Ravel

Reyes Ravel (1898-1927)

Rima Turina (1914)

## WALTER GIESEKING,

Walter Giesecking, pianist, played this  
program yesterday afternoon in Sym-  
phony Hall before a large and enthusi-  
astic audience:

Overture in the French style, in B



the players at the Barn in Joy street will have the courage to perform Eugene O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" this week, beginning tomorrow night. We say "courage" for the play is an extraordinary one, so extraordinary that Mr. O'Neill felt called upon to interpret it for the benefit of those who were perplexed when the play was produced at New York early in 1926.

A "mystical pattern" manifests itself "as an overtone dimly behind and beyond the words and actions of the characters." Dion Anthony—a reminder of Dionysus and Saint Anthony—"the creative pagan acceptance of life fighting eternal war with the masochistic, life-denying spirit of Christianity as represented by Saint Anthony—the whole struggle resulting in this modern day in mutual exhaustion \* \* \* Christianity, once heroic in martyrs for its intense faith, now pleading weakly for intense belief in anything, even Godhead itself."

Margaret is the modern direct descendant of the Gretchen of "Faust"—the eternal girl-woman "with a virtuous simplicity of instinct, properly oblivious to everything but the means to her end of maintaining the race."

Cybele is "an incarnation of Cybele, the Earth Mother doomed to segregation as a pariah in a world of unnatural laws but patronized by her segregators who are thus themselves the first victims of their laws."

Brown is the "visionless demi-god of our new materialistic myth—a Success building his life of exterior things, inwardly empty and resourceless, an uncreative creature of superficial preordained social grooves, a by-product forced aside into slack waters by the deep main current of life-desire."

Dion's mask of Pan, put on when he was a boy, is not only the painter-poet's defence against the world, it is "an integral part of his character as the artist." This outer Pan, transformed by his struggle with reality, becomes Mephistopheles. "It is as Mephistopheles he falls stricken at Brown's feet after having condemned Brown to destruction by willing him his mask, but this mask falling off as he dies, it is the Saint who kisses Brown's feet in abject contrition and pleads as a little boy to a big brother to tell him a prayer."

Brown has always envied the creative life force in Dion. He steals Dion's mask of Mephistopheles, thinking he can thus live creatively, but he is only stealing "creative power made self-destructive by complete frustration." Mocking doubt, torturing him, forces him to wear a mask of his Success William A. Brown, "before the world as well as Dion's mask toward wife and children." Thus Billy Brown is not himself towards any one. He shares Dion's anguish, out of which at the end his soul is born, "a tortured Christian soul such as the dying Dion's, begging for belief, and at the last finding it on the lips of Cybele."

Mr. O'Neill did not intend that which may be regarded as symbolical should "throw out of proportion the living drama of the recognizable human beings Dion, Brown, Margaret and Cybele. I meant it always to be mystically within and behind them, giving them a significance beyond themselves, forcing itself through them to its expression in mysterious words, symbols, actions they do not comprehend. And that is as clearly as I wish an audience to comprehend it. It is Mystery, the mystery any one man or woman can feel, but not understand as the meaning of any event or accident, in any life on earth. And it is this mystery I want to realize in the theatre."

"Saturday's Children," which will be played here next Monday night, a comedy by Maxwell Anderson, was first seen in New York at the Actor's Theatre on Jan. 26, 1927. Bobby, Ruth Gordon; Rims O'Neil, Roger Pryor; Florrie Sands, Ruth Hammond; Willie Sands, Richard Barbee; Mrs. Halevy, Lucia Moore; Mr. Halevy, Frederick Perry; Mrs. Gorlik, Beulah Bondi. Mr. Gabriel of the New York Sun, beginning his review with a shout of praise, went on to say: "And if that takes us only knee deep in superlatives, let's wade onward and declare it" (the comedy) "as skilful and delightful a comedy as anyone has ever yet been able to make out of the rumble of subways, the click of typewriters, the clash of dishes in the kitchen sink, which furnish such strumming accompaniments to the hymns of young men and maidens, Harlem and elsewhere hereabout." And even Mr. John Anderson of the New York Evening Post—he held that position when he saw the comedy—described it as "tenderly wise, shrewd and delightful, acted to its suavest final inflection by Ruth Gordon."

Those who confidently assert that no one cares for the operas written by Verdi before "Aida" should note that "La Traviata" on Feb. 27 drew the largest audience of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The performance of "Macbeth" in modern dress has furnished abundant material for critics and constitutional letter writers to be reactionary or "futurist."

Charles Fry wrote: "When I produced Browning's 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon' many years ago, for the Browning Society, I asked the poet, at one of the numerous interviews I had with him, in what manner he would like the play costumed, as there was no indication of period in the text. He replied, 'Oh, it's quite immaterial—any time when they wore swords.'"

"This seems to me to answer the question as to the advisability of performing Shakespeare's plays in modern costume. I have not seen the production of 'Macbeth' at the Court Theatre, but I cannot understand how the 'dagger' speech and the line, 'Before my body I throw my warlike shield,' can be given with any conviction, as neither dagger nor shield is used in modern warfare, to say nothing of rifles, which, I am told, are used. The atmosphere of blank verse is not modern in speech, and surely the costumes should be of the picturesque and romantic character."

"My friend, Mr. William Poel, who has done so much for Shakespeare, dresses his productions, I believe, usually in Elizabethan costume, and this appears to me admissible, though not always advisable (not, for instance, in such plays as 'Julius Caesar'), as it is at least picturesque. I hope we have seen the last of Shakespeare in modern dress."

When George L. Fox produced his burlesque of "Macbeth" he was all for the modern. A cord of Birnam wood was brought to the castle door; the wooden dagger, about two feet long, suspended by a string, and dangling before him, surprised him into asking: "Is this a dagger," etc.

We know from Ophelia that Hamlet was punctilious in matters of dress

before the murder of his father; that he set the fashions of his day. Yet we do not wish to see him in modern evening dress, while accomplished critics are unable to decide whether two studs or three should decorate his shirt front.

Miss Gertrude Kingston will produce on March 27 in London a play, "Is It a Forgery?" which she believes was dictated a few months ago by Oscar Wilde, who used a London medium for his secretary. We are told that Miss Kingston, an excellent actress, who has played in Boston, knew Wilde when he was 12 years old. For 25 years she has been interested in psychic research. She went to see this secretary-medium.

"I satisfied myself that the writing of the play was automatic. To further prove this I asked the medium several questions, and the answers were written at once with almost amazing rapidity. I asked what the name of the play should be, and instantly the pencil wrote, 'Is It a Forgery?' As soon as the pencil finished one question, it remained poised for the next—I find that one has almost to regard the pencil as an entity on these occasions. The play is similar to Wilde's writings; it is about the period he knew, so that it is really slightly old-fashioned. However, as I have asked those of my friends who were inclined to doubt its authenticity, 'Why should Wilde, who passed over before jazz, write about a jazz world?' The play is in three acts, providing parts for eight or nine players."

Doubting Thomases, and, alas, there are many, might suggest this title for the play: "Is It a Fake?"

Mr. M. Willson Disher finds that the public sees characters not as they are but through the eyes of one who has been "arbitrarily chosen to put forward the case." Few are the plays that are not open to this criticism; he takes "Hamlet" and "Candida" as examples: "Suppose the queen had been treated with the deference so readily bestowed by Shakespeare upon Cleopatra. What, then, should we think of her morbid, neurasthenic son who translates her grande passion into a litter of corpses? Suppose Bernard Shaw had used his scalpel upon Candida instead of vivisectioning her husband, how our sympathy would gush out towards the poor man who had to endure so self-satisfied a wife."

"In 'Old English' the impartial Galsworthy gave us a hero who was a monster if regarded without bias. There have been dozens of 'younger generation' plays which have tried to prove that the older generation cannot be right—until 'The Show Off' laid down the principle that as the children make their beds so the parents must lie in them. War plays are worse. Time after time we are asked to believe that the spy is the most despicable of men—and then 'Secret Service' is revived to applaud him as the greatest of heroes."

"Concerning crook plays, the less said the better. If ever I am caught scaling a drain pipe outside a West end drapery store I shall ask the judge to consider, as an extenuating circumstance, that I have been forced for years to look upon the glorification of crime in the theatres." P. H.

## "FAUST" REJUVENATED

Back to Old Goethe, Cries Mr. Rosing; Operas in English: No "Absurdities"

The American Opera Company will begin its season of two weeks at the Hollis Street Theatre on Monday, March 12. The opera for that night will be "Faust," not with our old friend the philosopher changing his wig and donning his best suit of clothes to rush out as an impetuous amorist; not with a girlish Siebel too conscious of her sex; not with the Mephistopheles known to us by the portrayals of Plancon, Maurel, Baklanoff and others.

The "Faust" to be performed has been "rejuvenated" by Vladimir Rosing, who some seasons ago gave song recitals in Boston. Let us consider, but without comment, which would now be impertinent, the methods of this "rejuvenation," a word which is hardly appropriate, for "Faust" untinkered is still a drawing card, has still a lusty life in opera houses of the musical world.

First we quote from the prospectus: "'Faust' as presented by the American Opera Company has several elements of novelty. The production aims throughout to represent Goethe's poem as faithfully as Gounod's music. To this end Mephistopheles has been made the embodiment of the negative forces of life rather than a conventional stage devil with incredible horns and tail. Two artists sing the role of Faust, one representing the aged philosopher, and the other the young man of the world, created by Mephistopheles, the conjurer. The role of Siebel, usually given to a mezzo-soprano, is sung by a tenor, in that it seems more logical for a man's role to be sung by a man."

Now let Mr. Rosing take the floor:

"Opera is of the theatre and for the theatre public, a public that loves music but wants with it dramatic stage entertainment that, from the point of view of rational treatment, suggestive action and characterization, will parallel any intelligently produced drama. From this angle we have approached 'Faust.'"

"Mephistopheles is, of course, the central figure in the story and the dramatic significance lies in Marguerite's reaction to his evil genius. In his Mephistopheles it seems to me that Goethe was portraying the evil in man's own nature, the denial of morality and conscience. He is the protagonist of the negative to all human aspirations to good and beautiful living. He is no supernatural devil, but the creation of the human mind itself."

To go back to the prospectus:

"In the production of the opera such a conception works out this way: In the opening scene, Faust is discovered in his study, a scholar of middle



a victim of nostalgia, despairing over the futility of the search after ledge, perplexed by the problem of attaining knowledge by forfeiting all e's diversions, speculating on whether after all it may not be better to at to the aphorism, 'Evil, be thou my good.' Like the alchemists of ay, Faust gazes into a crystal globe. In a moment of utter discouragement he declares himself ready to evil. There is an instant of black stage there is seen seated opposite Faust the figure of Mephistopheles, almost plica of himself, but an evil replica. It is a 'Jekyll and Hyde' picture, histopheles speaks of the bargain with evil; of its profits in pleasure, ltimate punishment. In the crystal globe, instead of in back drop pan- na, the figure of Marguerite appears, just as it might be conjured up Faust's own fancy. The philosopher declares for pleasure at any price. stage is darkened a moment, and there appear seated at a table the hful Faust and the youthful Mephistopheles, the latter a dare-devil, a er in all the conscienceless episodes of the story to follow. Thus it is e reasonable to regard what happens as a vision of the future under rent conditions a vision to be entertained by a scholar himself.

'In the scene in which Mephistopheles confronts the soldiers in an inn, fire and brimstone business is entirely abandoned. Mephistopheles is a less roisterer, a swordsman of the most expert sort; he insults Mar- ite, parries the thrusts of Valentine and his companions, but is startled helplessness by the symbolism of the cross made by Valentine; he is ed through Valentine's suggestion that murder is no sport for honest ers.

"In the garden scene Mephistopheles appears as the panderer to Faust's designs. He uses no magic, he bribes Martha to gain his way; he does wither Marguerite's flowers by magic flames but breaks the blossoms as foresees Marguerite's life crushed through his machinations. In the edral scene, Mephistopheles appears as a cleric, deaf to Marguerite's s for consolation. In the prison scene, Mephistopheles is a jailer, ready bribing and eager to abet an escape that will involve Faust in further ble. Throughout the opera Faust is made the victim of his own evil. Marguerite the innocent victim. The drama is by intention symbolic, it remains realistic. By this means it is intended to restore to Gounod's ic a dramatic illusion in story that will appeal to intelligence and serve incorporate with the music a rational source from which that music may een to derive."

Let Mr. Rosing speak again:

"The drama is by intention symbolic but in itself realistic. By this means have intended to restore to Gounod's music a dramatic illusion in story, shorn of absurdities, can appeal to the intelligence of the audience establish in its mind a closer union with the music."

We shall see what we shall see. The visiting Russians showed little ect to the librettists of "Carmen." As Mr. Rosing wishes to go back to the, so they went back to Merimee. What was the result? "Carmencita the Soldier," as performed by them, left us with no desire to see again conventional "Carmen." Perhaps it will be the same with Mr. Rosing's ust."

The operas for the first week will be as follows:

MONDAY, March 12—"Faust"		THURSDAY, March 15—"Pagliacci"	
Marguerite	Natalie Hall	Nedda	Natalie Hall
Martha	Brownie Peebles	Canio	Charles Hedley
St. the philosopher	Patrick Killkelly	Beppe	Edison Rice
St. the cavalier	Clifford Newdall	Silvio	Allan Burt
Mephistopheles	Edison Rice	Tonio	Raymond Koch
	Mark Daniels		and Michio Ito, Japanese dancer
	John Uppman		
	George Houston		
SDAY, March 13—"Madame Butterfly"		FRIDAY, March 16—"The Elopement from the Seraglio"	
Cho-San	Maria Iacovino	Blonda	Cecile Sherman
Helen Oelheim	Helen Oelheim	Constanza	Adele Vasa
Pinkerton	Edith Piper	Faustina	Louise Bernhardt
erton	Charles Hedley	Belmont	Clifford Newdall
pleas	Allen Burt	Pedrillo	J. F. Roberts
ador	Howard Laramy	Captain	Howard Laramy
se	Patrick Killkelly	Pasha	George Houston
missioner	Edmund Koch	Osman	John Moncrieff
	Charles Margolis	Children	Winifred Goldsboro
			Mary Stephan
WEDNESDAY, March 14, matinee—"Martha"		SATURDAY, March 17—"Faust"	
Harriett	Adele Vasa	Marguerite	Natalie Hall
el	Helen Oelheim	Martha	Harriett Belle
kett	Clifford Newdall	Faust, the philosopher	Patrick Killkelly
Tristram	Allan Burt	Faust, the cavalier	Clifford Newdall
iff	Howard Laramy	Siebel	Edison Rice
	John Uppman	Valentine	Mark Daniels
		Wagner	John Uppman
		Mephistopheles	John Moncrieff
WEDNESDAY, March 14, evening—"The Marriage of Figaro"		SATURDAY, March 17, evening—"Carmen"	
ness	Thelma Votipka	Carmen	Brownie Peebles
uhino	Cecile Sherman	Micaela	Maria Iacovino
anna	Mignon Spence	Don Jose	Charles Hedley
arina	Adele Vasa	Escamillo	George Houston
rellina	Brownie Peebles	Frascuita	Dorothy Raynor
lio	J. F. Roberts	Mercedes	Louise Bernhardt
onio	Mark Daniels	Remendado	Edison Rice
ro	Howard Laramy	Dancalro	Mark Daniels
olo	George Houston	Zuniga	Howard Laramy
	John Moncrieff	Morales	John Uppman

It will be observed that in the repetition of "Faust" that week Mr. Mon- eff will replace Mr. Houston as Mephistopheles; Miss Eells will take the ce of Miss Peebles as Martha.

Mr. Cadman's "The Sunset Trail," which had been announced for per- mance here, has been thrown overboard—at least as Boston is concerned. Mozart's "Elopement from the Seraglio" has seldom been performed in s country. The first performance that has been noted was at Brooklyn 1860, in Italian, under the title "Belmonte and Constanze." There was a formance in German at the German Opera House, New York, in 1862. ere was some sort of a performance of "Il Seraglio" at the Hotel Astor, w York, in 1910. We do not speak of the few more recent performances New York. Philadelphia heard the opera in 1863. One of the chief sing- was ominously named Rotter. The performance next week will be the t in Boston.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will perform Stravinsky's "Oedipus x" in New York at its concert on March 8. The tenor will then be Tudor ies, not Arthur Hackett.

tisfying firmness of rhythm, with an raordinarily delicate sense of dynamic ding into the bargain, Mr. Gieseking de of a gavotte something very de- atful indeed. A bourree, too, he made gaging, and to the jig he lent due nce. Even he, however, could not breathe life into the other pieces.

Rhythm, shading, a keen melodic sense—to these add tonal color of in- finite variety, a superb technique and, above all, a musical intelligence quite apart, and there you have the main ele- ment of Mr. Gieseking's artistic equip- ment. To every bar of Beethoven's so-

nata and the Schumann studies—say, rather, to every note—he applied this complete equipment. He considered the tempo of every phrase in terms of itself and of the whole; he colored it aright. Of not so much as one single dotted sixteenth note did he let the rhythmic value go for nothing. His perfectly shaped melodies he accompanied with the nicest discretion and taste. Passage work not interesting in itself he made beautiful by his skill at variety of timbres and nuance.

Not all performers are blessed with Mr. Gieseking's broad knowledge and exquisite taste. What wit they have, however, they could make full use of if they would, to the betterment of their efforts. To hear Mr. Gieseking's nobly treated sonata yesterday gave great pleasure even to persons who do not fancy the sonata itself. That he played the first movement stirringly from the emotional point of view, a Schumann's symphonic studies either, can scarcely be said. Mr. Gieseking seemed yester- day a musician whose heart is subject to his head. Better than that the other way about!

R. R. G.

### Miss Bush and Mario Basiola Heard to Advantage

Lucretia Goddard Bush, soprano, and Mario Basiola, baritone, gave a concert last night in Symphony hall. Miss Bush sang the jewel song from "Faust," an air—in French—from Handel's "Susanna," Schubert's Forelle and Frueh- lingsnacht, the first act air from "La Boheme," Bizet's Pastorale, Im Kahne, by Grieg; by Faurdram, "Celle que je prefere," and with Mr. Basiola, a duet from Thomas's "Hamlet."

Mr. Basiola began with the famous air from Handel's "Xerxes," Scarlatti's O cessate and Durante's Danza, fanci- ulla, Massenet's Elgie. He also sang, "The Sweetest Flower" by Hawley, La Partida by Diaz, the great aria from "Ballo in Maschera," La Pendola by Curci; Cimara's Stornello, some Italian folk songs, and the prologue to "Pagli- acci."

Miss Bush, as everybody knows, made her first public operatic appearance in "Faust," when she sang with the San Carlo company. This was 18 months

ago, the program last night stated. As on the previous occasion, last evening she made once more a singularly attractive appearance before the public; she is blessed with good looks, an agreeable manner and a pleasant personality.

Her pretty voice she displayed to its best advantage—during, that is to say, the earlier part of the program—in music like Mimi's air, where the medium range comes most prominently into play, music which demands neither quickness of motion nor weight of tone. Miss Bush was generously applauded and befloored.

Mr. Basiola brought with him from the Metropolitan Opera House one of the most beautiful voices to be heard, even in that opulent institution, a baritone of long range and extraordinarily fine quality, with tones in the lower medium register as stout and grave as those of a bass, with high notes to balance, tenor-like in their ring. Mr. Basiola delivers with the utmost ease, and he possesses a knack at swelling a tone which Sembrich herself might have envied. Satisfied, unlike the run of singers, with enough, Mr. Basiola, be it said to his credit, never forced his noble voice.

He made best use of it in the type ct music he seemed to like best, Haw- ley song, for instance, and La Par- tida. Alberto Bimboni, an excellent accompanist, lent him invaluable aid. Much applauded. Mr. Basiola added several songs. So did Miss Bush.

R. R. G.

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The 15th program of the People's Symphony orchestra of Boston, Wallace Goodrich, guest conductor; Miss Susan Williams, pianist, assisting artist, was given yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall as follows: Mozart, overture to "The Elopement from the Seraglio"; Wagner, introduction to act III of "Die Meister- singer von Nurnberg"; MacDowell, con- certo in D minor for pianoforte and orchestra (Miss Williams); Frank Psuche's Slumber, Glazounov, sym- phonic poem, "Stenka Razin."

The overture to Mozart's "Elope- ment from the Seraglio" was selected for this program, no doubt, in antici- pation of the opera's being performed for the first time in Boston by the American opera company next week.

Given as he was to operas in the "Italian" style there remain only two of Mozart's operas still played today

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Walter Gieseking, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 5:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra. Wallace Goodrich, guest conductor. Susan Williams, pianist. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. Negro writers and composers. Dorothy Richardson, contralto; Eleanor Trent Wallace, reader; Dorothy Wood, accompanist. 8 P. M., Boston Civic Symphony orchestra, Joseph F. Wagner, conductor.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Sarah G. Mindes, violinist; Linwood D. Scriven, accompanist.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Lucretia Goddard Bush, soprano, and Mario Basiola, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Alberto Bimboni, accompanist. Mr. Basiola will sing songs by Handel, Scarlatti, Durante, Massenet, Hawley, Diaz, Curci, Cimara, and Italian folk songs. He will join Miss Bush in a duet from "Hamlet." Miss Bush's chosen composers are Gounod (Jewel song from "Faust"), Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Puccini (air from "La Boheme"), Bizet, Grieg, Faurdram. Mr. Basiola's arias are Verdi's "Eri tu" and the prologue to "Pagliacci."

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Lucie Caffaret, pianist. Bach-Busoni, Chaconne. Pasquini, toccata on "Le Jeu du Coucou"; Mozart, rondo; Scarlatti, two sonatas; Brahms, variations and fugue on a theme of Handel's; Ravel, Pavane pour une Infante, Jeux d'eau; G. Faure, im- promptu, F minor; Smetana, Sleficka and Medved (Czech dances); Liszt, Tarantelle (Napoli).

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Alexander Gunn, pianist: Bach, prelude and fugue, B flat minor; B flat major (Well Tempered Clavichord, Book 1). Debussy, Ballade, Reflets dans l'eau, Canope, Les Collines d'Anacapri; Schumann, fantasie, C major; Chopin, nocturne, C sharp minor; mazurka, A minor, op. 17; etude, F minor, op. 10; bereeuse; polonaise, A flat major.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Eva Brochu, soprano; Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist: Mozart, Voi che sapete, Forgi amor, Batti, Batti; Jensen, Letzen Wunsch, Wiegenlied, Was ist's O Vater, Suss und sacht; Debussy, Lia's recitative and aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue." Koechlin, La Nuit, Le The, Le Printemps, L'Et; Hageman, Charity, At the Well, Christ Went up Into the Hills, Me Company Along.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Dorothy Helmrich, an Australian mezzo-soprano, an English concert and oratorio singer, who sang in this country last season. Scarlatti, Cara Tomba, Deh vieni l'affretta; Caccini, Amarilli mia bella; Morley, It Was a Lover and His Lass; Byrd, Cradle Song; Purcell, Evening Hymn; Schubert, Gretchen am Spinnrade, Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Nacht und Traume; Brahms, Vom ewige Liebe, Nachtigall, Meine Liebe ist gruen; Borodin, air from "Prince Igor"; G. Faure, Apres un Reve; Cimara, Fiocca la Neve; Wolf-Ferrari, Respetto III; Jaernfelt, Titania; Vaughan Williams, Silent Noon; Peterkin, Song of a Water Maiden; Shaw, I Know a Bank; Old Scotch, Wee Willie Gray; Stanford, The Monkey's Carol; Alfred Hill, Waiata Poi (Maori song), Madeleine Marshall, pianist.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Eva Gauthier, singer; Cellus Dougherty, pianist. See special notice.

Six Byron street, 8 P. M. Henry Gideon will talk about Worship Music, assisted by the vested choir of King's Chapel, R. C. Robinson, director, and the Temple Israel choir, Mr. Gideon, director.



that have German texts: "The Adoration from the Seraglio," composed when he was but 25, and "The Magic Flute." In the program notes "Seraglio" is spoken of as Mozart's "comic opera" and was first produced in Vienna July 12, 1782, and with great success.

The plot of the opera is simple, the music played yesterday seemed to go hand in hand with it, but pleasant—pleasant withal. There are those who might say it was given to too gentle hiccupping to be thoroughly Mozartian, and there are those who will enjoy it because it is light, surface fodder.

Was it for contrast's sake that the introduction of the third act of "The Meistersinger" was then played. If so, it served well to remind one that there is sadness, musical brooding in the world. Contrasts add zest to the appetite.

Susan Williams plays easily and well. There is poetry in her music and no feebleness when a forte passage confronts her. She can then drop naturally and easily to tonal beauty and good, clean melody, that is now soft, now bright. The MacDowell concerto grew to be a very pleasant thing in her hands and being one of the few compositions of which MacDowell can be inordinately praised, it served Miss Williams well to demonstrate her musical ability.

Miss Williams is a resident of Boston, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music where she was a pupil of Alfred de Voto. She has appeared twice in recital at Jordan Hall. From the Cesar Franck tone poem "Psyche," Psyche's Slumber was played. This is another example of contemplative emotion which seems to characterize the compositions of this excellent man. The Glazounov "Stenka Razin" again brought contrast.

Wallace Goodrich, dean of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, was guest conductor as he has been on numerous other occasions. There was a small but enthusiastic audience.

## AE DELIGHTS

With verse and epigram and anecdote George W. Russell, Irish poet, journalist playwright and economist, last night delighted an audience which filled the Repertory theatre to capacity.

Mr. Russell, better known by his famous pseudonym, "AE," lectured on the subject, "Some Personalities of the Irish Literary Movement." George Bernard Shaw, William Butler Yeats, George Moore and James Joyce were among the celebrities upon whose idiosyncracies AE's unbarbed wit played amusingly.

Throughout his address, Mr. Russell emphasized his theory that in all men of genius and in many men of talent there are always two warring egos, the self that more or less gropingly adjusts itself to the material world, and the self that splendidly and uncaringly expresses itself through the medium of art.

Pointing out the harmless vanities and foibles of great writers whose friendship he esteemed, Mr. Russell contrasted their accomplishments and their weaknesses.

He chuckled over an instance of George Bernard Shaw at the Dublin art museum. Unacquainted with Shaw except by reputation, Russell guessed him a stranger to Ireland, possibly a veteran of the British service in India. Russell took it upon himself to point out certain excellences of the exhibits. Shaw soon dealt his guide a series of snubs that humbled him and "left the very paintings trembling on the wall."

Not long afterward, Russell read a newspaper article in which Shaw described the meeting in the museum. Shaw told of his encounter with Russell as a "model mingling of men of mental attainment." It was all accomplished without melodrama, Shaw wrote. "There was no 'Mr. Shaw, I presume,' 'Mr. Russell, I presume,' after the penny-dreadful fashion of Stanley's greeting to Livingstone in darkest Africa."

"Knowing each other at sight," concluded Mr. Shaw in his article, "We walked together, talked together, and parted without banalities."

"And what Mr. Shaw recounted was untrue in only one particular," Mr. Russell told his Boston audience last night. "Mr. Shaw did not know me at the museum any more than I knew him. He first learned my identity on the night after our encounter—by describing me to a mutual friend."

Mr. Russell paid high tribute to Yeats, his boyhood friend. He recalled smilingly, however, the half-baked mysticism of Yeats' youth. Yeats' favorite roes in student days were the legendary thinkers of the Himalayas who "at on mountainsides in meditation while their beards grew down the hills and furnished nesting places for birds. Yeats firmly believed in those patri-

archs. AE assured his hearers of last evening. So also did Yeats take seriously the psychic mysteries by which at one time, he felt he could bring back into being the spirits of departed demigods. Lest the spooks thus conjured up prove belligerent, Yeats had a bared sword ready at his hand. One carefully prepared seance was at its climax when a knock sounded at Yeats' study door. "There's tea," announced Yeats resignedly. "We'll have to try again 'other day.'"

"Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begot us."

Mr. Mark A. De Wolfe Howe has edited a stately volume of biographical sketches, written some of them—and they are among the best—and furnished an entertaining preface. This volume, entitled "Later Years of the Saturday Club, 1870-1920," a supplement to Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson's "Early Years of the Saturday Club," is published by Houghton Mifflin Company. There are 56 articles and as many portraits.

Clubs of this nature are as a rule mutual admiration societies, yet Emerson attending the dinners of the Saturday Club had his preferences about his immediate table neighbors. He referred to this more than once in his Journal, as when he wrote: "At my Club, I suppose I behave very ill in securing always, if I can, a place by a valued friend." He gave as a reason for doing this that he rarely saw (him?) "in ordinary, select society" and must make the best of his opportunity, though having the feeling that

"I could be happy with either, Were the other dear charmer away," a shocking misquotation, by the way. No doubt some of the men in the Saturday Club bored him; no doubt some were bored by him. He told with gusto a story about the Atlantic Club. When copies of the new number of the Atlantic were brought in at meeting, "every one rose eagerly to get a copy, and then sat down and read his own article." Emerson italicized the last four words. In amusement? Or in contempt?

In obituary notices published in newspapers "the late Mr." Hector Ferguson or Quartus Dickerman belonged to an "exclusive" club, though the membership of the Aurora numbers over 2000; John Henry Smithers was "a well known club man." Mr. Howe in the Introduction quotes Professor Grandgent's remarks about the oft-repeated newspaper headline: "Death of Prominent Clubman": "Have you ever seen the notice of 'Death of Obscure Clubman'? Not once in your life. They never die. Become, then, a mute, inglorious clubman, and devote your life to a vain but worthy attempt to get the worth of your dues out of as many clubs as there are days."

In books of this nature one is often tempted to apply to this or that contributor the remark of the great and witty Rossini to a young composer who brought to him a funeral march on the death of Meyerbeer: "What a pity that you did not die and Meyerbeer had written the march!" This cruel jest cannot be cracked at the expense of those contributors who have done their best to glorify their men. In some instances the task was easy; in other instances, while nothing is set down in malice, there was need of slight extenuation. "Apology for X's Life" might have been a sub-title for the chapter about a man of high respectability and inconspicuous attainments. On the whole the lions of the Saturday Club were fine specimens; their roaring received public attention; their manes were combed and glossy.

It was not to be expected that any one of the contributors should be so painfully personal as the prying old John Aubrey, who described Sir Walter Raleigh as a tall, handsome and bold man, but "damnable proud"; of one Meriton "He looked like a knave with his goggling eyes"; of Henry Martin, "He was a great lover of pretty girls, to whom he was so liberal that he spent the greatest part of his estate."

Take Mr. Howe's excellent chapter on Thomas Bailey Aldrich. There is due mention of his early years in New York. John Aubrey, Esq., would have added that Aldrich did not like to talk about them; that he turned a deaf ear to questions about his early associates, Fitz James O'Brien, George Arnold, Ned Wilkins and other brilliant Bohemians

whom he knew in Plaff's cellar; that he disliked references to his first published poems, and even bought copies where he could find them to destroy them. Mr. Howe does mention Aldrich's and Walt Whitman's exchange of compliments.

Mr. Charles A. Coolidge, writing of Richardson, the architect, does not hesitate to say that in the student years at Paris, Richardson, whose family was impoverished by the civil war, was often without the price of a meal. Richardson once told us that more than once his only food in a day was that served at some social affair, reception, or the like. The intimate treatment of his subject makes Mr. Coolidge's biographical sketch as entertaining and likable as it is intelligently appreciative. Mr. Coolidge was as fortunate in his subject as Mr. George R. Agassiz was in being chosen to write of his father. The son is justly proud of Alexander Agassiz, the naturalist. "Many a man who knew him as the efficient president of a singularly successful mining company would have been surprised, and probably but little interested, to learn that he was one of the foremost scientific men of his generation. For we as a nation place little value on what does not lead directly to material ends. With every honor that the scientific world had to give, a man who would have been a familiar figure at any learned meeting in Europe, Agassiz walked unrecognized through the streets of Cambridge, and was content to have it so."

Open the book at random; one will find pleasant anecdotes. Prof. Grandgent tells us that William W. Goodwin of Greek grammar fame invented a word for "horsecar" that patrons might know how to reach the theatre for the Harvard performance of "Oedipus Tyrannus." The invented term was almost exactly identical with the term in Athens when the horse-car was introduced there. Are Frederick Law Olmsted's books relating to Journeys in the southern states before 1860 "practically forgotten" as Charles S. Sargent says in his appreciative sketch of that great landscape gardener? We know some who still read Olmsted's vivid description of southern manners, shiftlessness and views on slavery. The books give pleasure; they are valuable to the historian, for they were written without undue prejudice. Not all the members of the Saturday Club found its dinners an unalloyed joy. Charles Francis Adams, who was in the habit of eating a hearty breakfast and taking no food until dinner, found the meetings dull at times, and looked back at the club's "early and golden period." For him there was too little general conversation. It is pleasant to note that William James once wrote: "Mere sanity is the most philistine and (at bottom) unessential of a man's attributes"; that Phillips Brooks liked to look in at shop windows; that William Everett disliked newspaper reporters, and the dislike was reciprocated.

Men famous in their life are here described by men in some instances their equals. The saying of Gen. Lambert should be remembered: "The best of men are but men at the best."

March 6 1928

The romantic life of Julie de Lespinasse is known to all through her letters and by the biographers and essayists: a life romantic from her cradle to her grave. She craved love, but not as many of the witty and reckless women of her period who surpassed her in beauty and in rank. Never did a woman have more faithful friends; but the man whom she adored was faithless to her. The story of her parentage, for a long time thought to be mysterious; of her early years; of her association with Mme. du Deffand, who after continued proofs of friendship became her bitter enemy; of her sentimental affection for the Marquis de Mora and her passion for Count Guibert—this story has often been told. More than one novelist has chosen Julie for a heroine. It is doubtful whether any one has written of her life with greater fulness, with more sympathy, or given a more vivid description of the circle in which this remarkable woman shone than the Marquis de Segur, whose "Julie de Lespinasse," translated into English, is published by E. P. Dutton & Company.

He had the good fortune of consulting documents in the archives of Guibert's descendants, letters written by Julie which had been withheld from publication; documents that defined the hitherto shadowy personality of the Marquis de Mora. Segur even went to the library of the British Museum to inform himself about Hume, the philosopher, whose social success in Paris was amaz-

ing to men like Horace Walpole, who wrote: "Mr. Hume is the one thing created wherein the French have real faith. They are wise in this for I defy living man to understand a word of his, be the language English or what you will"; to Champfort who, asked for news of the "lion," replied: "I think he must be dead, for I have seen him only three times today."

The first chapter of this biography is a painstaking answer to the vexing question for many years: "Who was the father of Julie?" Then follows an account of the mother's reason for the apparent abandonment of her child, of her acknowledgment of Julie, and of Julie's early years.

Instead of retelling the story of her life, which is familiar, we now call attention to striking pages in Segur's biography.

There is the portrait of President Hume, who at the age of 45 was "entirely amiable," a "delicate walker in all his pleasures," an upright gentleman, with a pretty taste in wines and at the table. "Praised by men, he was pursued by women. 'They doted' on him, and he seldom proved cruel." He was capable of friendship, perhaps of tenderness, of passion never. It was he who wrote to Mme. du Deffand when their relationship was 10 years old: "You are my necessary evil." Worn before his time by late hours and high living, he said: "A man is not wholly sorry if he happens to mistake the hour and to miss an assignation."

There are, naturally, many pages about Mme. du Deffand, who, after 10 years of "folies," reformed by a formal separation from her husband and engaging in a serious intrigue. At 50, having found no profit in gallantry or love, she took to friendship. "I have entirely reformed myself. I have forsaken the public shows and attend High Mass in my parish church. The rouge pot and my President must forego the honor of formal renunciation." When she became blind and found certain men, as Voltaire, Job, comforters, she nevertheless was the mistress of a brilliant salon, and held undisputed sway, until after the quarrel with Julie, the latter became her rival by numbering the members of her own salon her friends. Mme. Geoffrin was feared for her malicious tongue; Mme. du Deffand was admired; Mme. Necker respected; Julie alone was loved, for she had the gift of sympathy. In her salon there were no secret hates, no mutual abas.

It was not a case of physical attraction. Her charm was the thousand shades of her expression, ever full of life and sympathy. She could be gay or serious, ironical or passionate; with latent depths of power and energy. Her motions were graceful. "She walked with an air." When Guibert knew her she was in her 38th year, disfigured by smallpox, but he could say: "I have seen her electricity apathy and raised moderate mind to her own level. 'You give life to marble; I have to her, and matter thinks in your hand. She judged men by their intentions, others valued actions. There was her an 'astonishing mixture of her with self-containment, passion with a sense of proportion, blind haste at prevision; of a soul all impulse, with reflective mind.' She was perfectly natural, eminently sincere."

D'Alembert—he, too, a founding—w her slave. Grimm wrote: "There no unfortunate Savoyard who runs about so much, does so many fatiguing errands, as the first geometrician Europe, the chief of the encyclopaedists, the dictator of the academies, a philosopher who had the honor to reflect the glory of rearing the heir of the greatest empire, does every morning the service of Mlle. de l'Espinasse." This was this same D'Alembert who, urged by Mme. du Deffand to return to Paris, wrote that friends were rare in city, but there were agreeable acquaintances: "A good supper buys one's guests you please, and, if it adds as to the spectacle, men may smile at their guests—afterwards!"

One reads here of Mme. du Deffand pet dog Tonton:

"Her adoration of him increases, and the number of persons bitten by him. She was like the Parisian woman who when her dog took a mouthful out of a caller's dog, cried out in her distress: 'Heaven grant that the poor animal does not suffer from his meal.'"

The great Condorcet was an intimate friend of Julie. Ten years the older she mothered him. Thus she wrote him good counsel, caring for his havior even when he was away from her. "Never gnaw your nails or lips. Nothing is more indigestible. . . . Loo famous doctors assure me. . . . Loo your ears, which are always full of powder, and to your hair, which is ways so cropped that you must be careful or your cranium will be much too near your hat. . . . You too much coffee for the good of nerves. . . . It is foolish to work at geometry like a fool, to sup like an and to sleep no more than a hare."



he approved La Rochefoucauld's  
ns for their severity; Montaigne's  
for their unconventionality. She  
Racine's tragedies with a species of  
on, and stood "almost alone in her  
her enthusiastic transports over  
of Shakespeare's plays." Vol-  
wit amused her, his versatility  
ished her. Rousseau's "inflamma-  
eloquence" almost terrified her;  
issa Harlowe brought her to her  
s. The popularity in France of  
e's "Sentimental Journey" was  
y due to her. She forged two ad-  
al chapters and, reading them,  
pretended they were unpublished.

had, as the unnamed translator  
at, "a voracity for affection." She  
one of the world's great lovers. It  
her famous letters, "the loudest  
beats" in the eighteenth century,  
will live. Segur believes that her  
ons with Mora were platonic. It  
with Guilbert she knew passionate  
with its ecstasy, its tortures. Short-  
ore her death, she would not per-  
mit to enter her room, for her  
res were distorted by convulsions,  
he would not thus be remembered  
e one man for whose memory of  
he cared.

## Monday's Children Opens

By PHILIP HALE  
MOUTH THEATRE—First per-  
ce in Boston of "Saturday's  
en," comedy in three acts by  
ell Anderson. New York, Booth's  
e, Jan. 26, 1927. Florrie Sands,  
Hammond; Willie Sands, Richard  
; Mrs. Halevy, Lucia Moore;  
Ruth Gordon; Mr. Halevy,  
ick Perry; Rims O'Neill, Roger  
Mrs. Gorlik, Beulah Bondi. Pro-  
by the Actors' Theatre, Inc.,  
le McClintic, director.

cast last night was as follows:  
Sands..... Ruth Hammond  
Sands..... Richard Barber  
Halevy..... Grace Ruth Henderson  
..... Ruth Gordon  
..... Frederick Perry  
Neil..... Humphrey Bogart  
Gorlik..... Anne Tonetti  
e days ago a correspondent asked  
e lines beginning "Monday's child  
of face." The question has been  
red by several persons who do not  
in all respects. Thus one says:  
day's child is merry and gay,"  
another has it: "Saturdays child  
hard for a living." Mr. Anderson  
tly accepted the latter version,  
e known to us in our childhood.  
by, a stenographer, was coached  
r married sister, Florrie, as to the  
in which she could induce Rims, a  
to marry her. Florrie believed that  
girl under 25 should be married,  
ably to some one with money.  
y was in love with Rims who was  
ing of going to Buenos Aires. Now  
was earning \$40 a week.  
The couple went to live in a little  
—or was it a flat—which had  
d Florrie and her husband, Bobby  
thrown up her job. This delighted  
who suspected the nature of her  
interest in her.

was not easy to live on Rims's sal-  
He had been accustomed to spend  
y at his pleasure; he liked a game  
rds; but he had no other vices. He  
d his wife's sister, and was given  
viling her. Husband and wife were  
tempered. They quarreled easily  
gerely; made up as quickly. Florrie  
Bobbie she should have a baby; that  
d insure the continuance of mutual  
Rims shuddered at the idea.  
er Halevy, consulted by his daugh-  
ave her strange advice in the mat-  
Whimsical and rather cynical. The  
and, irritated beyond measure, went  
of one door; the angry wife out of  
her.  
Bobbie went back to the office and  
in a cheap boarding house. Rims,  
in love with her, watched her go-  
and comings, thinking he had  
reason to be jealous of her. The  
er called on her, and was unjustly  
ected by the landlady, who insisted  
the bedroom door should be left  
especially when Rims called.  
n a squabble between the husband  
the wife. Again Rims made an exit  
orting to be his last, but he climbed  
o the window, entering to find Bob-  
in tears. Then he put on the door  
ilt which had been sent to the girl  
her boss, and as the curtain went  
n he asked her to hand him the  
wdriver.

ere is a amiable drama of humble  
ons, true to life without any am-  
us attempt at theatrical "realism."  
characters talk volubly, but to the  
It is all natural with one excep-  
Would a father in Halevy's sta-  
would any father, except possibly  
ire of a European adventuress, have  
d to a daughter as Halevy talked  
Bobbie in the second act? The play  
characterized as a comedy, but it

might be called a tri-gi-comedy; the  
tragedy being in the conflict between  
love and poverty. This play, worth see-  
ing, is well acted.

In the first act Miss Gordon's lack of  
distinct enunciation marred an other-  
wise excellent portrayal. In fact, many  
of the lines spoken by the young people  
in this act were lost. Only Mr. Perry  
and Miss Henderson were wholly and  
continually intelligible in speech. Later  
in the performance, these young people  
spoke more distinctly, although Miss  
Gordon has yet to learn perfect delivery  
in dialogue. She has such marked abili-  
ty in characterization, it is a pity that  
she has not paid heed to distinct enun-  
ciation. The players were excellent in  
giving reality to the men and women of  
the comedy, but the scene between the  
questioning daughter and the father,  
though it is the one improbability in the  
play, was the one that left the most  
lasting impression.

The audience, taking the play as a  
comedy, missing the pathos of certain  
scenes, laughed heartily and constantly.

## Continuing Attractions

Colonial — "The Three Muske-  
teers," musical version of Dumas's  
novel. Dennis King is starred. Last  
week.

Hollis — "The Baby Cyclone,"  
George Cohan's farce in return en-  
gagement, with Grant Mitchell and  
others. Last week.

Majestic—"Straight Thru the  
Door." William Hodge stars in his  
latest play. Last two weeks.

Wilbur—"The Road to Rome."  
Jane Cowl stars in Robert Sher-  
wood's comedy. Last two weeks.

Copley—"Yellow Sands." Fourth  
week of Phillips' comedy. Mr.  
Clive in principal role.

Repertory — "The Way of the  
World." Congreve's comedy enters  
second week.

## LUCIE CAFFARET,

Lucie Caffaret, a pianist from Paris,  
played this program last night in Jordan  
hall:

Chaconne, Bach-Busoni; Toccata sur  
le "Jeu du Coucou," Pasquini; Rondo,  
Mozart; Two Sonatas, Scarlatti; Variations  
and Fugue on a theme by Handel,  
Brahms; Pavane pour une infante de-  
funte, Ravel; Joux d'eau, Ravel; Im-  
promptu fa mineur, G. Faure; Sleficka,  
Smetana; Medved, Smetana; Tarantelle,  
Liszt.

She has a way of her own, this pian-  
ist, new to Boston. In the first quarter  
of an hour of her concert she accom-  
plished a feat: she made Busoni's ar-  
rangement of Bach's Chaconne interest-  
ing. Its design she saw so clearly that  
its six or seven dozen episodes all were  
enough in themselves, but, as a rule,  
irritatingly disjointed, for once fall into  
line. A majestic sort of musical pan-  
orama Mme. Caffaret made of the  
Chaconne, in which high places and  
the low alternated even as they do in  
nature. A musician of parts she must  
be, blessed with a power to see things  
through not vouchsafed all her col-  
leagues.

A master of design she proved herself  
in the Bach, able to deal largely with  
that which is large. Ruggedly, indeed,  
she played the chaconne, bothering not  
too much with small details of tone or  
tempo. From its bold, sweeping strokes,  
its breadth of rhythm, that chaconne  
from Mme. Caffaret would surely sound  
grand in the open arena at Arles.

Less overpoweringly, Mme. Caffaret  
played Mozart and Scarlatti. She played  
them, however, each piece in its way,  
for all they are worth. Any rhythmic  
device she made the most of; a scale  
or an arpeggio she snapped out as  
though it had a reason for being there  
and she knew what it was. French  
finesse—in the first hour or more of her  
program—Mme. Caffaret had not at  
hand. In the Brahms Variations, fur-  
thermore, it must be admitted that she  
let her energy lead her astray into harsh  
tone and undue speed. It must also be  
granted that she showed poor judgment  
in playing, during that first hour, not  
so much as a single phrase of music  
calling for musical and emotional qual-  
ities other than bigness or dash.

The dash, though, she had ready, and  
thereby she made Mozart and Scar-  
latti sound like men, not like piping  
shepherds in a classic pastoral play.  
The bigness she mustered for Bach, and  
though she employed something too much  
of the same for Brahms, many of the  
variations she played rousing.

All of them she made engrossing,  
only, on another occasion, Mme.  
Caffaret could not have behin-

France the thicse she must have ac-  
quired in that land—or else bring it  
into play earlier in the evening—she  
would make her performance more ab-  
sorbing still. A finer feeling for sheer  
musical beauty she might also cultivate  
to advantage.

A large audience applauded Mme.  
Caffaret warmly. R. R. G.

## 'GREAT GOD BROWN'

Experimental Theatre—"The Great  
God Brown," a play in four acts, 11  
scenes, a prologue and an epilogue. The  
cast:

W. A. Brown..... Leland Reid  
His father..... Tom Haig  
His mother..... Mrs. Bliss  
Dion Anthony..... Eliot Cary  
His father..... Don Haig  
His mother..... Remington  
Maaret..... Miriam Grosvenor  
Her three sons..... George Richard  
..... Elliott Sands  
..... Harvey Titus  
Cybel..... Mercedes Raynor  
Two draftsmen..... Harold Armistare  
..... Harold Hutchinson

Centuries ago, David poured out his  
gratitude to God that He had remem-  
bered his insignificant creature, saying,  
"What is man that Thou art mindful of  
him?" Now in our own time we raise  
again the cry, what is man? Science and  
religion, warring to the death, have  
destroyed our old confidence and we  
are left groping like children, "with  
ghosts in our eyes," to find our salva-  
tion in the maze of truth and false-  
hood which hems us in. Unable to bear  
that others should see our helplessness  
and despair that we hide behind un-  
changing masks that we may not be  
known too well, and so hurt beyond  
repair. So firmly fixed do these masks  
or shields become that even those we  
love know us not when by chance or by  
purpose the disguise is removed. So  
Eugene O'Neill would have us see the  
world and ourselves in it—not as hollow  
shams but as beings unable or afraid  
to face reality and living accordingly  
an unreal life in a fictitious place from  
which we venture at times only to re-  
turn thither, unable to endure the  
cruelty of disillusionment. Yet under-  
neath our apparent acceptance of life  
there is an uneasy stirring of dissatis-  
faction and misery that will not ever  
die no matter how deeply we think it is  
buried.

In trying to put this feeling into  
concrete terms O'Neill employs a three-  
fold symbolism. His characters are in-  
dividuals, symbolic abstractions, and  
when masked assume a still different  
personality. Thus Dion Anthony rep-  
resents a frustrated genius, abstract  
paganism warring with the deadening  
influence of Christianity in its most  
sterile form, and finally a non-existent  
person believed in by his wife and  
friends. The other three important fig-  
ures have the same triple dimensions:  
Margaret is wife, mother and mother-  
hood. Brown is a successful business  
man, a self-torturing deceiver, and the  
embodiment of worldly prosperity.  
Cybele is more of a symbol than the  
other characters—she is almost always  
represented as perfect understanding  
and peace. Mother Earth, who puts all  
her children to sleep when life becomes  
too hard to bear.

To say that this somewhat compli-  
cated system makes for clarity would  
not be true. During the first part of  
the play the masks were confusing and  
annoying, they muffled the actors'  
speech and seemed to lack significance.  
Perhaps the dramatist was attempting  
too much at a time; the play seemed  
overloaded with meanings that were not  
explored. Thus we had moments of  
poignant tragedy, such as the death of  
Brown or the failure of Margaret to  
know Dion without his mask, but this  
drama was never allowed a free course,  
as O'Neill seemed more interested in  
expressing his ideas in figurative terms  
which hindered rather than helped our  
understanding. His use of soliloquy  
in "Strange Interlude" has been much  
commented on as something new and  
old at the same time, but in the "Great  
God Brown" there are semi-soliloquies,  
uttered aloud to the characters on the  
stage but frequently only partly heard  
and then only half understood. The  
effect is stimulating, if hard to grasp,  
and decidedly provocative.

The Experimental Theatre has shown  
immense courage in producing this play,  
first given two years ago in New York,  
where it caused an infinite amount of  
discussion. Though it is less likely to  
be noticed in Boston, it should not be  
overlooked. The acting is for the most  
part excellent, but it is the drama it-  
self that is noteworthy: a unique and  
fascinating experiment to find some-  
thing more expressive of hidden reality  
than the ordinary theatre can bestow.  
E. T. H.

## 'COUNTESS MARITZA'

SHUBERT—"Countess Maritza," op-  
eretta, adapted from the original book  
of Julius Brammer and Alfred Grün-  
wald by Harry B. Smith. Emmerich  
Kallman wrote the music. Produced by  
Shuberts at the Shubert Theatre,  
New York, Sept. 18, 1926. Walter Woolf,  
Harry K. Morton, Yvonne D'Arle,  
George Hassell and Odette Myrtil were

then principals. The present cast in-  
cludes:

Bela Torok..... Louis E. Miller  
Nepomuk..... Robert Rolner  
Count Tassilo Enrody..... Leonard Ceeley  
Tscheko..... Hugh Husera  
Lazio..... Arthur Geary  
Manga..... Odette Myrtil  
Siefan..... Clarence Fimpat  
Servant..... Jules Adelle  
Zinko..... Ralph Roca  
Countess Maritza..... Gladys Baxter  
Liza..... Marjorie Peterson  
Prince Populescu..... Robert Rolner  
First Officer..... Robert Rolner  
Baron Koloman Szupan..... George Dupps  
Freda..... Ernestine Jeanne  
Princess Bozena Klopensheim  
Alexander Dagnar  
Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra

This Viennese operetta enjoyed great  
popularity on the other side and the  
Shuberts made much of it for their first  
big production of the 1926-1927 season.  
Some of its continental charm and in-  
dividuality must have been lost in the  
American adaptation and now, besides,  
when Boston gets it, nearly all of the  
original principals are missing, save the  
lovely Odette Myrtil who does much to  
help put over the production.

As far as the book goes, it is just an-  
other one of those Balkan romances an  
impooverished nobelman enamored of  
the lovely countess. He disguises him-  
self as a servant to be near her, only  
to have the countess grow suspicious as  
well as jealous and finally send him  
away. When the truth is discovered in  
the last act, she sends for him and  
all ends well.

Gladys Baxter, the prima donna, who  
has been seen in this city before in  
lighter musical comedies, has developed  
her voice into operatic timber. It is  
rich and true and she uses it, for the  
most part, in good taste. Leonard Cee-  
ley, who made an agreeable impres-  
sion on Boston audiences in "My Prin-  
cess" last fall at the same theatre with  
Hope Hampton, seemed to be singing  
above a cold last evening and conse-  
quently worked with some difficulty. He  
has a bad tendency to force his voice.

Odette Myrtil as the gypsy girl lent  
European charm and color to the role.  
Her personality and dashing manner  
was felt every time she stepped upon  
the stage. George Dobbs and Mar-  
jorie Peterson, a cute pair of dancers,  
stopped the show with their attrac-  
tively arranged routine during act two.  
They were the necessary musical com-  
edy element with which every operetta  
must compromise to satisfy the wide  
taste of audiences.

There was nothing extraordinary  
about the music, nothing particularly  
tuneful. It was at all times, however,  
adequate, meeting the demands of every  
situation. "Play, Gypsies," sung for the  
first time at the end of the first act  
was the outstanding number. An audi-  
ence of good size applauded vigorously  
and called the singers out again and  
again. A. F.

## 'THE NOOSE' OPENS

Richard Barthelmess seems to have  
struck his stride again. We have seen  
his memorable portrayal of "The Patent  
Leather Kid," and now "The Noose," on  
view at the Washington Street Olympia  
this week, gives Barthelmess another op-  
portunity for an exceptionally vivid por-  
trayal. The story of the unfortunate  
boy thrown in among the people of the  
underworld and denied the love of a  
father and mother, becoming a gangster  
and rum-runner, is melodrama of the  
best kind.

The tale is not a pretty one, but it  
grows upon you until you take a real  
delight in watching the revenge the  
young gangster takes upon the man who  
wronged his mother. With the shadow  
of the gallows hanging over his head,  
Nickie Elkins becomes a still more flesh-  
and-blood person and not a mythical  
screen character. Barthelmess tops his  
success in "The Patent Leather Kid"  
with his portrayal of Elkins, this being  
perhaps the strongest role he has had in  
months.

John Francis Dillon has taken Willard  
Mack's sensational stage play and  
moulded it into excellent screen enter-  
tainment. This man's forte is unusual  
camera shots. His travelling lens keeps  
you in the centre of the plot and you  
actually feel as though you were a wit-  
ness to real happenings.

A word about Lina Basquette. This  
ex-dancing star, in the role of the cab-  
aret dancer in love with Nickie, proves  
herself a talented dramatic actress, and  
one whose career will bear watching.  
Alice Joyce as the governor's wife has  
a sympathetic part which she plays to  
perfection. Thelma Todd plays the so-  
ciety bud, her extreme blondeness mak-  
ing a striking contrast with Miss Bar-  
quette's brunette type of beauty. Mon-  
tagu Love as the gang leader and the  
supporting crew of gangsters, rum-run-  
ners and hi-jackers lend realism to their  
roles.

## 'MAN, WOMAN AND SIN'

### AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

John Gilbert and Jeanne Eagels por-  
tray the leading characters in "Man,  
Woman and Sin," Metro-Goldwyn-  
Mayer's drama of newspaper life, show-  
ing at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this  
week.



Arlington Theatre—Fritz Leiber in "The Taming of the Shrew," presented by George Ford. The cast:

A Lord	Persons in
Christophus Sly	the induction
Baptista	Louis Leon Hall
Vincenzo	Edmund Ford
Lucentio	Gerrit Kraber
Petruchio	Fritz Leiber
Hortensio	Joseph Strazi
Gremio	John Burke
Tranio	Robert Allen
Bionello	Claude Mintz
Gremio	Robert Strain
Curtis	Ethel Frances Roberts
Katharine	Virginia Bronson
Bianca	Ethel Frances Roberts
Widow	Olga Lee
Tailor	John Osgood

"Shakespeare in modern dress" has come to Boston. Accoutered in sport togs, golf clubs, shell glasses, silk pajamas, scarlet hunting jackets, bobbed hair, cigarettes, Bill Hart chaps, sombrero and six-shooter, vaquero whip and chugging motorcycle, "The Taming of the Shrew" opened with a whoop and a roar in two weeks of Shakespeare repertory at the Arlington last night.

Leiber's cowboy Petruchio is a high-spirited, swashbuckling, domineering blend of Douglas Fairbanks and Lord Lochinvar, who breaks the vixen Katharine to his will as he would train a wild pinto. Gasps of surprise come from the house at he strides on stage to his wedding. The bride is prepared and the expectant guests and the greatly relieved father await the bridegroom. The servant Bionello cries his "Master, master, news!" and in response to Baptista's query he elaborates with a line which has also received modern dress treatment, "Petruchio is coming—and how!" Then appears our Bill Hart, and behind him his servant Grumio (a darky boy with a southern accent), proudly outfitted in a slightly burlesqued imitation of his master's clothes. There is a vainglorious bang of sheer exuberance from his six-gun and a crack from his long vaquero whip. And after the wedding he stands off the crowd in movie style, throws his bride over his shoulder and makes his getaway.

Novelties of production naturally detract the attention from acting, yet most of the major parts are taken in manner "straight" and acceptable, albeit enlivened with modern comedy business impossible in a conservative production. The audience was enthusiastic, and the laughter was fresh, not affected and scholarly. A pundit could easily tear the production to shreds, but it is doubtful if he could find many people who have seen this production to listen to him. They might say that Shakespeare intended his comedies to be understood and laughed at by everybody. The play will be given again Saturday afternoon. H. F. M.

## ATTRACTIVE PROGRAM OFFERED AT KEITH'S

Lorelie Lee and Marion Harris Among Feature Performers

A sensational dancing and singing act, featuring Lorelie Lee closes a splendidly arranged program of star performers at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. The act is a great relief, aside from the masterly fashion in which it is executed, from the acrobatic number that has been the closing act in years gone by. Miss Lee is seen in movements entirely new. She is graceful and performs with an ease that denotes extremely hard practice. She has a surrounding company of men and women who give excellent support.

Dave Harris and his company of singers and dancers had a strong appeal to the audience. Then came Marion Harris, a distinguished singer of distinctive songs, with J. Russell Robinson, composer, at the piano. She sang her way into the hearts of the assembly. Personality helped considerably, although she has a voice that could carry her along without its aid.

Bud Harris and Van in "Push 'em and Pull 'em," was a singing and dancing act that had the audience in spasms of laughter.

The Hearst brothers, Myron and Sam, Jay and Lornc Sterling, and Al Lydell and Bobby Higgins complete the bill.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Ladies of the Evening," a play in four acts, by Milton Herbert Gropper. The cast:

Calvin King	Samuel T. Godfrey
Tom Standish	Frank Charlton
Jerry Strong	Walter Gilbert
Kay Beatty	Clara Joel
Phillips	Royal Beal
Claire Standish	Edith Swaine
Dot Miller	John Winthrop
Frank Forbes	James Hagan
Andrew Kenney	Malcolm Arthur
Daddy Palmer	

David Belasco presented this play—whose title is rather unfortunate—here two seasons ago, with great success. But the Keith-Albee players, as directed

by Mr. Godfrey, have no occasion to be ashamed of any comparison to be made between their own performance and that which has been mentioned. In fact, there are those who might be found to insist that the St. James Theatre showing, in some particulars, was the better of the two.

It was a well-balanced artistic performance, with the emphasis on the right spots, never overdone, and the utmost possible made of a somewhat dubious theme, while the individual work calls for the highest commendation. There is considerable skating over thin ice in this piece, but nobody ever breaks clear through.

Jerry Strong, artist and idealist, undertakes, on a bantering wager with his fellow clubmen to bring about a "spiritual awakening" in a street waif. He is considerably more in earnest than just about this experiment and literally "picking up" a young woman of the necessary type, proceeds to educate and recreate her, giving her employment in his studio as a model. The girl's better nature is aroused and she drops her old life as a garment. Inevitably, of course, the couple fall in love.

Thereupon Kay's irrepressible girl chum shows up and proceeds to "spill the beans" by telling her all about the bet. The romance is perilously near total shipwreck but the reclamation holds good through trouble and temptation and all's well that ends well.

Miss Joel as Kay Beatty, the street walker, gives us a strong yet restrained impersonation and, in the final scenes, rises to genuine heights of emotional acting. Miss Speare, as Dot Miller, the slangy and mercurial chum, with her rapid-fire patter and her realistic characterization, made a solid hit—a hit which was honestly earned.

Mr. Gilbert was a nice enough young hero, but is not provided with much real material by the dramatist. The other people fit into the picture very satisfactorily. Especially to be mentioned is the work of Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Hagan, the "convention delegates" from Connecticut. They might have stepped out of real life.

The stage settings call for praise, the bleak slum, under the gas light, where Jerry is accosted by Kay, being especially effective. J. E. P.

## NORMA TALMADGE

### Ruth Elder Tells Story of Her Atlantic Flight

"The Dove," a film drama starring Norma Talmadge, adapted from the play by Willard Mack, directed by Roland West and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Dolores	Norma Talmadge
Don Jose Maria y Sandoval	Noah Beery
Johnny Powell	Gilbert Roland
Billy	Eddy Border
Gomez	Michael Vavitch

Another play has come to the screen and according to the producers "many touches not present in the original Willard Mack play, 'The Dove,' have been incorporated in the picture." Norma Talmadge has the Judith Anderson part as played under Mr. Belasco's management, and Noah Beery is to an imaginary land called Costa Roja what Holbrook Blinn was to Mexico, "the bes' damn caballero."

Costa Roja, a pleasant name for a country full of remarkable scenery where the people dress like musical comedy players, is photographed in beautiful grays and Norma Talmadge has not been so lovely in a few seasons as she is in this film. Her gowns become her as well.

There should be a law against film reviewers seeing the original pieces on the stage because when it comes to the adaptation, many times, the swing of the play is missing in the film. The original plot was made for a few scenes, to be talked and acted in a certain set place, and the screen is silent. It is difficult to get the same meaning from subtitles when they are flashed on the screen in "pidgin" English than when they are spoken in a soft accent. "You betcha life" had a swagger when it was said by the Dove.

So far as the action of the drama is concerned, the screen goes it one better, and although there is a too long stretching of the exciting parts, this is forgiven for the clever acting of Noah Beery and the beauty of Miss Talmadge. The picture is set with great detail. If one seems to borrow the producer's words, it is true "that no expense has been spared." A rich motion picture is the result.

Ruth Elder, the American aviatrix, is at the State Theatre this week. She is a thoroughly charming and delightful girl who comes on the stage beautifully gowned and tells in her own direct way about the rescue of her plane at sea. News reels of the flight are given first, building the interest to the proper pitch. Her appearance is in excellent taste. There is no sea-going costume but exceptional beauty, a well modulated voice and attractive manner are found to be part and parcel of this young woman who had nerve enough to attempt a fight across the sea.

Mrs. W. L. wrote to The Herald some days ago, asking for the "old rhyme from which the play 'Saturday's Children' takes its title." She also wished to know "the authorship and everything of its history. I am informed that the rhyme is over 100 years old and that the name of its author is unknown."

The Herald has already published the verses in the Mail Bag column, but Sue T. MacNutt of Gloucester writes that "Saturday's child must work for a living"; M. B. B. of Framingham Centre has it, "Saturday's child works hard for a living," whereas M. E. Handy in the Mail Bag insisted that Saturday's child is "merry and gay," and it is "Thursday's child shall work for a living."

Here is Miss (Mrs.?) MacNutt's version:

Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is a child of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go;  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child must work for a living,  
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day  
Is wise and bonny and good and gay.

M. B. B. writes:  
Saturday's child works hard for a living.  
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day  
Is blythe and bonny and good and gay.

The authorship? There was a student in our class at Yale who whenever he was asked by tutor or professor the origin of this or that, answered in a clear, bell-like voice: "The origin, sir? The origin is lost in the mists of antiquity."

### MARK, THE PERFECT MAN

Blurbo's soap makes my skin shine like satin. Radioline gives my hair its divine lustre. The pearly white of my teeth I owe to Molar Klenzer applied regularly with a Sani-Brush. My dulcet voice is protected and improved by Lung-Twister Cigarettes.

I'd walk across Tremont street at the corner of Boylston for one! I'm a hit at all the parties because I use Breath-destroyer and wear Kote's Klassy Kollege Klotches. When I smoke a pipe it's always a Fumo de Bozo crammed to the rim with XX. Yes, sir, I've used them all, and I expect to make enough bucks on these testimonials to pay for my recovery and buy back my self-respect. OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

### KNOCKING THE SHOW

As the World Wags:

The Milford, N. H., Woman's Club for its "Guest Night" arranged a "program of home talent"—dances, songs, readings.

The Milford Cabinet ended its masterly review by saying: "After the entertainment the rest of the evening was given over to having a good time."

### JAMES L. FORD

As the World Wags:

James L. Ford I slightly knew in Fellowcraft Club (New York) days, far back in the late eighties of the last century. The mildly sub-cynical smile expressed the man. He must have enjoyed as much as anyone those very late nights at the Fellowcraft, where a June sunrise overtook some of us as we talked on the front stoop and gazed across the street at the oasis of the "Little Church Round the Corner." Those were the days when to write for the Sun was a sort of distinction. Ford was then in his late thirties, unconventional, unpretentious, a very real person. He was one of the few writers of that period whose activities continued into this. Those who read the short stories of that day really believed that they were establishing for this country fame as the seat of a new and unsurpassed method in that style of fiction, when, as a fact, most of them were deeply in debt to the French. It would be unkind to call the roll of those who did their best in those days, and are now forgotten. We have fatuously crowned since that time O. Henry as the greatest of all short story writers, again forgetting the French, especially Maupassant. Oddly enough, Paul Bourget seemed to take Richard Harding Davis's brilliant reporting as permanent literature. Ford I've seen perhaps once in the last 20 years, but I've heard pleasant things of him from a parson and professor who frequented the best of New York's Bohemia. He never joined the conspiracy of those who took themselves, their time, and their town too seriously. OLDSTER.

### HONEST INJUN

As the World Wags:

A friend of mine in New York the other evening signalled a taxicab. "Hotel Algonquin," he said. "Do you know where it is?" The driver, his coat turned up about his ears, muttered: "I'll say I do. I'm one of the few that's left."

On his way to the hotel my friend pondered this remark. As he was paying the driver, he asked: "What did

you mean by saying, 'I'm one of the few that's left?'"

The driver threw back his coat and turned his face squarely to the light "Algonquin Indian," he said. "There two of us driving taxis in New York."

JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

As the World Wags:

The newspapers carried the picture of a mechanical man which, it is alleged can turn the lights on, operate a vacuum cleaner and heave coal into a furnace. Yeh, but can he pay for it? That where the real mechanics come in. JAZBO.

## ALEXANDER GUNN

Alexander Gunn, pianist, played program last night in Jordan hall: Prelude and fugue, B flat minor, prelude and fugue, B flat major, Bach (the well-tempered Clavichord book Ballade, Reflets dans l'eau, Canope, Collines d'Anacapri, Debussy; phantasmajor, mazurka, A minor, opus etude, F minor, opus 10, Berce Polonaise, A flat major, Chopin.

Not everybody would hold with Gunn's way with Bach. A fugue, it is no denying, is always a fugue so should be played as such. B fugues, though, and above all the two Mr. Gunn chose from the long ray, are more than academic manipulation of their subjects. Very faintly they are, the two of them, off-melody, melody that flows as easily the water of a brook, with rhythm freely varied. To sacrifice this melody to make slight account of the rhythmic play, for the sole behoof of fugality—that is to cling too closely to letter of the law.

The noble serenity of the B minor prelude, furthermore, sank dullness at the hands of Mr. Gunn. The prelude in major was not permitted to sparkle as it can or to make pretty harmonic play in the past near the close.

It seems very possible that Mr. Gunn was not well last night. Brilliant enmiums he has received from the exacting judges for his playing on earlier occasions. On those other occasions doubt of it, he must have had at command something to vitalize beautiful tone, such as he employed at yesterday's recital. Beautiful it was, every note it, and there was exquisite refinement everywhere in evidence. When, to delightful sonority and delicacy can join significance, Mr. Gunn in play admirably indeed.

Last night's audience, excellent in applauded Mr. Gunn warmly. R. R. C.

Dorothy Helmrich, a mezzo-soprano who will give a recital in Jordan hall tonight, was born at Sydney, Australia, of Scotch-Irish parentage, though her name comes from a "German great grandfather." She was working as secretary in an office, singing to amuse herself and her friends, when an Englishwoman visiting Australia offered to take her to London for professional training. The teacher, S. J. Mavrogliato—whom we mention his name for it suits the romantic story—happened to live at Sydney. Miss Helmrich studied with him there and in London. Her coacher in German Lieders Her debut was at a promenade concert in London. Many engagements followed. She sang at the international music festival at Salzburg in 1923; sang at Munich three years later. Having toured Australia, she came to New York. This is her second visit to the United States.

Her program for tonight includes art from two of Alessandro Scarlatti's thirty-odd operas: one, "Cara tomba" from "Mitridate Eupatore," produced at Venice in 1715; "Deh vieni dell'Onore" from "Il Trionfo dell'Onore" (Nap 1718). The program also comprises songs by Caccini, Morley, Byrd, Purcell, Schubert, Brahms, Borodin, Faure, Cimara, Wolf-Ferrari, Jaerneffe, Vaughan Williams, Peterkin, M. Sha Stanford and a Maori song by Alfred Hill.

It is hardly necessary to remind readers of The Herald of Mme. Eva Gauthier's recital next Saturday afternoon. Her unusual programs and her skill as interpreter are known to all. Her program for Saturday comprises three songs by Monteverdi—during the performance of these no one will be seated—groups of old Spanish airs; new American songs, Eichheim, Stearns, Rogers, Cowell, and new French songs.

A benefit concert for Lincoln Hospital will be given by the orchestra of the Lincoln Association. Jacques Hoffman, conductor. Mabel Bremer, soprano, in the cause by singing.



## AT THE THEATRE (Reactions of a Wage Earner)

and Lines:  
in a woman of the working classes.  
night I thought I should like to go  
the theatre. So I procured two 50-cent  
in the second balcony and went  
my 16-year-old daughter to one of  
reading downtown spectacles.  
the theatre was not over large, so our  
proved not disappointing; the au-  
e was refined, the play highly ap-  
ated, judging by the discreet enthu-  
of the spectators.

t to mention the name of the the-  
or of the play-actors, though the  
ion to do so may not prevent your  
ing what playhouse I refer to, I  
d say that this piece was entirely  
around the person who played the  
ipal role. The male partner of this  
—I mean her lover in the play—  
the merest foil, a framework to  
her laurels on; he was a tall,  
built and moderately good-looking  
man who afforded background  
pretty dialogue and graceful pos-  
Although his lines were not en-  
inspired, he was quite unconvinc-  
at any time. His demeanor, his  
his whole bearing failed to strike  
responsive note beyond the foot-  
He was entirely "second fiddle,"  
ss than that, "tinkling piano ac-  
animent" such as we get over the  
in "non"-support of heavy oper-  
voices.

I, I reflected, perhaps this was just  
qualification of his being engaged  
at particular role—his inanity—  
act that he looked fairly well, that  
as a good piece of stage furniture,  
would not untowardly prove him-  
a personage.  
s train of thought brought me back  
e leading lady. She must neces-  
"star." That is what she is ad-  
ed to do. That is her profession  
rring and incidentally interpret-  
her lines. Charming she was—  
ful, light, refined. In keeping with  
art. But again, why build plays  
ersons, instead of discovering per-  
to interpret plays? In other words,  
force issues?

is the vanity of an age that  
vehicles for personality, even in  
ce of objective art. Without be-  
any wise a connoisseur, your  
e theatregoer intuitively says,  
is not legitimate histrionic art.  
is the new world dollar-chasing  
on what the stage has to offer.  
s the outcome of box-office results  
and development of the art of  
stage incidentally, or not at all,  
is the hankering for celebrity di-  
from worth-while drama."

entertaining as the play certain-  
ly, with many witty lines and much  
ee, worthwhile in the objective  
it was not. Why not apply talent  
ritorious tragedy or comedy? Why  
l acting on the American stage  
huge proportion, as compared  
the European stage, exhibition  
than interpretation? displaying  
s grace, beauty, pleasingness of  
e, voice and diction, rather than  
jection of the ideal by medium  
boards? I wonder, is all the act-  
this country of a strictly sub-  
order? Why is talent—genius,  
e would do otherwise—but why is  
not applied to works of art, in-  
of made-to-order pieces written  
actor's or actress' specific capaci-  
is there no potential artistic re-  
iveness in the usual type of much-  
d stage "star"?

leads me to the conclusion that,  
eral, theatregoing is a futile ex-  
ure of time, not to mention the  
thing called money. One who,  
ee, goes to the theatre but two or  
times a year, is perhaps more ex-  
ian the hardened theatregoer. But  
she may still sup deeper of the  
of the gods beside the household  
y-lamp—drinking in the ideal of  
atre from the printed page. More  
these than those others who,  
after night, frequent playhouses to  
re "attitudinizing" plays, whose  
intrinsic mediocrity.  
xcellent actress may still not de-  
the appellation "artist," for the  
reason that an "artist" would  
improvidently cast away her  
y which I mean recite the  
re stuff the well-to-do public is  
ave enough to call a "good play."  
e acting should be married to  
dramatic creations.

RUTH OLIPHANT.  
and Lines:  
remark of the Editor in the Bos-  
symphony Orchestra's program  
that the Latin of Stravinsky's  
is-Rex" is not exactly Cicero-  
rew this anecdote from the lips  
las Avierino (the latter gentle-  
ow occupies a modest seat in the  
ction of the orchestra; he was  
known figure of the Russian mu-  
telligentia; among his school-  
were Scriabin and Rachmani-

"A Polish priest gave a party to one  
of his colleagues. Wine was generously  
provided but its quality left much to be  
desired. The guest partook of it, ejacu-  
lating between the acts: "Bono vinus!  
Vini optimam!" His companion was  
naturally shocked by such grammar un-  
worthy of a Catholic divine. "Why!"  
exclaimed the former, "quale vinum, tale  
Latinum."

Which anecdote, pray, be not taken as  
a reflection upon the good old wine of  
Stravinsky's masterpiece.

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY.

## EVA BROCHU HEARD

Eva Brochu, soprano, sang this pro-  
gram last night in Jordan Hall: Voi  
che sapete, Porgi Amor, Batti, Batti,  
Mozart; Letzten Wunsch, Wigenilied,  
Was ist's, O Vater, Suss und sacht, Jen-  
sen; Air (L'Enfant Prodigue), Debussy;  
La Nuit, Le The, Le Printemps, L'Ete,  
Koechlin; Charity, At the Well, Christ  
went up into the Hills, Me Company  
Along, Hageman.

In the months since her first re-  
cital Miss Brochu has taken a long  
step or two along the vocal path. Al-  
ready a year ago she had in her favor  
such valuable attributes as keen intelli-  
gence and a genuine feeling for char-  
acterization. To these, now, she has  
added a definite sensitiveness to musi-  
cal form. The phrases of "Voi che  
sapete" she turned with grace, and she  
let one follow on the other in the way  
that ought to be. Koechlin's melody  
about the tea cup—delicious if rightly  
delivered, nothing whatever, if not—  
Miss Brochu shaped with taste and  
judgment. She has grown indeed in  
musical grace.

Her characterizing sense she has by  
no means lost; the countess who made  
lament in "Porgi amor" bore no like-  
ness to that sly Zerlina baggage with  
her wheedling "Batti, batti." Real feel-  
ing, justly imagined, Miss Brochu had  
for Debussy's air, and for Jensen's song  
to Tennyson's words she found the  
fitting vein of tenderness.

Though her voice appears to be teas-  
ingly refractory, Miss Brochu has, in a  
year, bettered her tone; far oftener than  
before she can produce sounds both  
agreeable and mature. Given time, no  
doubt she will be able to sing all vowels  
as freely and sonorously as, already,  
she can manage some.

Mrs. Margaret Kent Hubbard added  
much to the enjoyment of the evening  
by her admirable accompaniments. To  
hear from her "Voi che sapete" and  
the delightful rondels by Koechlin was  
worth the walk to Jordan Hall.

Miss Brochu won for her singing  
hearty applause. R. R. G.

mc 6 9 928

We read that the plesiosaurus found  
in the Red Triangle quarries of Har-  
bury, Warwickshire, England, had three  
eyes, thus holding the advantage over  
our old friends, Polyphemus and one-  
eyed Riley, the hero of a ballad. This  
plesiosaurus' third eye was on the top  
of its head.

Cosmographers, authors of no con-  
temptible authority, have informed us  
of men in the Indies, Scythia, Ethiopia,  
men and whole nations, who had only  
one eye, and that planted in their fore-  
head. The King of the Agriophagi was  
one-eyed, and the eye was placed in  
like manner.

When Fulvius Torquatus was consul,  
a one-eyed man caught in the "vast  
deserts" of Egypt was carried as a  
wonder through the streets of Rome.  
Macrina, the wife of Torquatus, was a  
woman of such singular chastity that  
she never left her house during the ab-  
sence of her warring husband. "Now  
when this monocular was carried about,  
he was by chance brought before the  
doores of Macrina—her Maid relating  
the passing wonder, invites her Mistris  
to behold it; shee (although desirous to  
see this one-Eyed Monster) had rather  
die through curiosity of Minde, than  
shew her selfe at her doore."

At Daphnes "that most pleasant and  
ambitious suburb of Antiochia," there  
was born in 308 ("a horrid thing to re-  
late or see") an infant with two mouths,  
two teeth, a beard and four eyes. There  
have been men with eyes in their shoul-  
ders, in their breast, in the hinder part  
of the head. Nowhere do we read of  
a man or woman with three eyes, one  
of them on the top of the head.

As the World Wags:  
A judge in Maryland has ruled that  
dry sleuths have no right to stop a mo-  
torist and search his car. Cut this out,  
paste it on a card, and hand it to any  
hooch detective that tries to rummage  
through your little auto. Go ahead.

do it, and get a swift poke in the snoot.  
R. H. L.

As the World Wags:

I see in the papers that "Cows drink  
alcohol and spoil milk." Listen, bossies,  
go to it; you don't spoil it for me.  
MATADOR.

As the World Wags:

Your Sunday neighbor, "Senex" has  
been deploring the disappearance of  
familiar clocks. This affliction is griev-  
ous, but nothing to that produced by a  
public time-piece, long valued as a  
friend and neighbor, which gets and  
stays out of order. Hence this lament:  
POCKET AND STEEPLE

The watch that near my midriff ticks  
May run too fast, or run too slow,  
Or even play rebellious tricks  
And cease on any terms to go.  
Yet will that old automaton,  
The world at large, roll blandly on.

But let one public clock enact  
Such tantrums, like a wayward wench.  
The thing becomes—to be exact—  
A shame, a hissing, and a stench.  
There is no theme for soothing song  
In public clocks—or men—gone wrong!  
CHARLES STREETER.

## "BEGORRA"

(Manchester, Eng., Guardian)

What Stevenson called the "copious  
Corinthian baseness of the American  
reporter" seems to be pleasantly re-  
illustrated by Mr. Cosgrave's expression  
of surprise at finding that the ejacula-  
tion "Begorra!" has been frequently at-  
tributed to him by U. S. A. interview-  
ers. It is not a word which most people  
have ever heard from the lips of an  
Irishman—except on the stage, and we  
have lately been assured that a cam-  
paign had been launched in America  
itself against the old theatrical con-  
ception of an Irishman. The interview-  
ers who put "Begorra!" into Mr. Cos-  
grave's mouth should also have de-  
scribed him as wearing knee-breeches,  
a bottle-green coat, a battered felt with  
a clay pipe stuck in the hatband, and  
added a finishing touch by asserting  
that it was his constant habit to whirl  
a shillelagh about his head.

If there ever was such a word as  
"Begorra!" in the Irish vocabulary it  
must have been a long time ago. But  
what does that matter to a simple soul  
in search of local color? If Mr. Baldwin  
should ever visit America he will prob-  
ably be represented as enlivening his  
conversation with expletives like "Odds-  
bodkins!" "Gadzooks!" or "Marry come  
up!" The last must have been very  
popular in Warwickshire about three  
centuries ago.

As the World Wags:

"I don't want to see a show," she  
said, "and I hate restaurants. Let's go  
home and eat." Of course, I protested,  
but maybe she didn't hear me. The  
home was very beautiful. So was the  
meal she served. And then—oh!—such  
wine! Musty and old, from a dust-  
flecked bottle that had brooded in cel-  
lar confinement for 20 years. Color like  
liquid violets and a taste—ah!—the es-  
sence of paradise! One ecstatic draught  
from a thin-stemmed glass that seemed  
too fragile for the lips to touch—then  
she put the bottle on the table and led  
me to the davenport. A parlor lamp  
somewhere in a corner cast its eerie  
glow into the room. She was leaning  
toward me, eager . . . unreasoning  
her lips half parted . . . tremulous  
eyelashes fluttering . . . close!  
Well, anyhow, I kissed her. I knew  
if I didn't I wouldn't get any more  
wine. OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

These candidates in Detroit have been  
proposed for our Hall of Fame by H.  
K. S.:

Pink Ford, Feenie Posey, Sweetie May  
Flowers, Lieutenant Jokes, Dollbaby  
Weekly.

As the World Wags:

In Libertyville a couple of taxi pas-  
sengers took the driver's cab away from  
him, rapped him on the snoot, kicked  
him out in the gutter, potted him with  
a dose o' lead, and then went on their  
merry way, leaving him to get home  
the best he could. Do you suppose they  
didn't want him along with 'em?

ALPHONSE DE LIBERTYVILLE.

## ADD "NOTES ON ETIQUETTE"

As the World Wags:

My friend was about to enter a re-  
volving door in a department store  
when a young lady interposed. He  
dutifully stepped aside to let her precede  
him. I commended him on his polite-  
ness. "Politeness, nothing!" he scoffed.  
"Do you think I was gonna to do all  
the pushin'?" DON L. FRANIZEL.

## A LA ADVERTISING

By the shores of Cuticura  
By the sparkling Pluto Water,  
Lived the Prophylactic Chiclet,  
Dandierine, fair Buick's daughter.  
She was loved by Instant Postum  
Son of Camels and Victrola;  
Heir apparent to the Mazda;

## DOROTHY HELMRICH

Dorothy Helmrich, mezzo-soprano,  
accompanied by Madeleine Marshall,  
sang this program last night in Jordan  
Hall: Cara Tomba, Deh Vieni L'Affret-  
ta, A. Scarlatti; Amarilli, Caccini; It  
Was a Lover and His Lass, Morley; Cra-  
dle Song, Byrd; Evening Hymn, Purcell;  
Gretchen Am Spinnrade, Auf Dem  
Wasser Zu Singen, Schubert; Nacht und  
Traume, Von Ewige Liebe, Nachtigall.  
Meine Liebe Ist Gruen, Brahms; Cava-  
tine (from "Prince Igor"), Borodine;  
Apres un Reve, Faure; Flocca La Neve,  
Cimara; Respetto III, Wolf-Ferrari; Ti-  
tania, Jarnefelt; Silent Noon, Vaughn  
Williams; Song of the Water Maidens,  
Peterkin; I Know a Bank, Shaw; Wee  
Willie Gray, Old Scotch; The Monkey's  
Carol, Stanford; Waitata Poi (New Zea-  
land Maori Song), Alfred Hill.

She is a singer of unusual quality,  
this mezzo soprano from Australia. Her  
faults she has, there is no denying, quite  
like the rest of us. To mention them,  
and then have done, it must be ad-  
mitted that she produces her voice in  
such wise that many of her strong tones  
sound hard and dry. Because of the  
breathing system she employs—a system  
in which she has developed unusual  
skill—she cannot always hold high notes  
steady. Her words, too, she might to  
her songs' advantage, enunciate more  
distinctly. It is to be hoped she will  
give attention to this matter, for her  
pure pronunciation of English is no less  
than a joy in this day of affected,  
pseudo-elegant speech.

To list Miss Helmrich's excellences  
would require more space than to name  
her defects. She is a singer who knows  
much. She sings melodies as though  
she delighted in them; she is sensitive to  
their rise and fall, to the way one figure  
leads to the next, to the steady pro-  
gression from phrase to phrase till at  
the end a son, its melody unbroken,  
stands complete, an entity. How many  
singers possess this enchanting art of  
letting their melody flow? Only the few  
who have been at the pains to learn.  
Miss Helmrich has learned. Brahms,  
Schubert, even Faure—their melodies,  
from her, must have impressed them-  
selves clearly on the stupidest musical  
ear that listened last night.

In rhythm, furthermore, rhythm,  
both subtle and sharp, Miss Helmrich is  
strong. She hangs on to no high notes.  
She does not hurry her time like a rest-  
less child; why should she? She knows  
very well that Schubert knew what  
value he wanted this note to have, or  
that. Why try to better a master?

She is blessed with dramatic precep-  
tion, and with the intelligence that  
makes dramatic feeling tell. Poor  
Gretchen's song at the wheel she  
planned admirably. A real thrill she  
gave with Brahms's "Meine Liebe Ist  
Gruen," another with Faure's exquisite  
song of the dream.

Recitative Miss Helmrich sings most  
musically. Scarlatti airs—which she  
sang from manuscript—she knows how  
to make moving without yanking their  
vocal line out of shape. More might be  
said but time forbids. One sentence  
must do: To hear so fine a musician  
as Miss Helmrich sing so excellently a  
program of beautiful songs—that pleas-  
ure does not come to us every day.

R. R. G.

Of the tribe of Coca Cola.

Through the Shredded Wheat they wan-  
dered,  
Through the darkness strolled the  
lovers,

Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet;  
Washed by Fairy, fed by Postum,  
No Pyrene can quench the fire,  
Nor an Aspirin still the heartache,  
Of my Prest-o-lite desire;  
Let us marry, little Djer-Kiss.

WILLIAM H. HOWARD

As the World Wags:

"Miss Royden should have much that  
is suggestive and stimulating to say."  
Chicago Evening Post.

Well, even if Maude does smoke cig-  
arettes, that is absolutely no reason for  
the Post to think she is going to tell  
dirty stories. R. H. L.

## MARCH WINDS

Boisterous fellows . . .  
Loudly they sing,  
Blustering fellows . . .  
Now hear them fling  
Into the midnight  
Songs of mad mirth . . .  
Roistering fellows,  
Of little worth.

Ribald their shoutings,  
Drunken and mad—  
In their cups wastrels







Clive, having procured the right of performing "The Wrecker" in England, will produce the play at the Copley Theatre tomorrow night. It is a melodrama in three acts by Arnold Ridley and Bernard Merivale produced at the New Theatre, London, on Dec. 6, 1927, when the chief parts were thus assigned: Gladys Elliot, Norah Howard; Milly Knight, Ivy Wainwright; Mary Shelton, Edna Davies; Noah Twemblett, Frank Bertram; Doyle, G. H. Mulcaster; Joshua Barney, George Elton; Sir Gervaise, Owen Roughwood; A Clerk, Vaughan Power; Inspector Ratchett, Holman; Chester Kyle, Kenneth Kent; Lady Beryl Metchley, Fabia Alf; Arthur Young; Horace Skeet, Herbert Ross; Haines, Vaughan John Smith, J. Adrian Byrne.

One of the dramatists, Mr. Ridley, is already known here by "The Ghost Ship" which had a memorable run at the Copley. It was suggested in it, where "The Wrecker" meets with great success, that the clue to the mystery in the play is to be found in a story, "The Disturber of Traffic" by Rudyard Kipling. In that story a lighthouse keeper, looking too much at the sea, becomes "streaky" in the head. The "streaks" in the water "preyed" on his intellects, so that he finally believed that ships, not tides, were responsible for the streaks. He thereupon put wreck-buoys in the Channel.

An interesting collection of plays and stories having to do with railway accidents, adventures could be made, not forgetting the "Celestial Railway" of Algernon Blackwood's. There are the grisly short stories by Schwob and Charles Dickens; the old plays in which the villain ties the hero to railway tracks; Zola's novel "Bete Humaine."

"The Wrecker," one Horace Skeet is guardian of a signal-box. "When night of day is gone, when the signal box stands isolated on a moon's plain, when the wind howls, the rain beats on the roof, and the clock moves towards midnight, then the mystery is dark indeed." And at night the Wrecker is at work. The men of the Great Trunk Railway are afraid of him. The chairman has been murdered; will "Lucky" Roger Doyle be a criminal? There have been five train disasters; now the Rainbow is threatened. Who knocks at the door of the signal box? Only Inspector Ratchett and Haines. What are those sounds on the roof? Haines leads; Ratchett is out on the lines; the telephone is mute. In comes the Wrecker and chloroforms Skeet. Doyle and Mary, who enter, cannot avert disaster to the Rainbow. Which of the two levers is to be

is is surely enough to excite curiosity. Who is the Wrecker? Noah, the line driver? Joshua, the passionate reader of time-tables? The detective? Lucky Doyle? Perhaps Lady Beryl? Then there is the man who knows that railway engines may at any moment become malicious. How does the girl typewriter who says "My dear, you really are threatened with disaster?"

James Agate, seeing "The Wrecker," was of the opinion that "a good genuine art has gone to the making of this particular melodrama, and it is because its conclusion is logical and psychological."

"The Wrecker" was brought out in this country by Guy Bates Post at the Copley Theatre, New York, on Feb. 27 of this year. On Feb. 12 it was announced that the first performance would be at Atlantic City on Feb. 20. It came from Mr. Gabriel of the New York Sun that when the president of the company, "a baronet in a best style cutaway and crepe hair, is on the stage, telling what he knows about it, he is shot from afar and dies and leaves it all to his handsome nephew and a beautiful lady from Scotland to solve." In New York the company was composed of English actors. The program requested that the audience should "refrain from disclosing the identity of 'The Wrecker' as much of the enjoyment in the performance."

"Hit the Deck," which will be seen at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow, Mr. Hubert Osborne, now assistant director of the Yale University Theatre, has written a letter dated Feb. 26, 1928:

"Hit the Deck" is the musical version of my comedy 'Shore Leave,' which I wrote in 1917-18 in Prof. George Pierce Baker's playwriting course, at Harvard, while a student at Harvard University. It may also be of interest that the play was written at Prof. Baker's suggestion; the governor had asked him for plays from his class that might be used to help in training for the navy; 'Shore Leave' was the result. It was afterwards produced by David Belasco in New York, and done as a picture by Richard Leacock."

Editor of The Boston Herald:

A friend of mine in Milwaukee believes the Chicago opera company to be the greatest organization in America. I recently complained to her that the company gave us some rather shabby productions in Boston, but she backed with the following:

"I am surprised at the Chicago opera company giving you the operas they need. It must have been your own manager who chose them. The Chicago company is really much better this season than the Metropolitan company, for Chicago has more big soloists."

"I have lived several times in good old Chicago, and know they are not making such claims, but I would like to know if the Chicago company is really superior to the Metropolitan opera company this year. Perhaps you can tell me."

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

"I cannot answer your question. While the last engagement of the Chicago civic opera company in Boston was more successful pecuniarily than seasons before it, it was not artistically so good. The choice of operas was the least, unfortunate and disappointing; the company was sadly deficient in tenors; the orchestra was reduced in numbers, to the detriment of the performances.—Ed."

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BOSTON HERALD. We are told that the Chickering grand piano used by Liszt will come to Boston tomorrow and remain in the city until Sunday, March 25; that it will be in the lobby of the Metropolitan Theatre during this week and Elizabeth will give "informal" recitals; that at the same theatre on next Sunday Miss Buell will play at the regular Sunday afternoon concert. The piano will be in the week afterward at Lasell Seminary, the New England Conservatory, the Women's Republican Club, the Boston City Club, Exeter (N. H.) Academy, and at the Chickering warerooms, to which musicians and amateurs will be invited.

In 1867 Napoleon III gave C. F. Chickering the Imperial Cross of the Legion of Honor. The piano exhibited became the property of Liszt. This is now loaned to the Chickering house by the Hungarian Academy of Music, together with another piano of the same make used by Liszt. It is interesting to say that these pianos are heavily insured.

Miss Travis won the piano prize in the New England Conservatory competition of 1926. Miss Buell has played here frequently.

After the two pianos are exhibited in a few other American cities they will go back to the foreign home where they have long been treasured.

The Walter H. Baker Company has published an acting edition of Congreve's "Way of the World," as performed at the Repertory Theatre. In the preface the writer says that the management toned down "the grossness" of the century in which Congreve wrote, thereby making the play, it is hoped, acceptable . . . to the young as to their elders. "Grossness" is hardly the word. Congreve was frank and at the same time witty. Wycherley was gross, vulgar, and at the same time often dull. If Congreve could hear some of the young ladies and young gentlemen of Boston talking together today he would pride himself on the modesty of his characters in "The Way of the World."

When "The Way of the World" was played in London, and it was performed there not long ago—one of many revivals—it was not thought necessary to "purge" it of "grossness." The comedy was played at Oxford, England, in March, 1927, by women undergraduates taking all the roles. Were they squeamish in the speaking of the lines?

"Toned down," or in the glorious original, Congreve's comedy was well worth a production at the Repertory Theatre. To the best of our knowledge this theatre has the honor of introducing the comedy in Boston. Brookline saw the play produced by The Amateurs a few seasons ago.

P. H.

## A NEW "SERAGLIO"

### Mozart's Opera Long Unknown Here— Changes in Text and in Characters

"The Elopement from the Seraglio," music by Mozart, will be performed at the Hollis Street Theatre by the American opera company next Friday night. This will be the first performance of the opera in Boston. The libretto is not the translation of the text for which Mozart wrote his music, the text long used in opera houses of Germany.

Christoph Friedrich Bretzner wrote in 1781 the libretto of an operetta entitled "Belmont und Constanze oder Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail." Johann Andre, composer and conductor, wrote music for it. The operetta was produced at the Doebbelinssches Theatre, Berlin, May 25, 1781.

Christian Ludwig Dieter also wrote music for this libretto. His operetta was brought out at Stuttgart in 1784.

Bretzner's libretto was designed for a "Singspiel," in which the dialogue was important; the music was secondary. (The author after the performance of Mozart's opera complained of the liberties taken with his work, especially of the amount of music which he regarded as superfluous and halting the action).

The Austrian Emperor Joseph wished Mozart to write a German opera. The junior Stephanie, connected with the opera house in Vienna, called Mozart's attention to Bretzner's libretto. The subject pleased Mozart, who, with Stephanie to help him, revised the libretto, changing and adding. This new libretto, which did not please certain critics—among them was Mozart's father—was stoutly defended by the composer, who maintained that the text suited the characters, as, for example, the lines and verses given "the stupid, rude, villainous Osmin."

Mozart's opera, composed in 1781-2, was produced in Vienna at the National Theatre on July 12, 1782. Mme. Katharina Cavalieri took the part of Constanze; Adamberger, that of Belmont; Fischer, that of Osmin; Mme. Baranius took the part of Bionda. The success of the opera was great. Only the Emperor made his famous criticism: "Too fine for our ears, too many notes, dear Mozart"; to which Mozart replied: "Just as many notes as are necessary, your majesty."

Justin Heinrich Knecht set music to Bretzner's original text. This "Singspiel" "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail" was produced at Kaufbeuren in September 1790.

The story of Mozart's opera is as follows: Constanza, betrothed to Belmont, is captured with her maid Bionda and Pedrillo, Belmont's servant, by pirates. They are sold to Selim Pasha, who puts the women in his harem, reserving Constanza for himself, giving Bionda to Osmin. Pedrillo has found means of informing Belmont of their plight. He seeks admission, disguised as an artist, to the Pasha's house. Osmin, in love with Bionda, is suspicious of this artist. Pedrillo, now a gardener in the Pasha's service, blocks Osmin's purpose. Belmont is engaged. The Pasha, infatuated with Constanza, vainly woos her. Her joy is great when she knows Belmont is near her. The lovers attempt to escape. Pedrillo has drugged Osmin's drink, but he, pursuing, overtakes them. They are all brought before the Pasha. The courageous Constanza tells him that the artist is her lover; she would rather die than leave him. The generous Pasha, having thought the matter over, sets them free and asks for their friendship, much to the rage of Osmin. The Pasha had recognized Belmont as a man who once saved his life. So the bowstring was not for the captives.

The prospectus of the American opera company has this to say about the new libretto:

"Although the outlines of the old plot have been retained, the dialogue has been refashioned by Robert A. Simon, and certain archaic passages have been recast or omitted. At the suggestion of Mr. Rosing, a new character—Fatima—has been added. This estimable lady is the housekeeper of the seraglio and also is the mother of two children, who appear in the course of the action. The lyrics are the same that were used last spring, and no changes have been made in the score. The parts of 'Seraglio' that were Mozart's remain Mozart's, but the parts that were exclusively Bretzner's have undergone a radical revision. Every effort has been made to keep the new version in the spirit of 'Seraglio' as it was played originally."

The first performance of the English version was at Rochester, N. Y., on Nov. 1, 1926. The Rochester American company performed it in New York at the Guild Theatre last spring. We are told that the present version (Gallo Theatre, New York, Jan. 31, 1927) is "entirely different from the one used at the Guild Theatre."

There have been very few performances of Mozart's opera in this coun-



try: Brooklyn, "Beimonte and Constanze," in Italian, at the end of February, 1860; New York, German Opera House, in German, Oct. 10, 1862; Philadelphia, Academy of Music, in German, March 4, 1863; New York, Hotel Astor, "Il Seraglio," Jan. 8, 1910.

Here are a few notes about the principals who will take part in the operatic performances this week:

In "Faust," to be performed tomorrow night by the American opera company at the Hollis Street Theatre, the role of Mephistopheles will be taken by George Fleming Houston. "In one way or another, the devil has played a big part in his career. He is the son of the Rev. Thomas Houston, the blind evangelist. It was with his father that George made his debut as a singer—at a revival service in Virginia. He was 10 years old when he was to sing an old 'Come to Jesus' hymn, but the emotional strain was too great for him and he broke down in the middle; but this was not the end of his evangelistic career. He has sung since at street services on the Bowery, on the wharves in Philadelphia. His student days amounted chiefly to a list of athletic honors—in track (he did the 100-yard dash in 10 straight seconds), at football, swimming. He ran away to sea, served in the merchant marine (loading cargoes in the tropics), in the navy. During the war, he served with an ambulance unit in the French army, was badly gassed, came home to be sent to Saranac. But he recovered, took a school teacher's job in a small New Jersey town, where he supervised music from the primary grades through the high school. Teaching tormented him. His friends persuaded him to give it up for singing. He was thinking of a musical comedy engagement when he met Mr. Rosing who was at that time starting his work with the opera department at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. Mr. Houston cast his lot with him and during the past five years has helped in coaching singing, dramatics, physical training—and he prepared himself for the roles of the Toreador in 'Carmen,' Osmin and the Pasha in 'Seraglio,' Figaro and Mephistopheles."

Tomorrow evening Natalie Hall, whose parents live in North Easton, will take the part of Marguerite at the performance of "Faust" by the American opera company at the Hollis Street Theatre. Miss Hall was born in Connecticut. Her family having lived in Providence, R. I., and in towns of Massachusetts, finally settled at North Easton, where the girl was graduated from the Oliver Ames high school. For three years she studied singing in Boston with Mrs. Hall McAllister, then went to New York, where she studied for a year with Frank Bibb. Her professional debut was made with the Winthrop Ames Gilbert and Sullivan company, of which her sister, Bettina, is still a member. She joined the America opera company last spring and spent the summer at the company's school at Magnolia. As a member of this company she has sung the roles of Marguerite in "Faust," Nedda in "Pagliacci," and Carmen.

Maria Iacovino, who will take the part of Mme. Butterfly, was born in New York city 24 years ago, one of the nine children of an Italian electrician. She lived in New York until she was 12, when the family moved to Rhode Island. She was 14 when her uncle, also a singer, took her to Jules Jordan, a teacher in Providence. It was under his tutelage that she made her operatic debut at the age of 15, singing the leading role in "The Daughter of the Regiment," given by the choral society of Peace Dale, Rhode Island. There Mrs. Roland G. Hazard heard her, and provided for her lessons in Providence until Maria was 19. Then she sent her to Europe for three years, where she has appeared frequently in opera. On her return she won a scholarship at the New England Conservatory of Music, where she remained a year. She joined the American opera company last summer.

Million"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92.

P. S. Converse conducted his composition, "Flivver Ten Million." This "modern tone poem" was first performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra last April, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. Since that time it has been played in New York by the Philharmonic and Symphony orchestras in Denver, Syracuse and Buenos Aires. Mr. Converse has since had a different conception of his theme which he gave to the audience yesterday. He has not borrowed from Eddie Cantor's idea, however, that "Henry Ford has made a lady out of Liz." The subject matter remains the same. One is not surprised that following in the footsteps of automotive machinery, effort is made to bring the orchestra up-to-date—strictly 1929 model.

Mr. Converse repeats in the program notes how he was first inspired by the phrase "The Ten Million Ford is now serving its owner," and how he set about it purely for amusement, and not too seriously "for he who wishes to express America or experience must include the saving grace of humor," and this Mr. Converse has in quantities judging from this composition.

Perhaps Miss Molter was not in voice. Perhaps she is not given to singing off key and with faulty placement of her upper tones but she was guilty of both these things yesterday. Miss Molter has appeared before as soloist of the People's orchestra and has been heard twice in recital in Jordan Hall, so it would seem that the suggestion of lovely tone which crept in, especially on the pianissimo phrases, was more her way with a song than she evidenced on this occasion.

Dr. Hadley and the orchestra made the Weber overture a joyous thing to hear. The Beethoven symphony was gracious and fine. A fair sized audience was enthusiastic recalling both Mr. Converse and Dr. Hadley many times.

C. M. D.

It is a pleasure to know that some American dramatists can be witty, without borrowing jests from French comedies; jests at the expense of every-

thing that New Englanders once held sacred.

Here is Mr. Elmer Harris, the author of a comedy, "The Great Necker," produced recently in New York.

When one of the characters enters in a yachting costume his nephew addresses him as "Epsom, old salt!" A sweet young thing asks a man whom she would vamp: "Why didn't you take me to the horse show?" Another takes me to the horse show? "I thought horses bad for your hay fever."

O the mad wag! All up for the "wholesome" play!

Should the officers of our Hall of Fame sing the old song, "Stop dat knockin' at the door?"

The latest candidate proposed for admission is Mr. Sam Goos, plaintiff in "a case involving poultry which was heard recently in the municipal court at Bangor, Me."

#### HOME INDUSTRIES FIRST

(Letter in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune)  
"Why go to St. Paul for information about wine when you can obtain fifteen formulas for making 'finest wines from ordinary household ingredients' from a concern in Massachusetts for \$1."

FRED SCHWARZ.

To quaff the mellow malt from out the run,

Or gulp the timid oyster "on the raw,"  
Is gustatory pleasure far outdone  
By slowly sucking cider through a straw;

So citizens of former time avow,  
Who will not speak for publication now!  
Boston.

B. T.

#### As the World Wags:

Almost every day sees some fond illusion shattered. The last one to go was an abiding faith in the reliability of The Herald. It happened this morning (Feb. 27) and thusly, to wit: "Rescue Quincy Boy From Quarry Bottom. Firemen Find Lad Perched on Barrel in Water 100 Feet Down." Now, like a man and a brother, I ask you,

N. C. MENTIS.

#### SEQUEL TO BEDTIME STORY

As the World Wags:

It is evident that Snowshoe Al in his epochal bedtime story of the disappearance of Reginald Rabbit only had access to the archives of the Lupus family. It happens that in my library I have the archives of the Lepus family of which the late Reginald Rabbit was a distinguished scion. It appears from these MSS that when Reginald failed to return to his warren his Mother asked Brother Cuniculus where Reggie was and he replied that he last saw him loping towards the traps. His Mother told him to go out and look for him and tell him to come home immediately. Cuniculus was gone for about an hour and upon his return made the following report:

"I went as far as the steel traps and there I saw one of them with blood on it and some hair of the same color as Reggie's. Then I ran warren-ward and soon saw a leg bone gnawed clean. It was the size of Reggie's. Pretty soon I saw another one just like it and then another and another with more hairs like his and a lot of big footprints like those of a wolf. Then I kept calling 'Reggie, Reggie' but got no answer. What do you think has become of him?"

"Something must have happened to Reggie," said Mother Rabbit, nibbling a leaf of lettuce.

(Lepus MSS vol. XXXIII, fol. 239.)

WOOF WOOF.

#### GOOD OLD REMEDIES

As the World Wags:

What is the history of the use of the mad stone to cure infuriated man and beasts? Perhaps there's something in it, radium or something. Science is reviving old remedies by discovering new reasons for their efficiency. The horse chestnut undoubtedly cures as many cases of rheumatism as modern treatment cures convulsions of maddened creatures. The Moki Indians seem to have something that knocks out snake bite, though there may be a trick in it. Lots of whiskey is the old standby for the white man in case of snake bite. The mad stone may not be any more loony than any other way of driving out witches.

I. M. SANE.

According to the dictionaries the word "madstone" is peculiar to the United States, but there have been stones in England that worked miraculous cures. Lupton noted this case in 1595. "If a water snake be tied by the tail with a cord and hanged up, and a vessel full of water set under the said snake, after a certain time he will avoid out of his mouth a stone, which stone being taken out of the vessel, he drinks up all the water. Let this stone be tied to the belly of them that have dropsy, and the water will be exhausted or drunk up, and it fully and wholly helps the party that hath the said dropsy." And garlic was a remedy against snakes. In the 16th century "a certain countryman did sleep open-mouthed in the fields, a Serpent crept in at his mouth, and so into his body; but after the same man cured himself thereof with eating of garlic. But he infected his wife with poison, whereof she died, which was very rare and strange."—Ed.

#### As the World Wags:

I seem to recall still another performance of "Oedipus" a few years ago in Boston—I think at the Majestic or Schubert—by an Italian company which called the play "Il Re Edipo," and, of course, pronounced the king's name in a way to suggest the railroad station at Norwich, Vt.—"Il Ray Ed-dee-ot." Should not this be included in your paragraph? I saw the tragedy played in Greek by the Dartmouth boys several years ago. They told me half the cast knew not a word of Greek and yet memorized the play in that tongue. I am a credulous cuss, but this was a large order. Oedipus's eyes bled fine.

P. L. M.

T. B.'s letter to Journal American Medical Association, with the heading "A Chip of the Old Blockhead," runs as follows: "Sir: I suppose you've heard about the Pole that suffered from lumbar pains? I saw one the other day that had, in addition, hardening of the arterial tree, a barrel chest and shingles."

"Observing the vocabulary of a woman, one can reconstruct her lovers, as Cuvier from some bones pictured unknown monsters."—Andre Maurois, who also remarks: "One does not love a woman for what she says, but likes what she says because one loves her."

The Louis Kossuth monument in New York will be unveiled at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Thirtieth street on Thursday. Five hundred and twenty-five Hungarians, having crossed the Atlantic, will take part in the ceremony, which will be a true Hungarian Rhapsody.

Kossuth? On Dec. 2, 1911, H. P. C. of Boston wrote to the N. Y. Sun: "In Boston, for years, especially ever since Kossuth visited our city (1851-52) certain (common sense) men have worn the soft 'Kossuth' hat. Indeed, there is at least one firm of manufacturers that makes and carries this kind of headgear regularly. The Bostonian wears it all the year."

Is a man known by his hat? Because Kossuth wore his peculiar hat, are all soft-hatted Bostonians flamingly patriotic, heroic? Prof. Gross of the Psychological Laboratory of the Leipsic University some years ago wrote a pamphlet on criminal psychology in which he considered the way of wearing a hat in its relation to character. This deep thinker maintained that a hat worn perpendicular to the vertical axis of the head is a sign that a man is upright in character. "Is a man who wears a stiff hat tilted on one side necessarily a dissolute person? Walt Whitman shouted over the roofs of the world: 'I wear my hat as I please indoors or out.' (In the first edition it was 'I cock my hat,' etc. Why did he change the line?)

Should a man be accused of bad manners if he wears his hat in his own house or the house of another? Auber, the composer of many delightful operas, composed with his hat on; ate his meals wearing it; going to a theatre sat in a box so that he could sit with covered head. Fond as he was of women, he disliked the necessity of taking off his hat in their presence. Did he not once remark: "I never feel so much at home anywhere, not even in my own house, as in a synagogue." We like to think of Queequeg, the harpooner, beginning to dress in the Spouter Inn by putting on his stovepipe hat to the amazement of Ishmael before they joined Capt. Ahab in the mad pursuit of the great white whale.

A Kossuth hat. Other men have given their name to a hat, as Count Khevenmueller:

"When Anna reigned, and Khevenmueller fought,  
The hat its title from the hero caught."

A hatter named Busby gave his name early in the 18th century to the tall cap of a hussar or artilleryman. Another hatter, one Gibus, bestowed his on the opera hat, the crush hat, the accordion. William Coke of Holkham was the inventor and originator of the "billycock," the derby, also called "bowler" after William Bowler, Coke's hatter.

To go back for a moment to Kossuth

will any one next Thursday recite Walter Savage Landor's lines "To New York on its Reception of Kossuth?"

"City of men! rejoice!

Not to have heard the voice

That raised up millions to Pannonia's

side,

But that thy sons respond

With voice that sounds beyond,

And shakes across the sea the despot's

pride.

"My native Albion! thou

Mayst also glory now;

These are thy sons; altho like Ishmael

driven

To desert lands afar,

Yet o'er them hung the star

That shoud' the sign of freedom brigh

in heaven.

"Iron and gold are theirs:

And who so justly shares

These powerful gifts as those whose

hands are strong,

Whose hearts are resolute

To quell the biped brute

Trampling on law and rioting on wrong

"Rise, one and all, as when

Ye hail'd the man of men,

And give not sumptuous feast no

sounding praise

To that brave Magyar,

But wage a pious war

And shed your glory round his closin

days."

#### ROLAND HAYES

M. S. asks us: "What has become of Roland Hayes, the tenor?" On the same day this question was received, M. Henry H. Putnam of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company wrote to us:

"Friends of Roland Hayes are asking me what he is doing in Europe at the present time. I think the readers of The Herald might be interested to know from a letter I have just received from him, that since October last he has toured Europe, including England, France, Italy, Holland and Germany.

During February he gave a series of concerts in Russia, opening at Moscow on Jan. 31 in the Great Hall of Conservatory. Three additional concerts were given in Moscow, two in Leningrad, two in Kharkov, one in Kiev and one in Rostov."

#### THRIFT, HORATIO

As the World Wags:

You may be interested in the fact Sandy was shown to his room in a tel, glanced out of his window, across the street an illuminated in a tower, and immediately stoppe watch.

J. E.



E WALLS DO NOT A PRISON  
MAKE

World Wags:  
gent to convert the Travis county  
Austin, Tex., into a public library  
nory of O. Henry, who was once  
oner there, is for it. "For that  
," says the World, "it is a good  
anywhere when any jail can be  
into a library." Goodness yes,  
to something with them. Now-  
only our less important criminals  
be the inside of a jail, and they  
just as well be put up for the  
at a hotel. Write to your con-  
an. R. H. L.

World Wags:  
your column of March 9 Mr.  
no's story of what happened to  
test's Latin after he drank poor  
reminds me of the epitaph which  
below. It shows the tragic results  
r bread.  
ic facet little boy  
ho never habuit ullam toy.  
ater huic gave sour bread.  
nsequently puer dead."

FLORENCE WEBER.  
OCHONE!  
wind is a-wailin'," old Mary said,  
dogs are a-cryin' this mornin'.  
he! an' the corn still under the  
snow,  
the praties all rottin' wi' blight!"  
kissin' the cross," old Mary said,  
ere's a hand at the door-latch  
now."  
he! an' the critters all loose in  
the road,  
a fallow field waitin' the plow!"  
here's shudderin' sounds," old  
Mary said,  
claw hands a-pluck at the  
sheet."  
he! an' a paper waits at the bank  
overdue interest to meet!"

's dust an' ashes," old Mary said,  
how weary 'tis waitin' alone  
ow on the corn, the critters  
stray.  
he debt at the bank—ochone!"  
HOD.

UST" HAS  
PENING NIGHT

By PHILIP HALE  
IS STREET THEATRE—First  
nce of the American Opera Com-  
Boston. "Faust," Robert A.  
adaptation of the libretto by  
and Carre; music by Charles  
Staged under the direction of  
Rosing. The scenery and cos-  
tumed by Robert Edmond  
Frank St. Leger, conductor.  
ast was as follows:  
the philosopher.....Patrick Killkelly  
e cavalier.....Clifford Newdall  
heles.....George Houston  
.....Mark Daniels  
.....Edison Rice  
eper.....John Upward  
.....F. E. Roberts  
.....Natalie Hall  
.....Brownie Peebles  
tated that Mr. Rosing, the pro-  
the opera, with his associates,  
eavored to hark back to Goethe,  
nod did not write his music  
he's play nor did the producers  
either at the Theatre Lyrique  
pera have Goethe in mind when  
signed the stage settings and  
the stage business.  
mors are introduced in the new  
one to sing the music of the  
appointed, despairing philoso-  
e other to represent the young,  
e amorous. And so there might  
tenors: the third for the duel;  
rth a repentant, remorseful  
r the prison scene.  
hy not two sopranos: before  
r the garden scene. It has  
id that Shakespeare's Juliet  
e portrayed by two actresses;  
e represent the youthful girl in  
innocence—feverish innocence,  
it say; the other to portray the  
s version of "Faust," our old  
ebel is a male. Now the chief  
in Siebel hitherto has been in  
ipitation of ocular pleasure, and  
oning whether nature had en-  
e impersonation with "Atalan-  
er part." Many a wretched  
Siebel has been forgiven on  
of her grace in the costume of  
Then there was the joy in  
lection of a long line of Sie-  
in consequent comparison. The  
s of this new and improved  
of "Faust" should have re-  
d that however sculptural the  
male Siebel may be, the Psalm-  
sured us that the Lord "taketh  
ure in the legs of a man."  
oor weak mortals take pleasure

d pay no attention here to the  
m" of the opera, although this  
m" was pointed out in the

prospectus of the company. As the  
opera was performed last night, there  
was Gounod's familiar opera easily  
recognizable. There was novel stage  
business, some of it an agreeable de-  
parture from the routine to which we  
have all been accustomed, some of it  
unnecessary and of no dramatic or spec-  
tacular value.

Only Faust in the first scene sees the  
vision of Marguerite, as Mephistopheles  
chats amiably with him as they are  
seated at a table. Mephistopheles, by  
the way, enters from behind a screen.  
We are old fashioned enough to wish  
him to appear suddenly shot up through  
a trap door, dressed in his best suit of  
red. The Kermesse scene was admir-  
ably managed; in a spirited, natural  
manner; but was it necessary for Me-  
phistopheles to grovel, to bite the dust,  
when the cross-hilt of Valentin is  
thrust in his face? And those swords  
ready to pierce him? For once Mar-  
guerite's house was a humble cottage,  
not a mansion; nor was the garden one  
that might be visited by tourists in En-  
gland or on the Riviera. The church  
scene was unusually effective, as far as  
the stage setting was concerned, but  
marred by the shrouded fiends who at  
the summons of Mephistopheles in-  
dulged in pantomimic movements. Bet-  
ter for the Satanic voice from without,  
even in a pillar near the entrance, with  
Mephistopheles revealing himself only  
as Marguerite is distraught and on her  
knees.

The opera was sung in English. Was  
anything gained by this choice of  
language? Chorus of matrons:

"All the gentlemen are chasing  
Every babe in arms."

The wonder is that Martha did not  
speak to Marguerite of Faust as "your  
gentleman friend." The fact that the  
enunciation of the singers was com-  
mendably distinct brought out the more  
fully the prosaic, every-day nature of  
the dialogue.

The performance was undeniably in-  
teresting, pleasing in many ways, chiefly  
through the honest endeavor of prin-  
ciples and chorus, the harmonious en-  
semble, the innovations in the stage  
management, and the skill that Mr. St.  
Leger showed in conducting a small but  
well-trained orchestra. Miss Hall sang  
and acted with the simplicity that  
should distinguish Marguerite. The  
philosophic tenor had a surprisingly vig-  
orous voice for a tottering old man  
contemplating suicide; the young Faust  
sang fervently; an impatient Faust,  
whose wooing of Marguerite in the gar-  
den was at last after the manner of a  
cave man until she begged him to wait  
till "tomorrow."

Mr. Houston gave an excellent port-  
rayal of Mephistopheles in the earlier  
scenes; in fact until in the garden he  
began to take the audience into his con-  
fidence and was too conscious of the  
spectators and the hearers. Mr. Daniels  
sang and bore himself as a manly  
Valentin.

The theatre was crowded; the audi-  
ence was enthusiastic. The opera to-  
night will be "Madame Butterfly" with  
Mmes. Jacovino and Oelheim and  
Messrs. Hedley, Koch and Killkelly.

"FLYING ROMEO'S" AT  
WASHINGTON OLYMPIA

Those two irrepressibles, George Sid-  
ney and Charlie Murray are together  
again at the Washington Street Olym-  
pia in a rather boisterous vehicle en-  
titled "Flying Romeo's." The farce itself  
is a loosely made affair, evidently made  
so that Mr. Sidney and Mr. Murray  
may go their eccentric ways with free-  
dom and also that Mervyn LeRoy, the  
director, and the youngest one in Holly-  
wood, might have full scope for comedy  
construction. Since the days when Mack  
Sennett was king at Keystone probably  
no funnier team has frolicked its way  
across the silver screen, certainly no  
more successful one. The forte of each  
is clowning; they try neither to be cle-  
ver nor subtle and they play the Irish  
and Jewish barbers to the comedy limit.  
Both in love with their manicurist, who  
is their landlady as well, with a pen-  
chant for aviators, they decide to be-  
come fliers. Then follow in rapid order  
some hilarious scenes with a particu-  
larly funny twist at the ending. They  
clown through aviation school, do acro-  
batics in a plane, attempt a trans-  
oceanic flight and eventually land in  
the ocean. This does not daunt the  
doughty scenario writer, he takes them  
out of the water and places them in an  
original and comic sequence to end the  
piece, leaving you still guffawing as the  
last flicker flicks. This is a good ex-  
ample of the type of comedy which has  
made Sidney and Murray so popular,  
and one can do well with more of the  
full-bodied chuckles that their teaming  
calls forth. For support, Fritz Ridg-  
way, Duke Martin, James Bradbury, Jr.,  
and others, all adequate.

SIR HARRY LAUDER

COLONIAL—William Morris presents  
Sir Harry Lauder in a program of old  
favorites and new song hits, surrounding  
him with a company of lesser enter-  
tainers to round out the program.  
Sir Harry, in what is said to be about  
his fifth farewell tour, is paying his 20th  
visit to Boston. This time it is a down-

town house, the Colonial, instead of the  
Boston Opera House, where the famous  
Scotch entertainer offers his wares.  
Facial expressions are lost almost en-  
tirely in a large theatre like the Boston  
Opera House, so there are many advan-  
tages to playing in the house selected  
for his present engagement.

As the seasons roll on, Sir Harry  
Lauder becomes riper and more mel-  
lowed in his art. What has been said  
many times before still holds true,  
namely, that since he is an artist his  
songs and distinct characterizations can  
be enjoyed by any class of persons who  
have strong racial traits and ties. His  
entrance last night was preceded by  
several vaudeville acts, and it was not  
until around 9:45 o'clock that the star  
of the evening, smartly kilted, put in  
his appearance, singing the merry  
"When I Meet MacKaye." A good-  
sized audience greeted him warmly, like  
an old friend, dear to them. It was not  
a so-called smart, opening night au-  
dience, but composed of folks who jour-  
neyed to the theatre perhaps infre-  
quently. He sang "She's Ma Daisy" and  
when they called for "Roamin' in the  
Gloamin'" he told them with a sly  
smile that they would have to come  
back on Thursday night for that one,  
the evening he changes his program.

Such a leisurely moving entertain-  
ment. There were rather long waits  
in between the numbers, but since the  
audience knew that a new character was  
being prepared for them in the wings,  
there was no sign of impatience. "I  
Love a Lassie" was another old favorite  
they delighted in. "I'm the Safest of  
the Family," Sir Harry as a blubbing  
Scotch schoolboy, not too bright, pockets  
filled with treasures obtained from  
swapping with his school fellows. A  
wonderful characterization.

He told an Irish story and sang an  
Irish tune, "Blarney from Killarney,"  
when some one in the audience called  
for an Irish song.

"The End of the Road" served him  
for his closing song and in customary  
manner he had a whole audience  
joining in for the final chorus with a  
will. "Have ye not had enough?" he  
questioned them after each song an-  
swer towards the end. Loud applause  
answered his question and the program  
continued until around 11 o'clock. There  
will be matinees this week on Wednes-  
day, Friday and Saturday, the engage-  
ment being for one week only.

"What Every Woman Knows"  
Starts Run Here

REPERTORY THEATRE: "What  
Every Woman Knows," a comedy in four  
acts, by James B. Barrie. The cast:  
David Wylie.....Thayer Roberts  
Alick.....William Mason  
James.....Thomas Shearer  
Maggie.....Katherine Warren  
John Shand.....Dennis Clough  
Comtesse de la Briere.....Olga Birkbeck  
Lady Sybil Lazenby.....Margaret Conklin  
Mr. Venables.....Arthur Bowyer  
Maid.....Margaret Morgan  
Footman.....Harlan Grant  
First Elector.....Arthur Siroon  
Second Elector.....William Faversham, Jr.  
Third Elector.....Verne Jay

If for no other reason this play is re-  
freshing in its outlook on family life.  
We are told so often of families who  
are utter strangers to each other or, if  
not strangers, mortal enemies at least,  
that it is most delightful to meet a sis-  
ter and brother, not only affectionate  
but actually considerate and, of all  
things demonstrative in public. When  
above all this relationship appears to be  
entirely natural and unself-conscious,  
we may well wonder whether a similar  
experiment might not make it impossible  
for some of our problem novels and  
plays to exist for lack of material. At  
least it might be worth trying. Just how  
much should we pity Maggie Wylie?  
First she had her docile and delightful  
brothers—far more amusing than John  
Shand with his lamentable lack of hu-  
mor—and then when she had John she  
never for a moment in her own mind  
expected to lose him. Poor John, if it  
did not seem so certain that he would  
regain his self-confidence within a few  
moments, one could sympathize with  
him in his fatal discovery of his inabil-  
ity to write speeches without his  
wife's unobtrusive assistance. Alas for  
self-importance and proud aloofness;  
Maggie kept John on his pedestal until  
he fell off of his own weight, but we  
may be sure that she put him back as  
soon as possible, more firmly fixed than  
ever. For a gentle soul she was super-  
naturally astute, although she did her  
best to hide the fact that she was re-  
markable.

The knitting and the dowdy clothes  
were by no means sufficient to dull her  
sparkle to the eyes of anyone but John.  
Even Lady Sybil uneasily realized that  
here was no opponent to be despised,  
Maggie's rapid retirement from the  
field seemed too good to be accepted  
without question. With the Countess  
de la Briere was a highly intrigued  
chorus, and Maggie as prompter, there  
was much in store for John that he did  
not quite understand or like. His dif-  
ficult laugh at the end made us hope  
that perhaps some day he could see  
clearly and suffer not at all.

From Congreve's Millamant to Bar-  
rie's Maggie Wylie is a long step, yet  
Katherine Warren made it with ease.

A demure and mousy little person to  
start with, despite the curls, she was  
only slightly troubled by the unaccus-  
tomed Scotch burr, and as the evening  
wore on it became like second nature to  
her, and she would forget it and turn to  
characterization. Her achievement  
was very fine, especially in the two  
final scenes, when she made the ut-  
most of Maggie's despair and quietly  
dawning, slightly remorseful triumph.  
Dennis Clough, though unnecessarily  
crude at the start, grew better and bet-  
ter, and finally succeeded in making  
John likable. Maggie's three brothers  
were delightfully played, and Olga  
Birkbeck was a most attractive countess.  
E. L. H.

"HIT THE DECK"

TREMONT THEATRE—First per-  
formance in Boston of "Hit the Deck,"  
a nautical musical comedy in two acts,  
adapted from Hubert Osborne's play,  
"Shore Leave." Book by Herbert Fields,  
Lyrics by Leo Robin and Clifford Grey,  
Music by Vincent Youmans. Dances  
and ensembles by Seymour Felix. Max  
Steiner conducted. The cast:

"Donkey".....Brian Donley  
"Dinty".....Chester Bright  
Marine.....Victor Powers  
"Battling" Smith.....Leo Powers  
Chick.....Arnold Brown  
Gus.....Allan Green  
Bob.....Robert Gray  
Lavinia.....Stella Mayhew  
Looloo.....Louise Groody  
Ensign Alan Clark.....Floyd English  
Toddy Galt.....Florence Patti  
Charlotte Payne.....Madeline Cameron  
Mat.....Roger Gray  
"Bilge".....Edward Allen  
"Bunny".....Jerome Daley  
Capt. Roberts.....Ruth Witmer  
Chia Shun.....David Brown  
Ah Lung.....David Brown

Now comes the much anticipated  
Youmans opus and a crowded and  
hair-trigger audience to greet it at the  
Tremont. The piece is primarily a  
great dancing entertainment, and this  
particular feature is generously par-  
ticipated in by many of the principals.  
The ensembles, while revealing the ex-  
cellent hand of Mr. Felix Seymour in  
the invention of the dances and in  
the intricacies of manoeuvres, lacked the  
unity, the cohesive touch that one  
would rightfully expect in an organiza-  
tion that has been before the public  
these many weeks.

Of the book the least the better. At  
its best it is but fragmentary, and while  
it deals with the yarn of a lass that  
loved a sailor—not by any means in the  
Gilbertian sense—it has its moments  
that provide genuine laughter, and it  
has at least four "Hells!" that find an  
uproarious reaction from the audience.  
It is true that here and there we find  
an opportunity, not too far stretched,  
for a pleasing lyric by Messrs. Robin  
and Grey, that has its place in the  
development, but there are as many  
other instances where they find their  
way regardless of pertinence and  
analogy.

Except for a spasmodic moment or  
two in the first act the youthful Mr.  
Youmans does not find himself. In the  
second act, he is more in the vein of  
his earlier successes. For one who may,  
if he is so disposed, turn out a ravish-  
ing melody, or charm in rhythm, he  
gave little thought to the injunction of  
Emerson. It is true that "Join the  
Navy" has a patriotic thump, a musical  
body that commands attention; that  
"Sometimes I'm Happy," for love lyrics  
has its appeal; that "Hallelujah" for  
outstanding feature and reprise, is a  
splendid Negro spiritual, glorious in its  
musical exhortation; but it must be said  
that the score as a whole is the cacaphony according to the musical mode,  
the musical speech of the contempo-  
raneous stage, a musical program of  
"influences" rather than invention.

For setting all this off the producers  
have left nothing to be desired, and  
both the Chinese seaport and the deck  
of the battleship are something to  
remember.

Thrill fortunate was Mr. Youmans in  
his principals. Miss Groody, as Looloo,  
whether in gingham or silks, gave a  
pleasing performance. While her voice  
is thin, it is none the less suited to the  
comedian, and she danced with a vital-  
ity and lightness that was a pleasure to  
behold. Wistful mood, she could and did  
register.

Charles King was the gob, and he  
swaggered and blathered his way most  
sawdier. One of the few actors who  
are entitled to the bestowal of the word  
"ingratiating." This he was, and it  
makes little difference whether he is the  
Jerry Conroy of Mr. Cohan's fancy or  
the gob of the moment. He danced and  
sang as is his wont. And Stella Mayhew,  
now before the public for some time,  
was never better than we have seen her  
last night. T. A. R.

"THE NOOSE" SHOWING AT  
SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA

Richard Barthelmess Stars in Un-  
derworld Story  
Nickie Elkins, the young rum-runner,  
who so narrowly escapes the gallows,  
is assured a permanent place in the  
screen's roll of honor as the result of  
Richard Barthelmess's portrayal of



character in "The Noose," now showing at the Scollay Square Olympia.

Barthelme gives to the central figure of the story a vitality and sincerity that come only from natural acting, and his performance in this role is one of the best he has ever done.

"The Noose" is the screen version of Willard Mack's sensational play of the underworld, the story of which is of a youth who is led into evil ways by bad companions, but who goes to the defence of his mother's reputation when it is assailed and nearly gives his life in doing so.

## 'THE WRECKER'

**COPLEY THEATRE—"The Wrecker,"** mystery play in four acts by Arnold Ridley and Bernard Merivale. The cast:

Milly.....	Elsbeth Hudgeon
Gladya.....	May Ediss
Mary Shelton.....	Cecile Dixon
Neah.....	E. E. Clive
Roger Dorle.....	Norman Cannon
Mr. Barney.....	Richard Whorl
Inspector Ralfe.....	Alfred Shirley
Sir George Bartlett.....	David Clyde
A clerk.....	W. E. Watts
Lady Beryl.....	Gaby Fay
Chester Kyle.....	Rupert Lucas
Alfred.....	Gerald Rogers
Skeet.....	Ralph Roberts
Haines.....	Perry Evans
John Smith.....	John Gray

"Is it as good as 'The Ghost Train'?" will be the question most eagerly asked.

Though a person who missed seeing that popular piece stands in no position to give an answer, such a person, provided he was wise enough to keep his ears buttoned back, can report the view of those listeners about him who were better qualified to render an opinion. "Not only as good, but better." So they had it, one and all.

Of its sort, indeed, anything better can scarcely be imagined, for the essential elements of the sort were present in full measure. Stagecraft may have been lacking; of characterization there was perhaps none. Nobody bothered over much in the cause of coherency—perhaps, though, one has no right to expect coherency when the text, what with express trains and freighters, locomotive whistles, bells and other clamor, is often inaudible.

But the elements that tell, they are there: thrills and laughter. Thrills! A listener may or may not care a straw who the person is with a passion for wrecking express trains. That listener, nevertheless, must be a claim who does not find himself all agog at certain moments when some unknown abominable thing is due to happen.

Something does happen every few minutes. One man gets shot in the heart, another gets strangled all but to death. A third goes raving mad and springs out of an upstairs window. Still another, sitting by the stove, drops dead from poison gas. A freight train rumbling by the signal tower fetches a thrill of its own. These events, thus catalogued, may sound crude. But they serve. Even the unimpressible shivered, while others more sensitive—hundreds of them, to judge by the sound—screamed aloud; excitement, for once, downed American self-consciousness.

When there was nothing really happening there was comedy. It was extremely funny comedy, the peals of laughter indicated. There was also a little bit of love-making, an aged engineer rambled on philosophically about engines, and the mad man who jumped from the window contributed his bit of tragedy.

The acting was good enough. The stage management was better, the trains back stage, both freight and express, sounding just as they should, made a stirring effect. A large audience laughed and shuddered in turn. It is hard to believe that "The Ghost Train" was better.

R. R. G.

## JIG AND REEL DANCERS

### FAVORITES AT KEITH'S

John and Katherine McLaughlin, youthful jig and reel dancers, performing with Tom Carey and his Irish serenaders at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, took the house by storm last night.

The serenaders included a masked Irish tenor, who sang to the Queen's taste, and Tom Deveney played a trombone solo and Chris Murphy gave a solo on the saxophone to the complete satisfaction of the audience.

Joe Marks, with Mae Leonard and Howard Snyder, was given an ovation when he appeared on the stage.

The internationally famous motion picture actor, Sessue Hayakawa, whose cunning has stirred great "movie" audiences in dramas in which he has taken leading parts, thrilled the audience last night in a one-act play entitled "The Man Who Laughed," by Edgar Allan Woolf. It was suited to Hayakawa's style of acting. He won the admiration of the gathering, in which was a large number of his own countrymen.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Pigs,"** a comedy in three acts, by Anne Harrison and Patterson McNutt. The cast:

Thomas Atkins, Sr.....	Walter Gilbert
Thomas Atkins, Jr.....	Henry Wadsworth
Hector Spencer.....	Frank Charlton
Grandma Spencer.....	Mary Hill
Ellen Atkins.....	Edith Speare
Spencer Atkins.....	Samuel T. Godfrey
Mildred Cushing.....	Clara Joel
Lenore Hastings.....	Marian Swayne
Smith Hastings.....	Malcolm Arthur
Dr. Springer.....	John Winthrop

Yes, the pigs were right there on the stage, as large as life and twice as natural. They suffered a little from stage fright, it is true, which isn't surprising, seeing as how this was their first appearance in public, but in a couple of nights they will be running through their parts like seasoned troupers.

"Pigs" is a play in which the juveniles take the centre of the stage and hold it all the way through. The principal function of the other actors is to furnish background against which Henry Wadsworth and Clara Joel may do their stuff, and right nobly the twain did it.

Mr. Wadsworth as Thomas Atkins, Jr. (the "jr." should be spelled way out), the hopeful youth who buys a herd of pigs, supposed to be in a bad way with hog cholera and who recovers them of their malady and sells them for enough money to save the old homestead, pitches himself into the part with an enthusiasm and a snap that carries all before it.

He is most ably assisted by Miss Joel, as Mildred Cushing, his very young and managing sweetheart, who sticks to him like a mustard plaster and has no small part in bringing about the eventual triumph. They make a corking pair of kids, with their combination of innocence and perspicacity, naivete and dynamic energy.

There is plenty of fun and lots of snappy dialogue in the piece and the audience last night was kept in a continuous gale of laughter. Mr. Gilbert and Miss Speare are sympathetic and attractive as the parents. Miss Hill drew a deserved bit of applause for her bit of character work in the part of the crotchety old grandmother, and Mr. Charlton, as the good-for-nothing and disreputable Uncle Hector, got himself thoroughly disliked in an entirely satisfactory way.

"Pigs" affords further evidence, if any are needed, of the versatility of the Keith-Albee players, who did a rollicking light comedy with mercurial abandon after a week of heavy emotional stuff in "Ladies of the Evening."

J. E. P.

## "THE DIVINE WOMAN" AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Marks Greta Garbo's First Appearance as Star

Greta Garbo in her first starring photograph, "The Divine Woman," is featured on the screen at Loew's Orpheum this week. Assisting the new star is a cast headed by Lars Hanson, Lowell Sherman, Polly Moran, Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Cumming, Paulette Goddard and others.

## "The Latest from Paris" Most Satisfactory Film Play

"The Latest from Paris," a film drama starring Norma Shearer, story by A. P. Younger, directed by Sam Wood and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Ann Dolan.....	Norma Shearer
Sol Blogg.....	George Sidney
Joe Adams.....	Ralph Forbes
Abe Littauer.....	Teenie Holtz
Bud Dolan.....	William Bakewell
Louise Martin.....	Margaret Landis

This film is said to have sprung from an original screen story, but after that announcement Mr. Younger engraves his name and it would have been fairer to have said that the story was suggested by the originals of Montague Glass, "Potash and Perlmutter," and the Emma McChesney stories, by Edna Ferber. True, there is a love interest introduced whose elbows do not lean on either of the aforementioned tales, but which rather points pleasantly to the moral that the cleverest modern business woman reverts to type and tears at the proper time.

Norma Shearer is good in the part of a coat and suit saleswoman. Her crisp manner lends itself to a necessary efficiency, but why would so clever a person wear white fur and velvet on a railroad train? And there are those who might doubt the possibility of breaking into the home of a country store manager before breakfast and selling him "the line" successfully until they see Norma Shearer do it.

One might wonder why Miss Shearer in playing the part of Ann Dolan should be called "Dolan" like an English butler, but perhaps that is the fashion in the modern business world. At any rate Dolan is such a good business woman that she gets the trade away from

the pleasant and cock-sure Joe Adams, on the same territory for a different manufacturer. These two fight for the business until Joe persuades Ann to let him do it alone and she decides that a little family and a little home would be the place for her.

This would seem to be the end of the film but at this point it is just starting. Ann has a brother whom she is sending through college and Joe has a daughter of one of his customers to complicate things for him, so the film goes on and on—to a satisfactory ending.

All the parts are well cast and played. George Sydney as Sol Blogg (or Abe Potash) is splendid and Bert Roach will cause many a traveling man to chuckle and many a traveling man's wife to wonder.

Van and Schenk are on the stake this week in new songs. They are always entertaining, always pleasant and always taining, always pleasant and always liked by the audience. C. M. D.

## CONTINUING

### ATTRACTIONS

**MAJESTIC—"Straight Thru the Door,"** William Hodge stars in his latest play. Last week.

**PLYMOUTH—"Saturday's Children,"** Maxwell Anderson's comedy starring Ruth Gordon. Last two weeks.

**SHUBERT—"Countess Maritza,"** operetta with Alexander Callam, Odette Myrtil and Gladys Baxter. Last week.

**WILBUR—"The Road to Rome,"** comedy by Robert Sherwood, starring Jane Cowl. Last week.

**ARLINGTON—Fritz Leiber in** Shakespearian repertoire. Last week.

Who wrote the "pome" containing the lines:

"The coat and pants do all the work,  
But the vest gets all the gravy."

The English newspapers are still busy publishing articles about Thomas Hardy. It seems that the forger of manuscripts is now at work, for Hardy was in the habit of writing his novels and poems with a pen. One of the most interesting articles about him was contributed by Jacques Emile Blanche to the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. Blanche went to London in 1904 to paint Hardy's portrait. He did not find it easy to make an engagement with the sitter. Blanche was lunching with Rothenstein at the Hyde Park Hotel, when a waiter said to him: "Some one is asking for you, sir. He has no visiting card, but he says he is Mr. Hardy. The man seemed to me so tired, I made him sit in the hall. He is very hot, and he must have come a long way." Blanche rushed into the hall. "The magnificent Indian, whose duty it was to make the coffee and bow to the guests, pointed with his finger, while his smile showed his white teeth, to a gentleman who was mopping his head under a palm. This man carried on his arm a duster of gray alpaca; his straw hat dripped sweat. He seemed so pale and frail that I was thunderstruck when he said:

"I wished at last to meet you. I know you have only to cross the street—and you are at William street. Here I am: are you disengaged? It's only by chance that I'm here between two appointments. I shall probably miss the second for it's very hot and the buses are jammed. I'd like to sit for you right away." M. Blanche has much to say about Hardy for whom he had a lively admiration before he met him. He tells of going with Hardy and his wife to a Court party at Windsor Castle. There were carriages at the railway station for the guests. "One of my companions refused the seat that Mrs. Hardy with a long green Victorian veil offered him. Others also refused, suggesting that Mr. Hardy should be spared walking on a hot July day. No! Mr. Hardy? The walk in the sun would do him a great deal of good. So he and I went on foot, following the carriages with the scarlet livery, while the green veil floated under a light silk parasol. Such was the etiquette, the rhythm of domestic life with this illustrious couple."

As the World Wags:

Clerks are efficient, nowadays. It used to be you'd go into a store and get hornswoggled. This is an age of service, quality, and bring it back if it doesn't suit. Efficient clerkmanship originated in the east and moved west. To prove the west side of my proposition I introduce a lady and a clerk of Tucson and Arizona. The lady told the clerk she wanted a toothbrush and a tube of Le Page's glue. "Oh, my dear madam," expostulated the clerk, taking

a brush from the case. "If the bristles begin to fall out just bring it right back to us." ORACLE.

As the World Wags:

I thought after months of study of Mrs. Post's invaluable work I had pretty completely mastered the art of refined behavior on all occasions, but on a casual turning of the leaves of a similar treatise my eye caught the following passage which is not even sketchily referred to in Mrs. Post's book. I quote verbatim:

"Spitting on the carpet is a nasty practice, and shocking in a man of polite education. Were this to become general, it would be as necessary to change the carpets as the tablecloths; besides, it will lead our acquaintance to suppose that we have not been used to genteel furniture; for this reason alone if for no other, by all means avoid it. No person with the least pretensions to cleanliness or decency would practise it. Neither would he practise that vile habit at table of picking his teeth with a fork."

Is it possible that Mrs. Post does not agree to the statement that these practices are bad form? If there is a difference in opinion among authorities, how are we poor laymen to know what is refined and what "aint"?

JOE PUMP.

## ON A BUCKING PEGASUS

(For As the World Wags.)

I bought a nag—whom now I curse—  
A Pegasus to help my verse.  
Well guaranteed to trot with ease  
In graceful dactyls and spondees.  
In fact his warrant said: "In rhyme  
His pace is never out of time."  
And so I mounted on his saddle  
And confidently got a-straddle.

Beginning with an easy walk  
I slowly coaxed my nag to talk.  
"What rhymes with test?" I asked the beast  
But all he said was "yeast" and "feast"  
For "love" he long and vainly strove  
To make it rhyme with "wove" and  
"stove,"  
And "heaven" with "given" and "tongue"  
with "wrong";  
This horse's ears were much too long!

Bellerophon on Pegasus  
Should be well seated, else a muss  
Is bound to come when easy essay  
To trot their individual way.  
Hexameters are my strong "holt,"  
But in pentameters ran this colt;  
And so as both our paces vary  
I've bought a Rhyming Dictionary!

## L'ENVOI

Poet! Wouldst thou be the master  
Of the verse—not Poetaster—?  
Be sure thy Peg is worth the havin'  
Free from staggers, heaves and spavin.  
WOOF WOOF.

As the World Wags:

Two convicts were sitting in their cell one night in the Indiana penitentiary. One of them was anxious to get his pardon. He sought counsel of the other.

"How can I get a pardon?" he said. "Is it easy?"

"Easy?—Well I hope!" said the second. "Hey, Governor, how about a pardon for my friend Mike here?"

"Sure," came the reply from the next cell. DONO MEARA.

## CHECK! COMRADE!

Mr. Ivan Richardovitch gives a description of Bolshevik chess. The king is renamed the president. All the other pieces and pawns have at first the status of pawns and are called comrades. If a comrade reaches the eighth line, it becomes a commissar and can acquire the powers formerly held by a queen, bishop, knight or castle. "The president's moves are exactly those of the old king, but his part is very different, in that he is by far the most vigorous player, and the more he risks execution, the more powerful will be his destructive influence on the other side. Comrades may not retreat, they may only advance or take their opponents obliquely. The president and commissars may, of course, move in any direction. When a president or commissar gets behind the opposing line of comrades his power of disorganization is enormous. There are, in addition to these, many other features in which the proletarianized chess shows parallels with the political game."

H-m-m! Something in our heart tells us that Mr. Richardovitch invented this game on a day when he was at a loss what to do. We are inclined to think that Mr. Richard or Mr. Richards is spoofing us.

## OR TOO EARLY

(Pontiac, Ill., Leader)

## TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE—ONE HEIFER 3ULL.  
COMING 2 years old, Red clover and soy bean seed. Write care Leader.



# 'BUTTERFLY' AT

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Madame Butterfly," R. H. Elkin's English version of the libretto by Illica and Giacoso. Music by Puccini.

Cho-Cho-San.....Maria Iacovino  
Suzuki.....Helen Oelheim  
Kate Pinkerton.....Edith Piper  
Sharpless.....Allan Burt  
Pinkerton.....Charles Hedley  
Bonze.....Raymond Koch  
Yamadori.....Howard Laramy  
Commissioner.....Charles Margolis  
Registrar.....William Scholtz  
Goro.....Patrick Killkelly

The program stated that this opera is in two acts and three scenes. When "Madame Butterfly" was produced at Milan it was in two acts. There was hissing on account of the extraordinary length of the second act, for there was no fall of the curtain after Cho-Cho-San, Suzuki and the child began their vigil. The opera failed. The audience did not like the sight of the two foreigners in modern dress; it was not impressed by the subject—which is, indeed, a shabby one, for Lt. Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton is the most contemptible cad in the operatic gallery—nor by the music. Puccini revised his work, put it in three acts, and in three acts it has since been played.

The performance last night evidently pleased an audience of good size, for Mr. St. Leger and the singers were heartily applauded. The stage settings were simple; the harbor at Nagasaki was somewhere in the audience and the spyglass distinguishing Pinkerton's returning ship was pointed at the gallery. The want of a more effective stage setting for the first act lessened the charm of the beautiful love duet which was sung as if the singers were directly near the footlights filling time while scene shifters were at work behind the front drop. As Mr. Ito assisted in the staging of the opera, it was surprising to see a mass of cherry blossoms thrust into one vase, a vase that no Japanese of high or low degree would have tolerated in a room. We mention these facts only because the managers of the company have said much about relieving opera of its absurdities. As if opera, whether it is by Mozart, Wagner, Verdi or Puccini, is not inherently and necessarily absurd!

Lack of space would prevent a detailed account of the performance, if such an account were necessary. It is enough to say that Mr. Healey has a good voice, that he sang freely; that he and Mr. Burt, an intelligent Sharpless, had the advantage of vocal youthfulness. Miss Iacovino showed a certain dramatic instinct but neither she nor any other woman in the company gave the illusion of being Japanese. She sang for the most part acceptably. Mr. Killkelly as Goro was not extravagant in action, whereas many of his predecessors have made the marriage broker a comic opera character.

The opera this afternoon will be "Martha," tonight, "The Marriage of Figaro."

# SYMPHONY IN THIRD OF TUESDAY SERIES

There was genuine and even warmer than usual appreciation of the third concert of the Tuesday afternoon series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, symphonic suite "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night," op. 35; Wagner, prelude to "Lohengrin," "The Ride of the Valkyries," "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried" and the overture to "Tannhauser."

A historian of music once said "musicians take their humor seriously at St. Petersburg," in speaking of Borodin, Moussorgsky, Balakirew and Rimsky-Korsakov, but here is "Scheherazade" to argue for the Russians and their humor. Only a fine and keen wit could enjoy the details of how the sullen Sultan Schahriar could be inveigled out of the pleasure of chopping off the head of the Sultana Scheherazade and put it to music so gracefully, so dramatically, so enjoyably. Wit likes wit and the wit of the woman bested the man so the composer has told her stories in a way to make them ever fresh, ever fascinating.

Master of orchestration as he is, Rimsky-Korsakov uses his effects, his rhythms in this suite to obtain strong colors, to make heady music. Not only was this suite treated splendidly by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky, but music by Wagner followed with the same exacting perfection, the same vitalized skill.

Was the program arranged to emphasize the dramatic element in music? One would judge so, with the possible exception of the prelude to "Lohengrin." This, as Liszt described it, "a sort of magic formula which, like a mysterious initiation, prepares our souls for the sight of unaccustomed things, and of a higher signification than that of our terrestrial life."

The fourth concert will be on April 3, music by Berlioz, Schubert, Debussy and Strauss. C. M. D.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week two works which will be heard here for the first time. One is by Vivaldi, a concerto edited by Molinari, who has acted this season as "guest" conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society of New York.

Among Vivaldi's many works is a set of four concertos entitled "The Four Seasons." He wrote them in musical illustration of four sonnets and has arranged it so that the score in each case is what might be called an interlinear translation into tones of the verse. The sonnets are printed as anonymous, but it is thought that Vivaldi was the poet as well as the composer. The four concertos were brought out by Molinari in St. Louis for the first time in this country. Vivaldi told in the general title his purpose of uniting harmonic expression with poetic thought. Mr. Koussevitzky has chosen the second concerto, "Summer."

The other unfamiliar work is a symphony by Daniel Gregory Mason, which, written some years ago, has been performed in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and other cities.

Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, will play for the first time publicly in Boston at these concerts. At first there was talk of Liszt's concerto in E flat major; then of Tchaikovsky's concerto in B flat minor; then of Rachmaninoff's third concerto. As we are now writing, the concerto by Rachmaninoff is on the program. The composer played it here at a Symphony concert on Oct. 31, 1919. To the best of our knowledge, Rachmaninoff's 4th concerto has not been heard here.

The concert will end with a performance of the familiar three excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust."

Mr. Horowitz, a Russian, has played with the leading orchestras of Europe, given recitals, and won a great reputation for so young a man. His first appearance in the United States was on Jan. 12 of this year at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York. He played Tchaikovsky's first concerto. Sir Thomas Beecham then conducted as a "guest" for the first time in this country. In other cities since then Mr. Horowitz has been playing Rachmaninoff's third concerto.

The Sunday afternoon concert at Symphony hall next week will be given by Mr. Heifetz, violinist.

## WOULD WE HAD BEEN THERE!

(From the Oak Parker of Oak Park when Vera Mirova danced before the Civic Music Association.)

It was the Lotus number that especially delighted the audience. She sat in a straight path of white moonlight. Folded like a lotus, her hands unlocked. Each finger a living flower tendril. She rose, drawn by the magnetism of the moon. All the time the piano rippled. Her face white, her eyebrows slanting, her whole person became oriental, subtle. She swayed, gave herself to the moon in vibrant ecstasy. She was exhausted by the moon, burned dry by her own passion.

The Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra, which will give its second concert of the season tonight in Jordan hall, is now in its third year. The orchestra was organized in October, 1925, by its present conductor, Joseph F. Wagner, assistant director of music in the Boston public schools. "Feeling assured that there were many capable of playing in an orchestra of a high type, he wished to give them the opportunity of perfecting themselves; of playing in concerts, thus giving the public at large concerts of standard works at a nominal price. The orchestra numbers 75 members this year, with all the instruments required in modern symphonic compositions." The orchestral pieces tonight will be as follows: Mozart, Overture to "The Elopement from the Seraglio," Sibelius, Varsung, Cadman, Thunderbird Suite (First time here), Schubert, "Unfinished" Symphony and the overture to "Alfonso and Estrella." The pieces by Schubert are played in view of the approaching Schubert Centenary. Susan Williams, pianist, will play with the orchestra Liszt's Hungarian Fantasy.

The eighth annual competition in music composition, offered by the Swift & Company Male Chorus, has been announced. A prize of \$100 will be given for the best musical setting of Sir Walter Scott's "Harp of the North, Farewell!" The setting must be for a chorus of men's voices, with piano accompaniment. The rules of the contest say that the composer must be a resident of the United States; that his composition must "sing well," and should be kept within a reasonable vocal compass. Parts may be doubled at pleasure. Compositions must be sent to the conductor of the chorus, D. A. Clippinger, 617-18 Kimball Building, Chicago, and must be in his hands on or before Sept. 15. The award will be made Oct. 1.

The Strolling Players, under the direction of Helene Martha Boll, will give an entertainment at the Boston Public Library this evening at 8 o'clock.

The third annual junior contest of the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs will take place sometime during the month of May, at Steinert hall, Boston. Students under 16 years of age, of violin, violoncello, junior orchestras, glee clubs, are eligible to enter these contests. Special music is required in all these departments and early registrations are urged. The fee of \$1 must accompany each application. Circulars with full details may be obtained by writing to the state chairman of junior contests, Mrs. Lester Bartlett, 117 St. Botolph street, Boston.

Louise Bernhardt, who will sing tonight a duet with Louise Richardson in Michio Ito's entertainment which will follow the performance of "Pagliacci" at the Hollis Street Theatre and will sing later in the operatic performances tomorrow, Saturday and next week, having graduated from the Melrose high school, studied singing in Boston. She joined the American Opera Company last spring.

Liszt's Chickering piano, now in Boston through the courtesy of the Hungarian government, is being played at the Metropolitan Theatre by Elizabeth Travis. Next Sunday afternoon Dai Buell will use it, playing with the Salon Ensemble, Arthur Gessier, conductor.

Mary Madden will play the piano in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon. Mozart, Sonata in A Major; Rachmaninoff, Barcarolle, Humoresque; Debussy, Les Fées Sont d'Exquises Danseuses, La Danse de Puck, La Soiree dans Grenade, Toccata; Schumann, Novelette, Romanza, In der Nacht; Chopin, Nocturne, Two Etudes, Scherzo.

Dorothy Raynor (Dorothy Peterson), who will take the part of Frasquita in "Carmen" next Saturday afternoon, after she was graduated from Boston schools, studied singing here and was for five years solo singer at the First Unitarian Church in Milton. She has sung in Boston with the People's Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic Orchestra and with the Handel and Haydn at the school children concert given by that society. Next week she will take the part of Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro."

"Mr. Alfred Denville said that 95 per cent. of the people who gave their occupation as 'actor' or 'actress' when they were involved in police court cases had no legitimate right to the title. Women of questionable morality frequently described themselves as actresses when they were arrested, though they had never appeared on a stage."

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Martha," opera by Flotow. The American opera company, Vladimir Rosing, director. The cast:

Lady Harriet.....Adele Vasa  
Nancy.....Helen Oelheim  
Sir Tristram.....Howard Laramy  
Lionel.....Clifford Newdall  
Plunkett.....Allan Burt  
Sheriff.....John Updman  
Conductor—Gerald Reynolds

This company aspires, in the words of the printed announcement, "to present opera as real music drama, artistically produced with a fine ensemble of American singing actors." The aspiration is so unquestionably laudable that one old opera-lover in hearty sympathy feels moved to try to help the good cause on by a few plain words from the point of view of the spectator and listener.

A company bent on music drama would surely show wisdom in turning their attention to an opera with dramatic possibilities. Since, though, "Martha" it must be, what "drama" that work does hold should have been stressed to the utmost bounds. The unexpected outcome of my Lady Harriet's playful prank ought not to have got lost in bustle. The droll situation in the kitchen should have been made the most of. To cut out "traditional" business is very well, but to cut out nearly all business is not a judicious procedure. Perhaps Mr. Rosing deals more successfully with chorus than with principals. His villagers, at all events, behaved with refreshing freedom of motion and with individuality, and the huntresses hustled Plunkett about with a lively sense of fun.

In drama, too, a listener has the right to hear. Yesterday, though the singers enunciated with admirable distinctness, too often the loudness of the orchestra smothered their words, words sometimes needful to the following of the plot. This defect could be remedied by toning down the energy of certain violins.

Of course the orchestra had a hard time of it, with some of their numbers on a level with the audience, others down in the depths. Since "music" drama, however, is the goal, not spoken, an orchestra more judiciously placed would add to a listener's contentment. Security there should be, in any case; and the readiness at response that sometimes yesterday led to brightly rhythmic playing should be continuously in evidence. The tempo and spirit of pieces like the spinning quartet ought to be carefully considered.

To turn to the singing actors, they both sang and acted with varying degrees of skill. Mr. Burt bore off the honors, a comedian of individuality and ableness, a singer of fine voice who knows how to sing. A very good voice Miss Oelheim had at hand for Nancy and a certain feeling for comedy, a feeling shared by Mr. Laramy. Miss Vesa sang "The Last Rose" sweetly, Mr. Newdall shone most by his romantic presence.

But, a farmer by upbringing, why should he have ruffled it in the garb of a gallant right from court? To speak for the eye, indeed, the lighting in Plunkett's kitchen behaved itself unusually, and that kitchen ought to have looked more like a kitchen or less. The other scenes, very simple, were agreeable and reasonable. So were the costumes.

The audience seemed well entertained.

In the evening they gave Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," with this cast:

Count Almaviva.....Mark Daniels  
Comte Almaviva.....Thelma Votinka  
Figaro.....George Fleming Houston  
Susanna.....Mignon Spencer  
Caterina.....Cecile Sherman  
Don Basilio.....John Moneroff  
Basilio.....Basilio  
Barbarina.....Adele Vasa  
Antonio.....Howard Laramy  
Conductor—Frank St. Leger

They set the opera very nicely indeed, in the conventional way of today, with a gray back and a pair of candle-labra which, helped out by suitable chairs and tables, served well for a shabby room in the castle, the countess's boudoir and a noble hall of state. The more formal closing scene, though simple, was very pretty, and so were all the costumes.

Mr. Rosing on the whole steered clear of innovations. The "dry" recitative, which, indeed, he did away with in favor of spoken dialogue; he had, one may guess, cogent reasons for a change which, in itself, heightened the Mozartian atmosphere not at all. At the end of the first act he exacted the attendance of the women's chorus, for the benefit of those who like their Mozart in the operetta vein.

Why not? Mr. Rosing did not let a sense of style bother him. If he felt a

# ELSIE LUKER SINGS

Elsie Luker, contralto, sang this program last night in Jordan hall to the good accompaniment of Frank Luker: Zur Ruh, Zur Ruh, Hugo Wolf; Wohin, Schubert; Traum Durch Die Dämmerung, Caille, Strauss; Lilacs, Rachmaninoff; Song of the Shepherd, Rimsky-Korsakov; Night and Morning, The Lord Is Risen, Rachmaninoff; Quelle Souffrance, Lenormand; Les Cigales, Chabrier; Les Cygnes, Hahn; Le Moulin, Plerne; Winter's Twilight, Frank Luker; Moon-Marketing, Weaver; Over the Moor, Mortimer Browning; Hills, La Forge.

This was an honest concert Miss Luker offered her audience, a concert to command respect. The singer chose a program suggestive, above all else, of sincerity; not a song did she include, one may be sure, because of the fashion. Why should she?

Having arranged her list, Miss Luker also took the trouble to learn her songs thoroughly before she brought them forward—a tribute not every singer pays the public. A sound musician, she dealt with such matters as rhythm, a melody's line, and phrasing in a way to give musicians pleasure. And she planned her songs straight through intelligently.

Miss Luker brought a pleasant voice to hearing, a voice especially agreeable in the middle register. She has taken pains with its training, though technically, no doubt, she has more to do. A singer, all in all, so capably prepared, does not sing every night in Jordan hall.

A large audience showed they liked Miss Luker well. R. R. G.



touch of low comedy would make high comedy merrier, then let low comedy do its best! And the countess's opening soliloquy he turned into a formal song, with the lady accompanying herself at the harpsichord!

The scene, however, of Cherubino's disguising, he made really funny. And the assembly in the great hall had unusual life about it. Nothing, indeed, was dull. Things moved.

It is folly to complain because Mr. Rosing has not in his company a Mott and the wonderful singers and actors who made memorable that last performance in Boston—was it not the last?—some 25 years ago. He has some performers, luckily, who can do good work on their own level.

Miss Spence, bearing the heaviest heat and burden of the day, kept her spirits unflinching through it, also neatness in song. Miss Sherman not only sang her songs extremely well but made a funnier creature of the page than most young women can do. The pretty song of the pin Miss Vasa sang prettily.

Adroitness at Mozart's quick-moving words Mr. Roberts had at hand, and he drew a vivid little sketch of the meeching, malicious Basilio. Though Mr. Daniels had little understanding of a nobleman's office in a classic comedy, in his own way he was amusing and he sang fairly well. So did Mr. Houston, a Figaro who suggested but faintly the nimbleness of wit that rendered him famous the length and breadth of Seville.

The singers were well enough; they did what they could in song and act. And the chorus sang their little well. The orchestra, it was, to say it plainly, that fell short. The gossamer touch that Mozart's score demands at times, the rhythmic spring, the color that italicizes sentiment—the orchestra could not give them. Mr. St. Leger, however, could restrain the players' vigor. Too often he covered the voices, not to say the words, though the enunciation was neat.

A large audience applauded heartily.

R. R. G.

## PAUL VELLUCCI

Last evening, in Jordan hall, an interesting program of pianoforte music was given in recital by Paul Vellucci, a young pianist from Providence, R. I. His program was as follows: Pastoral Variee, Mozart; prelude from violin sonata, Bach; Le Coucou, Emmanuel; After Midnight, Ganz; Miroirs, Ravel; Two Capricci, Brahms; Sonata, op. 22, Schumann.

The opening number was in true Mozartian style and was received with considerable satisfaction by the small audience present, but the same can not be said of the second or Bach number. Why do young pianists choose violin pieces or organ fugues by Bach in piano recital? Is it because of their youth and inexperience that they do not recognize Bach at his greatest for piano, in the well-tempered clavier? Mr. Vellucci spent the greater part of his program seeking for new or dazzling effects; expending entirely too much energy in hopeless striving for something not there. This is always disappointing.

The next several numbers were of a light order, intended more for technical show than musical content. One can think of hundreds of pieces that would have been welcome in the midst of so much that was meaningless in comparison. Here is where the imagination of youth deceives. Empty show in small pieces will never substitute for a pure melody by Schubert or Chopin; the true rhythmic feeling of Liszt, or the ripe musical judgment in form and world meaning content.

Strangely enough, Mr. Vellucci's program contained none of these, but is not a player as responsible to his listeners for what he chooses to play, as the way he plays what he chooses? The two capricci by Brahms were excellently played and afforded the first opportunity to judge of Mr. Vellucci's ability. The last number was the Schumann sonata. Here we found the player with a fine sense of rhythm and proportion; able to bring out the form of the piece into the sunlight where it was greeted and appreciated. We predict a successful and useful career for this young artist.

A. H. D.

### PROTECTION

took a girl to supper at the ritziest place in town, she wore a half a yard of stuff men.

That she declared a gown, Her knees stuck out, Her neck was bare, There seemed no covering anywhere, Well, anyhow, her head had hair!

But appearances deceived me, She was clothed in arrogance, Not all the petticoats and panties Of her grandmothers and aunts Could afford such impregnable defence. It was immense!

R. C. SKINNER.

The London Chronicle has been studying the "rush habit," which is ingrained in the people of that city, although there is a sign in the tube, "Next train in one minute." That minute is "59 seconds too long for a man who has just dashed on to the platform. . . . Men who are sedate and even lethargic in their homes, become ant-like hustlers directly they reach town."

Many are waiting on the platform in the Massachusetts avenue station. A crowded car appears. At once there is a wild scramble to board that car, yet in a few minutes a train of at least two cars comparatively empty coming from the Kenmore station will enter the subway. Those on the station platform know that if they should wait there would be seats for all. No, they must take the first car that comes: the women rush wildly, enter, are jammed against men even closer than in the dances now in fashion. Does the sight of any car madden those waiting, as if it were a matter of life or death to arrive at Boylston or Park street a few minutes sooner?

The student of human behavior might also ask why women on entering insist on standing as near as possible to the conductor, although there is room further down the car and sometimes even seats. Is it because the conductor is blessed with "sex-appeal"?

A woman will stand and look contemptuously at a seated man; she will not take the trouble to walk a few steps and take an empty seat. No. She stands and glares at the poor wretch, as much as to say: "Get up, you hog, and give the lady your seat." He sits, uncomfortable, with eyes glued to a newspaper, or studies the advertisements that decorate the car.

### TO OSWALD OF WESLEYAN

Oh! you big, brave, handsome, two-fisted he-man. To admit you wear red flannels, after I thought all men were addicted to silk stepins. I adore you. Oh, Oswald, I am thine if thou wilt but have me.

DIOPENIA.

### RICHARD COLLARBUTTON

As the World Wags:

Three great men in history: Zerkzeez, Richard Collarbutton and Lindberg. I mention Lindberg merely to bring us up to the present. Nothing will be said of the tempus pre Zerkzeez owing to the fact that when I busted into the third grade the class had marched out of Persia and was standing on the banks of the Hellespont waiting for the bugle and teacher to send them into Europe. That was a big day for Zerkzeez for, then and there, he ground his heel in the sands of time. . . . Well, Zerkzeez went over big—he had the Hellespont all to himself. Caesar went through Gaul; Machiavelli, through Italy; and Decatur shot a hole in the bottom of the Philadelphia. Still and all, these achievements bore no wind nor tide to obliterate Zerkzeez footprints in the sands of the Hellespont and time. But one day there came Richard Collarbutton to swim where Zerkzeez had sailed—into immortal fame. . . . "Weren't the waves of the Hellespont terribly choppy?" asked an admiring throng as Richard Collarbutton hung his bathing suit up to dry. "Yes, indeed, they were," replied Richard modestly, "but I swam under water all the way."

ORACLE.

One hundred years ago this week a clergyman of Ellsworth, Me., attacked his people savagely for chewing in church spruce gum, which was then in season. Plug tobacco was at the time eschewed, not chewed.

### WHO SHALL JUDGE?

As the World Wags:

How eclectic is life nowadays! All is a matter of choice. For the priests, right and wrong may be separated by a heavy line of demarcation; not so for the ordinary layman.

Take, for instance, the matter of companionate marriage, so hotly discussed from the platform these days. Judge Ben Lindsey takes a certain attitude; Bishop O'Leary another. One convinces, the other refutes. What is a poor, mediocre person to think? The judge is right from his standpoint; the clergyman from his. But where does the poor, "in-between" ordinary person come in? Conscience? Conscience says nothing; or it vacillates between one argument and the other.

All is not black and white in life. Experience is a prism that casts all lights. Life has many shades and colors; and absolute right and wrong apply to very few issues. Our opinions

are complex, and a great many immunities control our thinking.

Theoretically, the clergyman is right; but in practice, his theory works havoc. A man set apart cannot judge with the mind of a man of the world. In some, the intellect dominates; in others, the emotions. There is no criterion for all humanity. Malthus says one thing; St. Thomas Aquinas another. What are we then to believe? In our quandary between the Scylla of Judge Lindsey and the Charybdis of Bishop O'Leary, we can but voice the prayer of Solomon: "Give me an understanding heart, O Lord!"

M. S.

As the World Wags:

We were standing on a corner on a cold night waiting for a bus. Said she (who is married) to me (who also wears the ball and chain): "Member way back when we went to places in taxicabs?"

HAMP II.

Where are the games of yesteryear? Does any one play "beaver" or "mah-jong" today?

The New York Custom Cutters' Club has decreed that a dinner coat (Tuxedo) is incorrect for all occasions except a stag party. "The narrow tail full evening dress is to be worn at mixed parties." Yet we have seen this season men of "Boston dressing" to borrow Artemus Ward's phrase—by the way, just what did he mean by "Boston dressing"?—there was a time when Bostonians wore a shawl instead of an overcoat—we have seen, we say, men when they were accompanied by women in the theatre, or at dinner, wearing a dinner jacket, a white waistcoat and a black tie; wearing this combination brazenly, with the air of one saying: "We are the Stilton. We know what's what."

We learn from the report of this Annual Style Show in New York that "formal day dress with striped trousers and high silk hat is important"; that the broad chest and narrow hip will make the wearer "look like a reincarnation of an ancient Greek athlete." We hope that Mr. Herkimer Johnson will heed these warnings, this advice. He is a careless dresser, even for a sociologist, a man internationally respected as singularly learned, a man of enviable attainments.

Apropos of an acting version of Congreve's "Way of the World," D'Avenant changed the lines in "Macbeth," "The devil damn thee black thou cream-faced loon!"

Where got'st thou that goose-look?" "Now, friend, what means thy change of countenance?"

## PAGLIACCI GIVEN

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Pagliacci," opera by Leoncavallo. The American opera company. The cast: Nedda . . . . . Charles Hedley Canio . . . . . Allan Hurt Silvio . . . . . Mark Daniels Tonio . . . . . Edison Rice Beppe . . . . .

Conductor—Frank St. Leger

Two nights ago Mr. Rosing dealt gently with "Figaro," content to pattern his performance, so far as his taste and his resources would permit, on the best German models of today. Last night, in the case of "Pagliacci," he ventured not much farther afield into the wilds of what is odd. He showed good sense.

Let Mr. Burt sing his share of the duet with the warmth he put into it last night and it matters mighty little where he sings it. Granting Nedda can warble exultantly about the birds, who cares whether she gazes skyward while she sings or pretends to be sewing a seam? So long as the village people wander about like normal human beings with a taste for lusty song, surely it matters little whether they have a whole village square to promenade in or only a tiny space in front of a tent.

Since Mr. Hedley was able to sing movingly of Canio's troubles, it seemed of trifling consequence whether he sang in the garb of a clown or in the conventional clothes of an Italian stage peasant.

People may talk till they turn black in the face about lyric drama, music drama, singing actors, the sins of tradition, the new stage craft with its thousand virtues and what not. Let them cut out what they will and crowd in what they will—one fact remains: They may as well shut up shop if they have not singers who can sing expressively and significantly music meant to be so sung. If they can sing sonorously, too, and musically, so much the better. If they can act intelligently, that is all to the good. If they look their parts aright, there is one more advantage.

Let the stage craft be expert as possible, the settings as tasteful. But why try to dodge the truth? Good singers there must be.

Singers there were last night who sang with feeling the telling parts of "Pagliacci." Several have been mentioned. The others of the cast sang very

well. And all acted very well indeed. So, "Pagliacci," filled a stirring hour; it "went."

A curious entertainment preceded it. On a stage black as a cavern, its floor alone lighted, Mr. Michio Ito, a Japanese dancer, danced to music by Ravel, Debussy, Albeniz, Skriabin and Yamada. Amazingly strong and lithe of body, he executed with technical skill a not very wide variety of agile steps. With his arms he wove graceful patterns, and he fell at times into divers graceful postures. The audience appeared to like his performance well.

To give him time to change his clothes—the audience sitting meanwhile in the dark—Genevieve Pitot at the piano played from Debussy and Skriabin. Louise Richardson and Louise Bernhardt, prettily costumed, sang a duet by Tchaikovsky. And the chorus sang from Cadman's "The Sunset Trail," music that probably would have proved more effective if one had known what it was about.

R. R. G.

## CIVIC SYMPHONY

Last evening in Jordan hall the following program was given by the Boston Civic Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Joseph F. Wagner, and Miss Susan Williams as pianist. Overture "The Abduction from the Seraglio," Mozart; Varsung, Sibelius; "Thunderbird Suite," Cadman; Hungarian Fantasy, for piano and orchestra, Liszt; symphony in B minor, and overture "Alfonso and Estrella" both by Schubert.

The opening numbers were well suited to the young men and women of the Civic orchestra. The Thunderbird

Suite, by the popular American composer of songs, made its first appearance in Boston last evening at this concert. It is a bright and melodious set of three movements which offer remind one of the ballads of Mr. Cadman's. However, he is more successful in songs than where striking orchestration is needed to meet modern demands.

Miss Susan Williams next appeared in Liszt's Hungarian Fantasy, a composition transcribed from the Fourteenth Rhapsody for piano. It cannot be said that the piece gained much in the transformation. Miss Williams has a pleasing manner of playing, a sure and many-sided technic which allowed her to play with delicacy where needed, and with delightful freedom and abandon in the firmer parts. Several times the orchestra overshadowed her work, however.

Many of the finer strains in this Fantasy are strikingly reminiscent of Liszt's most poetic "St. Francis and the Birds," and here Miss Williams played with a keen sense of the kind of touch to use, and made the delicate lacework a joy to hear. She was recalled many times at the end of the Fantasy.

After the intermission the Unfinished Symphony was played, where orchestra and leader gave evidence that they had reached more sacred and congenial ground. It was played with sympathy and understanding, and Mr. Wagner deserves special mention for the good

In London, certain telephone changes are named after more or famous men: Popesgrove (Twickenham Franklin (Sir John or Ben?)), Kel Rodney, Frohisher, Sloane. Could be done in Boston or New York? doubt it.

The London & North Eastern railway by giving some 30 new express engines the names of English and Scottish cities is "reverting to a pleasing and curiously British practice." If this means that naming engines instead of numbering them is "peculiarly British," writer is mistaken.

In the good old days when American locomotives had a flaring, impressive smokestack, when wood, not coal, tossed into the furnace, when "ger conductors" knocked down fares warned little boys against standing on the platform, all engines, in New England, at least, were named. They names mythological, geographical, literal, or those of presidents, direct superintendents of the road: Vulture, Mercury, Ajax, Springfield, D. L. H. Brainerd, and so on. More than boy collected names of engines. never saw the name "Venus" as a engine whizzed by.)

The old North-Western engine England had queer names; not deities and heroes of Greece and Rome, but local magnates, cities, racehorses, men, were thus honored. There also curious names, as Liver, Sack, Phosphorus, Zygia. The Problem.

"Veritas, Cambridge," writes: "A cussion arose at the club the other as to the meaning and origin of



gdet." It is used in the plural "um Tactics" by Kipling. The million in a note to the dictionary means something of which the forgotten the name or which name. Contraption or thing uncited as synonyms. Can you light on the matter?" "et" sounds as if it were the of a character in a movie by Is not the word of comparison invention? It is not in the of the Oxford Dictionary (pub-1900). Browning has the word some instrument of torture. owing trip-hook, thumb screws gadge." There is the Scottish gadge, which is defined in dialect dictionary: "To dic-entertently; to talk idly with a gravity," and in Yorkshire to a sewing term to baste; to run together lightly with long "Gadget" cannot be derived noun or verb here given.

"PETTIAUGER"

World Wags: times this word, in the above curs in the diary of Henry Knox in the New England Historical-Genealogical Register for July, ex.321-326,—twice under date of 1775, and once at the end of the On seeing the letter of Mr. in The Herald of March 10, I in my bones" that the person scribed the diary 52 years ago cause unfamiliar with the word, the manuscript, mistaking "u" and that what Knox really as "pettiauger." Foreign words, strange transformations when d into English, but for long years Knox's time the boat had been own to all New Englanders along

t, and it did not seem likely one (especially a bookseller x, who probably was an average would have employed the form "er." So I determined to ex-amine manuscript itself, which is ed by the Massachusetts His-oiety. It was found that the aining the entries from Dec. 5 clusive, had disappeared from book since the printing of the d so it was impossible to prove my conjecture so far as the mples dated Dec. 9 were con-Fortunately, however, the leaf the third example was still ary, and there the word is very "Pettiauger." Knox, unlike hers then and since, knew how his "n's" and "u's" so clearly ther could be taken for the since "piragua" already rejoices arieties" of spelling, it is satis- to be able to show that, as the the hippopotamus story would re aint no sich" word as "pet-ALBERT MATTHEWS.

"ON A POOR LITTLE ATOM (For As the World Wags) to six million volts of electricity from the sky will disrupt the cording to calculations complet-by three German scientists."

volts of thunder-juice, mar-led in the sky, ats of amperes yell their brutal le cry, g light artillery advancing to tray, tride a shooting star, drinking To the Day."

mother holds him close and kes his curly hair, little sister weeps and says the n prayer, sweetheart lingers near and murs with a kiss: help little Atom on a night this!"

H. F. M.

NSCIENCE IN BUSINESS World Wags: minent woman, having a note of coming due, asked for a renewal. new note to sign, she sent it in, signed, to mature three months t she inserted the word "can-fore the words "promise to pay," ote at the bottom of the note. l ask you to extend again at that f all debtors were as honest! DISCOUNT CLERK.

World Wags: Joyce Buys \$300,000 Diamond." That IS news! UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

where the handclasp's a little r, out where the smile dwells a nger, and things generally are and better, a man in Sewell, Kan., of the largest carbuncles on rec-etroit News.

elopement from the "glio" Given by American Company

By PHILIP HALE HOLLS STREET THEATRE—"The Elopement from the Seraglio," performed by the American opera company. Libretto based on C. F. Bretzner's text. English dialogue by Robert A. Simon. Lyrics translated into English by the Rev. John Trontbeck. Music by Mozart; also a serenade interpolated. The cast was as follows: Pasha Selim.....George F. Houston Osmin.....John Moncrieff Constanza.....Adele Vase Belmonte.....Cecile Sherman Pedrillo.....Clifford Newdal Fatima.....J. Frederic Roberts Children.....Louise Bernhardt Captain.....Mary Stenba Frank St. Leger conducted.

The performance was said to be the first in Boston. Whether the audience last night saw and heard Mozart's opera might be the subject of discussion. Mozart called his opera a "comic sing-spiel." This form of entertainment was popular in Vienna and other German cities long before "The Elopement of the Seraglio" was produced. In the Sing-spiel the dialogue was interspersed with songs. Mr. Simon wrote the English dialogue for Mozart's opera as it was performed last night. He has no reason to be proud of his work. His example of program music, is other-jects are of the cheap vaudeville order-ly of little importance. Those con- and would not raise a laugh in a cheap-ertinos for which Vivaldi had no pro-theatre. He makes the Spanish gigram are of far greater worth. The Blonda say that she was born in Liver-more passages for the solo violin were pool and she sings the lines "Briton-admirably played by Mr. Burgin. never shall be slaves." He or the man-When the introduction to Mr. Ma-agement introduces an alleged comikon's symphony began there was the character Fatima, a woman unknown tpression that he was worshipping at Mozart's librettist. This woman become the shrine of our old friend Johannes intoxicated and from the time of heBrahms. The music was Brahmsian in entrance on the stage indulges in broathtought and in expression; but this im-speech. She is accompanied by twpression was soon set right. The influ-pecially in the matter of instrumenta-tion. There are some fine things in the symphony, especially in the second movement; the opening of the Final has decided character. Mr. Mason in a musician of the type praised by Eng-lishmen as "safe and sound"; the type that receives the degree Doctor of Mu-sic. This was shown in the first movement. While it was playing, the reply of Christopher Sly to the page disguised as a woman came into the mind. The page asks him how he likes the comedy: "Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady; would 'twere done." For here the music was cerebral, not emotional, not sensuous. In the second movement there was more warmth. Let Mr. Mason beware of the austerity, the aloofness shown by Vincent d'Indy in his later works.

Mr. Horowitz is a pianist of the very first rank, as far as technical facility and dazzling brilliance go. When he had struck the last chord of the con-certo, there was a scene of enthusiasm such as has not been aroused by the performance of a pianist in Symphony hall since the opening of it. The only parallel we recall was when Vladimir de Pachmann played for the first time in the old Music Hall and broke the rule against any encore. Yesterday there was shouting; staid conservative Bostonians stamped their feet and thumped the floor with canes. The per-formance of this particular concerto, with Mr. Koussevitzky and the orches-tra sharing in the brilliance, no doubt deserved the tribute. The concerto it-elf is cunningly planned to excite en-thusiasm. The first movement is fas-cinating by its force of understatement, its melancholy, its suggestion of mys-tery. The other movements, inferior, "Faust" with the cast of last Mond-even at times commonplace, in the mu-night. This evening "Carmen" was wistful thought, are for a virtuoso, and for his triumph. It is to be hoped that Mr. Horowitz will be heard here in a recital, so that there may be a broader view of his character as a pianist.

When the concerto ended, it was 20 minutes past 4. Some had not the wish or the time to hear the excerpts from the great work of Berlioz. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as fol-lows: Gluck-Gevaert, Ballet-Suite, No. 2; Lazar, "Music for Orchestra" (first performance); Piston, Symphonic Piece (first performance); De Falla, Three Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat"; Schumann, Symphony, No. 4, D-minor.

It may be said that Miss Sherman's her vivacity, Mr. Roberts by his high-ness in action and speech, were easi-ly conspicuous. An audience of good sif-elf is cunningly planned to excite en-thusiasm. The first movement is fas-cinating by its force of understatement, its melancholy, its suggestion of mys-tery. The other movements, inferior, "Faust" with the cast of last Mond-even at times commonplace, in the mu-night. This evening "Carmen" was wistful thought, are for a virtuoso, and for his triumph. It is to be hoped that Mr. Horowitz will be heard here in a recital, so that there may be a broader view of his character as a pianist.

The opera this afternoon will tery. The other movements, inferior, "Faust" with the cast of last Mond-even at times commonplace, in the mu-night. This evening "Carmen" was wistful thought, are for a virtuoso, and for his triumph. It is to be hoped that Mr. Horowitz will be heard here in a recital, so that there may be a broader view of his character as a pianist.

19TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 19th concert of the season yesterday after-noon in Symphony hall. Vladimir Hor-owitz, pianist, played publicly for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Molinari, "Summer," a concerto from "The Four Seasons"; D. G. Mason, Symphony in C minor, op. 11; Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 3 for piano and orchestra; Berlioz, three or-chestral excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust." The symphony and the old concerto were performed for the first time in Boston.

When the President Charles de Brosse of the delightful letters was in Venice 190 years ago he wrote that Vivaldi had sought his friendship that he might sell concertos to him at a high price. Vivaldi succeeded in doing this. Brosse described him as an old fellow who had a prodigious mania for compo-sition; he could compose a concerto with all the parts quicker than any one could make a copy. "I have heard to my great astonishment that he is not so esteemed in this country as he should be: a country where everything must

be in the fashion of the day where one has heard Vivaldi's works for too long a time; where the music of the last year is no longer received."

Vivaldi conceived the idea of writing four concertos which should be literal, not to say interlinear, translations into tones of four sonnets of anonymous authorship, though some think he was the author. His purpose was to blend "harmony with poetic invention." He was not the only one to write music about the four seasons. Joachim Raff wrote four symphonies, "Spring," "Sum-mer," "Autumn" and "Winter." (No one, to our knowledge, has written purely orchestral translations of Thomson's once admired poems.) And how many composers have a "Spring" overture to their credit, overtures played as a rule in the dead of winter!

Molinari's edition of Vivaldi's "Sum-mer" is for strings, organ and piano. The poet of the sonnet brings in the scorching heat, men and beasts lan-guishing, birds singing and a little shepherd fearing a thunder storm which comes and beats down the wheat. The music for all this is at the best suave; that for the thunder storm is amusingly if feeble. The concerto, interesting per-haps an early, but not the earliest reason to be proud of his work. His example of program music, is other-jects are of the cheap vaudeville order-ly of little importance. Those con- and would not raise a laugh in a cheap-ertinos for which Vivaldi had no pro-theatre. He makes the Spanish gigram are of far greater worth. The Blonda say that she was born in Liver-more passages for the solo violin were pool and she sings the lines "Briton-admirably played by Mr. Burgin. never shall be slaves." He or the man-When the introduction to Mr. Ma-agement introduces an alleged comikon's symphony began there was the character Fatima, a woman unknown tpression that he was worshipping at Mozart's librettist. This woman become the shrine of our old friend Johannes intoxicated and from the time of heBrahms. The music was Brahmsian in entrance on the stage indulges in broathtought and in expression; but this im-speech. She is accompanied by twpression was soon set right. The influ-pecially in the matter of instrumenta-tion. There are some fine things in the symphony, especially in the second movement; the opening of the Final has decided character. Mr. Mason in a musician of the type praised by Eng-lishmen as "safe and sound"; the type that receives the degree Doctor of Mu-sic. This was shown in the first movement. While it was playing, the reply of Christopher Sly to the page disguised as a woman came into the mind. The page asks him how he likes the comedy: "Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady; would 'twere done." For here the music was cerebral, not emotional, not sensuous. In the second movement there was more warmth. Let Mr. Mason beware of the austerity, the aloofness shown by Vincent d'Indy in his later works.

Mr. Horowitz is a pianist of the very first rank, as far as technical facility and dazzling brilliance go. When he had struck the last chord of the con-certo, there was a scene of enthusiasm such as has not been aroused by the performance of a pianist in Symphony hall since the opening of it. The only parallel we recall was when Vladimir de Pachmann played for the first time in the old Music Hall and broke the rule against any encore. Yesterday there was shouting; staid conservative Bostonians stamped their feet and thumped the floor with canes. The per-formance of this particular concerto, with Mr. Koussevitzky and the orches-tra sharing in the brilliance, no doubt deserved the tribute. The concerto it-elf is cunningly planned to excite en-thusiasm. The first movement is fas-cinating by its force of understatement, its melancholy, its suggestion of mys-tery. The other movements, inferior, "Faust" with the cast of last Mond-even at times commonplace, in the mu-night. This evening "Carmen" was wistful thought, are for a virtuoso, and for his triumph. It is to be hoped that Mr. Horowitz will be heard here in a recital, so that there may be a broader view of his character as a pianist.

When the concerto ended, it was 20 minutes past 4. Some had not the wish or the time to hear the excerpts from the great work of Berlioz.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as fol-lows: Gluck-Gevaert, Ballet-Suite, No. 2; Lazar, "Music for Orchestra" (first performance); Piston, Symphonic Piece (first performance); De Falla, Three Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat"; Schumann, Symphony, No. 4, D-minor.

"Tillie's Punctured Romance" Proves Amusing

Metropolitan Theatre—"Tillie's Punc-tured Romance," a film comedy with W. C. Fields, Chester Conklin and Louise Frazenda, directed by Edward Sutherland, a new version of a film made 14 years ago.

The world is changing and not for the worse if one is to judge by the entertainment values of the present "Tillie." When this picture was first made, war was not a film habit. "Til-le" went to her circus and contented herself there. In those days every player was a star in his own right and

today three stars, each capable of car-rying a picture, a three-ring circus and the inevitable war are used.

Louise Frazenda is Tillie. Here is an actress or comedienne, if you prefer, who is funny and clever at one and the same time after the manner of slap-stick. Miss Frazenda can wear the pig tails of her profession and, like Topsy, she is natural. Miss Frazenda can walk away from the camera and display ruffled clothing and the theatre rocks in keen enjoyment.

One wonders if it would be possible to make a film that was not funny with W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. In "Tillie's Romance," Mr. Fields is a ringmaster of a circus owned by Ches-ter Conklin. In attempting to rob the circus Fields does his best work with Conklin saved for the soldier sequences later. This way of spreading different kinds of comedy, all good, over the length of a film is an excellent one.

One cannot fuss at the war in this film, it is too good an entertainment, but even rejuvenated as it is by Fields-Conklin-Frazenda trio, was it necessary to haul the circus to France? Sub-titles are even more mellow than the usual wise-cracks in this type of film and the direction is in the best slap-stick comedy vein, fast moving and droll in turn.

What has come to be known as "the stage presentation" is thriving on a wave of originality this week. Jack

Partington not only offers several new ideas and excellent talent but has knit them together satisfactorily. There are stage drops to add variety, Frank De Voe is always entertaining and Jack Powell with his drums and dexterity. Even the "sister act" is different and the Hey! Hey! girls are clever enough to do individual work and do it well. Gene Rodemich and his band contrib-uted their share to this part of the program, a part that is by no means negligible.—C. M. D.

'CARMEN' GIVEN

HOLLS STREET THEATRE—"Car-men," opera by Bizet. The American Opera Company. The cast: Carmen.....Brownie Peebles Don Jose.....Charles Hedley Escamillo.....George Fleming Houston Zuzka.....Howard Laramy Morales.....John Uppman Mirela.....Maria Iacovino Mercedes.....Louise Bernhardt Frasquita.....Dorothy Raynor Dancairo.....Mark Daniels Remendado.....Edison Rice Lillas Pastia.....William Scholtz Conductor—Frank St. Leger

Behold a performance of "Carmen" well worth the seeing. From its start at least till 10:30, when some people had unwillingly, to go home, it marched, without so much as a single instant of sag.

Here, in truth, was music drama. The words—and, the opera being modern, they were not encumbered with vain repetitions—came over clearly, especially those most needful to a full under-standing of the plot. The performers, big and little alike, threw themselves body and soul into their characters and the imbroglio in which they involved themselves. So here was drama of ab-sorbing interest, played right up to the hilt.

But, mark, in this music drama the music was not forced to play second fiddle—and therein lies much of the success of the performance. The music, on the contrary, was allowed fair play. The orchestra, for instance, had ap-to it, and Mr. St. Leger must surely have set his foot down hard that there should be no slighting of that brilliant rhythm in which half the charm of "Carmen" lies. A seguidilla from him—and Miss Peebles—remained a seguidilla, not just a page of music to be got through. And so it went with other passages that of late have seemed to be turning dull.

For the proper delivery of Bizet's music there were singers on the stage who could sing. They all, in fact, could sing, and most of them had good voices.

Most of them, too, could act. Though Miss Peebles has not yet developed the role to its full extent, she demonstrated last night a singularly intelligent conception of Carmen; Bizet's tale she must have studied at first hand. She had other charms than impudent boldness with which to allure. Her love for Jose, while it lasted, she made con-vincing. And with it all she sang well and expressively, in extremely good voice. Here was excellent work.

Of the fatuous toreador with a famous song, Mr. Houston gave a very good pic-ture, and he too sang well, particularly in the third act. Mr. Hadley saw in Don Jose a gentler creature than most tenors see, but he put him forward vividly enough. Mr. Iacovino displayed a lovely voice and a definite skill in song. Those who filled the smaller



The Moscow Theatre Habimah will give a performance of "Jacob's Dream," in the Boston Opera House on Monday evening, April 2, for the benefit of the Boston Unit Junior Hadassah.

Esther was also known as Hadassah, meaning "Myrtle," a name given to her by star worshippers on account of her sweet character and comely person. She was said to be one of the four most beautiful women (the name Esther is from the Persian "Stara," meaning star, according to etymologists). "One of the four most beautiful women," the Jewish encyclopaedia does not name in connection with Esther the other three, but we know from the book that tells of her victory over the persecuting Haman that Esther was "fair and beautiful." She must indeed have been "fragrant" when she was brought before King Ahasuerus, for she had undergone the days of purification: "Six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odors, and with other things for the purifying of the women." It is a delightfully romantic story, this story of the good Hadassah; no wonder that she was the heroine five years ago of a gorgeous play by Andre Dumas and Sebastien-Charles Leconte, a play on which an opera was based. Yet Martin Luther wished that the Book of Esther did not exist, and others would have had it out of the Old Testament.

Even in Chicago the remembrance of Esther led "Davida" to write this poem for the Chicago Tribune of a few days ago:

#### HADASSAH

A gong has toned the witching hour to deck  
the fair in garments fitting queenly grace.  
She sits apart—no mirror sees her face  
discovering her beauty without fleck.

She asks no royal robes, no crown nor gem.  
Alone and unadorned, praying the fates  
to spare her youth, she kneels. (A lover waits  
for her; is joy or anguish meant for them?)

A scepter bids her rise, strange jewels are bound  
upon her brow. (Unfathomed tears lie  
behind her eyes while sudden pain, knife-keen  
plucks at her heart.) A hush! Then flooded sound!  
Ten thousand throats applaud! She reads their cry—  
that Esther has been chosen martyr-queen.

DAVIDA.

The Habimah Company gave its first performance of "Jacob's Dream" in Boston in April, 1927, at the Grand Opera House in Washington street. The recollection of the remarkable performances by this company of "The Dybbuk," "The Golem," "Jacob's Dream," is fresh in the minds of many.

To the Editor of The Herald:

In a small Lithuanian town, in 1907, Naoum Zemach conceived the idea of Habimah. For a young man of 20 to have cherished the plan of a Hebrew theatre is in itself remarkable. Hebrew was not too well known among the Russian Jewry, nor was this turning to the past expressive of the murmurings of upheaval already manifesting themselves in Russia. Yet the modest group of young people which Mr. Zemach gathered about him developed their art to a degree of expressiveness which surpasses mere language. A great zeal fired them; a zeal lofty in purpose which can surmount the insurmountable.

The very name which they chose for their theatre is itself an idealization of their goal. "Habimah"—ha bimah—the platform or the pulpit. Already, in the name, comes the implication of a religious mood; a mood which enhances the quality of emotional expression for which the stage is medium, and combines with it to create "theatre," in which the note of consecration rings true.

Under the czar, Zemach and his group fared none too well. They were forbidden to play in any language but Russian. This forced them into the role of strolling players, and they traveled through Lithuania and even to Vienna. In 1912 they ventured into Moscow, but attracted so much attention they were suppressed. In 1913 in spite of an unprecedented devotion, they had to give up the work.

Then came 1917 and that tremendous third act of the drama of Russian life—the red revolution. At last liberty in ideas and expression! In the formative period now to come, surely the new standards would allow for Habimah. Zemach reorganized his troupe and again entered his old studio in Moscow. Here, on a side street, not far from the Kremlin, in a small room hung with coarse sackcloth, Habimah blossomed forth again. The Jewish centres were scoured for new pupil-actors to join the theatre, and many were found. But again trouble!

To be sure, the status of the Jew in Russia had been appreciably improved by the revolution; yet Habimah again fell into snares which threatened its ruin. First came the reds, who, because they could not understand the Hebrew, feared this Hebrew theatre as an instrument of reaction. Here, in these plays which their agents could not properly censor because of their ignorance of the language, might lurk a counter-revolutionary plot. Second, came the soviet-Jews, who felt that Hebrew was a language of the past; that a Hebrew theatre would be a sign of reaction and religious prejudice.

It was only through the energetic intervention of a group of influential friends that full liberty and protection was obtained for Habimah. Maxim Gorky, eminent novelist; Constantine Stanislavski, of the Moscow Art Theatre and Feodor Chaliapin, singer in opera and concert, interceded for them. Stanislavski became their spiritual guide and at last they enjoyed an era of prosperity and artistic fulfilment; freed physically from the persecutions

which had beset them for these 20 years; freed spiritually from the hamperings of the old, self-imposed tradition of the stage. A great art blossomed forth.

Habimah became the subsidized ultra-modern experiment of the Moscow Art Theatre. For a period Vakhtangov became their director, and under him there developed a new stagecraft and a new lighting; grotesqueries were effected by faces painted like masks; fantastic stylization marked the movements of the actors. In 1922, Vakhtangov died and the original founder of the group, Naoum Zemach, again undertook its direction. He continued in the new phase.

At the end of 1926, Habimah undertook to gain international glories. They had in their repertoire five long-studied pieces—"The Dybbuk," "The Wandering Jew," "The Golem," "Jacob's Dream," and "The Deluge"—and for each piece they had developed a distinctive technique; a technique which encompasses as well the eerie fantasy and other-worldliness of "The Dybbuk" and the requirements of realism in the "The Deluge." With these they went to the leading cities on the European continent.

Everywhere critics hailed them enthusiastically. From a Viennese critic came this: "An evening unforgettable and without precedent." From Berlin: "A rare company." From Paris: "So beautiful are the acting and the conception, that the tonality of the language, its emphasis and rhythm, become more important than its bare meaning."

In America their history of the past two years is written in the dramatic criticism of the cities which they visited. It tells of a remarkable achievement in dramatic expression; of a stylization which heightens the poignancy of experience. It tells of a theatre in which acting is a rite; of the rare fire which burns in the players. It tells of Habimah.

FRANCES SHARF FINK.

"Jakob's Traum," by Dr. Richard Beer-Hofmann of Vienna, jurist, novelist, dramatist, is dated 1918. The Habimah plays it in the Hebrew translation.

The Herald has received from "L'Arc" the following letter:

"Why not carry the standardization of movie scenes to a logical conclusion? In this way much time, effort and celluloid would be saved, the concentration of movie fans could sink to absolute zero, and the movie palace would come into its soporific own, rivaling the theatres of Cavour attendance.

"My plan is this: Number each scene. For example, let us consider the scenes of escape. The brave, blushing heroine after beating the bars, pushes the carpet under the door, wiggles the key out upon it, withdraws it—an freedom. This scene let us number 1. Again we see the daring, dashin hero scratch up a ton boulder from the floor of his prison, secrete himse beneath it, it lying flat all the while, and later escape when the guard rushing hither and thither, leave the door open. This is scene No. 2.

"Thus: Instead of repeating these scenes weekly, merely flash up the screen—'Come the Escape. (No. 1.)' Very simple. Even every movie fan in time could remember them, they are so few. In this way each type of scene could be systematized until—of course perfection is something one to be hoped for, and absence only makes the heart grow fonder." P. H.

## THE OLD CONTINENTAL

### A Lively Sketch of a Famous Theatre, Home of the "Legitimate" and Tights

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Continental Theatre in Boston lived through eight normal or a normal seasons, opening Jan. 1, 1866, and closing on Fast day, Thursday, April 3, 1873.

The Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge were the projectors and owners with Lon Morris the first manager; the theatre was built entirely of brick in the record time of three and a half months. It occupied space once devoted to the Apollo Gardens, and stood at the corner of Washington and Harvard streets, with a "cut-in" by a store in the actual corner and running back about 80 feet. Back of that was the stage entrance, the dressing room scene dock, etc.

The facade was in conformity with the best of theatre construction methods of that time. The auditorium was 60 feet deep and 54 feet wide the upholstery being of blue rep, the seating capacity being about 1700. The frontage on Washington street was 60 feet, broken by two balconies, like those of the Boston Museum of sacred memory.

Lon Morris had engaged for his company R. S. Meldrum, Frank H. denberg, W. J. LeMoine, D. R. Allen, G. F. Ketchum, T. M. Hunter, D. R. Allen, Mrs. J. H. Rogers, Mrs. James Dickson, Susan Hood, Mrs. A. Whitney, Mrs. T. M. Hunter and others. Louis A. Zwiler was the treasurer, J. L. Saphore the stage manager, Napier Lothian leader of orches and "that rising young artiste," Orren C. Richards, did the brush work.

The season opened Monday, Jan. 1, 1866, with "Money." Six weeks later Lon Morris quit cold without any. During the six weeks he tried "L. Year," "Married Life," and several others of that ilk, in rapid succession, one groping in the dark; then Barton Hill in "Sam" and "Our American Cousin." Wilder & Sloat then took the helm, opening Feb. 9 with "Never Late to Mend," but it was; following that with the Hanlon Brothers, Feb. who did "Anabathron," whatever that was, and Alfred Hanlon present "Aeropatetician," also Fred Hanlon as Fibbertigibbit in the "Fairly Fou More hysteria followed, one feature being "The Sphinx," with the line the bill, "For their own sakes the audience are requested not to leave the house while the Sphinx is visible." Sometimes he did go out. On April George K. Goodwin had a shy at it, his trump card being Lucille We with four weeks of "East Lynne." May 12 saw his collapse. Now Al Cassidy rushed in, and for one and a half mad weeks, learned the dell of management and modestly said, "I know when I have had enough." H ever, during its five months of "hectivity" it reported to the tax collector \$75,844 and no cents had been taken in, although the Morris Bros., Pell Trowbridge had a great deal more sense than they had 10 months earlier. When this gross amount is compared with the other theatres, like the H. P. & T. for ten months, \$82,340.00, it compares favorably; while the H. P. & T. for 11 months only reported \$77,946.00, but when we come to the Museum's same period with \$162,060.00 and the Boston Theatre's \$317,0 it pales into insignificance.



allowing the "winter of our discontent," now comes "The Glorious," when B. F. Whitman took over the inanimate remains and read them until they shone with the splendor of their achievements. It still remains a mystery, for he left no record of his erstwhile or whereat. He is said to have made a fortune in the ready-made business in Buffalo, and taken a fling at management one season with Lotta, before he took the Continental. It is known that after reason at the Continental, and before he learned to sing, "out, out and," he did take over the Metropolitan Theatre in Buffalo for a Whitman engaged E. L. Davenport as his general stage director and tar; he had W. H. Sedley Smith, James Lewis, Dan Maguinnis, Mrs. Perrin, Louisa Meyers, Fanny Davenport, Kitty Blanchard, Mrs. Louisa and numerous others, and opened Aug. 20, 1866, with "Much Ado Nothing," following this with the round of Mr. Davenport's repertoire which came J. H. Hackett in "King Henry the Fourth," and "Rip inkle." On Sept. 17, Whitman played a trump card, "Cinderella," enjoyed four revivals during the season. "Cinderella" was delicious, with James Lewis as Baron Balderdash, Louisa Meyers as Cinderella, Blanchard as Prince Poppetti, Fanny Davenport the sumptuous, as and Louisa Morse as one of the sisters. In Bryant came Oct. 1 and the inimitable Lotta Nov. 5, in her repertoire which included "Little Nell and the Marchioness," for the first time in E. L. Davenport's name came off Oct. 13 and although it had been led for him to play Dantes in "Monte Cristo," H. A. Weaver played it for a run of three weeks.

Whitman had purchased for a trifle the New England rights to "The Crook." He confidently threw down on the boards Jan. 7, 1867, his trump card, which kept the stage for 135 consecutive performances. cast were Mrs. L. B. Perrin, Rudolph; W. H. Sedley Smith, Puffen; James Lewis, Greppo; Dan Maguinnis, Dragonfin; H. A. Weaver, g; Louisa Meyers, Stalacta; Fanny Davenport, Amina; Kitty Blanchard. "Cinderella" ended with a gorgeous "Transformation" and so did, as was then the custom, "The Black Crook," with even splendor, its many features accompanied by Lothian's orchestra. The delicious melody of The Calm, from the overture to "William Tell." In "The Crook" ended May 18, after which "Cinderella" returned for weeks, then Kate Reingolds, Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Edwin F. Thorne, the Locke, and a three-night revival of "The Crook" with a changed ended the only profitable season the Continental ever knew.

The third season opened Sept. 2, 1867, still under the management of Whitman. The only principals of his first company remaining were Lewis and Kitty Blanchard. He opened with Julia Dean in "The back," continuing with her repertoire. Then "Caste," with a revival of "Black Crook" for four weeks, with Rita Sangalli. On Oct. 14 Edwin with Wyzeman Marshall, Barton Hill and Miss Lillie, ran through weeks of his plays. Edwin Adams came next; more "Black Crook," Western, again the "Crook"; "The Golden Branch," with Morlach Bee Dance," closing Whitman's lease with "A Midsummer Night's" for three weeks.

Jan. 6, 1868, C. H. Garland became manager, and for brief times brave men dared Fate, during which time M. W. Leffingwell, J. H. Maffitt and Bartholomew and Mme. Janaschek appeared, the being "The Spirit of '76 or the Coming Woman," in which Emily played Judge Wigfall, and Harry Pearson Joe Wigfall. Now do low the genesis of Hodge's "The Judge's Husband"? Thus ended the ental Theatre, as such, for when it opened for its fourth season the had been changed to Willard's Theatre.

Henry E. Willard originated in Lansingburg, N. Y., in 1802. He was said to have been a manager in Savannah and Charleston before coming to where he frisked from flower to flower, becoming manager of the old Athenaeum, for which he appeared to have a penchant, his tening renewed more times than I could trace. He also was manager of the old National, and of the American, on Sudbury street, formerly Eagle Theatre. It was Willard who introduced Lola Montez and Henry Sontag to Bostonians. He died in New York Jan. 27, 1878.

The fourth season opened Aug. 31, 1868, with "Foul Play," followed by Western one week and Jean Hosmer two weeks. Jean Hosmer was an actress of some power who was originally known as Jean Stanley. Eva Brent, a light opera artiste, born in London the daughter of Travers, a popular soubrette, came accompanied by M. W. Fiske, who had in "The Grand Duchess," followed on Oct. 1 by Mlle. Zoe in of Arc." As the present mode of short skirts was not then in vogue referred to wear none at all, and was sumptuous without them.

Ask any old-timer. She was born in Havana in 1840, she married in Yates and died in 1886. Willard fades away, and the house passes the hands of the Boston Theatre management, under which it re Oct. 21 with a new name, "The Olympic Theatre," with Fanny chek, "Directress." She remained two weeks, playing "Deborah," trina the Second," etc. She was followed by the Florences for three

On Dec. 21 J. B. Booth took the helm, presenting the Elise Holt ue Company with Morlachi as the dancer and introducing for the ne on the professional stage W. H. Lee, a prominent and successful ar of the old Mercantile Library Company, who not long after aban- his new choice and became a member of the police commission.

The sixth season opened Sept. 5, 1870, with Colville's Novelties, with & Bartholomew, and continued with a now-you-see-it-and-now-you-sort of intermittent, feverish and hectic existence, closing with the Theatre company under J. B. Booth's management, during which they gave a play called "Mormons" with 36 characters, in which I think uch admired Quincy Kilby figured, and if he was in it, he certainly

st season "of all that ends this strange eventful history," still under Leake, opened Aug. 26, 1872, and followed a similar course to that of ngo river in Maine; the participants in which were more or less , generally the latter. The theatre closed forever as a "Temple of ama," with the performance of Thursday, April 3, 1873 (Fast Day), the management of C. Frank Woodbury, who presented a vaudeville

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK

Y—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Jaseba Helfetz, violinist. See special ice.  
Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra. See special ice.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. Orchestra of the Lincoln House Association, Jacques Hoffmann, conductor. 8 P. M. Interselement concert by pupils from the music school settlements.

Ford hall, corner Bowdoin street and Ashburton place. 7:30 P. M. Rodolphe Janson-La Palme, baritone.

MONDAY—Hollis Street Theatre, 8:15 P. M. "Martha."

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Marguerite Porter, soprano. First recital in Boston. Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist. Haydn, Del mio core, from "Orfeo"; Brahms, Der Tod das ist die Kuehle Nacht, Nachtdall; Schubert, Gretchen am Spinurade, Du bist die Ruh; Bantock, In the Harcm, Pavillion of Abounding Joy, Desolation, Dream of Spring, Feast of Lanterns; Parelli, Invocazione a Veneris, from "Ilermes"; Georges, Nuages, La Plule; Fourdrain, L'Oasis, La Farandole des Chimeres; Watts, Transformation, The Little Shepherd's Song; Quilter, Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal; La Forge, Hills.

TUESDAY—Hollis Street Theatre, 8:15 P. M. Dance program by Michio Ito and "Pagliacci."

WEDNESDAY—Hollis Street Theatre, 2:15 P. M. "Faust." 8:15 P. M. "The Marriage of Figaro."

Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert for the benefit of the Home and School Visitors' Association. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Beniamino Riccio, baritone; Max Rabino-vitch, pianist. Arias from "Pagliacci," "Barber of Seville," "Masked Ball," "Prince Igor." Songs by Rachmaninoff, Gretchaninoff, Rubinstein, Ravel, Respighi, Moussorgsky, Mozart, and Russian, Italian and Gypsy folk songs.

Symphony hall, 4 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. Young peoples' concert. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Hollis Street Theatre, 8:15 P. M. "The Elopement from the Seraglio."

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Lucie Stern, pianist. Franck, prelude, choral and fugue; Beethoven, sonata, op. 111; Chopin, ballade, F minor, valse, E minor, nocturne, F sharp minor, polonaise, A flat; Chasins, A Shang-hai Tragedy; Dvorsky (Hofmann), Penguin; Stravinsky, Dance from "Petrouchka"; Lucie Stern, Slavonic air; Liszt, Tarantella (Venezia e Napoli).

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Hollis Street Theatre, 8:15 P. M. "Faust."

SATURDAY—Hollis Street Theatre, 2:15 P. M. "Carmen." 8:15 P. M. "Madame Butterfly."

Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Lucia Chagnon, soprano; Walter Golde, accompanist. Scarlatti, O Cessate; Pergolesi, Se tu m'ami; Carissimi, Vittoria; G. Faure, Les Berceaux; Rubinstein, Chanson de Prisonniere; Severac, Ma Poupee Cherie; Gretchaninov, Le Steppe; Chopin-Viardot, Aimemoi; Beethoven, Andenken, Ich liebe dich; Schumann, Volksliedchen, Liebeslied, Widmung; Shuk, Through the Snow; Quilter, The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold; Ganz, A Woman's Last Word; St. Leger, Morning; Golde, Love Was with Me Yesterday.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

roles, not to forget the chorus—with special mention of the "boys" and their drill—filled them admirably. Music drama—there were both music and drama, so let us all be grateful.

The settings were in the queer style of modern Russia, with jagged strips of yellow and lavender cardboard to suggest a square in Seville, a sort of mammoth cave in the third act to give a hint of mountains. Since real scenery is not to be thought of, why lay a double task on the imagination? Plain curtains would answer better.

A large audience received the performance with genuine enthusiasm. R. R. G.

## Miss Madden

Mary Madden, pianist, played this agreeable program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall:

Sonata, A major, Mozart; Barcarolle, Humoresque, Rachmaninoff; Les fees son d'exquises dansues, La Danse de Puck, La Soiree dans Grenade, Toccata, Debussy; Novelette, D major, Romanza, F sharp major, In der Nacht, Schumann; Nocturne, F major, Etudes, F minor, C minor, Scherzo, C sharp minor, Chopin.

Before she had played so much as Mozart's theme Miss Madden had made it clear that she is a musician of excellent taste. For she played that theme simply, with its accents right, and so she made its melodic charm felt; not, because Mozart wrote it, did she feel the need of dashing perfume over a violet.

Although, in the earlier variations, nervousness, quite likely, set her heart to racing and her fingers too in sympathy, by the time of the variation in A minor Miss Madden, mistress of herself, played it delightfully, with phrasing most elegant but never mincing, with beautiful tone and with rhythm as crisp as you please. As for the rondo "Alla Turca," not everybody will hold with the propriety of hurrying those Turks so fast—who ever heard of Turks being quick on their feet?—but none the less Miss Madden contrived, by her rhythmic steadiness and her exquisite nuances, to win the momentary approval of those who disapprove of unseemly haste.

Throughout her program Miss Madden made these same musical qualities manifest, with a nice feeling for character as well—a barcarolle and a humoresque did not sound alike—and also for musical style. Lovely tone she produced all the time, and, all praise to her, she showed no toleration for the slovenly technique too common just at present.

If, without affectation, Miss Madden could bring herself to make her musically playing a shade warmer in feeling, the gain would do no harm. And

a slight tendency she shows toward a not unusual defect of her quality. So musically intelligent is she that sometimes she plays a passage not quite markedly enough to make its meaning as clear to a listener as it is to herself. R. R. G.

Reading some detective stories published recently by E. P. Dutton and Company one might say, Why are not these ingenious authors engaged as detectives at an enormous salary; or why, merely for the love of excitement, for glory instead of pecuniary gain, do they not unravel mysteries here and in England that baffle the professional sleuth hounds?

We have not read the latest stories by Conan Doyle. They are said by good judges to be far inferior to the earlier ones relating the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Sir Arthur's communications with the spirit world have not helped him in the invention of strange criminals and their detection. One had hoped that Poe's Dupin, Inspector Bucket, Sergeant Cuff and M. Le-cocq would have "come through" to lend Sir Arthur their aid. Possibly they are too busy on the higher plane in tracking criminals, for surely burglars, second-story workers, thieves, forgers, crooks of all descriptions do not, in passing over, suddenly become smug and orthodox citizens.

But to the books published by E. P. Dutton and Company: "2. L. O.," a "Startling Radio Mystery Story" by Walter S. Masterman; "Mr. Fortune, Please," by H. C. Bailey; "The Voice of the Seven Sparrows," by Harry Stephen Keeler. In Mr. Masterman's story Kitty Lake was murdered in the cottage of Mr. Kenyon, who, having finished a play, wished absolute quiet in order to go over it. Kitty was a young actress. She was going to take the leading part in the new play. The other inmates of the house were Moira Kenyon, the playwright's wife, and the private secretary, Capt. Farrar. Who cut Kitty's throat in the room where she had been playing the piano softly, so as not to disturb the two men? They heard the girl say, "Oh, do go away. Only ruin can come of it." Then there was "a bitter sobbing." Farrar went round to the French window. Kenyon broke the door and rushed in. "They knelt beside the



Mr. Fortune was a greater detective than even the great Sinclair. He found the missing husband, Julian Brase, in a ring of beech trees, asleep, but for "the dark stain which came from his head down his face and neck." Did Mrs. Brase, a large stately woman, whose face in court had the pallor of ivory, whose photograph had "a haggard and restless appearance" kill "the drunken, gambling brute"? What about the "mysterious, sinister figure of the rector's wife"?

It was Mr. Fortune who ascertained the identity of "the Cat Burglar" and arrested Mr. Maple Vansittart, director of burglaries, whose room contained empire furniture, a Chinese carpet, a table of rococo jewels, a Fragonard child, a Boucher nymph." Mr. Fortune was at "the Lion Party" where Madame Catalani's costly jewels were found in poor Hilda's room. He deciphered Y "A1 10x 10 10 Epikall H" and found two priceless reliquaries. He explained what Mr. Wissenden did in his attempt to get Miss Dean, the quiet lady, hanged. And it was Mr. Fortune who found out by the rough sketch of a kitten on coarse blue paper the horrid mystery of "the Little House." They are all good stories well told, easily, and with a sense of humor.

Mr. Keeler was already known to readers of detective stories—and who is not a reader of them?—by his "Find the Clock." His "Voice of the Seven Sparrows" has a still more complicated plot. It is, to quote the wrapper, a story that involves murder, embezzlement, revenge, racial intrigue—"a new work which enmeshes newspapers, banks, life boats, and laundries from California to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to Asia." It is described by the same gifted writer of wrappers as "a perfect example of Mr. Keeler's arabesques of intrigue that confound human reason." Could more be said? We start with the deuce of spades and two pieces of Chinese writing. The laundryman Sing Wwai Tsui Moy telephones that he has news for which 10,000 men seek, and he would impart it to the Tong of the Seven Sparrows. We are introduced to Absalom Smith, a newspaper man, out of a job, and the slick Barker working throughout the book against him. If Smith could locate the missing daughter of the Leader's publisher and thus furnish a "scoop supreme"! Then follow hair-raising adventures, with strange meetings, vivid sketches of low life in New Orleans, with Sarah Fu, now aiding Smith in his search, now doubting his honesty. Killings in plenty, plots and counterplots, several Smiths, wild doings at sea, virtue at last triumphant, villainy defeated. As Mr. William Lyon Phelps would say, "It's a ripping good story."

E. P. Dutton and Company also publish "The Dreadful Night" by Ben Ames Williams. Here is a tale in which Mr. Williams succeeds in his artistically simple manner in putting the reader in sustained suspense and terror. The convincing simplicity of the narration works a spell which straining after effect could not create. The reader passes that dreadful night with the two women

audreading the worst. His hair, as the reporter's, prickles on the nape of his neck when he sees the bat flying around the chimney of the living room though he had locked it in the bath-room upstairs; he, too, looks for weapons, a niblick and an axe. For an Italian opera singer nearby, from superstition had sold the Capello emerald to Molly's husband. The singer, on an island nearby, was murdered by some hideous creature who was seeking the precious stone, and was still seeking it. And Molly's husband was not at home.

Jascha Heifetz made his last appearance of the season at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, Isidor Aehron accompanied him in the following program: Brahms, sonata in D minor for violin and piano; Bach, adagio and fugue from first sonata for violin alone; Glazounoff, concerto; J. Achron, Hebrew melody; Szolt, Satyr and Dryads; Ponce-Heifetz, "Estrellita"; Wienlowsky, scherzo tarentelle.

There were many things which contributed to the pleasure of Mr. Heifetz's performance yesterday afternoon. Without great elaboration one might say that the beautiful tone for which Mr. Heifetz is justly famous was present in goodly abundance, the foundation of the program was in the sterling worth of Bach and Brahms, the program was of satisfying length and contrast without holes left to be filled by the clap trap of encores and Mr. Heifetz played each of his selections in the mood of the composer, a kindly and noble accomplishment which is overlooked by many, even of the first rank of virtuosos.

the Brahms sonata was therefore in the best Brahmsian manner, graceful in its dignity, grandly eloquent with the third movement shaping exquisitely and of exceedingly fine texture. Even the sedate Bach was stirred out of his great complacency and at times there seemed to be more than one violin during the intricate weaving of the fugue.

After the Bach sonata for violin alone, Mr. Heifetz turned to the business of the Glazounov easily. It indeed

takes great skill and keen appreciation of musical emotions to slide from the thoughts of one man to those of another and clip the habit of self so that it will fit one or the other.

The rest of the program was indeed full flavored with the pleasure of contrast emphasized. The Hebrew melody was beautiful, but its minor strains paced slowly while Szolt's music sparkled. Mr. Heifetz had to repeat his "Estrellita" and the Tarantelle was as it should be, inspired music to best the sting of the Neapolitan tarantula. Mr. Achron's accompaniments were good at all times.

In spite of the inclement weather, Symphony hall was comfortably filled. Many musicians were present and the enthusiastic appreciation of Mr. Heifetz was genuine and well earned.

C. M. D.

by not smoothing out the somewhat strident quality of the slow movement's opening passage, he let the solo violin's song make the suave effect undoubtedly intended. This slow movement gained much from the sweet tone and just feeling Miss Ippolito had ready for all the concerto that did not move too fast or vigorously. She was cordially applauded.

Mr. Holmann closed the concert with Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony." The first movement—and no doubt the others—he played with fine tone extremely well balanced, with most musicianly shaping of the melodies, and most important, with life.

Next week Rata Present will play  
Chopin's F minor piano concerto.  
E. E. G.

P. R. G.

(“If you stroll along Bond street it is easy to see that the nose-length of veil has come very much into fashion in the last week or two. It is piquant and demure without being too retiring. But its arrival does not mean that dresses will be any shorter. On the contrary its object seems to be to emphasize the daring of the skirt.”—Fashion note of the week.)

Here's to the maiden who powders her  
nose

And here's to the one with it shiny!  
Here's to the dame with a statuesque  
nose.

And here's to the sylph who is tiny!  
Here's to the whole of a wonderful sex,  
Whatever their form or their  
feature,

Whose fashions seem often designed  
to perplex  
The more logical masculine crea-  
ture!

Here's to the lass with a delicate air,  
And here's to the blue-stock-  
ing model!

And here's to the one who is certainly  
fair

But without an idea in her noddle!  
Here's to the hoyden, so reckless and  
rude.

And the holler sort who are sainted!  
Here's to the Maori, boldly tattooed,  
And the Mademoiselle who is  
painted!

Here's to the veiled of Mohammedan  
spheres!

And here's to the lass of Ashanti  
Who wears a pan lld through the lobe  
of her ears

But whose costume is otherwise  
seanty!

But here's to the lass of this latter-day wheeze  
Where logic is wholly o'erridden—

The maiden who freely exposes her  
knees

But considers her nose should be  
hidden!

—LUCIO, in the Manchester Guardian

Apropos of Walter Hampden's revival of "Henry the Fifth," in New York, the critics are nearly unanimous in finding the play too "talky" if not dull, and the humor dreary stuff. They speak of Mansfield and Lew Waller as predecessors of Hampden in the part.

Yet there was a time in New York when "Henry the Fifth" was regarded as a "rattling" good play, and there are in other cities the theatres were crowded.

whenever it was performed with George Rignold as the gallant Harry. Perhaps the young lions of the New York press do not know Rignold even by name; yet he was once a matinee idol. His photograph in costume, with the photograph of Henry J. Montague, his matinee rival, was in many a shop window.

We saw Rignold in Shakespeare drama, which was performed with him as the hero at Booth's Theatre, New York. The company was an excellent one; the production was costly and effective. Rosa Rand took the part of the Chorus; Louise Dorell was a charming Princess Katherine. The parts of Pisto Bardolph, Nym, were taken respectively by C. B. Bishop, Charles Leclerc and Charles T. Parsloe. The unsophisticated audiences of New York and other cities thought they were very amusing; these audiences found even the text humorous. A leading feature of the performance was the portrayal of the choleric Fluellen by Fred Thorne.

Rignold had a noble voice and manly, princely bearing. He spoke in lines eloquently, whether they were heroic or colloquial. It was said that he did not shine brilliantly in other parts; that he was not an actor

intellectual force; but it is not easy to think of any other man as Henry T. Fifth. Rignold came from San Francisco to New York to play Romeo at benefit for a local charity. He had promised; he kept his word; he returned to San Francisco. The performance in New York was on July 8;

sailed on July 16 from San Francisco  
Australa. At that performance  
"Romeo and Juliet," Sara Jewett to  
the part of Juliet; Mary Wells, Mes.  
Aldrich and Weaver were in the cast.  
When "Henry the Fifth" was brought  
out at the Boston Theatre on Nov.  
1875, with Rignold, Mrs. Barry rec-  
ited the lines of the chorus. Nym  
played by G. W. Wilson; Bardolph  
by D. J. Maguinness. George Vandell  
was seen in "Henry the Fifth" at  
Boston Theatre in 1857.

We can recall a time when in England wives addressed their husbands as "Mr. So-and-So." Only a few years before that a son, writing a letter to his father, began: "Respected Sir." No longer is a son expected to resent it if his father calls him "Old Top," "Old Time," "Old Bean." Sir Algernon West tells a story, heard from Henry Greville, the latter's mother, Lady Charlotte, her brother, the Duke of Portland, meeting in the morning: "How is your ladyship this morning?" asked the duke. She replied as solemnly: "I am as well; I am obliged to your grace." A London journal recently thought it worth while at the opening of Parliament to name a historic nobleman who had greeted his wife when she came with a formal, "How do you do?" with a handshake. What would the London journal have had him do on this occasion? Embrace her wildly and passionately, burning kisses?

There were two Englishmen on the ocean liner that was coming into New York harbor. When he caught sight of the Statue of Liberty, one of them said to the other: "Hi sye, chappie! Does the bloomin' Statue of Liberty stand for?" And the other, who was rather fed up with his trip across the pond, replied: "Because him would be a beastly silly lyng down, old thing!"

As the World Wags:

Let me teach your class Thanks. The lesson is on how to English in dear old Lunnun. We children, on the tube of the ground railroad. But they call it just like that. We can reach a in the city on the tube, from the phant and Castle to Ma-bloeth. you don't understand Ma-bloeth is right here on the jolly old Ma-r-r-b-l-e A-r-r-c-h, simple, what do not tell me you never hear "Marlybone," when it is named Queen Mary, called "La Bonne. It is on the map, too—Marlybone certainly that spells "Marlybone. children, we must know what t or we won't be English at a straw hats, or you will all be n for American tourists, you know dinner jackets in the evening. thah! A tuxedo you say. Ah, are wrong—it may be a tuxedo York or Chicago, but it is a jacket in jolly old Lunnun. On cvening your teacher heard an man ask, "Really, a tuxedo is Spanish bullfighter wears, isn't it hole, what? And now we'll t jolly old train and go to Cissete. you can't find it on the map; stupid, right in front of your nose there it is, can't you spell? Look C-i-r-e-n-c-e-s-t-e-r. Well, the sester. I don't know why, but the

HORATIO THE EDUCATED

By PHILIP HALE

**SHUBERT THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh," a play in acts by George Kelly. It arrived at the Cort Theatre, New York, Dec. 26, when Judith Anderson took the part of Antoinette; Jean Dixon, that of Madame Peyton; Mary Servoss that of Mrs. Ridgeway; John Marston that of Spencer Train; Thurston Hall, that of Lyle; Carl Hamilton, Doctor Hudson; Clarence Bellair, Dr. Loebell. Last night was as follows:

er-	CAST last night was as follows:	Judith Ar
the	Antoinette Lyle.....	Kenneth I
	Edwards .....	Mary S
	Sheppard .....	Richard
a	Mrs. Eleanor Ridgeway .....	Jean
ere	Spencer Train .....	Lester
at	Constance Peyton .....	Virginia
er	Gehring Fittler .....	Thurston
of	Mary McGrath .....	A. J.
	Robert Lyle .....	Clarence
	Doctor Huntington .....	Marion
	Doctor Loebell .....	

The first act is excellent in way. The characters are sharply defined, with the possible exception of Train, and this is more the fault of the dramatist than of Mr. Gordon. It is supposed merely by a look to change a few minutes the nature of a woman and convince her of her utter unworthiness. This "look" was not hy-



himself was unconscious that he looking disapproval of Antoinette, her views of life.

the daughter of a rich man, wife died when Antoinette was had been allowed to go her own. As a child she would not study; as rebellious, petulant, thoroughly. When we meet her, a beautiful re, she is cynical, sharp-tongued, at what simpler women hold and, if later, in her self-abase she hints at an unsavory epi her European experiences, per more than one adventure that scandal and cost her hush at the time she had no sense of. She has no illusions, no de. If she had ever loved, it was h caprice, not through sentiment, rough passion. Restless, she goes place to place, weary of every weary of herself.

friend Eleanor, who had the e to marry and through necessity, nply, adoring her husband, talks to her, and tells her that she ve a change of heart when she the right man. Then she will her cynical indifference. Eleanor her for her treatment of Titler, as long been devoted to her. is with Eleanor and meets Antoi for the first time. She is more than usual. Little by little she interested in him. He gives her e rose, through mere politeness. essies it in a book. He leaves the She, lost in thought, looks at ensively.

act is well constructed, with the ion of characters by means of conversation. Only Train says and what he says is of little conce. It is not by word of mouth Antoinette sees her frivolous, life as in a glass, clearly.

remaining acts show the change racter. Here comes the question a woman like Antoinette would ly fall desperately in love and at me time realize that her love is, because she is not worthy of n. We do not believe it for a t. Suppose she were repentant, she not strive the more to win o reveal to him her change of at least through Eleanor—for ette saw Train but a few times the final scene, when she was rom love-sickness? Could she not n her wealth, her beauty, her and through love make her it companion?

n, after all, was a human being, one could not help gaining the sion that in some respects he bit of a prig. The bridegroom one to Antoinette and she likened to one of the foolish virgins. ight not Train say when it was e, that he was the one unworthy? ad believed newspaper gossip antial to Antoinette; he accepted the woman who had talked idly, eyes foolishly; and he classed her t further inquiry with the foolish o demi-virgins in a society that ight fast and intolerable.

the first act the play is of un nerit as regards the dialogue. e are admirable passages, then a ef words. Take, for example, the e physicians toward the end. fect of the scene between An and Fittler in the second act, ight be dramatically intense, is ed away by endless repetitions. e these acts one no longer recog e the Antoinette of the first. Marcel shows how one person may con veral, or as Walt Whitman cried: ain multitudes," but Antoinette marked a character to go to pieces, e because a supposedly good man e at her.

e the play, stripped by psycholog ibrage, is interesting as a study racter, if one can accept a sud onversion brought about by the an ordinary young man, capable nness, no doubt, but not endowed dramatist with force or wit.

performance itself was interest- Miss Anderson gave a capital por in the first act of a fascinating e, so indifferent that she did not the trouble to be aggressively ss. After this act the dramatist her. Miss Servoss gave us a

n who was sensible and at the time attractive, while Miss Dixon lively, sporty, gossiping Constance musing. The women outshone the One wished to feel the convert- ok of Train convincing; but he looked at Antoinette as any ous gentleman might have done; ray, what actor could have done even to oblige Mr. Kelly?

large audience was closely atten-

"Sadie Thompson," a film drama starring Gloria Swanson, based on W. Somerset Maugham's short story "Miss Thompson," which was dramatized as "Rain," directed by Raoul Walsh and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Alfred Hamilton.....Lionel Barrymore  
Mrs. Hamilton.....Blanche Frederick  
Joe Horn.....James A. Marcus  
Amena.....Sophia Artega  
Sergeant Tim O'Hara.....Raoul Walsh  
Sadie Thompson.....Gloria Swanson

There are always difficulties to be encountered in adapting to the screen a story or a play. There is always comparison to nag at the film's heels and "Sadie Thompson," as good a film as it is, is liable to this comparison. In the story, the written word went far to put this unfortunate young woman vividly before one; the play had the assistance of the rain to enhance its atmosphere; in the last medium, the screen, Raoul Walsh has concentrated on his characters letting the story play up to them as it will.

Fortunately the film does not wander far from the dismal hotel in Pago Pago where most of the action takes place and Gloria Swanson gives an excellent, one might say, an inspired performance of the famous Sadie. Lionel Barrymore makes of the reformer Hamilton, a character to be compared favorably with the missionary Davidson, and, as in the play, he commits suicide to the great satisfaction of everyone. Walsh, the director, is acceptable as the broad-minded sergeant.

A happy ending is worked in nicely, and with the exception of one subtitle, these necessities are exceptionally good. In spite of the few dashes of talc powder and pleasant subterfuge from the original strong drama, one finds in this film thoroughly gripping entertainment. Gloria Swanson has proved to the world that she is a great actress. Only a great actress could have made Sadie Thompson so compelling a personality on the screen that one forgot to listen for the rain.

**AMERICAN OPERA CO.**

The opera announced for last night at the Hollis Street Theatre was Flo-tow's "Martha," with Mmes. Sherman and Peebles, and Messrs. Newdale, Daniels, Laramy and Uppmann.

The American Opera Company, giving opera in English with "all American casts," announce a double-bill for this evening: "Pagliacci," with Natalie Hall, Nedda; Mr. Hedley, Canio; Mr. Koch, Tonio; Mr. Rice, Beppo, and Mr. Burt, Silvio. The performance will be followed by an entertainment by Michio Ita, Japanese dancer, assisted by Louise Richardson, soprano; Louise Barnhardt, mezzo-contralto; Genevieve Pitot, pianist, and the American Opera ensemble. Music by Ravel, Debussy, Albeniz, Scriabin, Tchaikovsky and Cadman.

**"JUST FANCY"**

"Just Fancy," a musical piece based on A. E. Thomas's play, "Just Suppose," popular several seasons back, opened at the Wilbur last night after running in New York and Chicago. It is the first production of Joseph Santley, who also plays the leading role. Other notable people in the cast are Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Raymond Hitchcock, Ivy Sawyer, and H. Reeves Smith.

The prince incognito, the Cinderella who cannot go to the ball, and the hero who leaves his sweetheart forever while violins make tender music and the ship's whistle rudely hastens his farewell are well tried romantic themes, and as woven into a musical play of lacy and beribboned sentimentality, finds ready response from an audience.

To the visit of the Prince of Wales we owe the present variation of the theme. Princes are supposed to fall into hopeless love with commoners, and it is a fancied love affair, not of the present heir to the throne, but of his grandfather, who visited America in 1860, which furnished the impetus for Mr. Thomas's play and the present adaptation. The prologue shows us the present prince visiting the country home of the Staffords "near New York." The aged Aunt Linda Lee, admirably played by Mrs. Whiffen, tells the boys and girls a story—the story of how she met Prince Edward of old, in the hoopskirted sixties, and this is the body of the play.

There are many merry moments, however, and the net result is by no means on the side of sad and blighted romance. Mr. Hitchcock, as New York's official welcomer of the '60s, Mr. Harcourt as the pompous mayor, and Eric Blore as the "silly-ass Englishman" who is the aide to the Prince, inject high-spirited comedy and are well received. Bobby Tremaine as a temperamental Spanish dancer, a threatening lady who has dangerous letters, adds a needed touch of tobacco with her languorous eyes, her dances and her dagger. And speaking of dancing, one of the delights of the play is the work

of Miss Lemmon and the Tarasoff de Valery girls, who are petite, charming, and exceptionally well trained.

Mr. Hitchcock amuses the audience with drolleries delivered in the expected Hitchcock manner, a manner which makes a joke go over despite its long service. He was recalled for a brief curtain speech. The music of Joseph Meyer and Philip Charig provided a graceful but for the most part undistinguished background. H. F. M.

**MRS. PORTER SINGS**

Marguerite Porter, soprano, admirably accompanied by Margaret Kent Hubbard, sang this program last night in Jordan Hall: *Dei Mio Core, Haydn; Der Tod das ist die kuhle Nacht, Nachtigall, Brahms; Gretchen am Spinnrade, Du bist die Ruh, Schubert; In the Harem, Pavillion of Abounding Joy, Desolation, Dream of Spring, Feast of Lanterns, Bantock; "Invocazione a Veneris" from "Hermes," Parelli; Nuages, La Pluie, Georges; L'Oasis, La Farandole des Chimeres, Fouldrain; Transformation, The Little Shepherd's Song, Watts; Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, Quilter; Hills, La Forge.*

Mrs. Porter found music to sing we do not hear every day. Hadyn's aria—one sees it when leafing over collections of airs, but not many persons have sung it in public. And Parelli's "Invocation"! We think of the man, in this country as a conductor, under Campanini, at the Manhattan Opera House and in Chicago. On opera, nevertheless, Parelli did write, "Hermes," by name, and it was produced at Genoa in 1906. No doubt it answered very well, if one may judge from last night's fragment.

Bantock's Chinese songs, to go on with Mrs. Porter's findings, seemed not worth the trouble it must have cost to learn them—pretentious efforts whose orientalism quickly palled. Mrs. Porter placed them cruelly, after Schubert and Brahms in their finest veins.

She brought to hearing a notably lovely voice, a soprano long in range, bigger than most in volume, in quality both rich and delightfully clear. This exceptional organ Mrs. Porter is in the way of developing to excellent advantage; already in music in which she feels herself comfortably at home, she produces her tones with enviable ease. Words, in four tongues, she enunciates distinctly and, at her best, as in Haydn's air, she obtains a smooth legato.

Best on technique, as a young singer needs must be, Mrs. Porter has not yet succeeded in letting her interpretation or musical powers reach the level of her mechanical proficiency. Art indeed is long—and time, alas, is vexingly fleeting.

A large audience applauded Mrs. Porter with warm cordiality. R. R. G.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE:** "Dancing Mothers," a comedy in four acts, by Edgar Selwyn and Edward Gouling.

The cast was as follows:

Zola Mazerene.....Mary Hill  
Andrew.....Winfield Hyatt  
Ethel Westcourt.....Gloria Joel  
"Kittens" Westcourt.....Marion Swayne  
Kenneth Cobb.....Henry Wadsworth  
Hugh Westcourt.....Frank Charlton  
"Cutie".....Sydney Landrew  
MacGuire.....Malcolm Arthur  
Charlie.....James Hagar  
Joseph.....Remus Jensen  
Young Girl.....Betty White  
Young Man.....Percy Williams  
Mrs. Barnes.....Delmar Meyer  
Escort.....George Selvin  
Another Young Girl.....Bernardette MacGillivray  
Another Young Man.....Rufus Johnson  
Clarence Houston.....William Hard  
Jenny Naughton.....Walter Gilbert  
Irma.....Edith Speare  
Davis.....Royal Beal

Three years ago, when "Dancing Mothers" was first produced, all the Mrs. Westcourts began to materialize, mothers who watched their light-hearted daughters flitter about, and worried. But soon discovering that worrying neither did themselves nor the daughters any particular good they turned from censorship to sympathy. They bobbed their hair, they acquired a favorite cocktail and they flirted with strange men at night clubs. And when an irate but pleasure-loving husband happened on his wife, dancing after 10 o'clock, he explained that she was educating herself to understand her daughter.

Oh, it was all so very complicated three years ago, that explanations were necessary. But now, husbands are used to excuses, daughters are no longer being so sternly criticised, and still, the mothers continue to dance, and only because they like it.

The play concerns one of these early mothers, gives her a slightly drunken daughter, a slightly unfaithful husband and an active mind. She uses the latter to deal with the former in what furnishes an amusing evening entertainment. The cast is well chosen, especially adequate being the performance of Frank Charlton as Hugh Westcourt. E. R.

**"GOOD NEWS" 39**

**MAJESTIC—"Good News" special**

eastern company of the Schwab and Mandel musical now playing in New York. George Olsen, in person, and his band, a feature. The cast:

Tom Marlow.....Don Lanning  
"Beck" Saunders.....Don Rowan  
Bobby Randall.....William Wayne  
"Big Bill" Johnson.....Anthony Hughes  
"Pooch" Kearney.....John Philbrick  
Charles Kenyon.....Maurice Darcy  
Patricia Bingham.....Mildred Costello  
Constance Lane.....Dolores Farris  
Babe O'Day.....Marie Callahan  
Selvester.....Claude Stroud  
Windy.....Sam Wren  
Flora.....Arthur Appell  
Mollie.....Marion Chambers  
Flor.....Thelma White  
The College Band.....George Olsen  
George.....George Olsen  
The Glee Club Trio the Tiffany Boys; Charles Helferman, Edward Gallaher, Lew Bellin.

"Good News" was first presented in Atlantic City last August. A Philadelphia engagement followed, and then a New York premier in September. It was an immediate hit. Schwab and Mandel, the wise producers, however, decided that other cities should not have to wait until the New York company's popularity was exhausted, and consequently made up two other troupes, one of which is now playing in Chicago. Actor-proof dramatic plays have been heard of before, but it is not very often that one can speak of a so-called actor-proof musical comedy, since in this form of entertainment so much depends upon the personality of the player rather than his actual ability to interpret character. But if such a thing is possible, "Good News" can surely be put in this class. Usually musical comedies are classed as dancing shows, or as those that have pretty tunes for a feature. "Good News" has both. Bobby Connelly has put the ensembles through the most exhaustive paces seen on any Boston stage in a long, long time.

There is a collegiate background to comedy. Most of the action takes place on the campus and dormitories of one Tait University, a co-ed institution. A love affair between one of the students and the football hero of the hour forms the basis of the slender, but adequate, plot.

People might be hesitant about showing any interest in a collegiate musical comedy, dreading, perhaps, the story book and movie point of view of rah-rah boys and sorority girls cutting up at a fudge party. You are spared this in large degree, although there is one song, "Girls of Pi Beta Phi" where the ladies of the ensemble skip about in bright colored satin pajamas, just too cute for words.

There are no real "names" in the cast, but all the principals perform in the general high speed and abandon which the action and music calls for. Little Thelma White was one of the hits of the evening. She introduces the "Varsity Drag" and "Good News," two of the popular tunes of the entertainment. She has an intimate, night club style of putting her songs and dances over. Dolores Farris, another recruit from night clubs, does some remarkable dancing. So does Marie Callahan, who has been seen here before in "Kid Boots." William Wayne, of the team of Wayne and Warren in vaudeville, carries off the comedy honors of the evening as the "goat" of the college. Don Lanning, as the hero, is most agreeable and looks as if he might really have played football.

It is certainly a hard-working troupe. They stomp and gasp, and stomp some more, and shout again. The chorus is no sooner off than it is on once more, arms flying, feet tapping. George Olsen led his band during a portion of the show and was given a cordial welcome. The audience packed the theatre and standees were in evidence in the rear. A. F.

**Norma Talmadge and Noah Beery**

**Head Cast**

Norma Talmadge, Noah Beery and Gilbert Roland have the chief roles in "The Dove," the screen feature at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. The new film, adapted from Willard Mack's famous stage play of like name, tells a fascinating tale of love and daring and is set amid colorful scenes in a land of romance, the mythical Costa Roja. The three principals contribute admirable portrayals and make the new photoplay decidedly entertaining.

Minstrelsy holds the spotlight on the stage at the Orpheum this week. Primrose Minstrels, inaugurated by the late George Primrose, one of vaudeville's first minstrel men, is the headline act. In celebrating its 60th anniversary, this big act enlists the services of 20 talented singers, dancers and entertainers. Dan Quinlan, Bob Fisher and John King, veteran minstrel favorites, head the cast which also includes the Primrose quartet, Malloy Twins, Miller and Girard, Primrose syncopators, Bert Keeling and the Smith Sisters. It is a novelty act and an entire musical show in itself.

**SADIE THOMPSON"**

**STATE THEATRE**



## CONTINUING PLAYS

Hollis—American Opera Company. Last week.

Plymouth—"Saturday's Children." Ruth Gordon in Maxwell Anderson's domestic comedy. Last week.

Tremont—"Hit The Deck." Vincent Youmans' musical comedy with Louise Goody, Charles King, Stella Mayhew and others.

Copley—"The Wrecker," thrilling mystery melodrama by the author of "The Ghost Train." Second week.

Repertory—"What Every Woman Knows," revival of Barrie's play. Second week.

## Film of Martin Johnson's African Expedition Is Shown

Colonial Theatre—"Simba," a film record of the Martin Johnson's expedition into Africa, is an amusing and instructive film. Mr. Johnson has a nice flare for showmanship which makes the instructive part of this film painless and enjoyable. Mrs. Johnson, a jolly, likeable person, runs neck and neck with the Simba (lions) for film recognition, and the contest rather favors Mrs. Johnson. What a calm little person she is with an elephant or a lion charging at her from one angle and a camera from another angle. Mrs. Johnson merely raises her gun without changing her expression, and the animal rolls over like a leaf before a wind. "Never in the history of the species," says William McFee, "has the female been so much more deadly than the male."

The photography of this film is beautiful as well as interesting. One does get fairly familiar with the Johnsons before the last reel, but it is, all in all, rather homey. One is also made to realize that the taking of these reels was no mere picnic. Elephants and lions look calm enough, it is just as well to be reminded that a shifting of the wind, the breaking of a twig would end the story.

In the parade of African life are many rare and unusual animals. One, the sable antelope, has never before been photographed, according to Mr. Johnson, and all of the animals and many birds native to the African veld and jungle have been given due attention on the screen. Many times these scenes are dramatic, some show the animals at close range and the subtitles carry a nice humor so that the story unfolds with more than technical skill.

Natives, also, have their part in this film story of African life. A lion hunt by the Lumbwa tribe of Tanganyika, British East Africa, is, one might say, primitive drama with the magnificent combination of nature study. There are thrilling moments. One sees how naturally the native bursts into dance instead of speech. The king and queen of this tribe are given many close-ups before the camera, interesting studies of human nature, interesting human nature.

The film should be put down as a sincere effort to bring the natural charm of Eastern Africa to the theatre. If there is a glorifying of the exhibitors by themselves which at times seems other than modest, one should grant them that they have done a good work, have faced flood, famine and the many things they tell about for the benefit of natural science, one should allow them to brag a bit.

The accompaniment to this film is a well arranged phonographic device. Mr. Johnson chats with its help and a song of the Safari takes a few minutes from the more important picture. There are many scenes, beautiful scenes in which the colored film is used to advantage. The cannibalistic studies and other scenes in the introductory film are from other of the Johnsons' wanderings, a sure cure for the wanderlust so that "Simba" is a nice way to take one's Africa.

C. M. D.

## FLORENCE REED STARS IN BILL AT KEITH'S

Appears in Comedy Sketch Entitled "Jealousy"

Florence Reed, late star of the "Shanghai Gesture," was given an ovation when she made her debut on Keith's stage last night. The lines the famous actress was reciting as she appeared, were drowned in the applause which she acknowledged with a

graceful bow. "Jealousy," is the title of the comedy sketch she appears in and which was written and is being staged by Edwin Burke. Miss Reed is making a limited vaudeville tour before returning to the legitimate stage. Odali Careno's rendition of "Ave Maria" (in Latin) was well received. Miss Careno, a dramatic soprano and who has sung in grand opera, was accompanied by Marjorie Mary Scott, at the piano, in her program which consisted of Saint-Saens's aria from "Samson and Delilah" (which she sang in French), Slumber Song, and Estrellita, which she sang in Spanish.

Jules Howard, with a company comprising Jack Keller, Ginevra Robert, Billy Blask, Madge North and Joseph Caruso, took the house with his humor on a subway trip "From the Battery to the Bronx."

Harry Norwood and Alpha Hall, two popular comedians, offer their newest laugh-provoking skit entitled "And She Believed Him." Mickey Lewis and Jimmy Winthrop are two lively step-pers in a dance number; Al Striker, a world-renowned contortionist, has the audience gasping at the way he twists his body; Lawton, "the man from Jugglania," has a good act and tosses balls around in an amazing manner; Three Lordens in "Lights Out," and the Pathe News pictures conclude the program.

## Milton Sills Stars in Film from Jack London Book

Screen personalities are often at variance with the real personality of the actor who assumes them.

In no one is the difference so marked as in the personality of Milton Sills on and off the screen. In the films Sills is the virile, out-of-door man, a miner, a lumberjack, a sailor or something of the sort. Off the screen he is still virile and spends some time out of doors, but there the likeness ends. For Sills is a studious man of extraordinary education and a variety of talents aside from acting. A musician and a profound student of philosophy, Sills has a large number of interests outside the screen.

None of these interests, however, keep him from excelling in the type of character which has made him such a popular star and in "Burning Daylight," the Jack London story recently filmed by First National, he is said to create his best role in many months.

This picture is billed as the feature attraction at the Washington Street and Scollay Square Olympias for the week beginning March 18.

Two novels of a widely different character are published by Little, Brown & Company: "Red Rust," by Cornelia James Cannon, and "Tragedy at Ravensthorpe," by J. J. Connington.

"Tragedy at Ravensthorpe" is an alluring title. Tragedy; Ravensthorpe, an estate named after a bird of ill omen. The titles of Mr. Connington's other novels tempt a reader of robberies and murders: "Death at Swathling Court"—"Swathling" suggests dark doings, even without the word "Death." "Murder in the Maze"—a story of two simultaneous murders in the garden of a country house, with a man and a girl lost in the maze stumbling separately upon two corpses and hearing the footsteps of the escaping assassin. "The Dangerfield Talisman"—did it bring danger to the house, the wearer, the possessor?

Yet the opening of "Tragedy at Ravensthorpe" is mild; the seeker after thrills and horrors might think it tame. Much depends in stories of this nature on the first sentence, or at least the first page. Homer has been praised for the first line of the "Iliad." Then there is the famous tale handed in by a boy in a composition class after he had been told to write a striking beginning, the tale in which the Duchess sternly chides a presuming, too familiar suitor.

Now Mr. Connington introduces at once Cecil Chacewater saying to Sir Clinton Driffield, as they are sauntering up a path in the Ravensthorpe grounds: "Got fixed up in your new house yet? It must be a bit of a change from South Africa—settling down in this backwater." This does not hold out the promise of hair-raising incidents—but, stay: know that Sir Clinton is the new chief constable of the county; that he is curious (on the seventh page) about the "weird fairy houses" seen in many places on the grounds; that there's a pool full of sharp spikes of rock jutting up from the bottom nearly 100 feet below paved ground with a marble balustrade and pedestals carrying life-sized marble statues facing the gulf below; that Sir Clinton is not easy in his mind about the masked ball in honor of Joan coming to age; that Cecil speaks bitterly about his older brother Maurice, who

inherited the whole estate; that there are medallions in the house, priceless works of art attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, which Maurice proposes to sell to a Yankee millionaire; that there is a family ghost, a white man, who walks in the woods just before the head of the family dies—the reader by this time is sitting up, impatient for the complications and possible horrors to come, even if he has not read the titles of chapters: The Theft at the Masked Ball, The Murder in the Museum, The Shot in the Clearing, Chuchundra's Body, The Otophone, not to mention The Muramasa Sword. Our reader will be pleasantly mystified; will sup full of suicides and murders; will be amazed by the "rare form of nervous disease," and despair of working out the solution of all that baffles inquiry. But there is Sir Clinton. He's the man to unravel the tangled skein; good Sir Clinton who tells how he did it, pausing in his narration only to light a cigarette.

It's an unusual, ingenious story, this "Tragedy at Ravensthorpe." Mr. Connington says in a prefatory note: "The characters, places and events described in this book are entirely imaginary and have no connection, either direct or indirect, with any real persons, places or events." This note seems to us superfluous.

"Red Rust" is a serious study of Swedish pioneers, their trials, tribulations and final triumph over land and forest in Minnesota, the story might be called an epic of wheat. Mrs. Cannon, born at St. Paul, Minn., graduate of Radcliffe, mountain climber, the wife of

Dr. Cannon, professor of physiology at Harvard University, writes in this novel of what she has seen on the farm lands of her native state, and of the bitter hardships undergone by early immigrants. It is her studies of human life that are of more value to the general reader than are the detailed descriptions of wheat-raising with its disappointments, its expectations.

The hero of the story, that is the living hero, is Matts Swenson, a gentle, patient boy and man, curious about animals, insects, plants; misunderstood, thought impractical, a dreamer by his father and the rough neighbors. The boy was amazed, shocked by the brutality of some towards their wives; drudges, and for the most part uncomplaining. Jensen, for example, is as fine a specimen of a brute as anyone in Zola's "La Terre." The portraits of the men and women of early days are vividly drawn, and not with superfluous detail. On the other hand, the wealth of information about wheat and Matts' experiments at times delays the story, and for the time being almost dwarfs the characters. One might say of these descriptions that wheat grew up and choked their lives. One almost wishes that Mrs. Cannon had not acquired this agricultural knowledge.

This seems ungracious when one thinks of the many pages describing the life and nature of the immigrants; the rough and rude beginnings, the narrow dwarfing existence, the love that blazed for a moment, and died out, as in the case of crippled Olga and worthless Karl; the awakening passion of the sorely tried Lena Jensen; the final tragedy and posthumous triumph of Matts. At the end we find the chief agronomist having the say, calling Matts' widow a "nice kind of woman," willing to name after him the wheat that had escaped the rust. "As long as a plough is used on the soil of the state this wheat will be growing here." But Noyes who stood by was thinking of what more the uncomplaining Matts might have done. "He got lots out of life. It's the rest of us who are the losers."

Little, Brown and Company have published George Kelly's play "Behold the Bridegroom," which is now to be seen at the Shubert Theatre. Is it better, is it fairer to a dramatist to read rather than see his work on the stage? Mr. Kelly certainly cannot complain of the manner in which "Behold the Bridegroom" is performed. Those who have seen Miss Anderson and her colleagues might perhaps find in the book a plausible reason for Antoinette's sudden conversion, which is equalled only by that of Saul of Tarsus as he was on his way to Damascus. "My lamp was not trimmed and burning when the cry was raised; and so I mustn't whine if I am not permitted to go in—to the marriage supper." In the performance does one find this cry raised loud enough by Spencer Train? He does not cry at all; he was unconscious that his look was one of disapproval. We are speaker of the actor; but how could a mere caller show facial disapproval and at the same time maintain ordinary decency? It is surprising that Mr. Kelly who wrote the first act of this play—the author of "The Show Off" and "Craig's Wife"—could so soon let Antoinette escape him; substitute another woman for the arrogant, cynical, restless, weary yet fascinating creature at the beginning; that the author of bril-

lant, natural, revealing dialogue could write the lines given to Dr. Loebell at the end—"the physical condition is simply the chorus of its atoms"—"there are more things in the woman heart than are dreamed of in Materia Medica." O Mr. Kelly!

## "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" at Peabody Playhouse

PEABODY PLAYHOUSE—"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," a comedy in three acts, by Sir James Barrie. The cast:

Amy	Collette Roscoe	Humphrey
Mr. Parson	Milton Parsons	
Flora	Flora Tomasello	
Elizabeth	Elizabeth Pope	
Mildred	Mildred Hatch	
Maudie	Maudie Hatch	
Mr. Grey	Lanning Humphrey	
Stephen Rollo	Irwin Cowper	
Ann	Ann Porterfield	
Richardson	Richardson	

It seems to be the fashion at present to give plays, even suspected of classic tendencies, in such a manner that they may, if possible, appear to be something entirely different from what we had hitherto supposed they were. Hence we have "The Taming of the Shrew" as a musical comedy, "Hamlet" as a modern problem drama, and "Macbeth" as another war play, with tanks, gas masks, and possibly even airplanes, provided the producer can afford them. Even Barrie cannot quite escape the general reformation and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" goes into the furnace, happily to come out quite unscathed.

What if in the past Alice was held to be more important than her daughter and accordingly played as such; is she not the storm-centre, the innocent firebrand that sets off all the excited and sputtering firecrackers? She cannot very well help her conspicuous position nor does her elevation cause the rest of the characters to suffer in the least. It seems as if the directors of Our Theatre must have been needless worried; such a delightful performance as last night's needs no excuse.

For all the advance we think we have made in exposing our grandparents' sentimentality, we are a little late on the job. Long since the last moment reunion in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" gave the death-blow to the little child's reconciliation of its erring parents so successfully that all the moving pictures since cannot make it anything but a source of rude laughter.

The acting last evening was excellent. Not for a moment was Amy conscious of her absurdity. Miss Humphrey made her quite convincing and delightful. Mr. Meredith was equally good as the moth who hated to grow old and as the repentant woman saved by her not child. The rest, especially Miss Porterfield as the bewildered little slave Richardson, were all more than equal to their parts.

E. L. H.

## "PAGLIACCI" GIVEN AT HOLLIS ST. THEATRE

second Act of "Martha" Also Presented

Owing to the severe illness of Michi O, Japanese dancer, the American opera company presented the second act of "Martha" last night at the Hollis Street Theatre, followed by "Pagliacci" he cast of "Martha" included Miss Vasa and Oelheim and Messrs. Swadlow and Plunkett.

"Pagliacci" was well sung and acted. There was no lack of Latin fervor, particularly did the first act appear in an especially agreeable manner. The matinee today will be "Faust."

Misses Hall and Beck, Messrs. Kilke, Newdall, Hansen, Burt, Uppman & Houston. "The Marriage of Figaro" will be performed tonight.

## Municipal Antiques

The Home and School Visitation Association profited by a concert of unusual music given last evening at Steinert Hall. For it Mr. N. Avier had arranged a program during which he himself played a Bach sonata for viola, unaccompanied, as well as a group of shorter pieces, the same instrument. Olga Avier sang music by Tchaikovsky, Arensky and Rachmaninoff in the Russian text. A sonata by Bach for piano viola da gamba was also heard. Zighera playing the ancient string instrument and B. Zighera accompanying him. Bach's sixth Brandenburg Concerto was heard in original version, for two violas da gamba, two cellos and a violin.

Here was a program to attract musical connoisseurs, an opportunity to hear antique music in its fitting, played on the instruments which it was intended. One easily have fancied the scene



to Haslemere, and the erudite resourceful Dolmetsch he venders of such choice fare. But, fortunately for us, the scene was nearer at hand the viola da gamba was to display its soft, velvety Concerto sounded forth its own timbres, and the viola conclusively that a fine virtue inherent in its powers as those of its more popular the violin.

violin, contributing a more note to the program, sang characteristically Russian songs of dance, vigor and deftness.

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Compositions will be performed first time at the Symphony concert week: "Symphonic Piece," by Piston of Belmont, now an instructor in the music department of University; "Music for Orchestra," Hungarian, Lazar, whose "A Scherzo," was performed last season. Neither piece has a motto. Chamber music by Mr. Piston has been performed in Paris, Boston and Philadelphia, studied the violin and piano, and, having studied theory at Harvard, went to here he had lessons from Nadia Boulanger. Was he not conductor of the Society for some seasons? Of this new composition, written by Mr. Piston: "The style is contrapuntal, the harmonic idiom is polytonal, there is a main tonality, D." Her pieces on the program are Suite arranged by Mottl from Gluck's "Alceste," "Iphigenia" and "Paris and Helen"; Schumann's "No. 4" and the Suite by Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird." The violin will be the second number on the program. The program announced for the concert week is as follows: E. B. Hill, violin; B. Flat (first performance); and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Master of Nuremberg." Paul Chocinski, will play Bach's violin concerto, No. 1, and Ravel's "Tzigane."

On last Sunday of the performance by the Habimah Company of "Jacob's Dream" at the Boston Opera House, April 2, for the benefit of Boston Junior Hadassah, and then "Hadassah" was a name given to account of her fragrant and personal charm. We are indebted to Mrs. Nathan H. Fink for the account of the Hadassah activities.

Lines: Boston Unit Junior Hadassah, sponsoring the only appearance of Habimah Players this season is a youthful organization. It is in its own years, for it is only 1920 that it has been founded. It is young in the youth of its members, for they are "Juniors." Its work, too, deals with the young. It is because of these things that Junior Hadassah, in its every effort, is able to maintain a zest and freshness of outlook and a firmness of purpose, because it has not had to develop doubt and uncertainty, reaches out for difficulties to

destine the great war left behind many little children orphaned, by disease, undernourished and in many ways by the hardships of the war. There was sore need for the aid and care that funds and organization might provide. It is to meet this situation that the Junior Hadassah was organized. It began its work by adopting 186 children. It inscribed on its crest: "Happy Mother of Children." It endeavored itself to supply these children with home and food, with clothes and toys, with every requisite for a normal, healthy life, until when their charges should be working. Today the members of the original group are making their way, but with the better equipped life which Junior Hadassah has given them.

15 Meier Shfeyeh—a rural school for children—was founded. It takes on the duties of both home and school, being developed as a model educational institution. It accommodates one hundred boys and girls, whose intelligence of spirit and willingness to impress every visitor. It is another phase of work for the furtherance of the establishment of the Jew in Palestine in which they co-operate. This is the effort to purchase sufficient of the land that new buildings, new settle-

ments, new enterprises may be promoted by the Jews on land owned by them.

In America, Junior Hadassah endeavors to help its members to an intelligent understanding of the problems which Palestine confronts and presents. She seeks to equip these young women with a knowledge of the history of their people from earliest times, to stimulate them to an interest in current events and to link these lessons with their efforts abroad. To see their goal clearly, to throw upon it the light of the past and to understand with full sympathy the problems which are being slowly solved today, toward these things does Hadassah pursue her cultural program.

This year, to further both its practical and cultural purposes, the Boston Unit Junior Hadassah is presenting Habimah Players at the Boston Opera House on the evening of April 2. They will give "Jacob's Dream," a play by Richard Beer-Hofmann. It has for its theme the story from Genesis, but departs from it, in the third act, when Jacob dreams. It is here that the play becomes opera: music joins hands with text to symbolize the sufferings of humanity as it makes its way through life—seeking God and clinging to Him, though His ways be beyond understanding. The presentation lends itself to the unusual in interpretation and Habimah Players bring it to a peak in theatrical performance.

FRANCES SHARF FINK.

Raymond C. Robinson, organist, will give a recital tonight in King's Chapel. Cards of admission may be obtained from King's Chapel house, 27 Marlboro street.

Lucie Stern, a 14-year-old pianist, will play in Jordan hall tonight. When she was 6 years old she obtained a scholarship at the Berlin Hochschule. "She was the youngest pupil ever admitted to that institution." Her mother took her three years ago to Philadelphia, where she has studied with Josef Hofmann. She made her debut in New York in April, 1925; has appeared twice with the Philadelphia orchestra and given recitals in European cities. Her program for tonight includes Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Choral and Fugue," Beethoven's Sonata op. 111, four pieces by Chopin, and pieces by Chasins, Dvorsky (Hofmann), Stravinsky, Liszt and her own "Slavonic Air."

Lucia Chagnon, soprano, who has studied with Lilli Lehmann, and given concerts in London, Paris and other European cities, will sing Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall. The composers to be represented are Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Carissimi, G. Faure, Rubinstein, Severac, Gretchaninov, Chopin-Viardot, Beethoven, Schumann, Shuk, Quilter, Ganz, St. Leger, Golde.

Mr. Rachmaninov will give the afternoon concert in Symphony hall next Sunday. The People's Symphony orchestra will play in Jordan hall that afternoon, and the Boston Flute Players' Club will give a concert at the Boston Art Club.

The program of the Flute Players' Club comprises chamber music by Malipiero, Perner and d'Indy, with Hindemith's "Die junge Magd" for voice (Claudine Llave) flute, clarinet and string quartet, and songs by Schreker and Schumann.

## TO REPEAT YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

Last of the Season by Boston Symphony This Afternoon

The third and last of the young people's concerts of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon, and will be repeated this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, conducting. The program was as follows: Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Glazounov, scherzo from the symphony in B flat major, No. 5, op. 55; Schumann, Traumerei (Dreaming);

Beethoven, Turkish march from "The Ruins of Athens"; Sibelius, "Finlandia," symphonic poem; Perner, March of the Little Lead Soldiers; Skilton, Indian war dance from the "Suite Primeval"; Rossini, overture to "William Tell."

It is a fine thing for young people to hear music, excellent music, played by such an organization as the Boston Symphony orchestra. At an age when music is sure to make an impression.

these concerts offer great advantages to become acquainted with good music, well played, advantages not to be taken lightly. In the first place the programs are carefully made. Here one finds music that will appeal to a junior audience, and there is little wonder at the enthusiasm it inspires.

Mr. Burgin has won whole-hearted approval from his young audience. His straightforward manner, as well as his musicianliness, has gained him his laurels, by no means an easy task with critical young people, who are more intuitive

than an average group and many times less charitable. Rapt and interested attention, unvarnished applause and keen delight are the rewards of the Boston Symphony from young Boston and who, knowing children, will say that that is not the greatest praise possible.

The entire program was enjoyed yesterday, but the Indian war dance from the "Suite Primeval" had to be repeated. There was not a greater number of young men, than what used to be the gentler sex, in the audience, so one might say that the fascination of the music itself appealed. The symphonic poem, "Finlandia," was perhaps the next favorite, with the rest of the excellent selections holding their own in turn. For an example of the romantic music, Dreaming was a happy thought. Musical, not too long and familiar, enough so that a keener appreciation of Glazounov and Perner was sure to be. That is the way with mice and men, and so perhaps their children. C. M. D.

## BENIAMINO RICCIO IN JORDAN HALL RECITAL

Beniamino Riccio, a baritone of beautiful voice, some technical skill and a considerable warmth of style, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. He sang a list of distinguished airs by Mozart, Handel, Martini, Verdi and Borzini. He planned to sing songs as well, an English group and one by Russian composers. Max Rabinovitch furnished him with helpful accompaniments.

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## LUCIE STERN HEARD

Lucie Stern, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan hall. Her program was as follows: Cesar Franck, prelude, chorale and fugue. Beethoven, Sonata op. 111 (without pause). Chopin, ballade, F minor; valse, E minor; nocturne, F sharp minor; polonaise, A flat. Chasins, A Shanghai Tragedy. Dvorsky, Penguin. Stravinsky, Danse Russe from "Petrouchka." Lucie Stern, Slavonic air. Liszt, tarantella, Venezia e Napoli.

This pianist is 14 years old and has an enviable record as a child prodigy. She won the scholarship in the Berlin Hochschule when she was but 6, and was the youngest pupil ever admitted to that institution. She studied under Leonid Kreutzer and was soon heard in recitals in Berlin and Vienna. Three years ago she was accepted as a scholarship pupil by Josef Hofmann, and the recital last evening was given under the auspices of the Curtis Institute of Music.

Having appeared twice as soloist with the Philadelphia orchestra, and having made her debut in New York in April, 1925, it would seem that the time to hear Lucie Stern of her prodigy habits had arrived. She has a dignity which robs her frock of its intention, and a technique which will assure her of serious attention in musical circles.

The Beethoven sonata was a too ambitious selection for her program. Should this ever be attempted in recital by any but mature and experienced players? Masters of the art of the piano? The Franck prelude, chorale and fugue was also not altogether successful, but the Chopin group showed this pianist to have a charming and fluent ease, and an almost unlimited amount of vim when it seemed necessary. There were moments of gentle attention paid her nocturne, and she achieved a pleasing rhythm in the Liszt tarantella. Interpretation will probably grow warmer with the years, a little expanding of her extreme politeness to her music will make it more interesting, coupled as it will be with the excellent technique she has at her command at present.

One composition written by her teacher was on her program, Penguin—M. Dvorsky is none other than Josef Hofmann—and one composition of her own, a Slavonic air. A large audience applauded enthusiastically. C. M. D.

## A MARCH REQUIEM

("Non Mortuus Est . . .")  
White road a-slope to the west,  
And a bleak March sun  
And a quiet fold wherein to rest  
When the day's work's done.

Smooth turf and grey stone,  
And an old yew's shade—

And a snail church that stands alone,  
Where once men prayed.

Packed cloud and scurrying rain,  
And the hills' clear cold—  
And a hint of the spring that comes again  
On Cotswold.

Warm flow'r in the bud's duress,  
That shall blow to the sky—  
And love and service and faithfulness  
That do not die.

NORAH RICHARDSON.

This word "gadget" will not let us sleep. Why are the lexicographers and the etymologists, compilers of orthodox, dialect, slang dictionaries, so dumb? Has the word a shady origin like the good old song "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay"? Perish the thought! A correspondent writes that "gadget" is synonymous with "thingumbob." Now "thingumbob," "thingum," "thingummy," "thingumajig," are all gravely discussed in the huge Oxford dictionary, with a wealth of illustrative quotations from Otway (1680) to the London Times (1904): "Mr. Thingummy, the birdstuffer." Why this favoritism?

"E. P. J." writes to us about "gadget"—"Should not this be spelled 'gagat'? If so it is of very ancient lineage. The Romans-Britons carried on, if they did not originate the manufacture of personal ornaments from a material they called 'gagates' or jet, as it is now known. These 'gagates' were turned on a lathe. Evidences of long continued manufacture are found on the Isle of Purbeck on the coast of Dorset. The Venerable Bede describes the 'gagates' as being in his time an important production of Britain; speaks of its quality, when burnt, of driving away serpents, and tells us how, when warmed with rubbing, it has the same attractive quality as amber." E. R. J. quotes Bede's Latin, says that this account is taken almost literally from Caius Julius Solinus. (He was a Latin grammarian who lived about the end of the first century.) And he adds that all of this explanation is to be found in "The Celt, the Roman and the Saxon" by Thomas Wright (London, 1892).

Now the word "gagates," a kind of bitumen or jet, is good Ciceronian Latin. Pliny the Elder knew all about gagates which was cast up by the sea at full tide on the island of Leucola. We quote from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's account of this black, light, brittle substance, which, rubbed, gave out a strong savor. "Looke what letters are imprinted in it into any vessel of earth, they will never be got out again: whilst it burneth it yeelds a smel of brimstone: but a wonderful thing it is of this jet stone, that water will soone make it to flame, and oile will quench it againe: in burning, the perfume thereof chaseth away serpents, and recovers women lying in a trance by the suffocation or rising of the mother: the said smoke discovereth the falling sicknesse and bewraileth whether a young damsell be a maid or no: being boiled in wine, it helpeth the tooth ache; and tempered with wax it cures the swelling glandules called the Kings euile. They say that Physicians vse this jet stone much in their sorceries, practised by the means of red hot axes, which they call Axinomantia; for they affirme, that being cast thereupon, it will burn and consume, if what we desire and wish shall happen accordingly."

Axinomancy was also used to discover thieves or a treasure. They who wish to practice this pleasing art will find full information in the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Occultes" published by the Abbe Migne in the "Encyclopedie Theologique." Rabelais knew of this divination.

Now gagates is no doubt a useful substance, and it should always be in the house ready for use, but we fail to see any connection between this species of jet and "gadget."

Perhaps Mr. James W. Flanders of Biddeford, Me., will come to our aid. "I had occasion to write to a firm in Glasgow, Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., nautical publishers, for one of their books, Brown's 'Knots and Slices' by Capt. Jutsum. In the course of reply dated Feb. 7 one W. Hall, for the firm, says: 'The writer of this letter has had some experience of knot-tying and it may interest you to know that we learned our knots from actually tied knots that were nailed on to a large board. This board was painted black and was divided into small squares by white lines. Tacked on to each square there was a thin rope knot, with the name of the knot above it. If you are interested in knotting to this extent, this is a very useful gadget to make.' I have since ordered the book referred to, also others, and in so doing spoke of the word 'gadget' as being new to me. Whether they will refer to it in sending my order I do not know. In view of your article, I am hoping they will. . . . We have the



expressions 'some such device,' 'contrivance,' 'arrangement' or 'get-up,' etc. The last, 'get-up,' seems to be the nearest and quite a near approach to 'gadget.'"

#### PEGASUS HOBLED

Oh! I might make a little rhyme  
Of moonlight—roses—lovers' lips!  
You'd much prefer I'd use the time  
To make potato chips!

Oh! I might sing of sun and shade—  
Of brooks that seek the sea;  
But you had rather I had made  
Croquettes for tea!

What price a poet to a man!  
Though songs be low and sweet,  
There's never song been writ that can  
Compete with things to eat!

MARJORIE F. W.

Things remind us that when a man named "Bugg" was charged in a London court with burglary, the counsel for the prosecution "said he had been asked to explain that it was the custom of members of the man's family to pronounce the name as if it spelt 'Bewje.'" (It should be remembered that "bug" in higher and lower strata of London's society means "bedbug," the insect which

"Though it has no wings to fly,  
It gets there just the same.")  
A Manchester writer was amused by "Bewje" for "Bugg."

"If Cholmondeley is pronounced 'Marchbanks' and a man with a name like 'Marjoribanks' is allowed to call himself 'Pepys' (though the question how 'Pepys' is to be pronounced remains still undecided), is it not perfectly permissible for a man called Bugg to call himself 'Bewje'? The only possible protest would come not from counsel or judge or jurymen, but from poets, who might very reasonably protest that the only thing that rhymes with 'Bewje' is 'huge,' whereas there are any number of rhymes to 'Bugg,' right away from romantic words like 'snug' and 'hug' down to cold and disapproving monosyllables like 'shrug' and 'smug.'"

"By all means let Mr. Bugg and his family call themselves 'Bewje.' And if there should happen to be a Mr. Flea in this island let him and his descendants call themselves 'Flay' (or possibly 'flaye'), henceforward—and all the Hogges shall be Hojes, and all the Smellies entitled to the rank and style of Smylie."

## 20TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 20th concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Gluck-Mottl, Ballet Suite No. 2; Schumann, Symphony No. 4, D minor; Piston, Symphonic Piece; Lazar, Music for Orchestra; Stravinsky, suite from the ballet, "The Fire-Bird." The pieces by Piston and Lazar were played for the first time anywhere.

The chief feature of the concert was the romantic interpretation of Schumann's romantic symphony. As the years go by certain performances remain clear in the memory, as Mr. Nikisch's reading of this symphony, which was on the program when he conducted his first concert in this city. The symphony has since been often played, but never as it was then performed, until yesterday afternoon. Then, as when it was conducted by Mr. Nikisch, there was no remembrance of Schumann's faulty instrumentation; no one recalled the old reproach that this composer thought his music for the piano and afterwards endeavored laboriously to provide it with an orchestral dress. Certain conductors, as if conscious of the alleged defects, were unable to rectify them. They either conducted in a perfunctory, pedestrian manner, as one saying: "No one of Schumann's symphonies was on the program last season. I suppose it is high time to let the audience hear one," or, having the best will in the world, they themselves were not of a poetic nature, so the romanticism of the work escaped them.

Now this symphony is charged with passion, with here and there yearning, aspiring thoughts of one enamored of a beautiful ideal; with the tender, wistful melancholy that is peculiar to Schumann, a melancholy different from that which is Schubert's own, different from that which with Tchaikovsky is of close kin to gloom and despair. Nor is the melancholy of Schumann's to be found only in the Romanza of this symphony. The lyrical thought is fraught

throughout with melancholy, hence the fascination of the work.

In the stormy outbursts the composer seems wishing to arouse himself; to play the man; but even in the Trio of the Scherzo, he dreams again a dream of unattainable happiness.

All this was felt by Mr. Koussevitzky, who gave the music full expression, and, as the orchestra played as if inspired, the performance was pure music that moved the soul by the revelation of beauty—for melancholy can be the pursuit of loveliness—and by rhythmic intensity and passion.

Mottl arranged his suite from music in three of Gluck's operas; arranged it discreetly, artistically, without an undue attempt to modernize the charming airs and the stately march. How delightful is this old music in its melodic grace, compelling simplicity, direct appeal! Here was no need of the stage and the dancers of the 18th century—dancers whose art would seem strange today. Ballet music began the concert, ballet music ended it. Is it not possible that Gluck's airs will give pleasure in the concert hall when Stravinsky's "Fire-

Bird" will not be heard there? With the exception of the scene of the Princesses playing with the Golden Apples and the Berceuse, the music calls loudly for the stage. Even in the theatre much of it might seem older than Gluck's as far as melodic invention is concerned.

Mr. Piston, a New Englander, and Mr. Lazar, a Rumanian, were both born in 1894. Mr. Piston studied in Boston, at Harvard, later in Paris; Mr. Lazar at Bucharest and Leipsic. The two belong to the radical wing of contemporaneous composers. Mr. Piston seems to be in the experimental stage, influenced strongly by musical beliefs and tendencies of today. Neither one of these composers seems to be endowed by nature with a marked feeling for melodic beauty, nor anxious to acquire it. Rhythm and sudden contrasts between a few unimportant measures of suavity and violent orchestral crashes seem to them all important. Mr. Lazar is at present the more skilled in technic. Mr. Piston has said of his composition: "The style is contrapuntal; the harmonic idiom is polytonal, although there is a main tonality." But man cannot live and affect musically his fellow-man by counterpoint alone, even when it is in the better manner of Sebastian Bach. Handel said that his cook knew more of counterpoint than Gluck; but Handel, the great melodist, knew only Gluck's early works. To some of our young musicians no doubt the music of that master, and even of Schumann, is "Old Hat." They shun sensuousness and naked beauty as "too obvious." To them rhythm, especially when it is ever changing or distorted, is the great essential. The stars have rhythm; but the sight of their quiet beauty—quiet to those of us on earth—rebukes pettiness and inspires devotion. They do not fret and rasp the nerves.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Hill, Symphony in B flat (first performance); Wagner, Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; prelude to "The Mastersingers." Paul Kochanski, violinist, will play Bach's concerto, No. 1, A minor, and Ravel's "Tzigane."

## 'FEEL MY PULSE' AT METROPOLITAN

"Feel My Pulse," starring Bebe Daniels, a film comedy made from an original script by Howard Emmett Rogers, directed by Gregory La Cava and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Barbara Manning ..... Bebe Daniels  
Her Nemesis ..... William Powell  
Her Problem ..... Richard Arlen  
Her Patient ..... Heinie Conklin

Paramount promised something entirely new in comedy for "the dashing comedienne" in this picture and they have succeeded in giving Bebe Daniels a chance to play comedy naturally, pleasantly and without straining for her points, so, one might say that this is perhaps the beginning of a brilliant career for Miss Daniels. Comparable with some of the rarest bits in motion pictures are the scenes of Miss Daniels balancing on a floating plank, clutching her medicine bag in one hand, her gentle reminder that there are some who can not sail for even a short distance at sea without regretting it and her barrage of barrels and bottles at the rum-runners grouped beneath stairs.

With these scenes to Miss Daniels' credit, the blame for a certain amount of crudity and even vulgarity must go to the director or the author. The scenes showing Miss Daniels and her patient getting mildly intoxicated and the subtlety singing of "Sweet Add-a-line" aroused mirth in the audience but what might have been amusing because of Miss Daniels' clever way of playing a difficult situation was too long, too enduring for comedy's sweet sake.

There is a certain originality in this film, a refreshing flash which now and again leaps in to keep suspense present.

John Galsworthy's play, "Escape," will be performed tomorrow night at the Plymouth Theatre for the first time in Boston.

The play was written in this country while Mr. Galsworthy was sojourning at Palm Springs in the Imperial valley, California. On his return from California he gave the manuscript to Winthrop Ames, who promptly accepted it. It was to have its first performance in this country, but Mr. Ames was not able to secure the actor he wished for the chief role. Lee M. Lion had secured the rights for England. He had made contracts that forced the first performance in London. This performance took place at the Ambassador Theatre on Aug. 12, 1926. The play was received enthusiastically but a woman in the gallery shrieked her displeasure and accused Mr. Galsworthy of propaganda in behalf of murderers. In London the part of Matt Denant, an escaped convict, a decent fellow, who had been imprisoned because he had accidentally killed a plain clothes man, was taken by Nicholas Hannen. Mr. Galsworthy at the time of the production was quoted as saying that "Escape" would be his last work for the stage.

One of the most interesting features of the production in London was the passage-at-arms between the brilliant dramatic critic of the Observer St. John Ervine, and Mr. Galsworthy. The former had said in a warmly appreciative notice of the play: "It seemed to me that Mr. Galsworthy was up to his old trick of loading the dice against the respectable and the law." The law is made to appear wrong. . . . Mr. Galsworthy has always seemed to be holding the balance justly, when, in fact, he is holding it in a prejudicial a manner as he knows how."

In the prologue of the play Capt. Matthew Denant was walking in Hyde Park when a girl of the town accosted him. Had he a match? He lit his cigarette and listened to her chatter. Would he go home with her? No. She left her card on the park seat and was walking off when a plain clothes policeman arrested her. She said she had not annoyed anybody. Denant supported her in her denial. The policeman persisted, and Denant struggled with him. The policeman was hit on the jaw. As he fell, his head struck an iron railing; and in a few minutes he was dead. Denant was sentenced to Dartmoor: five years of penal servitude.

Mr. Galsworthy in his open letter to Mr. Ervine denied that he had "loaded the dice." He referred to the article on "Homicide" in the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "An intent to resist an officer of police in the execution of his duty" equals, in law, "malice aforethought." Matt's offence was technically murder. Mr. Galsworthy quoted from the same article: Matt was saved only "by the exercise by the jury of their powers to convict of manslaughter only—even in cases where they are directed that the offence is murder or nothing."

In his letter Mr. Galsworthy said that "Escape" is a story, not an indictment of society. "Only the author can know the mood in which it was written (that—as an author of attainments yourself—you will admit). That it provokes thought and feeling and sympathies, this way and that, is incidental to the situations and types chosen and developed. I have no convictions as to what I myself should do if I met an escaped convict, so that I cannot even desire to instruct other people."

In answer to Mr. Ervine's remark that Matt would not have resisted the officer; that, making him do this, the dramatist perverted human nature for the purpose of making a play. Mr. Galsworthy reminded the critic that Matt did not begin the struggle; he only put his hand on the arm of the officer, who then seized him. "I suggest that a man who had escaped from Germany and who escapes from Dartmoor, is not one who takes things lying down, and that there is no perversion whatever of human nature in the scene as described and acted, but suggest that yours is the perversion of my human nature, when you say that I do these unscrupulous things with my characters for propaganda purposes, or to ring the bell of pity. There was a play called 'The Playboy of the Western World' wherein a son, if you remember, 'destroys his da' before the curtain rises; there was a play called 'Hamlet,' where a man destroys his brother before the curtain rises. How arbitrary are these deeds on which to found plays! You would never have thought that Christy Mahon or the King (as afterwards depicted) could do such things. I take it you have swallowed those camels, but you strain at this gnat."

In the course of his flight Matt encounters one by one various characters. How will they receive the hunted man? "Will the lady who finds him under her bed follow her first instinct of self-protection, and give him up, or will she boldly adventure in his cause with her husband's razor, her husband's waterproof and her husband's fishing rod? Will the farmer and his laborers give him a second chance? Will the magistrate who discovers him by a trout stream wink the other eye? Will Miss Grace, who goes to church, and Miss Dora, who goes a-hunting, lie for his sake? What answer will the parson make when the fugitive asks for sanctuary?" How about the little girl to whom Matt gave his autograph? And those at the picnic party?

When "Escape" was produced at the Booth Theatre, New York, on Oct. 26, 1927, the part of Matt was taken by Leslie Howard, whose performance was warmly and unanimously praised. He was born in London in 1893. A bank clerk, he joined the army. Having been honorably discharged, he made his first appearance on the stage in 1917, when he toured as Jerry in "Peg o' My Heart" and other plays. His first appearance in London was in 1918 as Ronald Herrick in "Freaks." Later he played in "The Title," "Our Mr. Hepplewhite," "Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Young Person in Pink," "East Is West." His first appearance in the United States was at New York on Nov. 1, 1920, as Sir Calverton Shipley in "Just Suppose." Since then he has been seen in "The Truth About Blaydes," "Outward Bound," "The Green Hat," "Her Cardboard Lover" and other plays.

Austin Trevor took the part of the Parson in London and New York.

"Nocturne" for orchestra by Henry F. Gilbert of Cambridge was performed for the first time on March 16, 1928, at Philadelphia, by the Philadelphia orchestra, Mr. Monteux, "guest" conductor. This piece written in 1926 was inspired by the night-song beginning: "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night," in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

Mr. Gilbert wrote for the program-book of this concert; "I've always wanted to write something on that beautiful passage from Whitman. . . . The piece is filled with melody; in fact, it is one long melody from beginning to end. Melody is, I believe, about nine-tenths of music, anyway. I am much out of sympathy with most of the artificial complications of musical modernity. Harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, etc., are mere trimmings (especi-



orchestration), and it is my belief that any work which depends for its life solely upon these misses the point and end of music, and is not destined for life. No! Melody is the soul of the whole business, no matter who contrariwise, or what obloquy I may bring upon myself for so saying. I have heard so many of the devilishly clever, uncannily ingenious, but cold and soulless musical concoctions which are all the style nowadays, that I am to give myself the satisfaction of making an individual protest against this super-intellectual, modernistic tendency. So I wrote the 'Nocturne.' I did not show the score to anybody, or make any effort to have it performed, but last year Mr. Montoux wrote me from Europe and asked for a composition of mine for his Philadelphia season, and I wrote back and him about this. He decided to perform it. That's how it happened." Lawrence Gilman, the accomplished editor of the program books of the Philadelphia Orchestra, supplies this footnote: "Mr. Gilbert's letter, with its interesting and pungent views on contemporary music, is quoted here with express permission."

It would seem that Boston should have been the first city to hear Mr. Gilbert's "Nocturne."

We quote from the London Daily Chronicle:

"It had been suggested by the archbishop of Canterbury that there were today any to compare with the outstanding personalities of 40 years ago. 'Sir J. Forbes-Robertson has already explained to Daily Chronicle readers what in his view is the explanation of the absence of conspicuous figures on the stage. He believes that the average acting is better than 40 years ago but that modern managerial conditions do not favor the throwing of personalities into the limelight.'"

Miss Lillian Bayliss wrote: "We cannot compare the standard of acting today with that of 50 or 60 years ago because few of us know what it was. What kind of acting was it? We do not know. All we do know is that there are many splendid actors today, men whom one can surely call great." F. H.

## "JACOB'S DREAM"

### The Story of a Strange Habimah Play—More About the Continental Theatre

"Jacob's Dream," written originally in German by Dr. Richard Beer-Samann, will be performed in Hebrew by the Habimah at the Boston Opera House on Monday night, April 2, for the benefit of Boston Unit Hadassah. A synopsis of The Story will be of assistance to many who will see the play.

#### ACT I

Esau's wives, Basmath and Oholibamah have sent his servant to inform him of the theft of the blessing. Oholibamah ridicules the incident. Has not Esau his birthright? Basmath holds that only a revenge could regain for him the stolen blessing. Esau returns. His wives come forward to embrace him but he sends them off saying, "I have vowed to touch neither food nor women until I have taken bloody vengeance on my brother." He rushes into his father's room only to find his father unconscious. With the shriek of a man, he comes out again and demands from his mother, Rebekah, the stolen blessing. She refuses. Rebekah pleads with him that Jacob's worldly possessions are Esau's and assures him that Jacob has need all claim to them. Esau's wives join him in reproaching Rebekah. She tells them that the blessing rightly belongs to Jacob because he has no occupations with material things; "within him lives the soul of his entire being." Esau rushes forth, with his slaves and dogs, upon the trail of his brother. Rebekah turns her eyes heavenward and prays to the Almighty for her beloved son Jacob.

#### ACT II

Jacob and his slave (Idnibaal, the Phoenician), are hiding in the hills. Idnibaal sees a path which leads to his birthplace and he becomes thoughtful. Jacob discovers this and frees the slave. Idnibaal departs for his home land; Jacob, left alone, falls asleep. Scene 2—Esau comes upon Jacob and attempts to kill him. Jacob resists. Esau seizes Jacob, but jumps back again. "What sorcery are you practising?" he asks, frightened. "Who defends you?" Esau is convinced Jacob enjoys supernatural protection and falls sobbing at his brother's feet. Jacob falls on his knees and tells Esau that the latter has nothing to fear since he is spared the problem of the despair of other people. Esau is thirsty, but he has vowed not to drink until he has seen Jacob's face. Jacob cuts his hand and Esau's. As Esau departs he asks, "Tell me, do you not believe, deep in your heart, that you are better than I?" replies, "No, Esau, no! I have my mission; you—another." As he departs Esau says, "Jacob, you have fought and won."

#### ACT III

Jacob dreams and in this dream his questioning of God's reasons for creating the world takes on form and life. In the musical introduction, Jacob dreams and stones implore Jacob to tell them the reason for their suffering. Two messenger-angels appear to tell him of the battle at hand. Then four archangels, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel and Michael, appear and chant a chorus. This chorus is interrupted by the arrival of Samael (Satan). Jacob asks, "Who are you?" The agitated angels try to prevent Samael's answer and ask, "Why place yourself between us and youth?" Why have you placed yourself between me and God?" is Samael's answer. He shouts defiance at God. With an outburst of song, the angels endeavor to drown his speech. The angels plead with Jacob, "Turn thy face from him who is outcast by God. They promise him happiness and fortune; those gifts which he has given over to Esau. He proudly rejects these promises. 'What am I to do with such things,' says he, 'when I know that man on earth is oppressed?' He turns to the Almighty. 'Here I am before you, oh Lord. If I have sinned, punish me.' Uriel tells him, 'All will disappear except you—your eternal people—will live forever, even in exile; you will be hated by the world more than any pest, more than a poisonous parasite or a wild animal.' The words of Satan fall upon Jacob's bowed head as the lashes of a

whip. He cries out, "Oh, Ye emissaries from heaven, answer him. Say that he lies." But the angels huddle helplessly together and find no reply.

Satan continues: "Tear yourself from His chains. There is not a judge in heaven who would be moved by your suffering, son of man. Deny him." Jacob will not do that. He will not renounce God, but accepts the Deity as He is.

"An innocent victim," are Samael's words as the curtain falls.

Paragraphs in Frank Carlos Griffith's interesting article about the Old Continental Theatre published in The Herald last Sunday were omitted on account of limited space. Among these paragraphs was the introduction, also the fate of the building after it ceased being a theatre. The missing paragraphs are now supplied:

To the Editor of The Herald:

I approach the subject of the Continental Theatre with much the same feeling that one does that of the old and deserted farm house where he first saw the light; there is a halo of romance and faded but sweet memory attached to them that newer and more palatial structures can never eclipse. It introduced to me the stage door, the odor of the theatre, the association with the mystic deities of the play world, the charm of illusion, the close touch with idolized queens of fiction, and the baptism of the infant thespian was silently and inauspiciously performed.

A vagrant and desultory career was that of the Continental for the remainder of the season (of 1868-9) and that description may truthfully be applied to the fifth season that opened Sept. 13, 1869, under Kate Fisher's direction, presenting her entire repertoire, followed by W. H. Whalley in (think of this now for an electric sign!) "String of Pearls, or the Barber Assassin and the Pie Woman of Bell Yard." Fact even if old Bill Jones is dead. Then there was E. Eddy, and Sharpley's Minstrels, Leo Hudson, who introduced "La Petite Corinne," etc., etc.

The seventh it became the St. James Theatre and opened Aug. 14, 1871, under the management of J. C. Trowbridge & Co., but short lived, when W. H. Leake took it over, presenting the famous Mlle Marie Almee, who was succeeded by other stars of the Jane Coombs, Little Nell, Lucille Western, Robert McWade and Jo. Murphy class, but also presenting Caroline Richings Bernard, March 4, 1872, and the Lydia Thompson troupe with Harry Beckett, Camille Dubois, Eliza Weathersby, Willie Edouin and others. Ada Harland delivered the valedictory that season, in "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl," early in July.

Freeland, Harding and Loomis, who were clothing dealers at 250 Devonshire street, in 1874, demolished the structure and rebuilt the present one at 744-750 Washington street in 1875, giving the name of "The Continental Clothing Company" to the business, remaining there until 1889 when they relocated at the corner of Boylston street, when the C. E. Osgood Company of furniture dealers moved in and stayed there.

Very little of the old building is retained in the new, not enough for relic hunters to carry it away. The Continental Theatre had an interesting history, and at times a very brilliant one, but the Morris Brothers did not foresee the future filling in of the Back Bay, and the growth in that direction, believing that the "March of Empire" could only be toward the South which was their excuse for venturing beyond the "dead line." However, it was my cradle, and I see ghosts every time I pass it.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra. W. F. Hofmann, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players' Club, Georges Laurent, director. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. "Music of the Church, the Fireside and the Nation," by Mme. Beale Morey. Vocal and instrumental illustrations by voices, also string quartet from the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Ford hall, corner Bowdoin street and Ashburton place, 7:30 P. M. Peabody House chorus, orchestra and soloists. Russell Cook, conductor.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Olga Avierino, soprano; assisted by Leon Vartanian, piano; Georges Laurent, flute; A. Zighera, violoncello. Liszt, Psalm No. 23 (with organ and piano); Wagner, Der Engel, Stehe still, Im Treibhaus, Schmerzen, Traume; Casella, Tre Canzoni Trecentesche; Ravel, Chansons Madecasses (voice, flute, violoncello, piano), Air d'Enfant, from "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges"; Vocalise (Habenera); Carpenter, On a Screen, To a Young Gentleman; Tchaikovsky, Cradle Song, Deception, Song of a Gypsy Girl; Rachmaninoff, Lilaes, All Things Depart; Moussorgsky, By the River Don, The Commander-in-Chief.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Rata Present, pianist. Bach, prelude and fugue No. 22 (B flat minor), from book 1, Well Tempered Clavichord; Beethoven, sonata, op. 111; Stravinsky, etude, F sharp minor; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Albeniz, Cordoba; Medtner, Danza Festiva, from "Forgotten Motives," op. 38; Chopin, five preludes, Nos. 20, 3, 7, 10, 15; etude, op. 25, No. 1; ballade, op. 23.

Museum of Fine Arts, 8:15 P. M. Sergel Radamsky, Russian songs interspersed with informal explanations touching especially on the changes now occurring in Russian composition, both in folk and formal music. The concert is under the auspices of the Museum School Alumni Association.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Carmela Ippolito, violinist; Nicolas Slonimsky, pianist. Veracini, Ritornello, Menuet; Sammartini, allegro; Vitali, Ciacona; Honegger, sonata No. 1 for violin and piano; Kettenloeffler, Caprice Espagnole; Bach-Wilhelm, adagio; Vieuxtemps, rondino.

Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Julia Warner, soprano, and Wilhelmmina Andrea Johansen, soprano; Carl Lamson, pianist. Miss Warner: Songs by Pergolesi, Widor, Lalo, Fauré, Schumann, Wagner, Grieg, Brahms, Rachmaninoff, MacDowell, Moussorgsky. Miss Johansen: Songs by Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Josten, Carpenter and a group of Norwegian songs. Duets by Caecilio, Humperdinck and Puccini.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor; Mr. Kochanski, solo violinist. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. The Clavier Ensemble of 19 pianists. Mme. Avis Bliven-Charbonnel, director. Schubert-Tausig, Marche Militaire (six pianos); Bach, concerto for three cembals, C major; Nicolaiev, suite, B minor, op. 13; Thomas Grisele, a Keyboard Symphony for Six Pianos (conducted by the composer).

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.



The last few moments, however, are the old grove of how every little film should end.

Bebe Daniels never looked better because she has steered herself against grimaces. Her part of the play passed easily and amusingly. William Powell made as good a bootlegger as he has every other character from bad to worse which he always plays excellently. Richard Arlen was convincing as the hero in spite of his having to type a story, a neat manuscript in the haunts of a rumrunner's den with a girl to rescue, brigands to fight and such. Helene Conklin deserves mention for his ability to ignore the camera. It was this same unconscious manner which first attracted attention to Wallace Beery. The other character parts were well taken.

Another Frank Cambria production is on the stage surrounding Gene Rode-mich and his band. "Rio Romance" is good entertainment. The costumes are again lovely and the artists clever. Joe Penner is the comedian and the Tam-paulpas Troubadours sing South American songs. C. M. D.

## LUCIA CHAGNON

Lucia Chagnon, soprano, very well accompanied by Walter Gold, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall:

O Cossate, Scarlatti; 'Se tu m'ami, Pergolesi; Vittoria, Carissimi; Le Steppe. Gretchaninow; Les Berceaux, Faure; Chanson du Prisonnier, Rubinstein; Ma Poupée Chérie, Severac; Aime-moi, Chopin-Viardot; Andenken, Ich Liebe Dich, Beethoven; Volksliedchen, Liebeslied, Widmung, Schumann; Thru the Snow, Shuk; The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold, Quilter; A Woman's Last Word, Ganz; Morning, F. St. Leger; Love Was with Me Yesterday, W. Golde.

Let us take off our hats to this young woman. She uses her head. Blessed with a voice and an urge to sing, she set her wits to work to determine which of the singing teachers available to her had shown the highest efficiency.

Having made her choice, she staid by that teacher, a matter of perhaps five years, in which period, one may safely infer, she did what she was told to do at the top of her ability. Now, therefore, when that teacher approves her singing in public, she can offer something worth while.

More pupils should follow Miss Chagnon's example. Not all of them, of course, can hope to follow her to Lilli Lehmann. All of them, though, can use judgment in scrutinizing the teaching material at hand. All of them furthermore, once they have reached a decision, can display sufficient good sense to follow their teacher's judgment so long as they stay by.

Miss Chagnon, because of her good sense and judgment, has learned to sing extremely well. She has a beautiful voice, a soprano of above the average volume, of the dark timbre peculiar to dramatic sopranos. For its use she has acquired an excellent technique, with a delightfully neat attack to her credit, an even scale, distinct enunciation in Italian, German and French, and a moderately smooth legato. Only rarely—in one coloratura passage, and, during the English songs, in a very few over-eager high tones—did she lose her fine quality. A more even trill she will probably develop presently.

Because of her brilliant voice and the skilful use thereof, Miss Chagnon can do justice to the musician's style she has taken the pains to acquire. She knows how a melody should flow, and she knows how to make it flow. The tone color requisite to the differentiation of songs she is competent to supply; witness the three Italian airs. Having learned what atmosphere means, she varies her songs with admirable skill. Her efficiency, indeed, is so strongly marked that it is to be hoped that

Miss Chagnon will now turn her attention to the fine points of English pronunciation.

For this efficiency, once more hats off to Miss Chagnon. To its gain she must have given much hard, loyal work, work governed by good, sound judgment. An excellent audience applauded her well. R. R. G.

Travelers tell strange tales. It seems that the journey from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific is fraught with danger. An unprotected female may encounter in a railway car a butter-and-egg man more to be feared than a band of ruffians seeking only money, watches and precious stones.

We quote from a letter recently received:

"Don't ever let anyone speak of the thrill of crossing a continent. I was never so bored, nor have I ever felt so much like a caged beastie, as on that train. Inside it was filled with butter-and-egg men. . . . On the last day I grew desperate, and played bridge with two of them (they had all been going through the most elaborate and transparent manoeuvres, trying to know me) and an old lady. As a result I've only just succeeded in shaking the last of these men off. I never knew when, arriving at the hotel and picking up the telephone receiver, I would not hear: 'Hello, beautiful lady,' or even (I shudder to tell even you) 'Hello, beautiful!' It was extremely interesting to see them met by their wives.

"The butter-and-egg man is a fine figure of a man, in a fawn-colored vest and double-breasted blue coat, much tailored. He wears spats, and is always ordering porters about, having windows opened and closed, or indulging in little drinks of real old pre-war cognac (pronounced 'con-yac, as in 'conscience'). 'The wife' (mother of three 'kiddies') would invariably turn out to be a washed-out little woman in a worn brown coat trimmed with nutria, and a yellow felt hat, shapeless and slightly soiled. She would wear rouge, of a violent old rose, but no lipstick."

"Herman Appel and Charlotte Sass, both of McGregor, Ia., announce marriage." Their honeymoon will be passed in our Hall of Fame, which now has rooms for distinguished visitors, male and female, after their kind.

**LINE FOR A NAMELESS GRAVE**  
Over his head a chanter drones in the keen salt wind and the stinging spray,  
Plucked like a plangent murmurous chord on mighty, muted strings,  
What time Poseidon sings  
The songs Ulysses heard or ever the glad young world grew old and gray.

Here he lies in his final port, with the breakers booming under  
The sonorous hollowed scarp of the grim tormented cliffs around  
That echo the sound  
Of the circling sea gull's lonely cry and the ancient ocean's thunder,—

Here he sleeps unvexed by the horror of nights that never pass,  
By the cold incurious stare of stars, or the dead moon's rays,—  
Here, lucky fool, his days  
Find nepenthe deep in the whispering salt-encrusted grass, **ERNIE.**

Now that there is talk again of a universal language to bring peace on earth, let us ponder a letter published in the Sunday Times of London:

"Sir:  
"May I be permitted, through your honorable review, to propose the modern Greek language as an international language?"

"We sincerely think that the Greek language deserves this honor—an honor which it had when it became the means of spreading Christianity—because it can serve a double end; (1) of being the means of peace, progress, and civilization, and (2) of being an inexhaustible source of learning.

**EVANGELE VALAOURIS.**  
Greek school, Kyparissia.

**ROUND MY INDIANA DOMESTAD**  
Round my Indiana Domestead waves the scornfields;  
From the meadow comes the scent of new moan Hays;  
Through the cinemas the scandal lights are gleaming;  
On the banks of the Wabash far away. **N. D.**

**As the World Wags:**  
"When admitted to the Dhangar caste she sat at meat with women of the caste after accepting food, some of which Tukoji Rao had previously eaten. This act made her a Maratha as well as a Hindu." A. P. dispatch to The Boston Herald of March 18.

What quaint, and possibly admirable, customs obtain in India! Evidently they teach a wife her place in good season. Still, it's all a matter of taste. **MCLEOD.**

### BUT WHY "GADGET"?

**As the World Wags:**  
On what seems to be pretty good authority, the word "gadget" or "gad-

gets" is used in the navy as an equivalent to "jigger" or "thing-a-majig" and is applied to any contraption that has no special name, like an eyebolt, or a swivel, or a cog. A gunner may speak of a piece of the gun's mechanism as a "gadget" or the man at the wheel may so call some bit of the steering gear. Browning somewhere used the word "gadge" to describe evidently a torturing device, but it is doubtful whether "gadget" sprang from the same source. It is a bulky word, and the wonder is that it never came into the language by the front door.

W. E. K.  
From an editorial article in the London Daily Telegraph of Dec. 31, 1927, shown to us by "W. E. K.": "Perhaps the professor has suffered long and sorely from the arrogance of those who are pleased to assume that machinery means civilization and that an equipment of gadgets constitutes mental and moral superiority." In the advertisement section of World's Work for April a new camera, "different from them all" is described as "The Gadget of the Month." No. A camera complete in all its parts is not a gadget, but it may have gadgets.—Ed.

Nor will Capt. Day Kimball, an American lawyer in London who will defend two British naval officers, "set precedent in London," as a headline in the N. Y. Sun has it. Judah P. Benjamin, born in the West Indies, left Yale College under a cloud. A United States senator from Louisiana, he withdrew in 1861 and was attorney-general, then secretary of war, and finally chief secretary of state in Jefferson Davis's cabinet. After the surrender of the Confederacy he escaped to London where he practised law with great success, enriched himself and was made Queen's counsel. He died at Paris in 1882. "Benjamin on Sales" gave him a great reputation as a writer in his profession.

### As the World Wags:

I seldom accept an invitation to a formal dinner. The late hour of dining and the many courses are at variance with my abstemious life. A bowl of mush and milk and a little stewed fruit with a piece of sponge cake keep the brain unclouded, the stomach at peace. Yet I fell from grace the other evening. There was a lull in the chatter. The host was saying to the fair dame on his right: "Wife and I like cheese." Mr. Eugene Golightly, who had put down three cocktails and was motioning to the butler for more champagne, forgot good manners and snickered right out.

Why should he thus have shown contempt? Does not George Meredith speak of man and wife defying the world with "mutual union"? I like to think of my host with his excellent helpmeet, the adored one at his choice, dining alone and saying tenderly: "My love, won't you have another bit of cheese?" **HERKIMER JOHNSON.**

## FLUTE PLAYERS IN ART CLUB CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon the Flute Players gave a concert at the Art Club. They opened their program with "Rispetti e Strambotti" by Malipiero for string quartet (Messrs. Elcus, Lebovici, Lefranc and Gighera). This music called to mind the Irish song in which a piper "in the street today set up, and tuned, and started to play." So the players yesterday "set up" and tuned, quite in the way of crude fiddlers at a country fair. And then they played attractive tunes indeed, genuine folk tunes or Malipiero's own efforts in the same vein, some gay, some sad, with "tuning" between them, or else agreeable interludes in which the composer spoke for himself engagingly. Here was pleasant music delightfully performed, though in truth there did get to be over-many "rispetti"—or, may be, "strombotti!"

A "sonata da camera" followed, by Pierne, for flute, cello, piano (Messrs. Laurent, Gighera, Motte, Lacroix), played for the first time in Boston. Nine times out of ten the sight of a solo flute turns the most sedate of composers volatile or sentimental. So Pierne, bending low, wrote in his prelude music amazingly trivial. For the sentimentally elegiac note needful, the sonata being dedicated to the memory of Louis Fleury, he made use of the sarrabande rhythm; he devised something very pretty. In lively mood once more when he reached his nale, Pierne evolved pages lively enough, and, be it said to their credit, not quite so futile as those of the prelude.

A second work Mr. Laurent produced for the first time in Boston, "Die junge Magd" by Hindemith, six poems for mezzo soprano (Claudine Levee), with

accompaniment for flute, clarinet (Gaston Hamelin) and string quartet. Arthur Fiedler conducted.

The poems are singularly unpleasant, though they appear to be no without a certain vivid pictorial quality and by no means void of pathos. To judge by a single hearing of the music it was their unpleasantness that impelled Hindemith to his composition. Dreary music, at all events, and perversely inexpressive, he chose to write. Perhaps a singer more dramatically endowed than Mme. Levee could have made qualities clear not in evidence yesterday. Mr. Fiedler did admirable work.

Mme. Levee, accompanied by Mr. Fiedler, sang a song by Schreier, "Sommer Faeden," a very graceful, melodious song, and also Schumann's "Widmung."

After so much music either trifling or experimental, something stout of content and in familiar idiom would have brought refreshment with it. Vincent d'Indy's trio for piano, clarinet and cello did not suit. Its movement, impressive to read, in performance sounded disappointingly diffuse and far fetched. But it came too late in the day, and the hall was hot. Haydn would have answered better. **R. R. G.**

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

With an interesting program of Russian music the 18th concert of the season of the People's Symphony orchestra, William Hofmann, conductor, was heard yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall. Rata Present, pianist, was the assisting artist. The program was as follows: Ippolitow-Ivanow, Suite "Caucasian Sketches"; Borodin, "At the Convent"; Chopin, Concerto in F Minor; Tchaikowsky, Symphony No. 5.

The five Russian composers who founded a Russian school of music for Russians succeeded well. Their music is not alone for Russians, however, but the world has grasped it with avidity and uses it with relish. Is it not interesting, inspiring music for the most part with gorgeous hues and surprising effects of rhythm? Only one of these five representative Russians was on the program yesterday, Borodin, but all of the music had a flare of grace, of individuality.

Michail Ippolitow-Ivanow was teacher of music and conductor for some years at Tiflis, in the Caucasus, and while there he became deeply interested in folk music. A volume of Georgian folk songs was published as a result of his researches and the orchestral suite "Caucasian Sketches," was also inspired by his residence in the mountainous and semi-Eastern region.

There are some who say this suite reflects the influence of Rimsky-Korsakov, whose pupil Ippolitow-Ivanow was. There is a certain kinship of orchestration, a peculiar metrical use of folk tunes, a sure brilliant painting of picture that one finds in Rimsky-Korsakov. The orchestra under Mr. Hofmann's direction played the "Caucasian Sketches" well. The short solo passage were also well taken and the suite was received enthusiastically by the audience.

The Borodin selection received the same careful treatment and the picture of the convent was not painted in faint colors. The convent bells seemed to come through a haze, but an enveloping haze of high peaks and wide spaces. One did not doubt the story for a moment.

Rata Present, pianist, played the Chopin concerto. One was under the impression that Miss Present did no play as well as she is capable, but a that, it was an agreeable performance. Here is a pianist who likes her instrument. She does not take it on for several rounds of fistfuffs but plays with an intelligent appreciation of musical values. When she would lose herself in her music the melody would ripple from the keyboard, and especially in the Rondo did she use her fine feeling for melody to advantage. Miss Present has studied with Cortot in Paris and Lhevinne in New York. She has been heard in recital in Boston and will play again next Thursday.

The audience was not large but the program was received with warm appreciation. **C. M. D.**

## RACHMANINOFF

Thousands of men in various Catholic parishes of Greater Boston attended opening services of retreats yesterday which will end on Palm Sunday, April 1. The retreats are in most cases annual affairs preparatory to the solemn services of Holy Week.

More than 3000 attended the opening of the 53rd annual retreat under the



Prelude (played as a fourth en-  
the outburst of contented glee  
the bar that follows after the  
s three notes of the "first sub-  
maninoff's program was as en-  
as it was educational. Bach is  
beginning of all things musical;  
ingly, Bach—in Busoni's arrange-  
—was represented—in his two  
choral preludes. Rachmaninoff's  
s eminently austere, the counter-  
massive and stone-cut. It was  
unalloyed and, by all odds, true  
Next to Bach, Rachmaninoff  
Taneiev's prelude and Fugue—  
seldom is that Russian Johann-  
an heard outside of his country  
his name is greatly esteemed and  
ks reverently studied. The juxta-  
n did not diminish the splendor  
melev's scholarly art, but only  
strated that contrapuntal writing  
e made as vivid and as appealing  
page of romantic music.

**CHAMPION OF MEDTNER**  
maninoff is admittedly a cham-  
of Medtner.  
not he find in Medtner's music  
ongenial spirit that offsets and  
ments his own? Medtner is a  
of an interesting form of a  
fairly tale. He differs from a  
inasmuch as it contains several  
ents. It differs from a true  
form because it includes an ele-  
of digressing fancy. Medtner is  
ly neglected; his powerful piano  
to, for long a classical work in  
e, should be given place in the  
ire of our major orchestras.  
Medtner—the fourth sonata of  
n. It was in this sonata that  
an found his voice—eternal  
ng for the unattainable. How  
ate had once seemed this accum-  
of unresolved ninths, that pro-  
n of piercing trumpet calls!  
may not arouse us now—what  
ot we seen since—but Scriabin's  
still preserves her entrancing vir-  
—and she is not to be measured  
earthly fathoms.

**SHOWS LYRICAL VIGOR**  
bin's scherzo and two ctudes  
performed with lyrical vigor that  
ushes Rachmaninoff's playing.  
like Paderewski's sentimentalized  
a better, but is it not possible to  
the golden medium?  
amaninoff's own three etudes—  
x and two brilliant Liszt num-  
pped a long program. The en-  
were given in logical progression;  
owsky's Troika, Moussorgsky's  
Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G  
(the "military" one), and the  
p minor. Needless to say, their  
nance was superb. N. S.

mek27'928  
natural that M. Maurois, look-  
s the Channel to find another  
an to sit for his portrait which  
e hung next that of Shelley's,  
chose Disraeli the gaudy ori-  
enturer rather than Gladstone  
r contradictory statesman, groping  
yhood after the light; Glad-  
no like Signor Bimbinger, the  
singer, had such a magnificent  
et to biographers of the sober-  
tical school Gladstone is the  
eresting subject. Osbert Bur-  
ting "W. E. Gladstone," pub-  
y Houghton Mifflin Company,  
succeeded in holding the attention  
ers who are more curious about  
character than about his politi-  
rships and failures, though the  
e discussed by Mr. Burdett lu-  
al without prejudice.

is the legendary Gladstone, the  
e aggressive, defiant shirt-col-  
traveling bag which came into  
in the early '80's; the pleasure  
with its two inside seats, calash  
seats for driver and footman;  
stone wines cheapened for the  
market by his action as Chan-  
of the Exchequer in 1860; the  
ne writing innumerable postal  
the Gladstone, feller of trees;  
Gladstone of "Juventus Mundi,"  
ng "The Woman in White" to  
Bede"; fondly believing that  
Moore's "Esther Waters" would  
end to bettering for all time.  
Burdett has little to say about this  
ry hero. He writes about the  
politics with here and there a  
e to episodes in his private life;  
siders the two great issues in  
ne's long life: The corn law  
and the Irish quarrel; he de-  
the spectacular crusades on be-  
oppressed nationalities, begin-  
th ire attack on the Neapolitan  
of imprisoning unproved offend-  
politics. The fortune of the Glad-  
family came from plantations  
by slaves in Demerara. At Ox-  
a debate in favor of immedi-

ate emancipation, he put through an  
amendment that "education of a re-  
ligious kind was the first object of legis-  
lation." In an article for a Liverpool  
newspaper he welcomed the statement  
that West Indian slaves were in paradise  
in comparison with mill-hands in Lan-  
cashire. In the House of Commons, fa-  
voring gradual emancipation, "with full  
compensation to the slave owners," he  
spoke of the dangerous occupations at  
home. Later he defended the planters,  
but admitted that slavery was demoraliz-  
ing. Referring to his former speeches  
and letters, he spoke of the "enormous  
and most blessed change of opinion since  
that day on the subject." Mr. Burdett  
adds: "Gladstone's temperamental test  
was the state of opinion around him."  
Was not his favoring the South in our  
civil war, and his remarks in 1861 due to  
his early sympathy for slave holding  
planters? But this should not be held  
against him. Clergymen in Boston's  
pulpits called slavery a divine institu-  
tion, sanctioned by Holy Writ.

As a young man, Gladstone wrote in  
his diary: "O for a light from on high!  
I have no power, none, to discern the  
right path for myself." This revealing  
confession explains much in his later  
years as a politician. He was rigorous  
in observance of religious practices, as  
family prayers with servants in attend-  
ance, churchgoing, etc. Mrs. Gladstone  
made this entry in her diary: "Engaged  
a cook, after a long conversation on re-  
ligious matters, chiefly between her and  
William." Yet he voted against the con-  
demnation of W. G. Ward and of Pusey  
at Oxford. Though he had once de-  
clared that men who had no belief in  
the divine revelation were not the men  
to govern England, when the House of  
Commons voted that Bradlaugh, elected  
in 1880, should not be allowed to take  
the oath of allegiance, not even by affir-  
mation, because he was a declared athe-  
ist, Gladstone supported Bradlaugh,  
challenging the legality of the decision,  
and in moving the affirmation bill in  
1883 declared that he had no fear of  
atheism in the House of Commons.

In 1873 there was a movement to  
raise a public memorial to John Stuart  
Mill. Gladstone, from personal acquaint-  
ance, had once called him "the saint of  
rationalism"; but he refused to sub-  
scribe on the ground that people could  
not agree whether Mill had advocated  
birth control or not.

Was Gladstone a Pecksniff? He often  
dragged in morality without any cause.  
His wife used to prepare a drink of  
sherry and egg for him, by which he  
would sustain himself in the House of  
Commons. The drink was in a short,  
thick pomatum pot, "supplied," H. W.  
Lucy said, "with an ill-fitting cork that  
baffled the frenzied efforts of the orator  
to replace it." Gladstone said of this  
drink: "I think it excellent, but I have  
much more faith in the egg than in the  
alcohol"; a truly Pecksniffian remark.

He abhorred tobacco. If his secre-  
taries smoked they must change their  
clothes before entering his august pres-  
ence. Distinguished visitors at Hawar-  
den made conditions, or smoked stealth-  
ily in their bedrooms.

Mr. Burdett sensibly makes no espe-  
cial reference to the scandalous and un-  
founded charge made recently against  
the statesman. Even at Oxford he had  
discussed with a friend a private plan  
for the benefit of prostitutes, whose pre-  
carious lives appealed to his charitable  
heart. "A crusader born out of due  
time, he responded instantly to romantic  
causes." When he was Chancellor of the  
Exchequer, returning home late at night,  
a street walker accosted him. He lis-  
tened to her, walked with her. A post-  
office clerk attempted blackmail. Glad-  
stone handed him over to the police.  
The man was sent to jail. He afterward  
wrote to Gladstone asking forgiveness.  
This incident brought out the fact that  
Gladstone, aided by his wife, had for  
years been in the habit of assisting  
prostitutes; had founded several institu-  
tions for them. Mrs. Gladstone's homes  
"were, I believe, the first that allowed  
unmarried mothers to keep their babies  
with them." The number of street  
women in London was much greater 50  
years ago than now. Occupations open  
to women supplied miserable wages.  
Charity, in Gladstone's eyes, "should in-  
volve some more personal act than a  
gift of money, and the outcasts appealed  
to a romantic strain in him which de-  
manded some immediate personal ser-  
vice."

We have touched only on passages  
that might have appealed to John  
Aubrey in his curious biographical  
sketches. These passages occupy little  
space in Mr. Burdett's acute study of a  
man, who with all his contradictions,  
was for years the sonorous voice of  
thousands on thousands of his fellow  
countrymen. Great was his power of  
persuasion. The people heard him  
gladly. Even when he puzzled them  
for a moment by that flow of words  
which Disraeli satirized in a famous

phrase, they believed in him, in his sim-  
plicity, his political and economic wis-  
dom. There was the famous Midlothian  
campaign of 1879. "Not a monarch,  
not a preacher, not a heroine, not a  
saint, had evoked anything resembling  
Gladstone's popular reception." Yet on  
paper the speeches are "hardly readable  
today; their power lay in the marvel-  
ous voice, and that voice was a mag-  
nificent echo." The 19th cen-  
tury's ideal of political speech and de-  
portment was embodied to an extraor-  
dinary degree in one man, and, just in so  
far as he was extraordinarily true to  
type and time, he is liable to decline in  
interest today when his age is over."

## 'ESCAPE' GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE  
Plymouth Theatre: First performance  
in Boston of "Escape," an episode play  
in a prologue and nine scenes by John  
Galsworthy. Presented by Winthrop  
Ames.

The cast last night was as follows:  
Matt Denant.....Leslie Howard  
(By arrangement with Gilbert Miller)  
The Girl of the Town.....Henrietta Goodwin  
The Plainclothes Man.....Edgar B. Kent  
The Policeman.....S. B. Roberts  
The Other Policeman.....F. Cecil Butler  
The Fellow Convict.....Lawrence Hanray  
The Warden.....St. Clair Bayfield  
The Other Warden.....Edgar B. Kent  
The Shingled Lady.....Frieda Inescort  
The Maid.....Cecilia Smith  
The Old Gentleman.....Lawrence Hanray  
The Shopkeeper.....J. P. Wilson  
His Wife.....Edith Holden  
His Sister.....Ruth Vivian  
The Captain.....St. Clair Bayfield  
The Man in Plus Fours.....Alan Trotter  
His Wife.....Viva Tattersall  
The Dartmoor Constable.....Edgar B. Kent  
The Laborer.....St. Clair Bayfield  
The Other Laborer.....J. P. Wilson  
The Farmer.....Lawrence Hanray  
The Little Girl.....Geraldine Kay  
Miss Dora.....Henrietta Goodwin  
Miss Grace.....Lois Heatherley  
The Parson.....Austin Trotter  
The Bellringer.....Alan Trotter

Mr. Galsworthy practically asks each  
spectator: "What would you do in case  
an escaped convict came to you? Would  
you give him up to the police or would  
you aid him in his flight?" The dram-  
atist has admitted in a letter that never  
having met a convict escaping he does  
not know what he would do. The ques-  
tion in this play is not put quite fairly.  
All those who would befriend Matt De-  
nant knew, having read the report of  
the trial, that he did not intend to kill  
the plainclothes man who, in a squabble  
which he began, being knocked down,  
hit his head against a rail. Further-  
more, the squabble arose when Matt, a  
captain in the world war, was protest-  
ing against the unwarranted arrest of a  
streetwalker. And so to the gentle  
women concealing Matt, this escaped  
convict had not only received, as they  
thought in their ignorance of the law,  
an absurdly severe sentence, he had  
shown a chivalric spirit in coming to a  
woman's rescue.

There is a short story by Maupassant  
of an escaped convict who, disguised in  
woman's dress, had served respectfully  
as a maid to a giddy Parisienne of  
high social position. The police ar-  
rested the convict in her house. A  
friend asked her if she was not shocked;  
if she had reflected on what might have  
happened to her. No; she was not  
shocked; she was vexed because ap-  
parently she was not alluring or fas-  
cinating in his eyes, and then she told  
her friend the reason why the prisoner  
had been sentenced.

It is to be noted that in "Escape" the  
women are as a rule more sympathetic  
than the men. The latter feel a sense  
of duty, they should obey the law or  
at least follow its traditions. Even the  
woman who reproaches her sister for  
fox-hunting and for staying away from  
church, lies openly, brazenly when she  
is asked if she has seen Matt. She  
lies as the holy woman did to Javert  
when he asked her if she had seen  
Jean Valjean. The little girl cannot  
endure the thought of the farmer pur-  
suing Matt. The woman in pyjamas  
gladly aids him, nor does she fear the  
questions of the returning husband,  
who may well wonder what has become  
of his fishing rod and hat. The ques-  
tion naturally arises if she was not com-  
paring Matt to the absent one and to  
the latter's disadvantage.

Mr. Galsworthy has frankly said that  
his play is "a story," not a play to call  
attention to injustice in the name of  
justice or to abuses in administering  
strictly the law. "Escape" is a play that  
shows the influence of the cinema. It  
is not the less interesting and effective,  
for it reveals how men and women put  
to a certain test behave according to  
their natural instincts, obeying what  
they consider the law of nature, and not  
what the arbitrary laws of society would  
force them to do. There's the retired  
magistrate; he's very human in his  
humorous interest in Matt. What a  
contrast the pretty wife is to the con-  
ventional husband in plus fours! If  
she had had her way Matt would not  
have been obliged to make off with  
their Ford car. And so through the  
play until Matt gives himself up, "plays  
cricket" in order to spare the Parson  
the lie that was trembling on his lips.

Excellent as the dialogue is, the act-  
ing is even better, for it gives plausi-  
bility to the lines and the situations.

No one stops to question the possibility  
of Matt's shaving in the shingled lady's  
bedroom while she sits by, possibly ad-  
miring the intruder, the scene is played  
so naturally. Mr. Howard, cool, humor-  
ous, quick-witted, appreciating as an  
equal the kindness shown him, not the-  
atrical in the final scene, when the  
temptation is strong to be aggressively  
melodramatic, was wholly admirable  
from the time he sat on the park bench  
to the time when, handcuffed, he left  
the vicarage. To speak of the others  
would be to praise one and all. Yet  
one cannot help mentioning by name  
Miss Goodwin, as the girl of the town;  
Miss Inescort, the shingled lady; Mr.  
Hanray, the old gentleman; Miss Sat-  
tersall; Miss Goodwin again, and Miss  
Heatherley, the sisters; and Mr. Tru-  
v as the parson. The final scene as  
played by him and Mr. Howard, for its  
quiet pathos, will long be remembered  
by reason of the text itself and by the  
performance.

The many changes of scenery were  
quickly made. These stage settings were  
appropriately simple and for this reason  
the more effective; the attention was  
not diverted from the men and women  
on the stage.

## ANNIVERSARY BILL GIVEN AT KEITH'S

It was 34 years ago yesterday that B.  
F. Keith's Theatre first opened its doors  
to the public and a special bill of 10  
acts makes up the anniversary program  
this week to commemorate the event.  
Ann Codee and her unit show are  
features.

Miss Codee, statuesque French lady  
of Paris music halls, has been seen at  
Keith's before. She works with Frank  
Orth, diminutive, mild-mannered man,  
who is excellent foil for her Gallic  
vivacity. They give a sample of their  
old act, cutting it short to allow time  
for the many acts under their direction  
which follow. Miss Codee acts as sort  
of mistress of ceremonies.

There is Florence Vernon, introduced  
by Miss Codee as her protegee, who  
dances, and takes prominent part in  
some of the skits. The whole company  
of performers, besides appearing in in-  
dividual acts of their own, keep bobbing  
in and out of the other acts sandwiched  
in between. The audience was enthusi-  
astic in its approval, laughter reaching  
a climax in a cheap bedroom sketch  
which certainly would have shocked the  
good patrons of 1894.

Miss Codee has staged an interesting  
Apache scene. She has carefully coached  
all the people in the act. Vaudevillians,  
smart "gags" on the tip of their  
tongues, suddenly appear speaking  
French and swaggering about in the  
conventional Apache den style. There  
is atmosphere and color in the act,  
although it is rather long drawn out.

Rosalind Ruby, billed as "the shop  
girl prima donna," sings an aria from  
"Traviata," and two or three popular  
ballads. J. Francis Dooley and Corinne  
Sales are well known to vaudeville  
patrons and were given a warm wel-  
come.

Edith Meiser stands out on the whole  
bill because of her unusual charm. She  
sings, or rather talks, character songs,  
and while she lacks the sure-fire  
methods of vaudevillians, nevertheless  
she could say to herself at the end that  
her act "went over." She told the tale  
of social misfits.

First there was the girl who lacks  
"it," next Queen Elizabeth had some-  
thing to say (this one was strangely  
reminiscent of Edna Leedom's number

in the "Follies" last season), and again  
the Gibson girl in frills and furbelows  
bemoaned the fact that men weren't like  
they used to be. Miss Meiser has ap-  
peared in the "Garick Gaeties" and in  
"Peggy-Ann" in New York. As a  
matter of fact her style of entertain-  
ment is perhaps better suited to the  
intimate "Gaeties," since it is a bit  
sophisticated for the average vaudeville  
audience.

There are other acts to round out the  
gala anniversary bill. A. F.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE:** "Merton of  
the Movies," a comedy in four acts by  
George Kaufman and Marc Connelly.  
The cast was as follows:

Amos G. Gashwiler.....	Mark Kent
Elmer Huff.....	James Hagan
Merton Gill.....	Henry Wadsworth
Tessie Kearns.....	Sydney Landrew
Testing Director.....	Edith Spence
Casting Director.....	Frederic Ormoude
J. Lester Montague.....	Frank Charlot
Sigmond Rosenblatt.....	Percy Williams
Camera Man.....	Malcolm Arthur
Walter.....	Clara Joel
The Montague Girl.....	Samuel T. Godfrey
Jeff Baird.....	Milton Griffin
Harold Parmalee.....	Marion Swayne
Beulah Baxter.....	Betty White
Muriel.....	Royal Beal
Walberg.....	Mary Hill
Mrs. Patterson.....	

The small boy next door watched the  
postman ring doorbells without being  
punished for it, and decided to be a  
postman when he was big. Then as he  
began to read the sporting page, he  
decided that football captains were the  
greatest people on earth, and so a foot-



ball captain he would be. But he grew older and learned a bit about politics, about finance, about literature, and planned to be a governor, an oil magnate, a novelist. And finally he lost his illusions and got a steady job as a bond salesman.

Merton Gill was a small boy next door in Ohio, but his hero was a movie star, his inspiration, a movie queen. He wanted to be a movie star himself, and he believed in the art of the serious motion picture, for he had not discovered the greater art needed to make people laugh. So with a heap of ideas about his heroes, and without benefit of beauty contest, he migrated to California, where he got rid of his old ideals, gained a few new ones and a fair amount of common sense.

Henry Wadsworth portrays Merton Gill with a surprising amount of intuition and sincerity. He sustains a certain witfulness combined with ambition that makes his performance most interesting. Mark Kent as Amos Gashwiler, the Ohio storekeeper, and Samuel Godfrey as eff Baird, the comedy Ring played convincingly. The rest of the cast was less than adequate. E. R.

## VINCENT CLUB

The Vincent Club successfully presented its 1928 show, "Presto Change," a two-act musical comedy, at the Repertory Theatre last evening before a crowded audience. The show will be repeated this afternoon and tonight and tomorrow afternoon and night. The proceeds will go to the Vincent Memorial Hospital.

Throughout the performance there were repeated demands for encores, especially for the dance numbers which were equal to similar features for which the Vincent Club annual has long been famous.

The plot centres around a delightful romance combined with tuneful songs and intricate and scintillating dancing. From the rise of the curtain until the finale there was not a dull moment in the action, and frequently the audience as one interrupted with spontaneous applause.

Miss Priscilla Rhodes as Dickey Hall, youthful millionaire, and Miss Helen Rhodes as Jane Montague, are cast in the leading roles. They are excellent in their dances, and especially pretty in their waltz and their song and dance, "I'll Always Remember You."

Miss Jessie Bancroft makes an exceptionally artful old bachelor in her character, Deacon White, who finally succumbs to matrimony.

Miss Edith Parker in the role of Miss Placed is one of the features of the show. The audience apparently did not want her to desist from singing her amusing songs and it was evident that she seemed to enjoy them as much as the audience.

Mrs. Bayard Warren "stopped the show" by her singing shortly after the opening of the second act and the audience did not cease their applause until she sang "April Showers."

One of the many colorful features was the fashion parade in which the following appeared: Mrs. Frederic C. Church, Jr., Miss Lorraine Leeson, Miss Barbara Little, Miss Eleanor Mason, Miss Mary C. Ames, Miss Virginia Parker, Mrs. F. Wadsworth Busk, Mrs. Henry Bohland, and Miss Nancy Hale. The pages were Mrs. Benjamin Rice Bassett and Miss Frances Dewart.

Mrs. John E. Thayer, Jr., as Jack Roller, is typically a man, who follows the sea, with the proverbial sweetheart at every port. He is not so handsome, but armed with his love charm, which he obtained in far off India on one of his voyages around the world, he succeeds in winning the smiles and love of pretty girls the world over and even pretty matrons too. Jack causes many a heartache but he soon finds himself pursued by angry husbands who, too, seek to know something about his charms. And just before the curtain, Jack is forced to give away the secret, but not before he won himself a bride in the beautiful Mary Anne, who is Miss Josephine Jewell.

It would require too much space to describe the excellent dance numbers of the entire show. The "Summer Girls," the "Sailor Girls," the "Milk Maids," the "Farmer Boys," are exceptionally clever.

Miss Helen Rust, Miss Josephine Jewell and Miss Betty Moulton were excellent in their dance, the "Drum Roll." The famous drill, without which no Vincent Club show is complete, was never better. Mrs. Henry Murray, Jr., and others taking part included Miss Grace Cushing, Miss Helen Curtis, Miss Eleanor Clark, Miss Laura Dupee, Miss Alice Graves, Miss Alison Hardy, Miss Nancy Means, Miss Betty Heath, Miss Ellen Hollowell, Miss Dorothy Lawrence, Miss Virginia Lees, Miss Rose Morris, Miss Cynthia Means, Miss Mary Parker and Miss Louise Thayer.

## "The Gateway of the Moon" Is a Jungle Drama

"The Gateway of the Moon," a film drama starring Dolores Del Rio, story by Clifford Bax and directed by John Griffith Wray, is presented at the Kelth Albee Boston Theatre with Walter Pidgeon, Ted McNamara and Leslie Fenton in the cast.

Dolores del Rio is always interesting on the screen. Whether she is put in old Madrid, France or South America, as she is on the present film, she manages to keep all eyes focused on her pleasing self. As a half-caste native girl in the wilds of Bolivia Miss del Rio can use her swinging gait to perfection. Her part calls for untamed emotion. What could be a better setting for Miss del Rio?

The story takes up the trials of railroad building through the jungle. There are natives, picturesque persons who have a habit of dying over often as the process of engineering continues, a brutal relative of the fascinating heroine to whom she is loyal as long as she believes he is as good as the proverbial relative should be and a handsome hero. The drama is good with a few unexpected turns. There is, for instance, the end when one feels that love is not going to win the day for a few months, and a complication about just how the hero is to leave the jungle so he may be waylaid and killed without much trouble.

That he isn't killed—entirely—and is saved by the glorious Dolores should be thrilling enough for a del Rio enthusiast. "The Gateway of the Moon" is romantic enough and adventurous enough to please.

A Hal Roach comedy, short subjects and vaudeville complete the program.

## SYMPHONY IN 5TH MONDAY CONCERT

For last night's symphony concert, the fifth in the Monday series, Mr. Koussevitzky arranged an extremely attractive program. He began it with the Gluck ballet suite, arranged by Mott, which so heartily delighted two hallfuls of musical people, last week. Why should it not? Music of melody no less than exquisite, with rhythm to suit, set forth by a master hand at giving each instrument its due. Those bassoons when the slaves broke into their dance—they growled in the tones of men in ugly mood. The loveliness that spread over the hall when the flute sang, the clarinet, and the simplicity! Gluck had not to cudgel his brains to find an effect; he felt what was right. Last night's performance did this charming music full justice.

Since Mozart, as well as Gluck, had tolerably clear conception of an oboe's value and a horn's, most likely he had his idea when he put oboes and horns with strings to accompany his D major violin concerto, Koechel 218. The idea, though, scarcely came over last night in the orchestra's rather perfunctory accompaniment. Perhaps the soloist, Samuel Dushkin, failed to inspire them.

He played with good tone, not overlarge, but sweet, cool and penetrating. Though he held himself something too aloof from Mozart's music to make it really stirring, by the elegance of his phrasing, his rhythmic precision and his purity of tone, Mr. Dushkin did keep the concerto agreeable to listen to. He was cordially applauded.

For the third movement of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony Mr. Koussevitzky was more than cordially applauded. Forgetting the manners of the day, the audience applauded so enthusiastically that Mr. Koussevitzky must, his convictions notwithstanding have felt pleased.

The performance was indeed rarely beautiful. Not, for the moment, emotionally disposed. Mr. Koussevitzky indulged in none of the hysteria that sometimes turns this symphony intolerable to the non-hysterical and because he made no vain attempt to force the

emotional note, not once came those extravagant noises that can, on occasions, make music hideous.

He played the symphony like any piece of orchestral music, with never a thought, obviously, of the rubbish that folk have written about it. Its own message enough, he crowded no more into it; he let its musical beauty make its way.

Its beauty, therefore, not swamped in emotion, made its way as it has seldom made it here before—and it led direct to impressiveness. Who will forget the finale's opening pages, its end? Nobody, surely, who sat last night in Symphony hall. R. R. G.

## 'THE CIRCUS' COMES TO STATE THEATRE

Charlie Chaplin wrote, directed and produced "The Circus." One hesitates to compare this with his other films. Is it not enough that it is an achievement, gloriously funny and rich in detail. It is perhaps this detail that makes the Chaplin films what they are. When one looks back on "The Circus" the plot does not matter, the scenery is interesting but not half so much so as the pair of funny pants, the spavined feet and the undersized derby on a little man. It is the detail, the soul-stirring detail with its mixture of pathos and humor which so affects one.

The film starts off pleasantly in a circus. It isn't a large circus and it has a villain for a manager whose mania for abusing his daughter catches the audience up and puts them in the right frame of mind for adventure. The adventure appears, a tramp, costumed as we have described and pauses before a side show, a queer little figure, almost pathetic. A thief puts a stolen pocket-book and a watch in his pocket as he stands there. This in itself is not important but it gives cause for the chase, among trick mirrors, in and out of the side show and into the circus where the clowns are not so funny as the little tramp who comes hurtling into their midst with a policeman at his heels.

The manager of the circus listens to the people yelling for "the funny little man" but the funny little man has disappeared and has curled up in a stray straw chariot belonging to the circus and gone to sleep. When he is discovered and offered a job by the manager he accepts. He is to call the next morning for a try-out and the morning finds him camping in the morning lot, making his coffee in a tin can and chasing a hen who obligingly lays him an egg. Again and again Chaplinesque comedy stops the drama, and it is on these stops that the greatest artistry is shown the greatest pleasure is to be had.

The picture is not perfect but Charlie Chaplin is as near perfect as things go in this world as a laugh inspirer. Could anyone watch this little man coaxing the baby for bites of his roll, not wanting to take it, but making it all right by having the child offer it to him by Charlie Chaplin in the lion's cage, the old lion bored and slumbering and Charlie trying to keep from disturbing him until he proves friendly and then the flight after the growl.

There is a trick donkey who causes the new member of the circus some discomfort but all of these episodes slip in, they come upon one without effort, they are innocuous, splendidly ridiculous. Charlie falls in love with the little bare-back rider, so abused by her father and she falls in love with the tall dark tight-rope walker. This kills Charlie's comedy and he ceases to be the hit of the circus. He takes the place of Rex, the king of the high wire, to shine in the king's eyes, he flies at her father and lady's eyes and is thrown out of the beats him up and is thrown out of the circus. He causes the hero of the girl's dreams to marry her and is finally left alone in a swirl of dust as the circus moves on. The small figure turns and is seen going off into the distance, an almost gay figure gathering momentum as he goes. C. M. D.

## CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

Majestic—"Good News," Schwab and Maude musical comedy. Second week.

Shubert—"Behold The Bridegroom," George Kelly's latest play, starring Judith Anderson. Last week.

Tremont—"Hit The Deck," musical comedy, with Louise Groody, Stella Mayhew and Donald Brain. Third week.

Wilbur—"Just Fancy," musical version of "Just Suppose," with Ivy Sawyer, Joseph Santley, Raymond Hitchcock and others. Second week.

Copley—"The Wrecker," mystery play by Arnold Ridley, author of "The Ghost Train." Third week.

Repertory—"What Every Woman Knows," revival of Barrie play, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week Vincent Club first half of week.

## "QUALITY STREET" FILM FEATURE AT ORPHEUM

Marion Davies Stars in Bar Story

Marion Davies is starred in "Quality Street," filmed from James M. Barrie play and presented on the screen for the first time in Boston at Loew's Orpheum this week. Conrad Nagel plays opposite Miss Davies.

The play is laid in provincial England early in the 19th century and has been extremely well directed by Sidney Franklin.

## 'MAD HOUR' OPENS

Brilliant in its action, and dramatic in its conclusion, "Mad Hour," a First National picture, adapted from Elinor Glyn's story, "The Man and the Moment," which opened at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre Monday, is unique in its entertainment value because it makes no effort to "sugarcoat" the situations.

"Mad Hour" is a lively story, true to life, which pictures a group of youths trying to leap the hurdles of experience with a fast traveling young set. Any thinking person will see behind the gaiety and glamor a decided warning against the tactics of jazz-mad modern youth.

Sally O'Neil appears as the daughter of a taxi-driver in an eastern college city, where the sons of the wealthy, attending college, are wont to marry with working girls who see in their attentions an escape from drudgery and a way to obtain many of the good times and luxuries of life which might otherwise be denied them.

Donald Reed, last seen in "Naughty, but Nice" opposite Colleen Moore, gives a splendid performance as the son of the wealthy family who, on a wild party marries Sally, only to find himself disinherited by his people.

Alice White is excellent as Aimee, her little gold-digging pal giving her usual lively performance. Larry Ken who played opposite Miss Moore in "He Wild Oat," does very well with his roll as the boy who really loves Sally, but finds himself left behind through the activities of the fast and wealthy college boy crowd.

Only 12,000 books stolen from Boston Public Library? One is surprised at the moderation shown by those readers at work and play in the rooms of the building. They probably argued: "The library belongs to the citizens of Boston. I am a citizen, or the son of a citizen. A few of the books certainly belong to me." Perhaps they remember the saying: "A book is never lost or stolen; it changes hands."

To us the borrower who does not turn the book is worse than a thief. The borrower is usually a liar. He will tell you square in the face: "You must have lent it to somebody else. I never heard of the book." Another will say: "I lent it to Jim Spriggins. I knew you'd never mind." It's useless to ask the excellent Spriggins about it.

"Frisk the children" may be the motto at the library, but they are not thieves to be most feared. It's the grudgingly looking man whose purse not allow him to purchase a book that would aid him in his professional work. It's the collector that knows the value of a special edition. Is it rash to say that every true lover of books is a thief at heart?

There are gaps in the rows of books on our own modest shelves. Who has rowed the first American edition of "Jude the Obscure"? Where are two three volumes of short stories by C. Cunningham Graham? Where is the edition of Rosney's "Nell Horn"? doth not mourn departed friends?

## "NOW PAPA PANK"

(For As the World Wags)

"Now papa pank!" I seemed to feel a thousand volts along my keel, "Oh, papa don't," I used to blurt. But all he said was, "Mine's the I feel it more the more you squeal."

"It is now my turn, in fortune's wheel To whack my son with equal zeal. And backward all my thoughts run Now papa panks."

I well deserved the kind of deal My papa gave with slipped heel. I think he felt beneath his shi The kind of pain I here assert. The well-known pain, the same as Now papa panks.

WOOF W



## SMOKE WREATHS

World Wags:  
and yesterday what you said about  
one—how he abhorred tobacco.  
s respect he resembled an Ameri-  
politician, Roscoe Conkling. He  
nce at dinner in Albany, N. Y.—It  
stag party. One of his heclers  
up to him with an important  
im: "Step back, sir!" roared Mr.  
ng in his once admired oratorical  
r: "You reek of tobacco."

spoke of guests at Gladstone's  
den being forced to smoke  
ily in their bedrooms. I knew  
to-do elderly man in Spring-  
who was so "near" that he would  
e his wife a dime without asking  
she intended to spend it. She  
r revenge. In the coldest weather  
uld not allow him to smoke in  
use, not even in the kitchen  
-by would see him seated on the  
a when the mercury was about  
rapped in overcoat, shawl, with  
for his legs, endeavoring to enjoy

pos of tobacco, how the English  
erstand us. How little they real-  
of our pleasing manners, cus-  
omptions. Here is an editorial  
aying in the Daily Telegraph of  
a: "As for the United States, the  
of feminine emancipation, to-  
is there regarded by most of the  
esses as it is regarded by the Sul-  
Nejd and his Wahabis, whose  
or smoking is 'drinking unclean-  
already an American, man or  
who smokes is liable to be  
of as an 'addict.'"

dear, many American women,  
and old, smoke from morning till  
smoke just before dinner, be-  
the courses, between mouthfuls.  
smoke in all public places, except  
where it is true they are not  
een. When they pay a visit, no  
are they seated than they pull  
their vanity bag a package of  
favorite brand. They smoke in  
only Hall during the intermission  
ly puff in the faces of those  
y. Their fingers are stained; their  
stinks. There is a time for  
g, as there is a time to mourn  
time to dance, a time to keep  
and a time to speak; a time to  
e and a time to refrain from  
ing. If tobacco had been known  
Preacher in Jerusalem, he would  
dd: a time to smoke and a time  
ain from smoking. Think not  
myself shun the Indian weed. I  
oked since I was an innocent  
oy, beginning with rattan and  
rn. I have smoked tobacco of  
a and the Connecticut valley; of  
a and Manila, Cuba and Turkey.  
seventies I tried to roll cigarettes  
one Jack—"or seek no further:  
can't be found"; I have sliced  
perique with a miniature hay-  
rubbed sun-dried tobacco in my  
to fill pipes of clay or briar. My  
are Captain Hook, with his holder  
ee cigars, and John Bunce's  
Mr. Gallaspy, who, when he  
s, "always blew two pipes at once,  
each corner of his mouth, and  
the smoke out at both his nos-  
But I never smoke at dinner,  
ly when there is wine to come,  
concert of the Boston Symphony  
ra. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Christopher Morley is again  
ding Chinese poems of wit and  
s, thus delighting the readers of  
urday Review of Literature.

## PRECAUTION

then,  
y cracking sunflower seeds be-  
en his teeth,  
he Elderly Statesman  
minded of that famous coterie of  
ets  
even Loafers of the Bamboo  
rove.  
it of these, he told us,  
Ling,  
dered his two serving men  
w him constantly,  
ried wine,  
e other a spade,  
poet might be buried  
he fell.

## A CORRECTION

World Wags:  
e wrong. Cholmondeley is not  
nced "Marchbanks." It is pro-  
d "Epsom." JOSCELYN.

## GA AVIERINO

d by Leon Vartanian, pianist,  
aurent, flutist; Albert Snow,  
and Alfred Zighera, "cellist."  
erino, soprano, offered this pro-  
t night in Jordan hall:  
No. 23, Liszt; "Der Engel,"  
still!" Im Treibhaus, Schmerz-  
ame, Wagner; Beautiful Maid-  
ame, Wagner; Beautiful Maid-  
Chansons maddescas for voice,  
ello and piano, Air d'enfant

(from "L'enfant et les Sortilèges"),  
Vocalise (Habancra), Ravel; "On a  
Screen," "To a Young Gentleman,"  
Carpenter; Cradle Song, Deception,  
Song of a Gipsy Girl, Tchaikovsky; Li-  
lacs, All things depart, Rachmaninoff;  
"By the River Don," "The Commander-  
in-Chief," Moussorgsky.

It is not to be expected that every-  
body fancied Mme. Avierino's program;  
there were some people present, most  
likely, who could not abide it. Every-  
body, though, must respect the singer's  
aim and plan. Bent on producing music  
not already sung to rags, she found  
plenty well worth the singing. To make  
sure of variety, she did not hesitate to  
call in the help of able artists. The  
cheap she would not put up with. Like,  
furthermore, every shrewd arranger of  
programs, she saw to it that here and  
there something familiar made its ap-  
pearance, if only to rest ear and brain.  
Mme. Avierino deserves many compli-  
ments for her fine intentions.

Liszt's psalm, though, with its ac-  
companiment for piano and organ? Agreeable enough for a while, it went  
on very long before it had finally said  
its say. Five of Wagner's songs in a  
row, difficult songs to manage and most  
of them not too grateful? Fewer, per-  
haps, would have answered better.

Casella, too, and so much of Ravel—  
as Mme. Avierino elected to sing  
Ravel—with Carpenter in Chinese vein  
to follow—music full-throated could  
have varied the course to advantage.

Ravel himself, indeed, could have done  
more to help if Mme. Avierino had seen  
it that way. In those songs of Mada-  
gasca he wrote melodies extremely well  
defined; think, particularly, of that  
which begins the third song, with its  
unbroken long line, the marked rise and  
fall of its curves. To words, in short,  
expressive of much, he fitted melodies  
obviously meant to express as much.

When Ravel wrote a melody with  
genuine beauty in it and expressiveness,  
surely he did not imagine it treated  
like like one of those conceits in which  
he tossed about a note or two by way  
of a theme along with rhythmic de-  
vices. He, perhaps more than other  
composers, when he does take a fancy  
to write a melody, has a right to de-  
mand that that melody be recognized  
in performance.

Mme. Avierino felt the matter other-  
wise. Ravel! She approached his songs  
in the too usual way, thus lowering  
something beautiful and engrossing to  
the plane of emptiness on which Ravel's  
music and Debussy's too often are  
forced to move.

A singer, it is clear, of naturally  
beautiful voice and fine musical tastes,  
Mme. Avierino seems disposed, perhaps  
because of technical limitations, nar-  
rowly to confine her interpretations to  
a placidity too subdued and an ex-  
plosiveness almost violent. There are  
many shades of expression between  
these two which she would be wise to  
cultivate.

An unusually large audience ap-  
plauded Mme. Avierino with great  
warmth. R. R. G.

## HISTORY OF CENSORSHIP

(From the New York Sun)

### GREECE

When playwrights in the day of Pericles  
Began to make too personal a wheeze,  
They found they had to mind their Q's  
and P's.

### ROME

When Nero played a part in classic  
Rome,  
An audience with wisdom in its dome  
Would clap like hell or else remain at  
home.

### ENGLAND

Will Shakespeare even must have had a  
dread  
Of writing lines that might have cost  
his head,  
For when he slandered kings, he picked  
'em dead.

### U. S. A.

What would and what would never,  
never go,  
The old producers always used to know,  
But here they don't until cops close the  
show. FAIRFAX DOWNEY.

Edward Burlingame Hill's Symphony,  
written last summer, will be performed  
for the first time at the concerts of  
the Boston Symphony orchestra this  
week. Mr. Hill informs us that the  
symphony has no program; it does not  
purpose to portray in tones spiritual  
crises; it develops musical ideas. Paul  
Kochanski, who played here with this  
orchestra six years ago, a violinist of  
outstanding talent, has chosen for his  
appearance Bach's Concerto No. 1 and  
Ravel's "Tzigane." The former was first  
played at a Symphony concert by Franz  
Kneisel; the latter was introduced in  
Boston, with piano accompaniment, by  
Yelly d'Aranyi early this season. She  
was the first to play this brilliant piece.  
It was at a concert of Ravel's composi-  
tions in London. She had only two  
or three days in which to learn it, for  
it was completed only after the arrival

of Ravel in London. He said after her  
performance with piano accompani-  
ment that he knew the piece was dif-  
ficult, but had he heard her, he would  
have made it still more difficult. This  
was his way of complimenting her.  
Some have thought that his purpose in  
"Tzigane" was to parody the Joachim-  
Hubay Hungarian manner of writing for  
the violin; as some insist that his  
"Waltz" for orchestra parodies the  
Viennese school. Once a composer has  
established a reputation for irony, it  
is easy to say that he is always ironi-  
cal in composition.

The other pieces on the program are  
the Prelude and Love Death from  
"Tristan and Isolde" and the Prelude to  
"The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

The program of the Symphony con-  
certs next week will be as follows: Con-  
verse, "California"—Victory Dance of  
the First Inhabitants, Spanish Padres  
and Explorers, The March of Civiliza-  
tion, Land of Poco Tiempo, Invasion of  
the Gringos, Midnight at "El Pasco"  
1927 (first performance); Stravinsky,  
"Le Sacre du Printemps"; Beethoven,  
Symphony No. 5, C minor.

American-born opera and concert  
singers, especially women, give me a  
pain.—Reinald Werrenrath.

Mr. Werrenrath, the baritone singer,  
was born in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. E. E. Clive, director of the Copley  
Theatre, will talk next Saturday morn-  
ing at the theatre in aid of the Wom-  
en's Municipal League. The lecture is  
at 11 o'clock; the subject: "The Ro-  
mance of the Theatre—Past, Present  
and Future." On Saturday morning,  
April 7, at the same hour and for the  
same cause he will tell "The Story of  
Punch and Judy," accompanied by a  
real Punch and Judy show.

The Concord Players will perform in  
Concord tonight, tomorrow and Satur-  
day evenings Shaw's "St. Joan." Mr.  
Samuel Merwin writes, apropos of the  
author's statement that the slightest  
cutting of the performance is unthink-  
able: in spite of this interdiction, the  
Players have "deleted Shaw, the contro-  
versialist, wherever possible, leaving  
Joan the maid—her dream, her great  
effort, and her death. Scene two, the  
coronation, and scene seven, the epi-  
logue, are dropped in toto, and much of  
the polemical matter in the remaining  
scenes is either omitted or cut down to  
the marrow of the thought. What re-  
mains seems to us to be pure drama,  
noble and profoundly moving drama."

Carmela Ippolito, violinist, assisted by  
Nicolas Sionimsky, pianist, will play in  
Jordan hall tonight music by Veracini,  
Sammartini, Vivaldi, Honegger (Sonata  
No. 1 for violin and piano), Ketten-  
Loeffler, Bach-Wilhelmj and Vieux-  
temps.

Julia Warner, soprano, and Wilhelm-  
ina Andrea Johansen, sopranos, will  
give a concert in Steinert hall tonight.  
Carl Lamson will be the accompanist.  
Miss Warner's songs are by Pergolesi,  
Widor, Lalo, Fauré, Schumann,  
Wagner, Grieg, Brahms, Rachmaninoff,  
MacDowell, Moussorgsky; Miss Johan-  
sen's are by Schubert, Schumann,  
Brahms, Wolf, Jostens, Carpenter and a  
group of Norwegian composers. There  
will also be duets by Caracciolo, Hum-  
perdinck and Puccini.

The Lutheran Choral Union of  
Greater Boston will give a Lenten con-  
cert in Jordan hall next Saturday  
night, at 8 o'clock. Maude Erickson,  
soprano; Helen Yngve, contralto; James  
C. Bell, tenor; Thure E. Gillson, bass;  
Alessandro Niccoli violin; Sture A.  
Olson, organ; Mildred Anderson, piano;  
J. Fritz Hartz, director. Part I—Vocal  
music by Christiansen, Chadwick, Prae-  
torius, Gounod, Grieg, Luther and  
pieces for violin by Bach, Porpora,  
Nachez, Vieuxtemps, Dittersdorf and  
Sarasate. Part II—The second part of  
Handel's "Messiah."

The Clavier Ensemble, Mme. Avis  
Bliven-Charbonnel, director, will give a  
concert in Jordan hall next Saturday  
afternoon. Schubert-Tausig, Marche  
Militaire (six pianos); Bach, Concerto  
for 3 Cembali, C major; Nicolaiev, Suite  
in B minor, op. 13; Thomas Grisele, A  
Keyboard Symphony (for six pianos).  
The Clavier Ensemble, an organization  
of 30 pianists, made its first public  
appearance in Providence on Jan. 6,  
1926. Since that time it has given 15  
concerts. This will be the first appear-  
ance in Boston. Because of the lack  
of six-piano literature, "arrangements"  
have been played almost exclusively.  
This year the ensemble will play an  
original composition, "A Keyboard  
Symphony" for six pianos (12 players).  
This composition is dedicated to the  
ensemble, and written for it by Thomas  
Grisele, who will conduct it.

The N. E. Conservatory orchestra,  
Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will give  
a concert tomorrow in Jordan hall at  
8:15 P. M. Vivaldi, Concerto, F major,  
for three violins. The players will be  
Ione Coy, Margaret Clark and Cecile

Forest. The instrumentation of the ac-  
companiment (strings and trumpets) is  
by Mr. Chadwick. Beethoven, Overture  
to "Coriolanus." Pick-Mangiagalli, "Sor-  
titegli," symphonic poem for piano and  
orchestra, Rossanna McGinnis, pianist.  
Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, an Italian  
composer, was born at Strakonitz (Bo-  
hemia) on July 10, 1882. He studied at  
the Milan Conservatory—composition  
under Ferroni, the piano under Appiani,  
and soon gained fame as pianist and  
composer. His ballets and music dramas  
produced at La Scala met with great  
success. He has composed much for the  
orchestra and piano. Among his works  
is the "Notturmo e Rondo fantastico"  
for orchestra, which is in Mr. Tosca-  
nini's repertoire. He has also written a  
string quartet. The "Sortitegli" is dated  
1917. The program will also comprise  
these works: Converse, Elegiac Poem  
Chabrier, Introduction to Act II of  
"Gwendoline"; Wagner, Prelude, and  
the closing scene (Act III) of "Parsifal"  
(with chorus).

## RATA PRESENT I

Rata Present, pianist, played this pro-  
gram last night in Jordan hall:

Prelude and Fugue, B flat minor, from  
book 1. Well-Tempered Clavichord,  
Bach; Sonata, Op. III, Beethoven;  
Preludes 20, 3, 7, 10, 15, Etude, Op. 25,  
No. 1, Ballade, Op. 23, Chopin; Etude,  
F sharp major, Stravinsky; Jeux d'eau,  
Ravel; Cordoba, Albeniz; Danza Festiva,  
Medtner.

Give her musical miniatures to deal  
with and Miss Present can fashion  
them as neatly as you please. For those  
five little familiar preludes of Chopin—  
it called for some daring to venture  
them in public—she had character at  
hand, true imagination. That first one  
in C minor she made noble—how many  
weary teachers have struggled to bring  
its nobleness home to equally weary  
pupils! The swish of waves that Chopin  
surely felt in the G major prelude Miss  
Present felt too; not many pianists  
appear to feel it. To the markedly con-  
trasting melodies of the last prelude she  
gave their full value, and so she made  
something more of the piece than  
sweetness long drawn out.

Poetic fancy, and musical ingenuity  
based on sound musicianship—these  
high virtues led last night to charming  
playing of the six small Chopin pieces.  
If some people were to pronounce it  
mannered, a retort would stand ready:  
better mannered than mannerless. Musi-  
cally mannerless pianists—several such  
lately have let themselves be heard.

Seriously, however, Miss Present  
would be wise to cultivate, for the mo-  
ment, simplicity in place of elaboration.  
She has much to do with, what with  
beautiful tone and sensitiveness to mel-  
ody.

A player, aptest, like Miss Present,  
at the smallest forms, showed no sound  
judgment when she tackled perhaps  
the heaviest sonata there is to manage.  
She began it well, indeed, with a stir-  
ring delivery of the first big theme, that  
sounds like a proclamation. Delicate  
passages toward the end she suffused  
with the right ethereal spirit. But of  
the proper relations the sonata, though,  
Miss Present showed slight understand-  
ing. A scale passage, too often, she left  
but a scale; she perceived in it no ma-  
jestic approach to a theme, or a flourish  
brushed in for brilliancy's sake, or per-  
haps an episode's graceful close.

So managed, Miss Present could not  
make a great sonata other than dull.  
In a lesser degree she succeeded not too  
happily with the ballad, though its  
troublesome close she did handle with  
exceptional skill. She has so fine a  
talent, she plays so beautifully music  
she can see through to its end, it is  
much to be hoped that Miss Present will  
turn her attention to an exhaustive  
analysis of music of long breath.

R. R. G.

## SERGEI RADAMSKY

The first of the series of entertain-  
ments for the benefit of the Museum  
School Alumni Association was given  
last night at the Museum of Fine Arts.  
Sergei Radamsky, tenor; Genevieve Pi-  
tot, accompanist. The program con-  
sisted entirely of Russian songs in-  
terspersed with informal explanations  
on the changes of present-day Russian  
composition in both folk and formal  
music and was as follows: Mascagni, O  
Popolo di Villi, from "Isabeau"; Bor-  
odin, Arabian Love Song; Ippolitov-Ivan-  
ow, The Fisherman's Song from "Ole  
of the Northland"; Gnossin, Song of Ails-  
kana from the drama "The Rose and the  
Cross" by Alexander Block; Rubenstein,  
aria from "Demon." Modern Russian  
songs in folk vein 1927 were Vasiliev-  
Buglav, Exultation; Schechter, Memo-  
ries; Korchmariev, Lullaby, and "Bil-  
ina," a short epic poem.

Although these songs were sung in  
Russian, Dr. Radamsky told their  
meaning in English and also told en-  
tertainingly of musical Russia today.



It will be recalled that Mr. Radamsky gave the first recital in the Museum several years ago at the close of an exhibition of foreign art. He has recently been in Europe on a concert tour, spending the last 10 weeks in leading Russian cities, and is returning to Russia in April.

Mr. Radamsky said that at the present time Russia was over-productive. Everyone had the urge to create, to write not only music but books, poems and operas. There was, however, in much that had no value some excellent music being written. Gnessin, he mentioned especially, as being one of the most popular composers in Russia and little known in this country, Moussorgsky as being prolific, turning out symphonies one after another, and there are others of note and talent.

This great encouragement to the arts is, to a certain extent, because of the present manner of distributing tickets. At least 60 per cent, and sometimes the entire disposal of tickets to an entertainment is given to the unions. Every union has a turn and every man in the union has a chance to select what he wishes to see. A worker in Russia at the present time probably goes to the theatre, the opera, or a concert on an average of twice a week.

In the evening at the opera where one would expect to see full dress, one sees the workman in his work clothes. He does not imitate his more cosmopolitan neighbor. He does not know much about the opera, but typewritten sheets are placed in each seat with simple explanations. In this way Russian music and drama have flourished. The general public have the tickets returned by the unions, if there are any.

Mr. Radamsky went into detail to correct the impression that Russian music was written only by order of the government and that people were jailed and sent to Siberia for playing American jazz music as has been given out. These things were not true. He had danced in Moscow to jazz, but the government did not encourage it. The Russian people work and all the people work excepting perhaps the few of the old regime who have been left without their fine estates and have not been trained to do anything. These people are the most to be pitied in Russia today. There is no wholesale penalties of death, the jails are not overcrowded and Siberia does not loom on the horizon.

The program was interesting and Mr. Radamsky sang it well. Especially did the modern song in folk vein trick the imagination and if, as Mr. Radamsky said, every Russian had to be sad once a day at least to be happy and is never happy unless he is sad, he does it so pleasantly in a dramatic mood, that it is enjoyable.

C. M. D.

#### VILLANELLE OF A LADY CONTENT

Husbands are cast in no perfect mould  
(A sentiment probably rather trite),  
And they're rarely Adonises to behold.

They always refuse to do as they're told;  
Unshaven, they look like a genuine  
fright;

Husbands are cast in no perfect mould.

They paw one at times, or else they're  
too cold;

Their bark oftentimes is as bad as a  
bite,

And they're rarely Adonises to behold.

They sometimes come home a la wolf on  
the fold

(i.e., savage), when business does not go  
aright;

Husbands are cast in no perfect mould.

They're likely to fall for a vampire bold,  
Especially once they're out of sight,  
And they're rarely Adonises to behold.

But I wouldn't trade mine for a galleon  
of gold,

For I know though he acts not, nor  
looks, like a knight,

Husbands are cast in no perfect mould,  
And they're rarely Adonises to behold.

HELENE R. B.

Contributors to London journals are greatly exercised over two questions that have been propounded:

1. Should "judgment" be spelled "judgement"? The Oxford dictionary allows both spellings, giving "judgment" the preference.

2. How old was Lady Capulet? Mr. Mander argues that she might have been as young as 23 and certainly not more than 30, for she says in the play: "I was your mother"—Juliet's mother—"much upon these years that you are now a maid." The nurse had said that Juliet would be 14 in a fortnight's time. Mr. Andrew Leigh thinks Capulet must have been much older than his wife, probably 50 to 60, for he had not been in a masque for 30 years. "Lady Capulet's reference in the last scene to her 'old age' is merely the extravagant

utterance of grief, like the nurse's 'These mine sorrows make me old,' and a woman of 30 would be considered comparatively old in mediaeval Italy." Have these letter-writers determined definitely the exact age of Anne?

Now that Mr. Maurois is ranked among the authors of "best sellers" on account of his "Disraeli," it is interesting to read his impressions of American life. The following paragraph in The Bulletin (Dartmouth College), a translation from an interview published in L'Intransigeant after the return of M. Maurois to Paris, is noted by H. F. M. "America is young, the Americans are young. The American spirit is still the pioneer spirit. There are still so many things to discover. The spirit of the pioneer, I tell you. Thus, for example, at Dartmouth College, the rallying cry is an Indian cry: 'Oua, oua!' Dartmouth is at the edge of a forest. In the evening the students carry their dinner and their books into the depths of the woods. During the fine weather they pass the night there and the farther away the better they like it." It's a wonder that M. Maurois did not give a graphic description of the students trundling their war-whoops on the Campus.

We like the man whose impulse is to say "Yes" much better than the one whose impulse is to say "No," but the trouble is that the former never has anything to lend.—Ohio State Journal.

#### OSWALD AND THE DENTIST

As the World Wags:

You ought to meet my tooth doctor. Oh, you'd die laughing. He doesn't fill teeth or make crowns or anything. All he does to teeth is to yank 'em out. Oh, he's so funny. Nice, clean fun, y'understand, nothin' dirty. How he did amuse me.

Maddening pain drove me to his office. I fell limply into the chair and opened my mouth.

"Ho-o-o-owah!" heaved the dentist.

"Yawns are contagious, aren't they?"

"But I'm not yawning," I replied, closing my mouth twice to pronounce the words.

"Oh, you want something?" asked the dentist.

"Yes!" I groaned. "I——"

"I'll bet you have the earache," he ventured.

"No, not that. It's——"

"Headache? Sore throat? Dandruff? Corn bothering you?"

"Toothache!" I bellowed.

"Of course, of course," murmured the dentist. "Funny I never thought of that."

With amazing dexterity he inserted his pliers and extracted a canine tooth.

It looked quite doggy.

"There! That's out!" said the dentist.

"Yes," I chuckled, "but it's the wrong one."

"Well, well, that's one on me!" laughed the dentist. "I'll try again."

He jerked out a molar.

"That the one?"

"Warmer," I guffawed, entering more into the spirit of the thing. "You just missed it two."

"I'll get it yet!" was his determined reply, and he made another try.

"Wrong again!" I cried, laughing all over myself. "I meant two the other way!"

Tears of merriment stood in the dentist's eyes. Honest to goodness, you'd have thought he had laughing gas!

"Of all things!" he roared, and yanked some more.

Thith time two teef came out and the offentive toof muf haf been one of them becauth the pain thopped at my wunth. But every time I thee my dentith we haf a yolly good laugh about id.

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

#### 1938 SEMINARY RULES

As the World Wags:

1—Smoking cigarettes at Bible classes is strictly forbidden.

2—During the noon day prayer exercises saxophone playing on the chapel steps must cease.

3—Pupils must not shout "Beaver" when visiting clergymen happen to wear a beard. Your game must be subordinate to politeness.

4—When parents are visiting pupils the latter must not admonish them openly or criticise their manners or clothing publicly.

5—Chasing teachers across the campus with automobiles will subject the offenders to severe punishment.

6—All pupils must arise at some hour during the following day.

7—Bathing suits must not be worn at the president's June reception regardless of extreme heat, which will not constitute an excuse.

8—Young ladies who take boxing lessons from ex-Champion Riley must diminish their swings at any signs of weakness on his part. We wish him to last the remainder of the term.

9—Profanity in the gymnasium and swearing and cursing on the tennis

courts must in the future be wholly discontinued.

10—Dropping empty bottles from seminary windows into the shrubber will be summarily punished.

11—Making peek-a-boos from behind trees at traveling men passing the campus will be dealt with by the Student's honor court.

12—The College Glee Club must cease broadcasting from the dining room during the soup course, due to many letters of inquiry.

14—Fisticuffs and hairpulling during basketball games will result in suspensions.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## Mrs. Warner and Miss Johansen Sing in Steinert Hall

By PHILIP HALE

Two young sopranos, Julia Warner and Wilhelmina Andrea Johansen, gave a concert last night in Steinert hall. Carl Lamson was the accompanist. There was a large audience—a most friendly one. Mrs. Warner's songs were as follows: Pergolesi, Se tu m'ami; Wilcoo, Contemplation; Fourdrain, Carnival; Schumann, Widmung; Wagner, Traume; Rachmaninoff, Lilacs and Floods of Spring. Miss Johansen's were these: Grieg, Hilsen; Solvig's Lied, En Droem; Swedish folk song, When I was Seventeen; Brahms, Nachtigal; Schumann, Mondnacht; Carpenter, When I Bring to You Colored Toys, and On the Seashore of Endless Worlds. The duets were the Tuscan folk songs by Caracciolo, A Flight of Clouds, and Nearest and Dearest; Abendsegen from "Haensel und Gretel" and Tutti Fior from "Madama Butterfly."

This concert gave pleasure. In the first place the songs chosen were of good quality, varied in sentiment, and not beyond the reach of the present ability of each singer. Neither one attempted to sing an operatic aria by Handel or the "Suicide" air from "La Gioconda." Neither one thought to set applause-traps by ending a group with something semi-jocose or frivolously gay. The young women evidently take their art seriously so far as contents of songs are concerned.

They have been well-grounded in essential matters of vocal technique. They sang intelligently; that is to say, with due regard to the poets' thought and the composers' musical commentary.

Mrs. Warner in the first group showed at times total unsteadiness. No doubt she was somewhat disconcerted, annoyed by tardy comers tramping down the aisles and slamming seats between the songs. (There was a time when at Steinert hall and Jordan hall late comers were not allowed to enter until the singer or pianist had left the platform after the first group. The old excellent rule is no longer observed.) This unsteadiness, which was hardly a tremolo, nor a falling from the true pitch, was not so noticeable later in the evening. Mrs. Warner should work diligently to correct one fault which is common to many singers: giving undue emphasis to the final note of every phrase, when neither the text nor the music calls for an explosion. Thus the musical line suffers; the flow of the verse is checked; the rhetorical see-saw becomes monotonous; the phrase is without true significance. This fault was especially observed in "Lilacs." There were times when upper notes were not concentrated, but spread in forte passage or in a climax.

Miss Johansen has a beautiful and well-schooled voice, which, while it can convey emotion—her emotional quality is a mixture of voice, nature, soul and brains—lends itself easily to light, florid passages as in the refrain to Solvig's Song, making the needed contrast to the deep preceding sentiment. Miss Johansen has already gone far as an interpreter. Songs are not to her merely collections of agreeable or brilliant notes. Mrs. Warner was especially successful in her rendering of "Contemplation," "Carnival" and of "Traume."

The duets were a welcome feature of the concert, as were the musical, poetic, as well as helpful accompaniments played by Mr. Lamson.

## CARMELA IPPOLITO

Carmela Ippolito, violinist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. Her procedure, if one may make bold to guess, was not quite true to pattern. Nine performers out of ten, it would seem, believing time and the hour ripe for a public appearance, look about them to see what they can find to play. May not Miss Ippolito, one out of ten, have given her recital because she had something on hand she would like the public to hear—Honegger's first sonata, that is to say, for piano and violin?

Whatever her motive, Miss Ippolito planned her program wisely. She was

wise, of course, to waive a shop-worn concerto in favor of a sonata that, at the least of it, is not played out, and that, furthermore, has the benefit of being the work of a man much in the public eye. To precede it, she chose for contrast early music by Italians, a violinello and minuet by Vcracini, an allegro by Sammartini, and the more familiar ciaccona by Vitali, music, all of it, with more in its favor than its 18th century flavor.

And, to follow the sonata, she wisely held one group sufficient, a Loeffler arrangement of a Spanish caprice by Henry Ketten, an arrangement of a Bach adagio by Wilhelm, and a rondino by Vieuxtemps. A more judicious program, or one more attractive, Miss Ippolito could scarcely have put together.

Let us thank her and Mr. Nicholas Slonimsky for their manner with the sonata. Because much of it is queer they set not out to rub its oddities in, on the contrary to some degree they smoothed them out, so that the piano part of the first movement, wild to look at, became a shimmer of lovely sound beneath one stream of melody from the violin. In the adagio, too, at their skilful hands, the piano's grave measures and the violin's impassioned song sounded far less inimical than might have been expected. Its close they made genuinely lovely. To the presto, though on paper it looks more brilliant, they brought a deal of dash and brightness.

So here is what intelligence, taste and skill can do. Let us venture one more guess. Many performers would have turned that sonata into something abominable.

By her intelligence and taste Miss Ippolito also made the Italians' music engrossing. Not feeling, because it was written years ago, she must help it out with love-pats and bows of baby ribbon, Miss Ippolito played it with spirit, warmly, largely. Not one measure, it is safe to say, of the chaconne, had she neglected to analyze, to put in its proper place. So she made the ciaccona telling, even those variations that are usually a bore to those who do not understand violin technique.

An audience of excellent size took much pleasure in the concert.

R. R. G.

How I pity the dead, when the great clouds chase—  
The dead who never again  
Can breast the gale, or feel in the face  
The sting of the pelting rain!

WILFRID GIBSON.

#### CRANE AND GALSWORTHY

There is a play in Boston that is not only interesting, unusually interesting in these days of tailor-made comedies and "thrilling" melodramas, but one that is remarkably well acted. Perhaps it is needless to say that we are speaking of John Galsworthy's "Escape," which should be seen by all Bostonians who have a respect for fine plays and admirable performances. Those who have seen "Escape," and the many who should see it, will find strange matter in a letter sent to The Herald by D. S.

"The Capt. Denant of Galsworthy was Stephen Crane, a literary lion of his day who gained fame overnight by writing the 'Red Badge of Courage.' The woman in the case was named Dora Clark. The policeman's name was Becker. The place was Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, New York, directly opposite the old Haymarket dance hall, a notorious resort. The only difference between the prologue of 'Escape' and this incident was that Galsworthy's prologue is located in Hyde Park, London, and Crane did not injure the policeman. Crane and the girl was arrested. There was a great fuss over the affair, but Crane stuck to his guns and defended the girl. I think he was reprimanded in court. Everyone interested in personal liberty rushed to his defence and he came out of it rather a hero, with the girl a close second. Becker, the policeman—Charles Becker was his name—was the same man who, as Lt. Becker, was executed for Sing-Sing for the Rosenthal murder."

"Now this is what sticks in my eye. Crane was feted in London afterwards as a literary man. Isn't it possible that he met Galsworthy and told him of the incident in New York? I know about the New York affair because, as a reporter, I wrote the story of Crane's arrest."

It is more probable that an incident of this nature occurred in London as was reported in the daily press, was known to some as a writer story, "Maggie," and his little of free verse, "The Black Riders," for the great public accepted I believe "The Black Riders" was published in Boston. In the biographical sketch of Crane in the Evergreen

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paedia, it is stated that he was in 1870; that "The Red Badge of Courage" was published in 1875. No other work attracted attention.

There are deviations in the acting on of "Escape" from Galsworthy's text, but Galsworthy himself, it is said, ordered out of the warden's gate a bit about the agility of Doug Fairbanks. In the early days of the in London the warden had a whistle: "Pre-war?" ("Prchaps!") It at first a gag, but, it is said, that worthy sanctioned it.

While we are talking about plays, the character of Sir George in "The Wrecker" presents a question. Before he was announced to those in the play that he had identified the villain, was about to name him, when he shot. Was Sir George correct in his shot? Another question. Where was the electric wire that by the pressure of the pistol discharged a pistol in another? Plays like "The Wrecker" whet the appetite and oil the mental clockwork.

To note the death in another state man whose Christian name was phar. Will some one who has ended the advantages of a collegiate education tell us who Onesiphorus was and what he was distinguished? We are acquainted with the worthy Onesiphorus of his household.

#### BOU-SAADA

The World Wags: This is wild country after all. Algiers is as wild as one would think, but it is all over a guy hits the mountains, after that the fun begins. There are eight of us in a bus, and among them a man and a newly married couple. We'll have some fun with them. So then off to the desert. We go to cross the Atlas first, 3000 feet up. Kabyles live there. Civilization is much to learn from them. They are their women out on the road, king rocks, and their make-up is on them when they are young, and so on. It's tattooed. Flowers on the cheeks, chains around the mouth, circles and the eyes. Very economical, as I said out to my wife. I didn't get far with that.

We ate at Sumal, at 3000 feet, and it froze to death, then down the side to the desert and heat again. A dog! A guy could spit and it would steam before it hit the ground. Tourists came to this town because the first oasis and only a short run to the coast. This makes it nice to use the Arabs put on shows for my benefit. I went to one last night, was a dance by the Ouled Nail. It was a nice dance, as much as I saw of because all of a sudden the girl who dancing started to snap her stomach. Man, she nearly hit herself on the head with it. So about then my wife came out. Tonight I'm going out alone.

STEAMER.

These correspondents of London journals at times show startling originality. Here is "Chia-Sossia" discussing marriage: "Does not conjugal happiness depend on the fact as to whether band and wife are suited to one another?"

## 21ST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Paul Kosi was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Hill, Symphony B, op. 34. Bach, Concerto for violin, minor, No. 1, Ravel, "Tzigane," for violin and orchestra (first time at these parts). Wagner, Prelude and "Love-Is-Land," from Tristan and Isolde; and "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Hill's symphony, composed last year, was performed for the first time in three movements and not too long. He says in his modest note to the program of the Symphony's program-book the work "has no descriptive hints at no dramatic conflict or actual crisis. It attempts merely to develop musical ideas." And so when an composer, to whom a libretto has been given, asked Verdi how and what form he should treat a certain character, Verdi smiled benignly and said: "If I were you, I should write music."

Composing his first symphony, Mr. Hill has written music. He apparently used the old theory that the first movement of a first movement should be in a major key, the other chief movements feminine and lyrical. He is for the most part musically robust throughout the work. More than once the composer justly exclaims: "This is my vein." This is interesting because the symphony is in a manner new to Mr. Hill.

His previous compositions have been distinguished by a certain and pleasing clarity and refinement in thought; by fully considered, discreet, but not

the less effective harmonic schemes and instrumentation. If he had been influenced—and what composer from Bach down has not been influenced by predecessor or contemporaries—it was by composers of the modern French school; modern before the arrival on the scene of the ultra-moderns with their whooping arrogance.

In this symphony Mr. Hill apparently turned his back on men from whom he had sought counsel. The symphony is an individual, masculine work. The purely lyrical passages are not among the conspicuous features; even the slow movement is not in decided contrast dynamically with the opening allegro and the Finale. From the defiant and stirring first measures to the final chord of the rondo the thematic material and its development are of a vigorous, at times impetuous nature. It is music of high spirits; the expression of energy. The quiet ending of the first movement is a relief to the prevailing tension. The sombre opening of the slow movement affords contrast but this mood is not of long duration.

The joyous, rhythmically reckless Finale contains measures that might come to a composer dreaming of idealized "jazz." There is no reason why a sensitive musician of fine taste should not write in this spirit.

Is Mr. Hill conscious of the fact that with this symphony he has entered on a field hitherto untrodden by him? He has shown in some of his works that he can be melodically lyrical and poetically sensuous. In the symphony, one sees that he can maintain strength in rhetorical expression; without hesitation, without shame. In his future works, out of strength may come sweetness.

The symphony was warmly received by the audience; Mr. Kochanski who played with the orchestra six years ago was greeted as a friend.

In another and possibly better world violinists playing music by Bach will be confined to the interpretation of his slow movements; the allegros, with the endless repetition of patterns, music that was written by the yard and could be cut in half or prolonged indefinitely, will be reserved for the punishment of those in the region below. Mr. Kochanski, a violinist of parts, played the Andante with fine tone, purity of style, without exaggerated feeling, while he fiddled the allegros with the requisite agility.

Ravel's "Tzigane" gave him the opportunity to display his technical proficiency. The curious piece was played here by the brilliant Yelky d'Aranyi in December last. The accompaniment was then for a piano. It should be remembered that the first performance of the rhapsody at Ravel's concert in London four years ago was by her and a pianist, Henri Gil-Marchez. We do not think that the work gains by Ravel's orchestral accompaniment. The fire and dash of Miss d'Aranyi's interpretation needed only the support—the background—of a piano, after the long, incredible cadenza was at an end. "Tzigane" with the orchestra seemed less important yesterday than it did before.

As for the music itself, what is to be thought of it? Mr. Herbert Antcliffe has said that it is the one thing of Ravel's that is "sure of lasting"; a preposterous statement. Nor can one agree with G. Jean-Aubry that this rhapsody is "music all the time." "Strange and singular"—yes; but is it not more than likely, as others have suggested, that Ravel wrote it as a parody of the Hungarian school of violin music? If it is a joke, not many violinists can play it on an audience.

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the music by Wagner and the eloquent performance by the orchestra aroused enthusiasm.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Russian Easter." Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal." Converse, "California," tone poem suggested by scenes at the Fiesta in Santa Barbara (1927)—first performance. Beethoven, Symphony, C minor, No. 5.

## 'GIRL IN EVERY PORT'

"A Girl in Every Port," a film drama, starring Victor McLaglen, written and directed by Howard Hawks, presented by Fox films at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Spike Madden..... Victor McLaglen  
Salami..... Robert Armstrong  
Chiquiti..... Maria Casajuan  
Marie..... Louise Brooks  
The Sailor's Wife..... Lella Hyams

It is said that Howard Hawks had the idea he used in this present film for years before he found the man he wanted to play the part. When he watched Victor McLaglen in "What Price Glory" the plot took form, his personality fitted the seafaring Don Juan in Hawks's mind, and the result as seen in the screen is entirely satisfactory. One would wish that there were more of these dormant ideas which can leap into inspirational activity when the right person comes along to fit a part

Mr. Jewett will revive Robertson's "School" at the Repertory Theatre tomorrow night. Old theatregoers will have an opportunity to renew their youth—the time when they thought Robertson's plays were the glory of the contemporary English stage; the younger generation will enjoy seeing what pleased their fathers and grandfathers.

Thomas William Robertson, the oldest of a large family—Mrs. Kendal (Madge Robertson) was the youngest—was busied in his early years of manhood in the theatre. His father was a provincial actor and manager; his mother was an actress. He himself was an unimportant actor, stage manager, prompter, adapter of plays. Having had little or no education, he began to write for the stage when he was about 30 years old. In 1865 his play "Society" was brought out at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, then followed "Ours" (1866), "Caste" (1867), which is his best play; "School" (1869). Half a dozen plays that followed show falling power, for he was not in sound health even when "School" was produced. He died at the age of 42.

As a young man he observed the prevailing defects in acting and in production. From the novels of Dickens and Thackeray he learned to abhor class distinctions. He did not look to Scribe for rules in playwriting—and thus he differed from his colleagues—nor did he try to write comedies in the 18th century manner. He had a sense of humor; he had what William Archer called "the genius of the commonplace," and he showed this in his dialogue, and his directions for performance. W. S. Gilbert attended his rehearsals and said of them: "I look upon stage management as now understood as having been absolutely 'invented' by him." Squire Bancroft wrote that in "Caste" a distinct stride was made towards realistic scenery. "The room for the first time had ceilings, while such details as locks to doors and similar matters had never before been seen upon the stage."

Those who saw the revival of "Trelawney of the Wells" remember Tom Wrench, who wished to write plays, in which the "people should talk and behave like live people"; in which heroes should be fashioned out of "actual, dull, everyday men—the sort of men you see smoking cheroots in the club windows in St. James's street; and heroines from simple maidens in muslin frocks." Here and in other passages of the play Pinero paid a graceful tribute to Robertson and told the story of his artistic life.

The Bancrofts in their "Recollections of Sixty Years," have naturally much to say about the production of "School" at their theatre, the Prince of Wales on Jan. 23, 1869. The whole long chapter on Robertson and his comedies is pleasant reading, from the time when Bancroft was asked to read "Society," written when Robertson's fortunes were so low that he said to Bancroft: "I often dined on my pipe." "School" was played at this theatre 800 times; "Ours" had reached 790 performances; "Caste," 650. Robertson admitted that for the outline of the plot for "School" he was indebted to a German play by Benedix, "Aschenbroedel" ("Cinderella"). And so we find a resident usher in an English girl's school, also the parody on the pumpkin and the glass slipper, though a critic pointed out that Robertson's experience when he attempted to fill an usher's place in Hamburg may have given him a few hints. He unconsciously, no doubt, borrowed the line, "When nature makes a pretty woman, she puts all the goods into the shop-window," from Goldsmith's "The Good Natured Man." The Bancrofts say they themselves were responsible for the addition of the scene between Jack Poyntz and Naomi, acted by H. J. Montague and Carlotta Addison. The comedy was originally in three acts. "It was with difficulty we persuaded the author to change them into the then novel number of four." The critics were loud in their praise, though Dutton Cook, finding the first act the best from a certain freshness of contrivance, thought that the transformation of Farintosh's physical appearance and his character was "clearly borrowed from the dramatic version of George Sand's 'Beaux Messieurs de Bois-Dore,' which was played last year at the Odeon." The prosaic and humorous lovers were represented by Bancroft and Marie Wilton; Beau Farintosh by John Hare.

William Archer in an essay published nearly 50 years ago thought "School" the pleasantest of all Robertson's works; "a charming woodland and garden comedy, full of grace, and with an atmosphere of freshness and health about," yet he also thought it a flimsy work, illustrating no point in dramatic art except keeping an audience of Britons amused. He even quoted John Ruskin: "Its 'hero' is a tall youth with handsome calves to his legs, who shoots a bull with a fowling piece, eats a large lunch, thinks it witty to call Othello a 'nigger,' and having nothing to live on, and being capable of doing nothing for his living, establishes himself in lunches and cigars for ever by marrying a girl with a fortune. The heroine is an amiable governess, who, for the general encouragement of virtue in governesses, is rewarded by marrying a lord."

And so Mr. Archer came to the conclusion that the morality of the play is questionable, but fortunately no one thinks of drawing a moral from it.

One of the incidents that amused the audience had its origin at a rehearsal. Lord Beaufoy, having found Bella's shoe, asked the girls if they had lost anything. Miss Wilton, engrossed in the part of Nummy, instinctively put her hand to her chignon. Robertson, amused, begged her to do this always and wrote the "business" in his book. The original run of the play was for 15 months. Robertson was suffering from serious heart trouble. In the season of the revival at the Haymarket theatre in 1880, the play brought a profit of over £10,000. At the previous revival in 1873, it was played for seven months. Charles A. Cogan replaced Harry Montague as Lord Beaufoy.

The first performance in Boston was at Selwyn's Theatre on Feb. 15, 1869, by permission of Lester Wallack. Dr. Sutcliffe, G. H. Griffiths; Beaufoy, L. R. Shewell; Poyntz, Frederick Robinson; Farintosh, W. J. LeMoyné; Krux, H. F. Daly, Naomi, Kitty Blanchard; Bella, Mrs. T. Barry; Mrs. Sutcliffe, Mrs. E. L. Davenport. Was not this the first performance in the United States? The performance at Wallack's in New York was apparently a month later.

We saw "The Wrecker" for the first time a few nights ago at the Copley Theatre, and were appropriately thrilled. The "business" of the trains was realistically, admirably managed. To us the leading feature in the performance was the portrayal of one-armed Noah with his profound belief that engines have souls. The lines given to Noah are the most original, the most



striking in the play. Noah is a real person, not merely an accessory to the business behind the stage. Mr. Clive, always fortunate in "make up," was not easily recognized when he came upon the stage. His earnestness in advancing his theories about the caprices, the willingness of engines to do their work, their stubbornness, their maliciousness, was convincing, one might say contagious. Mr. Whorf's Barney, an enthusiast over time-tables, to which he was a slave, was an excellent portrayal.

The chatter of the signalman should have been shorter. The part was over-acted, injurious to the effect of the scene, with its anxiety, suspense, over the fate of the Rainbow express. Mr. Clive's answer would be: "The audience roared with laughter. Every foolish line, every foolish action of the signalman was followed by shrieks of laughter." Yes, the audience enjoyed the low-comedy, as it laughed when one man was gassed, another chloroformed. For the time being it forgot all about the danger to the approaching train, and so the effect of a scene that should have been thrilling was frittered away, almost wholly lost.

One easily accepts the tricks in "The Wrecker." There is the murder of Sir George Bartlett. How ingenious the device of pressing a button and discharging a pistol in another room; the bullet passing through an open window. Do we not recall a scene in another mystery play where a rich man is killed by an apparently blameless telephone? It is also easy to accept the man on the roof pouring deadly gas down the stove pipe in the signal box.

Was the first "thriller" with a railway scene in "Under the Gaslight"? Augustin Daly, walking home with his brother one night, discussing the need of a culminating incident, said: "I have got the sensation we want—a man fastened to a railroad track, and rescued just as the train reaches the spot." Many of us remember the enormous success of this melodrama; some of us remember the negro minstrel burlesque with the side-splitting scene between Snorky and Byke. Dion Boucicault stole Daly's great scene for "After Dark," in which a drugged man lying on the tracks of the London underground railway is rescued. This play was brought to New York. As a result there was an injunction followed by a settlement. P. H.

## HONEGGER'S "KING DAVID"

### First Performance Here of a Work Famous in Many European Cities

What a debt musical Boston owes to Mr. Koussevitzky! Not only for the state of perfection to which he has brought the Boston Symphony Orchestra; not only for his vivid, poetic interpretations of familiar compositions ancient and modern; but also for his commendable desire to acquaint the public with the works of contemporary composers irrespective of their nationality.

It is said by the ultra-conservatives, the reactionaries, the die-hards, that some of these compositions were not worthy of performance; that they are disagreeable to sensitive ears. It is true that a few, a very few of the works introduced this season were of an experimental nature; works of young composers who have not yet found themselves; but they were interesting, even when crude, as showing the tendencies of the younger generation. It may also be said that certain old compositions, signed by men of established reputation, symphonies, symphonic poems, overtures which would no doubt please the die-hards, are not worthy of a performance.

Looking over the programs of this season one is amazed by the catholicity of Mr. Koussevitzky's taste; by the intrinsic worth of the overwhelming majority of the works put on the programs; and one remembers gratefully the superb performances led by this great conductor.

This afternoon Boston will hear for the first time a remarkable composition, a symphonic psalm, "King David," by Arthur Honegger.

This work for soprano solo, contralto solo, tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, was composed at Paris-Zurich from Feb. 25 to April 28, 1921. It was written for the reopening of the Theatre du Jorat, Mezieres (near Lausanne), on June 11, 1921. This theatre was founded in 1903 by two brothers, Rene and Jean Morax, the one a poet, the other a painter. Their object was "to revive the traditional popular strain latent in all Swiss people." Between 1908 and 1914 "Henriette," "Alienor," "La Nuit des quatre temps," and "Tell," were performed with incidental music by Gustave Doret, a Swiss composer, who, born at Aigle in 1866, studied at the Paris conservatory under Dubois and Massenet for composition; with Marsick for the violin. He has written operas, an oratorio, choruses, songs, etc., and is esteemed as an essayist.

This theatre was closed during the world war. For the opening on the date above mentioned Rene Morax had written a "Dramatic psalm in two parts and 25 episodes." As it now stands with Honegger's music it is in three parts. Morax followed the story of David, shepherd, leader, captain, king and prophet, as it is told in the book of Samuel and Chronicles.

Honegger was fascinated by this subject and at once conceived music for it.

"Without rewriting or correcting any of the music (the pages being sent to print when finished), the composer went straight ahead, following the ideas that came to him. He was obliged to connect the various episodes with a musical link, or to choose one of them and expand it either by symphonic or choral means. Viewed as a whole, the score seems a strange mosaic made from stones of the same color but of different sizes; it may be held that Honegger generally tries to extract the musical gist of each episode in condensed form. A section of the work is expanded only where a grandiose effect is required; for example, in the 'Dance before the Ark,' which is the longest section of the work. Otherwise the various fragmentary entries, fanfares, marches and even psalms rarely exceed 30 measures or so."

The orchestral resources at Honegger's disposal at the Jorat theatre were limited. He could write only for two flutes, an oboe, two clarinets, a bassoon, two trumpets, one horn, one trombone, with piano, harmonium, celesta, one double bass and percussion instruments.

"As in very simple pages of 'Petrouchka,' the composer of 'Dit des Jeux du monde' and 'King David' (exact contemporary of Stravinsky in the latter's 'Renard' and 'L'Histoire du Soldat') proved himself capable of disguising

the poverty of orchestral means by throwing the wood-wind and brass into prominence. To this was added a broad conception of vocal polyphony, learnt from Bach, whence proceeds a mingled impression of archaism and modernity, of the precious and the barbaric, eminently suited to an oriental and war-like theme. Honegger makes sparing use of the resources of polytonality; by employing harmonies the farthest remote from the fundamental note he obtains effects at times half-realized, at others, resolved by tonal superposition. The roughness of this technical procedure is tempered in every case by the aestheticism of the musician."

When Honegger determined to revise the work for the concert hall, he entrusted the dramatic action to a narrator who declaims between the various sections of the work. The re-orchestration was made in the summer of 1923. Honegger added the quartet of strings, an oboe, a bassoon, 3 horns, 2 trombones, a bass tuba, but preserved the prominence given to the wood-wind and the brass.

"In the concert version the work assumes the shape of the classical oratorio, but is characterised by that breathless and fleeting quality common to present-day music. The various short musical pictures are unrolled before us with the disjointedness and rapidity of a cinematograph film, and yet the work as a whole cannot fail to produce a most powerful effect, as though these fragments, one laid upon another, had constructed a firm, complete and solid whole."

This is the story of Honegger's "King David" as it is told in the score.

The first performances of the revised edition were at the Salle Gaveau, Paris, on March 14 and 19, 1924. Gabrielle Gills, soprano; Charles Panzera, tenor; Jacques Copeau, narrator; Robert Siohan, conductor. The chorus was the Chorale Francaise. Gabriel Faure's "Requiem" was also performed at these concerts.

We find David a shepherd, slaying Goliath, escaping from Saul, who consults the Witch of Endor and is killed at Gilboa. David, made king at Hebron, dances before the ark. He repents for taking Bethsheba to wife and causing her husband to be slain. (She does not appear with a voluptuous air. Think of what Richard Strauss would have made of her bathing on the roof.) Absalom rises up against his father, who gathers an army against him. Returning, in solemn procession, David gives thanks to God; but in his pride he is warned of three punishments to come. The work ends with the crowning of Solomon and the death of David.

It is said that the time of performance is 67 minutes.

The first performance in the United States was at a special concert of the Society of Friends of Music in New York on Oct. 26, 1925. The chorus was trained by Stephen Townsend. Queena Mario, soprano; Marion Telva, contralto; Armand Tokatyan, tenor; Leon Rothier, of the Metropolitan Opera House, narrator. Arthur Bodanzky conducted.

The first performance of "King David," in New England, was at the first concert of the 68th annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association at Worcester on Oct. 5, 1927. Marie Sundelius, soprano; Grace Divine, contralto; Arthur Hackett-Granville (known in Boston as Arthur Hackett), tenor; Richard Hale, narrator. Albert Stoessel conducted. The orchestra was the New York Symphony. Before "King David," three choruses by Handel were performed: "Then Round About the Starry Throne," from "Samson," "How Dark, O Lord, Are Thy Decrees," from "Jephtha," and the First Coronation Anthem.

"King David" has been performed many times in Paris—at the Champs Elysees Theatre, the Salle Gaveau, the Pasedeloup concerts, and at the Trocadero, "where a gala performance was given at which hundreds were turned away and the management realized a profit of 300,000 francs." There have been many performances in France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland. P. H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Honegger's "King David." See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, William T. Hoffman, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. The Pierian Sodality orchestra of Harvard University. Nicolas Slonimsky, conductor.

**MONDAY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Maurice Ravel, composer and pianist, assisted by Esther Dale, soprano, and Alfredo San Polo, violinist. See special notice.

**TUESDAY**—Symphony hall, 3 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. The 18th Century Ensemble. Dorothy Brewster Comstock and Mariana Lowell, violinists; Anna Golden, viola; George Brown, violoncellist; John MacKnight, flute; assisted by James Friskin, pianist. J. S. Bach, concerto, A minor, for piano, flute, violin, with string accompaniment. Purcell, two four-part fantasias for strings. Piano pieces: Scarlatti, sonata in D minor, sonata in C minor; C. P. E. Bach, fantasia in C major; Mozart, gigue in G major; Handel, sonata in G minor, for two violins and piano; Tovey, variations on a theme by Gluck for flute, two violins, viola and violoncello.

**WEDNESDAY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Vladimir Horowitz, pianist. See special notice.

Hotel Vendome, 11 A. M. Concert in aid of the New England Peabody Home for Crippled Children. Nina Mae Ford, soprano; Gladys Berry, violoncellist; Francis Boleman, accompanist. Songs: Old melody, When Love Is Kind; Mozart, The Violet; Haydn, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair (sung in colonial dress); Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful; Anon, Dream Children; Tchaikovsky, Legend; Wolf, Butterfly in April. Violoncello pieces: Sammartini, An Old Italian Love Song; Bach, Gavotte; Popper, Spanish dance; Cassado, Serenade; Dambois, The Dragonfly.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15. Clair Wilson, pianist. Bach-Liszt, Organ fantasia and fugue; Chopin, fantasia in F minor; Ravel, Ondine; Albeniz, Almeria; De Falla, Andalusia; Turina, Tango; Balakirev, Islamey.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

**SATURDAY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

rather than trying to mold and beat a star into a square hole when she or he are unmistakably round.

Victor McLaglen has never had a part which used his talents to better advantage. He is a player who is not easily

forgotten. He fills the screen and so great is his energy, his virility that he carries the action before him as easily as a gusty wind strips a beach of its loose sand. He manages without effort



to get to the rock edge of human emotion, terrible, terrifying emotion such as he shows when he thinks his friend has sailed without him or has double-crossed him with the girl he loves.

Then again one finds him naive, or tender. Mr. McLaglen has the great asset of never appearing to be acting. He gives the impression that he just happened to be in the spot and was doing what he would do if the camera did not happen to be in front of him. The result shows what a powerful and moving medium the silent screen can be.

Robert Armstrong as the pugilistic friend of McLaglen holds his own with the star which is no small task. There is a reminiscent note of "What Price Glory" in the foundation of this play, two men, sailors in this instance, fighting over their girls, but unlike "What Price Glory," there is no other war. The men become fast friends after they have fought all the police in Panama, have rescued each other, one out of jail and the other out of the bay and continue in this friendship to the end.

The work of Armstrong when he is trying to tell his pal that the girl he loves is not worthy of him is excellent. Louise Brooks as the girl deserves praise and surely the director who laid his plot so carefully, worked it out so cleverly, succeeded in a deft and skilful screen play.

The show on the stage this week is "Knick-Knacks," a John Murray Anderson production, and with the exception of the first number by the Foster girls, it is good entertainment.

There are two girls, Mildred and Muriel Lee, who are not only comely but clever dancers. These young women can do an acrobatic dance and make it agreeable. Lora Hoffman, Winfred and Mills and the Pasquali brothers are other entertainers. Gershwin's "Humpty Dumpty" by Gene Rodemich and the stage band proved that music on the stage by a band can be amusing, interesting and effective. C. M. D.

## CLAVIER ENSEMBLE

The Clavier Ensemble, directed by Avis Bliven-Charbonnel, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. There were those, very like, who felt suspicious of this concert. The Schubert-Fausig "Marche Militaire," played on six grand pianofortes by 12 performers—If some people were fearful of noise, who can blame them?

But Mme. Charbonnel is not a person to put up with noise. Her 12 players raised not half so loud a bedlam as many a single performer has stirred up in this selfsame march. Too intent, perhaps, on beauty of tone and not too much of it, Mme. Charbonnel did not allow quite free play enough for the quickness of rhythm and the sonorousness needed in this march, and the flashing color. Beautiful tone, however, she did secure, and precision to an exemplary degree.

After Schubert came Bach, with a concerto in C major for three "cembali," which instruments pianos filled the place of as well as they could; more than satisfactory substitutes they proved, no doubt of it, if the truth may be told. The three players played extremely well, with tonal beauty and with liveliness—their use of the pedals might perhaps have been more carefully planned—but they found themselves sorely put to it to make more than the first movement interesting; and even of the vivace less would have answered very well.

Two pianists followed with a suite in B minor by Nicolaiew, very pretty music indeed. The concert, 50 minutes long, came to an end with a "Keyboard Symphony" for six pianos, by Thomas Grisselle, the composer conducting.

That Mr. Grisselle has the ability to write music of agreeable melody and considerable rhythmic ingenuity is not amazing; other young composers have done as much. To secure, however, from six pianos, a really wide range of tonal color—that is a feat. If Mr. Grisselle can do so well with material not entirely favorable, he ought indeed to have a happy hand at an orchestra.

The symphony, like all the program, was admirably played. R. R. G.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson came into the office last Saturday. His face was a Cheshire cat grin. "Why this cheerfulness? Have you gained another subscriber to your colossal work?" Like the chancellor in Tennyson's once applauded poem, Mr. Johnson

"Dallied with his golden chain, And, smiling, put the question by." "Have you heard the good news?" he shouted. "Earl Derr Biggers has begun another serial story. Sir Frederic Rankin of Scotland Yard, with mysterious business in San Francisco, is killed in the first number, when he was wearing cut velvet Chinese slippers, dark red—

like old Burgundy. Was he in search of Eve Durand, the beautiful girl who disappeared near Peshawar, 'a wicked town—its sins are the sins of opium and hemp and jealousy and intrigue, of battle, murder and sudden death, of gambling and strange intoxications, the lust of revenge.'" Mr. Johnson read this from the copy of the Saturday Evening Post which he brought in under his arm.

"Then there is Col. John Betham, the explorer," continued Herkimer. "Let me read what Mr. Biggers says about him. Of course this explorer was lean, tall and bronzed. But here goes: 'He had lived a year in a houseboat on the largest river in the heart of Asia, had survived two heartbreaking, death-strewn retreats across the snowy plateau of Tibet, had walked amid the ruins of ancient desert cities that had flourished long before Christ was born.' How's that? Then there's our old friend Charlie Chan, the famous Chinese detective with his flowery speech in fine working order; there's a charming young female lawyer, not to mention a newspaper reporter, and other dinner guests of Mr. Barry Kirk. I forgot to say that Hilary Galt, a London lawyer, was found dead in his office with a bullet in his brain. Sir Frederic said Galt was a meticulous dresser—I wish that Sir Frederic had not said 'meticulous'—but when he was found dead, his highly polished boots were on a pile of papers on top of his desk, and on his feet were the velvet slippers which Sir Frederic took away as the only possible clue; which he wore when he, too, was found shot cleanly through the heart, with a thin little book bound in bright yellow cloth by his side. Great stuff, what? I can hardly wait till next Thursday." The usually indifferent, imperturbable Mr. Johnson was trembling with excitement.

Yes, the great sociologist, like other famous men, devours detective stories. We advised him to read "The Shadow from the Bogue," by Clement Wood. (The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Who put the rattlesnake in Griffin's bed when he returning, drunk, to his "sparsely furnished" room at No. 3 Gay place, New York, found Kirby lying there poisoned to death? Who was "the tall man wearing a dark spring coat and a vast slouch hat who in a crowd near the Alcazar murdered Griffin, shooting him through the chest, as the detectives were following him? Meet Dr. De Witt and the curator of the Reptile House of the Zoological Gardens. The snake that poisoned Kirby was from Louisiana; "the Tick-faw, or the Chefunct, or Bogue Chitto, or even Pearl River" region.

Who was the little fat man that dropped a bit of paper on which the detectives read "28.27, 40.32 to get 25.26, 43.40"? Was the man in the slouch hat Col. Winn Thach? We go with the detectives and the reporter, O. P. Judd, to Louisiana, and arrive at Talisheck. We then call on Col. Thach, and catch a glimpse of his lovely daughter, dressed in a faded gingham slip; "her eyes big brown pools, her hair brown ringlets, almost to blackness." We hear the colonel say to Judd and the detectives that they had better take the next train out of Covington and never show their faces in St. Tammany again. "There are grim forces here. We cherish our independence."

As Judd was idling in front of the hotel, he heard a negro say "Dey're comin'!" and a woman cries "Lawd he's us!"

"An open car, packed with half a dozen white-robed figures, their heads covered with grotesque white masks, with yawning black openings for the eyes . . . the Klansmen! . . . It was like a blast of glacial air down the warm spring street."

Who, having read thus far, would not go on; to shudder at "the fate of those who oppose the might of the Invisible Empire"; to wonder at the coolness, the daring, the incredible shrewdness of Mr. Oden P. Judd, a reporter of 30 years service, "the national president of the thousands of nature lovers organized by his paper throughout the country; and, as an allied avocation, the most scientific investigator of odd and unusual crimes in America." Who was Prof. Wilhelm Schmidt, the witness that caused a sensation at the murder trial? Did Miss Thach marry Thach Lacey? When she heard that he was in jail through a mistake, "she hid her face unreservedly in her hands, her shoulders wrenched."

As the jacket justly says Mr. Wood's novel has "a background of terror and weird, appalling drama." Poor Judd had no specimens of snakes to take back to Dr. De Witt, who was also interested in the water-lizard, the Hydrosaurus Salvator from the Malay peninsula, a lizard more than eight feet long.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are also the publishers of "The Verdict of the Sea," by Alan Sullivan. It's an unusual story, with skilfully drawn characters, with exciting, but not improbable, incidents. The eloquent writer of the jacket says

that the novel "leaps from the heart of London life to the islands of the Greater Nicobar and the Little Nicobar where great treasures of the world's wealth are hidden, and where the fine points of social etiquette and professional skill are suddenly exchanged for large and desperate issues."

Burt, a young London physician, who sacrifices himself and his profession for the sake of keeping out of jail the brother of a woman he loves, having so arranged it that he is thought dead, embarks as a common sailor on the Naomi. Norah, the beautiful daughter of the skipper, is on board Fenn, the mate, a human gorilla, with a rat-trap expression, is in love with her; her father is consenting. The girl Agnes in London—penniless, Burt did not dare to marry her—she too, had no money—goes to live with her flirtatious aunt, the wife of Sir Peter Baxwell, the owner of many vessels, among them the Naomi.

Sir Peter suspects his wife of undue interest in a tall slim man, Mr. Vereker, who puts amorous eyes on Agnes. To gain the verdict of the sea on his wife and Vereker, Sir Peter goes a-cruising and finally falls in with the Naomi. This ship has had strange adventures, in which Fenn, ready to kill Burt his supposed rival, finally has to admit that Burt is a hero. Few men, lonely, disheartened, would have withstood Norah's tropical advances, but Burt's heart was true to his Poll. The complicated story is skilfully told, though the happy ending is too much in the nature of a cinema "close up." The stirring adventures of the Naomi's two crews are graphically depicted. Sir Peter is shrewdly humorous; his wife Ethel comes to her senses. The real hero of the book is Fenn, whose brutality is at last softened. Will Norah be happy with him? Will she ever, looking at his ferocious face and body, sigh for Burt? Probably the rough strength of her mate will appeal to her own primeval instincts. The sea returned a verdict in favor of the chief characters, except Mr. Vereker, who after all is a conventional parlor villain; as Ethel and Agnes might figure in any novel of English drawing room life. Fenn is the character not easily forgotten.

## Arthur Honegger's Syn David," Is Heard First

By PHILIP HALE

Arthur Honegger's symphonic psalm "King David," text taken from the books of Samuel and Chronicles by René Morax, was performed for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon at the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. The orchestra was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society which had been prepared by their conductor, Dr. Davison. The soloists were Ethel Haydn, soprano; Viola Silva, contralto; Tudor Davies, tenor. The Narrator was Paul Leyssac of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre. There was a very large audience.

Nearly 100 years ago the Handel and Haydn Society produced in Boston an oratorio "David," by the Chevalier Neukomm. This oratorio was extraordinarily popular. From 1836 to 1859 there were over fifty performances; there were seven in three months of 1836, when "38 ladies were engaged for the chorus and 15 musicians for the orchestra." The characters in the oratorio were David, Saul, Jonathan, Goliath. The High Priest, a messenger, Michael and David's sister. Boylston hall was "again filled to suffocation at the fifth concert" and many were turned away. The success was due, we read, to the dramatic interest of the libretto and the popular character of the music. But one critic found the music better suited to the stage than the church; another described it as shallow and empty; still another called it theatrical and noisy. Today the Chevalier's oratorio would be regarded as indescribably stupid. We remember that even in the sixties when a choral union in a town on the Connecticut river put the work in rehearsal the members found the music childish and dull. (In the thirties it was thought to be "theatrical." David was twice at least an operatic hero. When Mermet's opera was produced at Paris in 1846 the part of David was taken by the voluptuous Mme. Stoltz. There was a grand ballet.)

What would the Bostonians that applauded Neukomm's "David" have said to Honegger's? What will those living

a hundred years hence say to the music heard yesterday? Will it be to them as Neukomm's is to us in 1928?

The story of Honegger's "King David"—for what purpose it was composed seven years ago—the revision for the concert hall—the great popularity in leading cities of Europe—all this was told in The Herald of yesterday and need not be repeated. The work gains by the presence of a narrator who has just enough to say—so that the musical sections are united, and the hearer put in a receptive mood for what the composer has written. This is an infinitely better plan than that of the old oratorio with cut-and-dried recitatives in nine cases out of ten prosaic in themselves and dragged out with laughable solemnity by singers who feel that by so doing they are engaged in pious work. The text of Morax taken from the Old Testament for the narrator has beauty in itself; music is superfluous. When Handel wished to emphasize statements of fact, as in "Messiah," he put the recitatives in semibreve form.

Some European critics, not unfriendly to Honegger, have said that there is nothing "new" in "King David"; that one chorus is in the manner of Bach; another is indebted to Debussy's "St. Sebastian," because forsooth, certain formulas supposed to be peculiar to Debussy are used by Honegger; that the influence of Gabriel Faure, Ravel, Stravinsky is also to be traced. These critics do not accuse Honegger of plagiarism; they protest against those who call "King David" a "new" work, a "departure" from the old and even the modern ways of expression. But what composer from the time of Handel and Bach has not been influenced by others? In Bach's organ music one often hears the mighty voice of Buxtehude. Would Bach's French and English suites have been written if Couperin had not published his volumes for the Clavier? Were Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky without helping predecessors?

Honegger is not a mere imitator; he is a man of singular originality, if only in his use of what he has admired. He has made it his own. It is easy to say that a vigorous chorus reminds one of Bach; that in the song of the handmaiden there is the suggestion of a few measures in Ravel's "Mother Goose"—but the general plan and the carrying of it out, the loveliness and the grandeur are Arthur Honegger's. What other composer has found or could find the unearthly music for the raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor; the psalm "O! had I wings like a dove"; the wailing, haunting "Lament of Gilboa," the "Psalm of Penitence," the "Song of Ephraim," the music for the death of David with the final Alleluia, or so greatly plain the "Dance before the Ark"?

"King David" is remarkable in many ways, one that puts Honegger in the very front rank of modern composers; work that is spontaneous, with many pages of genuine inspiration; free from orchestral eccentricities devised only to excite surprise. How nobly simple this man can be! How with a few strokes he can excite sympathy or invoke the idea of grandeur!

The performance was as remarkable as the work itself. The choral singing was beyond conventional praise. The men and women had been trained with gusto as well as intelligence by Dr. Davison. The singing of the women in the "Lament of Gilboa" will be long remembered. And in other choruses for mixed or female voices there was no hesitation, no faltering; strength when it was required, tonal beauty when it was demanded.

The greater portion, or at least the more striking pages for the soloists fell, fortunately, to the soprano. Miss Hayden's voice, charming by its timbre and purity, was used with aesthetic as well as musical understanding. Miss Silva sang as if she were too conscious of responsibility, while Mr. Davies had the least thankful part of the solo work. Mr. Leyssac recited, not as a mere elocutionist at a Sunday school festival but as one realizing the dramatic significance of the biblical story, the story of triumphs and rejoicings, of superstitious rites, wild deeds, sin, penitence, lofty aspirations and exulting prophecies peculiar to the warlike tribes in a little country which to so many through the centuries has been of more interest and importance than was the Roman empire in all its pomp and glory.

It is needless to say that the orchestra contributed greatly to the overwhelming success. At the end of the concert there was a scene of enthusiasm. Again we owe a heavy debt to Mr. Koussevitzky, for without his inspiring, imaginative leadership, his confidence in the public, "King David" would still be to Bostonians only a title.



# Serge Koussevitzky and Dr. A. T. Davison Honored

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses, each received a beaten silver bowl from the pension fund committee of the orchestra yesterday at the conclusion of the pension fund concert at Symphony Hall.

A committee of the pension fund, led by Max Kunze, first doublebass of the orchestra, greeted Mr. Koussevitzky and Dr. Davison at the conclusion of the presentation of Honcgers's oratorio "King David" to make the presentation.

A lettered design around the edge of the bowl presented to the leader of the orchestra read:

"To our admired conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, from the Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund Institution, 1928." The other bowl bore a similar inscription, beginning, "To our generous friend, Dr. Archibald T. Davison."

The gifts were made in recognition of the efforts of the two conductors in training the orchestra and choruses in the difficult music of "King David."

## PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Last week William F. Hofmann, conductor of the People's Symphony orchestra, arranged a program made up entirely of Russian music and yesterday afternoon at the 19th program of the season he gave French music. Next week at the 20th and last concert of the season his program will consist entirely of American songs and compositions, assisted by Thomas Johnson, tenor, in negro spirituals. Music will be by Hosmer, Hadley (who will conduct his tone poem "The Ocean"), Richardson, Harris, Gilbert and Chadwick.

The program yesterday was as follows: Thomas, overture "Mignon"; Debussy, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Saint Saens, Symphony in C Minor; Bizet, suite, "L'Arlésienne. Mr. Hofmann is offering us interesting programs. He is, at this time, organizing his music and marching it in company which is flattering, setting it to the best advantage. Debussy's Faun, pearl that it is, does not appear well beside the large and glowing ruby of—Rimsky-Korsakov, for instance; but, in the company of Thomas, Saint Saens and Bizet, it is a lovely, delicate thing, fresh and pleasing.

There are many who consider "The Afternoon of a Faun," inspired by the poem of Stephen Mallarme as Debussy's greatest achievement. There is a wealth of imagination, a splendid appreciation of an involved poem and vivid phrases in this music. The faun becomes a graceful wood thing if we are to believe Debussy rather than Edmund Grosse who attempted to put the poem into prose and only succeeded in making the original more pleasant by comparison. Edmund Grosse finishes his passage in this manner: "he curls himself up again, after worshipping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful bosques of sleep."

The orchestra under Mr. Hofmann's direction made this selection delightful music as they did the overture to "Mignon," graceful, entirely pleasant. The Saint Saens symphony, using the organ, the piano and full orchestra, seemed at times involved, but even if it did lag to do a bit of fine polishing, it was an interesting addition to the program. One cannot help but think what care Camille Saint Saens took in both his writings and his concerts to aid music and people to the appreciation of it. His writings are excellent reading, his more serious music or symphonies not now so popular as his "museum of exotics" or symphonic poems in which he slides from the conventional mold, the classical into extreme cleverness, an almost feverish wit. One would judge from Saint Saens running away from the opening of his opera "Ascanio" to Palma where he contentedly scribbled verses while the world looked anxiously for him, that he would not mind his more exotic wares out-living the hearty symphonies.

The Bizet suite was well played with flute solo by Mr. Kurth. One might have wished the harp a bit less strenuous, but the energetic and short movements left one wanting more and so the program finished.

C. M. D.

## 'JACOB'S DREAM'

By PHILIP HALE  
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Moscow Habima in "Jacob's Dream," a play in three acts by Dr. Richard Beer-

in German, played by Habima in Hebrew. Only one performance here this season by Habima: that of last night for the benefit of Boston Unit Hadassah Junior. Performed in Boston by Habima at the Grand Opera House in April, 1927.

The cast was as follows:

Rebekah	S. Barak
Basnath	M. Goldin
Oholibamah	Bat Ami
Shamath (servant)	B. Schneider
Edom (Esau)	Nichum Zernach
Jacob	Art. Katal
Idnibaal	Railin Ben-Ari
Gabriel	Hugo Lenzer
Uriel	M. G.
Michael	D. Itkin
Raphael	H. Gruber
Samael (Satan)	Benjamin Zernach
The Rock	R. B. A.
First Angel	B. A.

Even boys in Sunday school were for Esau and thought that Jacob had played him a despicable trick. Esau has had his friends and admirers for many years, although the Lord is reported by the prophet Malachi as having said: "I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau." We find that delightful but neglected essayist, Alexander Smith, having summed up the prosperous life of Jacob, who lacked generosity and thought only of self-advancement, exclaiming: "I would rather have been the hunter Esau, with birthright filched away, bankrupt in the promise, rich only in fleet foot and keen spear; for he carried into the wilds with him an essentially noble nature—no brother with his mess of pottage could mulct him of that."

One likes to think of Esau as the true hero of Dr. Beer-Hofmann's play. Where did the dramatist find the material for "Jacob's Dream"? He gives Esau two wives, Basmath and Oholibamah. According to Genesis, our hero was a much-married man: First Judith and Basmath, both Hittites, which were a grief of mind unto Isaac and to Rebekah. To these wives he added Mahalath; later he increased his collection by taking Oholibamah. Adah is also named. It is true that Esau thought to slay Jacob, but later when with his four hundred men he had the opportunity, he ran to meet Jacob and kissed him, and when the cowardly brother thought to win favor by giving him droves of goats and cattle, Esau said: "I have enough; my brother keep that thou hast unto thyself."

Did Dr. Beer-Hofmann go to the writings of the Rabbis? For after the first act we are far from the Book of Moses called Genesis. In the second act Jacob dismisses his slave Idnibaal. Esau enters and attempts to kill Jacob, who will not fight, but tells his brother that he need not envy him his blessing, for Esau will be spared the problem of the despair of others. As Esau, thirsty, has vowed not to drink unless of Jacob's blood, a hand is cut, Esau asks if Jacob thinks he is the better man. "No, Esau, you have your mission; I have mine," Esau, leaving, says: "Jacob you have fought and won."

The last act is perhaps symbolical. Jacob dreams. His questions of God's reasons for the world's afflictions take form. Angelic messengers tell of the battle to come. The four archangels appear and chant in chorus. Now the Rabbis tell of four angels sent by the Lord to appear before the revengeful Esau in pursuit of his brother so that they seem before Esau like 2000 men in four bands. Did this legend give the idea of the archangels to the learned dramatist? Satan enters; was there any Satan in the mind of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Esau? There is a long dispute. When Satan says that Jacob is doomed to exile; that he will be pursued by the world's hatred; the angels know not how to reply. Jacob refuses to renounce the Lord. Satan, as the curtain falls: "An innocent victim."

A strange play of which the first act is the most interesting to those who do not understand Hebrew, and how many in the large audience last night were acquainted with that language? The first act is the most interesting because it is visibly the most dramatic and as seen, the most human. One could realize that Esau was raging and cursing; that Oholibamah, laughing, did not take the loss of her husband's birthright seriously; that Basmath was the personification of hatred and revenge. Then there was the calm, dignified Rebekah, firm in her belief that Isaac's blessing was rightly given to Jacob. All this had dramatic significance by reason of the vocal intonations and expressive postures and gestures. There was a certain spectacular interest in the last act. To the great majority in the audience, the meaning, the purport of the second and third acts, was unintelligible, for the simple reason that the words might as well have been Sanscrit or Choctaw.

It's all very well for some to say, seeing a Hebrew or Russian play acted by the Habima or the other great Moscow players: "You do not need to understand the words, the acting will

inform you." This is absurd, for thoughts, intonations, comments are expressed by words. Esau may throw himself about or grovel ever so wildly; handsome Jacob may pose gracefully or nobly; Basmath may be superbly tragic in voice and gesture; but it is reasonable to ask, "What is it all about? What are they saying?" And so to the eye these famous actors and actresses gave pleasure; but the spectators, though they had ears, could not hear.

There was a large audience. The opera house was by no means filled in spite of the worthy cause, of which a young lady between the second and third acts spoke in explanation, to the point, in an agreeable manner and with commendable brevity.

## MAURICE RAVEL

Maurice Ravel gave a concert of his own music last night in Symphony hall, assisted by Esther Dale, soprano; Alfredo San Malo, violin; George Laurent, flute, and Boris Hambourg, cello. This was the program:

Scheherazade; Pavane pour une Infante defunte; Habanera; Rigaudon from "Le Tombeau de Couperin"; Chansons Grecques; Deux Melodies Hebraiques; Nicolette; Chansons Made-casse (for voice, flute, cello and piano); Esther Dale, Georges Laurent, Boris Hambourg, Maurice Ravel; Violin sonata.

To place the music of chief interest—because, at all events, of its newness—at the last of a long program was no wise proceeding. A "one-man" show, furthermore, in music, whatever it may be in painting, is always of doubtful expediency, and when that man is of so individual a talent as Mr. Ravel—his new music, no doubt about it, should have been brought to the fore before the saturation point.

The sonata's first movement sounded as Ravel-like as might be expected, full of melody very agreeable in its short-breathed way, with harmony in support sometimes most ethereal, quite bewitching, sometimes tart, brittle-sounding. The second movement, called "Blues," moved along in a course of very mild vulgarity—times there are when vulgarity is highly agreeable, just as the famous little Miss Marjorie Fleming vowed that at times nothing can amuse so well as being rude. When Mr. Ravel in these "Blues" of his, ceased to be "rude," he turned him to a boisterousness that amused not nearly so much. The third movement, a "micio perpetuum," moved along, according to its kind from Mendelssohn down, briskly with engaging changes of rhythm, with harmony to flavor it that Mendelssohn would not have approved.

Mr. Ravel's ways with his own his music it proved instructive to hear. The famous pavane he played very simply more rhythmically than is the way of most pianists, with cool tone. The accompaniments to the Greek songs, and the Jewish one, too, he kept very soft to give their melody first place—performers, pray take notice. As for the songs themselves, Mr. Ravel, all praise to him, evidently wants their melodies shapely, their line legato, their rhythm defined, the vocal tone, unless their momentary cause for the contrary, sonorous.

Admirably Miss Dale filled these demands. In a hall more suitable to music of the kind her words, very likely

would have come more clearly to hearing—to the benefit of the songs. Instructiveness apart, the evening offered not too much that proved enchanting. Mr. San Malo, indeed played well, and Mr. Laurent delightfully, with beauty of tone, in the Asian piece, no less than magical. Mr. Ravel, though, to say the truth of it, is not the most magnetic pianist imaginable, and Miss Dale, sound vocalist that she is, is not the singer one would choose to do the fullest justice to a lengthy program of Ravel songs. The accompaniments to the songs of Madagascar, whatever the reason, sounded not so well last night as they sounded a week ago from Mr. Laurent and his former associates. The place, after all, does tell. Music heard out of place cannot be expected to make its proper effect.

## 'SCHOOL' PRESENTED

REPERTORY THEATRE—"School," a comedy in four acts by T. W. Robertson. The cast:

Bella	Edith Barrett
Naomi	Katharine Warren
Hetty	Mina Bayleria
Laura	Margaret Morra
Clara	Ruth Butle
Tilly	Patricia Teaz
Milly	Adelaide Green
Little Kitty	Laurelle Paulin
Bobby	Willie Rickard
Mrs. Sutcliffe	Mary Stuart
Dr. Sutcliffe	Olga Birkbeck
Mr. Krux	Thomas Shearer
Lord Beaufoy	William Faversham, Jr.

Jack Poyntz	Arthur Owen
Reed Farintosh	Arthur Bowyer
Vaughan	Thayer Roberts
Footman	Harry Von Kretzmer

Even 60 years ago, schoolgirls thought the same thoughts, acted the same way, spoke the same inanities, and laughed the same shrill titter as they do today.

They were interested in dress, in love and in sentimental stories, even though these interests were superficially different from the flapper's, still fundamentally they were identical. Charming young men appeared on the scene, and these girls must hie away to don their best gowns. And in recreation hours they sat and sighed and talked about love. Not love as their good professors would discuss it, not love as treated in the transcriptions of cuneiform tablets, not love, as the child and grandchild of Jupiter and Aphrodite, but just love which Naomi defines as an extra. As for the stories they read: just polite fairy stories such as Cinderella, which have been supplanted by Ethel M. Dell and Elinor Glyn, but all the same, stories that held a glamor of romance—beautiful maidens and tall handsome youths, who went through no end of hardships, but who in matrimony found solace, and incidentally gave the tale a happy ending.

Not only in the schoolgirls in "School" do we find similar characteristics to those of today, but in the wealthy young peer who plays the hero. He was a man, who, are we to believe magazine sections, like many men about town, was fed up with the kalsomined faces of his lady friends, their artificial gable, and their frivolities. He did not want to marry "one of the old masters," but preferred a simple country lass, nurtured on unpasteurized milk, and coyly natural. And his friend, the amusing parasite, who talked a great deal about nothing, who was nobody, and who before he was that, was a little boy, has many a prototype in social gatherings today. While the grand old uncle, with his toupee, his foppish dress, and uncertain monocle, today would have been portrayed as a great ad for glandular treatment. The characters of Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, and of Mr. Krux, as owners of the school, are the only genuinely 19th century people in the play, and they are not offensively so, for we who have read our Dickens, still believe in the tradition of the kindly school master with a hectoring wife and a spiteful underling.

The performance was charming and held all the atmosphere of the period of the play, although perhaps the players were a bit too conscious that they must not be a bit modern. Edith Barrett proved a nice contrast to the simpering Naomi, and played with insight and vivacity. Thomas Shearer as Dr. Sutcliffe and Arthur Sircow as Mr. Krux likewise performed notably.

## EAST LYNNE

St. James Theatre: "East Lynne," a play in three acts and five scenes, by Mrs. Henry Wood, revised by Rowland G. Edwards. The cast:

Richard Hare	Henry Wadsworth
Maddox	Remus Jensen
Joyce	Sydel Landrew
Miss Cornelia Carlyle	Mary Hill
Mr. Dill	Malcolm Arthur
Barbara Hare	Edith Speare
Lady Isabel	Clara Joel
Archibald Carlyle	Walter Gilbert
Sir Francis Levison	Frank Charlton
Lord Mount Severn	Mark Kent
Harris	Betty White
"Madame Vine"	Clara Joel
Little Willie	Marion Goad
Officer	Royal Beal
Doctor Marberry	Samuel T. Godfrey
Sister Mary	Barbara Gray

Very shocking but teaching a great moral lesson was "East Lynne" in its early days; the moral remains, but the shock, doubtless a most useful drawing card once on a time, is no longer in evidence. Mrs. Henry Wood could hardly have guessed that a play considered shocking in this advanced generation could contain a scene so similar to her touching last act. It was rather uncanny last night to have the erring Lady Isabel appear in a situation so similar to that of Iris March in the "Green Hat." Could Michael Arlen have been delving so far back in theatrical history as to have read "East Lynne"? Perish the thought; he must have believed that he invented this delirium and reconciliation in a convent hospital quite by himself.

To say that "East Lynne" bears reviving would be merely a commonplace. For years it has continued on a career of unwavering popularity and undoubtedly future generations will be able to squeeze a few more tears out of the repentant mother collapsing on the body of the child she had deserted in a supposedly groundless fit of jealousy. It did seem that Lady Isabel had some cause for suspicion; the guileless Barbara Hare lost no time in snapping up the wronged husband as soon as he was free, in spite of her protestations of mere friendship. But such thoughts as these should be silent in face of the



probable example we were so solemnly  
boasting to shun.  
Assisting for the most part the  
action by no means always followed in  
the wake of these emotional dramas—the  
company at the St. James played with  
the most commendable sincerity and  
noise. Walter Gilbert made the unutter-  
ably noble Archibald Carlyle decidedly  
likable and was human, though not even  
he could quite make plausible the final  
moments when the upright husband is  
supposed to forgive his divorced and  
repentantly expiring wife. Lady Isabel  
who was so badly handicapped by hav-  
ing to preach such a lesson in her down-  
fall, proved an excellent opportunity for  
Clara Joel to display her emotional  
powers, and she took the melodramatic  
murders of the play with conviction and  
success. The outstanding performance of  
the evening was that of Mark Kent in  
the part of Lord Mount Severn; digni-  
fied and manly without any hint of  
priggishness he made one for a moment  
believe in his actual existence. Frank  
Charlton, as that deepest of deep-dyed  
villains, Sir Francis Levison, was in-  
clined to throw the play out of key by  
his too frequent consciousness of the  
absurdity of his lines. Edith Speare  
made a charming and most attractive  
Barbara.  
E. L. H.

## LINDBERGH FILM

The State Theatre is presenting a  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film which is a  
collection of the different episodes of  
Col. Lindbergh's flight to Paris and the  
subsequent ovations given him in the  
cities and countries he visited. Most  
of the film has been seen in snatches  
as news reels, but as it now stands, it  
is an interesting, graphic motion pic-  
ture, not over-emphasizing or cheapen-  
ing the remarkable adventure of Col.  
Charles Lindbergh, and paying him  
unlimited tribute.

The opening sequence of the film is  
not of Col. Lindbergh but shows the  
way he received his training; the stunts  
he did as a circus flier, such as hang-  
ing by his knees from a plane in flight;  
jumping from one plane to another,  
both in the air. Later Col. Lindbergh  
went to Kelly field at San Antonio,  
Tex., and there he received his train-  
ing as an army flier. To indicate this  
part of his career, airplanes are shown  
in formation flight, excellent scenes  
and well photographed.

The first scene in which Col. Lin-  
dergh appears is the one showing his  
modest start on his trip to France. The  
rest of the screen story shows a care-  
ful selection of scenes both for pic-  
torial perfection and narrative interest.

There are also maps with the detail  
worked out carefully; the flight from  
San Diego to New York and from New  
York to Paris; the later trips to the  
different cities in America in behalf of  
aviation and the trip to Mexico, Central  
America and the island group. There  
are many beautiful scenes. One shows  
the Spirit of St. Louis flying with the  
Panama canal in the background, and  
New York city with a snow storm of  
papers fluttering down between tall  
buildings and surging crowds gathered  
to pay Col. Lindbergh tribute, is im-  
pressive.

The other film on this week's pro-  
gram is "Wickedness Preferred" with  
Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle in the  
principal roles, directed by Hobart Hen-  
ley. A farce which attempts cleverness  
by the way of sophistication must be  
brilliantly conceived, carefully handled  
and titled. "Wickedness Preferred" has  
only the excellent performance of its  
players to make it amusing. The direc-  
tion is labored, the subtitles terrible.

The story for this screen play is what

is known as an original. It tells of a  
author and his long-suffering wife. The  
author attempts, not too seriously, to  
plot to do some of the things of which  
he writes, and is a bit surprised when  
the current lady of his attachments  
takes him at his word. They sail for  
the island in the South seas, but are  
abruptly landed near enough home for  
their proper mates to rescue them.  
C. M. D.

## GERMAN FILM OPENS AT TWO THEATRES

"Love Me and the World Is Mine"  
from UFA Studios

"Love Me and the World Is Mine"  
is now showing at the Scollay Square  
Olympia and Fenway. "Variety" was  
made by Dupont in the UFA Studios  
in Germany, and "Love Me and the  
World Is Mine" was made by the same  
director in Hollywood.

Mary Philbin's characterization of  
the pathetic little Austrian girl is su-  
perb.

Norman Kerry contributes a partic-  
ularly fine performance in the leading

masculine role, playing the part of the  
gay Lt. Von Vigili.

The genius which made her perform-  
ance in the "Miracle Man" a never-  
to-be-forgotten thing, is still with  
Betty Compson, and her portrayal of  
the Viennese lady of somewhat dubious  
virtue is a splendid piece of work.  
Henry B. Walthall, George Siegman,  
Albert Conti, Emily Fitzroy, Martha  
Mattox, Charles Sellon, Charles Puffy  
and others are excellent in smaller roles.

The vaudeville program at the Scol-  
lay Square Olympia consists of seven  
excellent acts, headed by the royal  
clowns, Boganny's Eight Imperial Co-  
medians, in "Fun in a Bakeshop."

## MOSS AND FONTANA HEAD KEITH'S BILL

Moss and Fontana, famous ballroom  
dancers, who have been taken up by  
New York society and who are also well  
known about New York night clubs,  
head the vaudeville bill at Keith's this  
week, assisted by Ernest Holst and his  
Club Mirador orchestra. They are a  
graceful pair, sophisticated in their  
style of presentation, with routines that  
are different and interesting. Even  
though they are considered quite the  
last word by the New York set, it was  
interesting to observe last evening that  
their entrance on the stage called for no  
applause whatever. In other words, they  
didn't mean a thing to Boston and  
Boston wanted to be shown. They did  
three numbers, closing with a waltz,  
while Ernest Holst and his excellent five-  
piece orchestra oozed out a drippingly  
sweet tune to follow the movements of  
the dancers. The audience applauded  
with a will.

The Wilton sisters, a well-know act,  
carried off the applause honors last  
evening, however. They harmonize on  
popular tunes, and for good measure  
one plays the violin, the other the  
piano. A standard act, all too few of  
them left nowadays, that earns its re-  
wards easily.

Arthur Byron, stage star, is appearing  
there this week in a sketch which he  
wrote himself and which is significant  
chiefly because it has parts for his wife  
and two daughters. "A Family Affair,"  
it is called and while Arthur Byron  
stage fans will not see him at an ad-  
vantage, the vaudeville audience en-  
joyed looking the family over. Payne  
and Hilliard danced and chattered  
amusingly. Miss Hilliard is an excep-  
tionally well-poised "straight." There  
were other entertaining acts to round  
out the bill.  
A. F.

## Continuing Attractions

MAJESTIC — "Good News,"  
Schwab and Manéci musical.  
George Olsen's band. Third week.

PLYMOUTH—"Escape," Leslie  
Howard stars in John Galswor-  
thy's play, produced by Winthrop  
Ames. Last week.

TREMONT—"Hit the Deck,"  
Vincent Youmans's musical com-  
edy, with Louise Groody, Donald  
Brian, Stella Mayhew and others.  
Fourth week.

WILBUR—"Just Fancy," Joseph  
Santley's first production, with  
Mr. Santley, Ivy Sawyer, Raymond  
Hitchcock, H. Reeves-Smith, Eric  
Blone and others. Third week.

COPLEY—"The Wrecker," mel-  
odrama by Arthur Ridley, author  
of "The Ghost Train." Fourth  
week.

## UNDERWORLD FILM AT WASHINGTON OLYMPIA

Ralph Ince Directs and Plays in  
"Chicago After Midnight"

The underworld of the sun-ridden  
metropolis of the mid-West is brought  
to the screen in "Chicago After Mid-  
night," which opened Monday at the  
Washington St. Olympia Theatre.

All the colorful characters of the  
Chicago underworld are made to live  
before the camera by the genius of  
Ralph Ince. Gunmen, gangsters, habi-  
tues of the cabarets and social clubs  
are there in all the color of their actual

lives. Ince himself has the rôle of an  
underworld dictator.

The story is that of the life of Jim  
Boyd, a product of New York's "Hell's  
Kitchen," who leaves prison to seek re-  
venge on a one-time partner who had  
turned state's evidence against him. He  
finds his man in Chicago and plans his  
revenge. In a cabaret brawl Boyd kills  
his old enemy and shifts the blame to  
a young orchestra leader. The love of  
a girl dancer for the boy, however,  
finally leads the police to the trail of  
the real killer, and when Boyd learns  
that the girl is his daughter, unseen  
by him since she was a baby, he con-  
fesses. Ince has the support of a nota-  
ble cast, including Jola Mendez, James  
Mason and Helen Eddy.

The Four Dales head a seven-act bill.

## "FINDERS KEEPERS" AT KEITH'S BOSTON

Laura La Plante Stars in Enjoyable  
Comedy

"Finders Keepers," a film comedy  
starring Laura La Plante, based upon a  
story by Mary Roberts Rinehart, di-  
rected by Wesley Ruggles, is presented  
at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre.

Laura La Plante has ever been a per-  
sonable young woman and now she  
suddenly develops into a clever farrier.  
It is as pleasant as it is surprising and  
as this difficult feat is not so easy  
and as the screen has always had a  
dearth of clever comedienne, one can  
only hope that Miss La Plante con-  
tinues in her present mood.

"Finders Keepers" starts off slowly  
enough, is almost unforgivingly dull and  
then Miss La Plante is allowed to dress  
in a soldier's uniform. This is not a  
new trick for screen comedy but Miss  
La Plante offers something new, de-  
lightful and ingenious in her part of  
a lovely maiden in love with a plain  
soldier and her attempt to marry him.

That the soldier returns a captain  
and the maiden greets her soldier en-  
thusiastically, ends an amusing pic-  
ture. Another motion picture about war  
and soldiers, proves that great credit  
should go to a new and clever Laura La  
Plante.

Mary Kambour bursts into indignan-  
ce verse:

HOW THE SMUGLY DECENT

Love their safe respectability!

Let me poke them so—

My! What clouds of dust arise!

Lord, their damp complacency

Smells, like the musty churches

They have dared raise in Thy name.

At present there is no bridal suite in  
our Hall of Fame, otherwise we should  
welcome Miss Dorothy Wind of Buffalo  
and Mr. Alfred S. Storms, whose be-  
trothal is announced by the Worcester  
Gazette.

"CONGRESS ASKED TO PRODICATE  
PINK BOLL WORM FOR CAM-  
PAIGN TO ERAVIDE APPROPRIA-  
TION."—From the United States  
Daily.

This reminds us that the Clown in  
"Twelfth Night" was in gracious fooling  
when he spoke of Picrogromitus and the  
Vapians passing the equinoctial of  
Queubus.

The English, too, are concerned about  
the derivation of the word "gadget."  
Here is an editorial comment in the  
Morning Post of London:

"We seek in vain in the monumental  
Oxford Dictionary for the derivation of  
the word 'gadget.' Further investiga-  
tion, however, suggests that it is de-  
rived from a Scots dialect word 'gadge,'  
which philologists assure us has some  
connection with the word 'gauge,' mean-  
ing measure."

It is true that a Scottish and English  
provincial form of "gauge" is "gadge,"  
meaning first of all a rule, standard,  
measure; but is a "gadget" always one  
of these three things?

In Yorkshire a "gadge" is an "oddity."  
Are not some gadgets oddities?

The writer of the editorial article in  
the Morning Post says: "The majority  
of motorists are almost as interested in  
what are called today 'gadgets' as in the  
efficiency of the beloved vehicle which  
they own in fulfilling its function of  
transporting them speedily and safely  
from place to place. . . . Gadgets—  
inventions to measure time, and speed,  
and oil, and what not—make such a  
nice display on the dashboard, with their  
dials and pressure buttons and switches,  
that it is no wonder they multiply; and  
best of them all is the speedometer,  
particularly when it doesn't tell the  
truth. No real motorist cares a bit  
about the actual speed at which he is  
traveling over the earth's surface. What  
he is concerned with is the fallacious  
speed in miles per hour marked by the  
speedometer's needle on the dial—the  
wild joy and rapture of touching 60 on  
the speedometer when the car is actual-  
ly moving a little under 50 miles an  
hour! It is to be feared that those  
who cater for the motorist have dis-

covered this frailty of human nature;  
and it is an amiable failing on the part  
of the gadget manufacturer, for it is  
much better from the pedestrian's point  
of view that the motorist should think  
that he is traveling a good deal faster  
than he really is."

## GREATER LOVE HATH NO WOMAN

I think that you could break  
A Royal Vienna cup,  
And scald the Sheraton table,  
And I could mean what I'd say:  
"But, really, it doesn't matter!"  
SHEILA STUART.

## DJELFA

As the World Wags:

Another hundred miles farther south.  
Market day. All the boys came in from  
the hills in their best bath robes, with  
goats, sheep, shoes, eggs, chickens, ham-  
mered silver jewelry, etc. And among  
those present was a story teller. Being as  
how he was a fellow-craftsman of mine,  
I hung around him a long time. He was  
a popular man, too, probably one of the  
headliners. There must have been a  
hundred around him all the time, listen-  
ing. Easy enough for me to get to the  
front row, because every one drew back  
to let me through. I thought this was  
politeness, but they've told me since it's  
because these Moslems think it's un-  
clean to touch a Christian. Especially  
during Ramadhan, their Lent, which is  
now going on.

If any of them rubbed against me it  
would take him a week's work at the  
mosque to get clean again. Can yuh  
imagine that? Well, about this story  
teller, he had an orchestra to help him.  
When he wanted to get over some sob  
stuff, two flutes played throbbingly, and  
when all was excitement, two drums and  
a bagpipe let go. If I had an orchestra  
to help me some of my stuff might be a  
lot better.  
STEAMER.

As the World Wags:

As The Herald has written an editor-  
ial about the Cutty Sark it may be of  
interest to know that the last of the  
English clipper ships lies at anchor in  
Falmouth harbor where it was pointed  
out as one of the sights of the place  
when we motored there last summer. It  
would be fitting if an American sister  
ship could be kept at Marblehead. What  
has become of the Raincloud which was  
on exhibition here in Boston before sail-  
ing for India?

VERITAS CAMBRIDGE.

## ANOTHER TRAVELER

As the World Wags:

Egypt my dear friends—no it's out of  
date—overdone—a washout—Go South  
my boy! To Florida or elsewhere—  
Egypt jamais de la vie. Tombs, monu-  
ments of oppression—liquor—nothing  
more—oh, yes, no rain.

Flies—fleas—dust—donkeys—camels  
—beggars—hawkers—Nile water muddy  
—expense—bottled water—too hot to  
drink—e' gyp me—monotonous—gurgle  
—gurgle—sand banks—no golf—hardly  
any tennis—too damn dry—get on your  
nerves.

Home, James.

C. H. H.

As the World Wags:

A little Latin verse in your column  
lately reminded me of the Latin version  
of an old nursery rhyme. I have not  
seen it in print for 20 years, and I  
think it is good enough to stand re-  
printing. It was attributed, I believe,  
to Prof. Greenough.

Heu, iter didulum, felis cum fidulum,  
Vacca transiit lunam;  
Caniculus ridet  
Quum talem videt  
Et dish ambulavit cum spoonam.  
FORREST F. HARBOUR.

As the World Wags:

I thought there was life in the old  
girl yet, but I was wrong—a fellow of-  
fered me his seat in a trolley car last  
evening.

AN UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

## THE VILLAGE FOOL (For as the World Wags)

The Village Fool, he passes by,  
Talking to something in the sky;  
And all his large, white face seems lit  
With the reflected light of it.

The Village Fool—he brings to me  
The thought of Joan of Domremy—  
Wandering with rapt and shining face  
The by-ways of her native place—

Hearing what sane folk could not hear—  
Seeing with vision foolish-clear  
The dreams that led her by the hand  
To Rouen and its kindling brand.

And then I wonder if, some day,  
This Village Fool will stride away—  
With eyes alight and lips unfurled—  
To publish Truth across the world!

I. PRIEST.



A husband has no right to say that his wife must obey him.—Mr. Justice Hill.

Personal in the Morning Post of London: "I dreamed last night of a better England where children were called children and the word 'Kiddies' had never been heard."

According to the newspaper rates it cost this advertiser seven and six pence to tell this dream, but his (or her) protest against the vile term was worth the sum, as a freeing of the mind.

"The Oxford Dictionary, now completed, will have a supplementary volume containing words that have come into use since the publication of the earlier volumes."

Will this supplement include "happencence," to be found in Peggy Wood's gushing article about Emma Calve contributed to the Saturday Evening Post?

In a review of "Wanderers: Episodes from the Travels of Lady Emmeline Stuart-Worthy and her daughter Victoria, 1849-1855" by Mrs. Henry Cust, the reviewer for the Literary Supplement of the London Times says that these ladies met in Boston. "Everett of Harvard, Agassiz the naturalist, 'glorious Dan' Webster of the dictionary who ingressed Lady Emmeline with positive awe." The distinguished visitors unfortunately had no opportunity of hearing Noah Webster deliver one of his justly celebrated orations, for he died before their arrival.

As the World Wags:

"Dis is tha same kinda brew what Rip V. Winkle drunk up in the Kaatskill mountains," said the polite but efficient speak-easy proprietor as another schooler was grounded on the bar.

Mr. Aloysius P. Chadsmith, brimful of happiness, gurgled out into the street and rented a taxicab.

"Li'l drive 'long into Fenway," directed Mr. Chadsmith, and promptly fell asleep. Some time later he awoke.

"Driver," said Mr. C., "how long you been driving this cab?"

"Nine years come June," said the cab driver.

An expression of incredulity overspread Mr. C's features. He clutched at his throat. His hand became lost in the fur collar of his overcoat.

"Driver!" said Mr. C., "for heaven's sake drive to a barber shop!"

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

#### AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL?

As the World Wags:

#### "CUCUMBER AND PINEAPPLE SALAD"

"Mix equal parts of shredded cabbage and diced apple with boiled salad dressing to which a bit of whipped cream has been added. Serve very cold on crisp leaves of lettuce."—Boston Traveler March 15. MAY H. SANBORN.

Sad and dark doings in Atlanta, Ga. A dispatch to the Tampa Morning Tribune states:

"Six officers of the Mt. Vernon negro Baptist Church today asked Fulton county superior court to enjoin the Rev. W. M. Jones from further practice of his ministerial duties, charging he is 'fit only to dance the black bottom, sing bass in the choir and make a rush for the collection plates.'"

#### ADD "GOLDEN THOUGHTS"

Tell me, my dear woman, when did young people of 20 years begin to be so ridiculous? I can tell you exactly, my friend. It was when you were 45 years old.—ALPHONSE KARR.

Some one described old age as bore-some. Yes, said the amiable composer Auber, "It's extremely bore-some. Yet it's the only way one has found thus far to live for a long time."—SAINT-BEUVE.

As the World Wags:

Outsider: "What did that bootlegger get in court this morning?"

Attendant: "Oh, about 15 or 20 new customers."

#### AN UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

We have noted the fact in a memorandum book that the Lexington Taxi Service supplies ambulances, making "weddings and funerals a specialty."

As the World Wags:

You tell us of the sad family that wants its name—Bug—pronounced Bujee—and perhaps there's Hindoo ancestry somewhere in the past. Also you cite various other rather well known English misfits.

Now let me remind you of the case referred to in some novel of Victorian vintage, name forgotten for the moment. The lady started for India by the long sea route. In that six-month voyage her name suffered a manifold sea-change. She embarked as Mrs. Stubbs. She landed as Mrs. St. U-Bess. JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

## Eighteenth Century Ensemble Delights Audience

The Eighteenth Century Ensemble, Dorothy Brewster Comstock, Mariana Lowell and Oliver Cope, violins; John Macknight, flute; Anna Golden, viola; George Brown, violoncello; Francisco Oliver, bass, assisted by James Friskin, pianist, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall. And a very charming concert they gave, both to look at and to hear. How tastefully they suggested, in setting, light and costume, the period in which they delight! And in no respect did they strike the note of anachronism too heavily; they barely touched it—hence their fine effect.

They began their program with a Bach concerto in A minor for flute, piano and violin. Its brilliant first allegro went with a dash. The players, all of them, had it at heart to make the most of the melody and the accents that give it character, not to let the movement lag; they all knew how to compass their will, the flute and violin above all.

It was Mr. Friskin, though, who struck the stirring note. He played with a sweep, a vigor and brilliancy it refreshed a body to hear. No dryness for him, no pedantry, not one trace of the musical stipping that often turns Bach intolerable. To be honest, indeed, in this case where honesty rubs a little against the grain, Mr. Friskin did play his Bach, when Bach was in spirits, something too loud for the good of the ensemble. Less would have answered better. Less, too, of the concerto would have sufficed. A pity it is there is no way of shortening much of Bach's music that musicians feel is fitting.

Purcell's pieces, two "four-part fantasias" for strings, needed no cutting down. Here at last was music to make the enthusiasm of Purcellites sound sensational, music of sound and color, music at once solid as granite and flowing like water. The players played it nobly.

Mr. Friskin then played Scarlatti, a sonata in D and one in C minor, a fantasia by Emanuel Bach that bespoke the innovator if little more, and a Mozart gigue. Since Mr. Torrey's variations, for flute and strings, on a Gluck theme, came at the end of the program, Mr. Friskin might wisely have chosen solo pieces of a certain emotional intensity, if only for variety's sake. He need not have departed from the period; Beethoven up to the age of 30 would have covered the law.

And after a page or two of Beethoven, say, the Handel sonata, G minor, for two violins and piano, would have fallen on ears refreshed. As it was, it continued the strain, for Handel was not in his superb mood when he wrote that sonata, let alone his mighty. He was in grand good humor, nevertheless, and everybody knows what rousing music Handel had at his pen's tip when he was of a mind to set it down. Fully equal to the occasion, the players gave a performance it was a pleasure to hear, a performance not only musically and technically sound, but one without a single dull moment.

May this little company of players prosper in their admirable work.

R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY GIVES FOURTH PROGRAM

The fourth program of the Tuesday afternoon series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon as follows: Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" op. 23; Schubert, symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"); Strauss, "Don Juan" tone-poem, op. 20 (after Lenau); Debussy "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" (after the eclogue of Stephane Mallarme); Stravinsky, orchestral suite from the ballet "Petrouchka."

In a world which is usually to hurried for perfection, this excellent virtue is, nevertheless, accomplished over and over again in the music of this organization under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. It is interesting to ponder upon and very satisfying to hear. The Tuesday afternoon series of concerts have had on their program representative compositions of the greatest musicians, music, were it of the theatre, which would be called "actor proof." Such a statement is a fallacy. There is nothing which is actor proof or musician proof but when beautiful music is played in the inspired manner in which the Boston Symphony delivers it, it is,

offered to the musician who would complete the score satisfactorily. As one listened to the symphony yesterday, noble in its beauty, its delicacy; it became a different thing than one is accustomed to hearing in an over-popular selection. One felt that the symphony should be left unfinished, that it could not profit anything from another hand. It is well for Mr. Koussevitzky to bring music of this kind before us now and again, and to re-establish its beauty, its real worth.

The Berlioz overture was composed at Paris in 1838 at a time when Berlioz's writings and musical criticisms had become extremely popular and it was difficult for him to gain the privacy, the repose which he deemed essential to this composition. If he wrote with "albums," as he called them, haunting him, the music shows no fatigue. Always of keen imagination, Berlioz was probably as impressed by the romantic figure of Benvenuto Cellini, who could make a statue or excel in swift sword play with equal ease and grace, as he was with Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet for he said he "lived ardently" with the spirit of Shakespeare when he was composing the dramatic symphony inspired by the latter.

In Strauss's "Don Juan" did not Mr. Koussevitzky read into the music all of the gallantry of Lenau's hero? And Debussy's most accomplished work "The Afternoon of a Faun" gave pleasure. The ballet music by Stravinsky, skillfully put on the orchestra, called the action in no uncertain terms. The Russian

dance, the entrance of Petrouchka, the grand carnival—all was before one in the energetic, effective way of the Russian school.

The fifth and last concert of this series this season will be given April 24. Music by Mendelssohn, Bach, Stravinsky and Brahms. C. M. D.

Mr. Converse's new tone-poem "California" will be performed for the first time at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. Mr. Converse spent some weeks in California last summer and was impressed by the great procession in the "fiesta" at Santa Barbara. The sub-titles of his composition give an idea of its contents: Victory Dance of the first inhabitants—Mr. Converse saw this dance of Indians in another state; Spanish Padres and Explorers; the March of Civilization; Land of Poco Tiempo; Invasion of the Gringos; Midnight at "El Paseo"—a restaurant with dancing at Santa Barbara. While Mr. Converse has made use of certain folk tunes, in the "Indian" section he records musically an impression of the dance without attempting to reproduce literally the Indian music.

The program will also comprise Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter"; Wagner's Prelude to "Parsifal" and Beethoven's fifth symphony.

Clair Wilson, pianist, will play in Jordan Hall tonight: Bach-Liszt, Organ Fantasia and Fugue. Chopin, Fantasia in F minor. Ravel, Ondine. Albeniz, Almeria. De Falla, Andalus. Turina, Tango. Balakirev, Islamey.

#### ANOTHER MYSTERY PLAY

(Lucio in the Manchester Guardian)

First Citizen (happily): My fortune is made—I have written a play!

Second Citizen (doubtfully): But are you sure you can get it produced?

First Citizen (with confidence): Absolutely! It is in the modern manner.

Second Citizen (still more doubtfully): Oh! And may I ask what it is called?

First Citizen (promptly): Certainly. It is called "Seven Corpses in Search of a Coroner."

Second Citizen (shaking his head): The Pirandello manner, I presume? My poor friend, that will never be a popular success!

First Citizen (with some annoyance): Pirandello is prehistoric! I will tell you my play is a West End Wonder of the newest model. It is bound to beat all records.

Second Citizen (unconvinced): Well, what is it about?

First Citizen (triumphantly): It is about a man with three legs, no face, and eyes in the back of his head, who runs a lethal chamber as a honeymoon hotel where he murders young married couples in order to extract the gold from their artificial teeth. He has as his assistant a dog-faced man who walks backwards and speaks in an unknown tongue with an accent like an electric road drill. He also breeds basilisks in his spare time. The stage properties are peculiarly ingenious. In the first act there is a gallows and an apparatus for making soap out of human remains. In the second there is a guillotine and a hopper for feeding corpses into a mincing machine. The third act contains the relief—a garden scene (with the last act the dog-

faced man goes mad, puts his employer—and two members of the orchestra—through the mincing machine, and makes them into potted meat, free samples of which are distributed to the audience as they leave the theatre.

Second Citizen (admiringly): What a theme! What a masterpiece! I trust you will remember me when you are rich and famous.

Notes and Lines:

It was at one of those jazz palaces where the orchestra gives a pretty fair imitation of the battle of the Marne, or, at least, the siege of Gettysburg. It was right after intermission, and as the music struck up a particularly wild tempo, with the saxophones shrieking and the trap drums pounding, he asked her: "Shall we dance?" She turned an ear toward the crashing orchestra and replied calmly: "No, let's just fight this one out right here." JAZZBO.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone, conductor, will perform next Sunday afternoon in Symphony hall Hadley's "New Earth" for the first time in Boston, also Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova." The latter, inspired by Dante, was first performed in Boston by the Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, on March 25, 1909. Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood was the soprano; Earl R. Cartwright the baritone. The Cecilia gave a second performance on Feb. 17, 1910.

A concert will be given in Symphony hall next Sunday evening by Hulda Lashanska, soprano—arias by Gluck and Charpentier—songs by Haydn, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Watts, LaForge; by Albert Rappaport of the Chicago Opera Company—arias and songs by Handel, La Forge, Rachmaninoff, Bleichman, Bizet, Bemberg, Strauss, Liebling; by Richard Burgin, violinist—music by Achorn, Tartini-Kreisler, Handel, Brahms, Dvorak, Juon, Sarasate.

Apologies of the recent performance of "Jacob's Dream." The rabbis tell a strange story of Jacob and Esau. According to Genesis, the brothers, meeting, kissed and wept. The rabbis say Jacob wept because Esau bit him in the neck; Esau wept because he found Jacob's neck turned to solid ivory.

At the concert of the People's Symphony orchestra next Sunday afternoon J. Howard Richardson's "Appeal to the Great Spirit," suggested by Dallin's Indian statue, will be performed. The composer will conduct his work.

The Lenox String quartet of New York will play at the Boston Public Library next Sunday night Schubert's quartet in A minor, and quartets by Janacek and Elchheim.

When Boucheron, the writer of vaudeville, died, Remy de Gourmont wrote this paragraph: "His death was terrible, yet beautiful; logical and symbolical. The excellent vaudevillist, who perhaps in these last years attained his most fruitful success, died gently and nobly at the moment when he was asking at the box-office: 'How much did we make yesterday evening?'"

William Gerard Collins, baritone, will sing in Jordan hall next Monday night, songs by Mozart, Strauss, Poldowski, Donaudy, Carnevali, Cyril Scott, Harty, Hughes, Robinson.

At the last concert of the MacDowell Club on April 18, the program will include Hue's ballet suite, "Siang-Sin," and music from Rameau's "Plateau." The chorus with Gertrude Tingley will sing d'Indy's "Mary Magdala."

## VLADIMIR HOROWITZ

Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, played this program last night in Symphony hall: Variations Serieuses, Mendelssohn; Sonata in D major, Capriccio, Scarlatti; Sonata in B minor, Liszt; three etudes: E-flat minor, op. 10, F major, op. 10, B minor, op. 25; two mazurkas in C-sharp minor; Polonaise in A-flat major, Chopin.

Two or three weeks ago Mr. Horowitz raised a stir at a symphony concert. Last night, at his recital, he raised another. The hall was packed to the doors. The audience, almost before he had ended his first piece, broke into a crash of applause that all but raised the roof. Enthusiasm waxed the concert through. This recital was an occasion, no mistake about it.

Small wonder. Mr. Horowitz is endowed beyond nearly all others with that mysterious attribute which makes the world respond to him with a "whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad." Blessed is he. Without that quality of



operament, a musical performer may as well, first as last, hang his harp at a weeping willow tree; let him pipe away bewitchingly, the public will dance to his tune.

Mr. Horowitz, though, has more in favor than a magnetic temperament. He has the knack, above almost all his, of following the line of musical performance at present most in vogue. Music, that is to say, must needs say something mighty definite, and say it with emphasis; it does not matter if the composer indicated something else, something less pronounced.

To avoid, furthermore, any possibility of mistake, Mr. Horowitz, following a

method popular just now, takes steps to make his meaning clear to intellects not too quick at the uptake. So, if he announces a passage fast, he lets it fly like an airplane. Slow episodes he does not mind letting stand just short of stock still. Strong chords—has mortal ever played them louder?

His rhythm, luckily, saves him. However fast he plays, he does not scurry; let him languish as he will, he does not flounder. Rhythm, therefore, and extravagant sentiment which he can drive home to every heart; speed incredible and overwhelming strength; the power to work these qualities up, when so he chooses, into a frenzy—small wonder that Mr. Horowitz raises a stir.

For those who do not mind harsh tone Mr. Horowitz did wonders last night with the polonaise. The mazurkas and Scarlatti's sonata he played delightfully. One or two of Mendelssohn's variations he flung off with amazing brilliancy. A passage or two of Liszt's sonata he made impressive. For the rest, all his music he made effective in his own way, a way which not quite everybody believes the most admirable way.

When he plays again it is much to be hoped that Mr. Horowitz will play more music in which effectiveness is not chief aim. A really beautiful cantilena from him one would like to hear, music calling for imaginative powers, nobility, poetry, greatness. His effects he has proved he can make. And he can raise a stir!

R. R. G.

#### OLD WOMEN

(For As the World Wags)

How horrible  
To be an old woman,  
Clothed in black,  
With swollen legs  
And slow and painful step  
And body bent,  
By years of work  
And lack;  
Whose thoughts run in a groove  
Worn by the years  
With lines and seams for face  
And eyes half closed by time  
And care,  
How hideous to be an old woman,  
Clothed in black.

How lovely  
To be an old woman,  
Clad in soft color  
And flowing line,  
Who walks in beauty still  
Despite the years.  
For beauty's in her soul,  
And in her face,  
A mellowed face,  
All rich with vibrant life  
Well lived;  
Who wears her memories like a shawl  
Of rare old lace.  
How beautiful  
To be an old woman  
Clad in soft color  
Like the spring.

MARGARET LLOYD.

Walt Whitman's mother was always in his mind. Did she not inspire the closing lines of "Faces"?

The old face of the mother of many children,  
Whist! I am fully content.

Lull'd and late is the smoke of the First-day morning,  
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the fences,  
It hangs thin by the sassafras and wild-cherry and cat-brier under them.

I saw the rich ladies in full-dress at the soiree,  
I heard what the singers were singing so long,  
Heard who sprang in crimson youth from the white froth and the water-blue.

Behold a woman!  
She looks out from her Quaker cap, her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.

She sits in an armchair under the shaded porch of the farmhouse,  
The sun just shines on her old white head.

Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen,  
Her grandsons raised the flax, and her grand-daughters spin it with the distaff and the wheel.

The melodious character of the earth.  
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go,  
The justified mother of men.

Mother—grandmother—Aunt Lucinda—all blessed among women; but has no one to say a good word for father, Uncle Amos or Cousin Ike? Yes, one contributor does not forget the weaker sex.

#### FATHERS DAY

(For As the World Wags)

This is a plea for poor old dad,  
Patient, plodding, loving dad,  
Mighty little fun he's had.

He looks old and bent and gray,  
Once a year the papers say:  
"Why not have a Father's Day?"

Christmas comes and passes by—  
Daddy's broke and fit to die,  
They give him a quarter tie.

Mother dances at the Ritz,  
Everything that she wears fits,  
All her hats are local hits.

Sonny loafs along at Yale,  
Heavy-eyed and rather pale,  
Studies? That's another tale!

There should be a Father's Day,  
Once a year he should be gay.  
April First, then, let us say.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### SURPRISING CANDOR

(From a motor circular)

"Thousands of would-be motorists are preparing for the spring offensive."

#### THE HEAD-LINE WRITER TAKES SUPPER WITH HIS FAMILY

As the World Wags:

"I state, Wife, this food is rich and good."

"Thanks, Spouse, but we faced loss on eve of meal."

"Divulge facts in case."

"Late today dire ruin threatened this love-nest."

"Give sordid details."

"Well, fat on stove in pan burst in flames."

"Did our tots weep as food burnt?"

"No, kiddies shed no tears, but kept brave front."

"Did your Mother show fear as fire-demon raged?"

"Yes, Mother raved as red-tongued flames mounted high."

"Was smoke stifling?"

"It was, but kitchen door afforded vent and gave quick relief."

"Did you probe cause?"

"Probe proved kitchen fire too intense."

"Did you raise shrill cries for help?"

"Yes, but cop napped on beat."

"Was dread alarm of fire-fiend sounded on bells?"

"Yes, and brave fire laddies came, but crisis was past."

"Did you chide maid?"

"Maid out Thursdays to woo lover."

"Well, steak tastes good except for slight smoke damage."

"Yes, Mother nabbed steak from pan in nick of time."

"Good, let's hope such evil occurs no more to awe."

"Care will curb danger and lessen risk."

"Yes, Wife, now let's visit screen play. Car waits in street."

ROBERT P. JOHNSTON.

As the World Wags:

I wish you would give your opinion on a matter that has puzzled me for years.

Lady Margaret Beaufort, the famous mother of King Henry VII of England, has had me (as well as countless thousands of English) as a great admirer for years. She was beautiful, very intellectual; her generosity to Oxford and Cambridge universities is still carried on in her name and with her money after 400 years in the "Lady Margaret" professorships.

Now, serious historians relate that this brave and clever lady bore her only child, Henry Tudor, when she was only 13 years old. Her husband, Edmund Tudor, half-brother of King Henry VI, died seven months afterward, and Lady Margaret was left a rich young widow with a young baby. She married twice afterward, but never had any more children.

It is an unheard of thing for an English girl to have a child at the age of 13. In Italy and Spain it often happens, but that is because the warm climate brings

people to maturity years earlier than in the cold, northern climates. In reading history one notices particularly that the English princesses never married until the age of 16 at least, while Spanish and Italian princesses went to their husbands' countries at the age of 12 or 13.

How did this myth about Lady Margaret arise?

## CLAIR WILSON IN

Clair Wilson, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall:

Organ fantasia and fugue, Bach-Liszt; Fantasia in F minor, Chopin; Ondine, Ravel; Almeria, Albeniz; Andalusia, De Falla; Tango, Turma; Islamey, oriental fantasia, Balakirew.

This young man is blessed with talent. Already he has developed an exceedingly sound technique; with all security he can play music that moves very fast; he can play it cleanly, with excellent tone that avoids hardness even when it grows very large. A melody he knows how to make sing.

Already, too, Mr. Wilson has become a sound musician. He shows himself sensitive to the meaning of rhythm. He possesses a melodic sense, a sense of proportion that enables him to plan a piece, like the Chopin fantasia, intelligently. Because, furthermore, of a certain ardor, he can play a piece like that fantasy in such wise as to hold the interest right to the final note.

The fantasy, yes. That straggling transcription, though, of an organ piece, and those Spanish pieces that straggle more aimlessly still—not yet has Mr. Wilson in his power to sustain interest through music so dull. No doubt he enjoys trying his hand at the task; and the practice, very likely, tends to his good. For the moment, however, Mr. Wilson would show a long head if he would confine himself, when playing in public, to music more immediately grateful.

He has such unusual ability—technique, fervor, musicianship—it will be a pity if Mr. Wilson puts himself into a position where he must of necessity do himself less than justice. And does he believe that to sit back to the audience, as he did last night, on a stage dimly dark, is wise?

R. R. G.

#### THE VILLAGE SNOB

(For As the World Wags)

The Village Snob is not akin  
To the City Swell, save in the skin;  
Tho the silly shadows of his mind  
Bend to emulate the urban kind.

The City Snob at least has hold  
In large degree, of untold gold.  
Our Village Snob—the butt of gibes and jokes  
And the secret sport of all real folks.

The Village Snob he brings to me  
No thought of staid old family tree,  
But just an itch to equal Jones  
By hook or crook or frozen loans.

Behold, he is a stranger to the poor,  
But a Servant at the Golden Door,  
With lofty mien and snippy drool;  
The Village Snob is the Village Fool.

I. PRIEST.

Our contributors are waxing impatient. Some of them have written threatening or sarcastic letters, complaining of partiality in acceptance or refusal of their "pomes," essays, attacks on prominent citizens, inquiries into the prevailing censorship of books that should be free to all, plays that should be seen by all those intelligently interested in the theatre.

#### PENGUIN POLITICS

As the World Wags:

Our latest advices from Penguin island state: The great butter scandal is still spreading, but has suffered a temporary check by the transference to jail, for contempt of court, of all the immaterial witnesses; the material ones having been resident abroad since its beginning. "The administration of justice assures you protection in contempt for your country's statesmen and its treasury," said Judge Bridle-goose, presiding, "but you cannot with impunity cast asparagus on the otium cum dignitate of this somnolent tribunal."

Investigation has developed that nobody knows what became of 556,742 frogskins contributed by the butter interests to the party in office. That the party is in office is assumed, furthermore, to be a guarantee that nobody will.

The minister of finance is accused of holding his portfolio illegally, of bribery in a departmental election and of consuming his own distillery stock. The last charge is considered sufficient proof of his wealth to render him immune from any interference in either his official or unofficial acts.

The minister of foreign affairs announces that there will be no change in the policy toward Nitchy Waggy, where Penguin marines are seeing this world and the next in support of honest elections. "The issue is too vital," he says.

"When we have established honest elections in Nitchy Waggy, we can send some of our campaign managers down there for instruction." It is rumored, however, that he intends to resign and resume his former connection with a bond-selling firm. In that event his place is expected to be filled by another official from the same firm.

Senator Auger has been collecting a fund to redeem the honor of his party. He has collected 35 centimes and will return the excess pro rata.

The country is in a ferment over the blacklisting by the Old Grandmothers of the Penguin Revolution of all citizens who oppose an autocratic form of government. The royal regent of the order says: "The blacklist is only directed against wicked people who want to talk instead of letting us do it; it is nobody's business; and, moreover, no blacklist exists."

The Great Auk has said nothing. He is believed to regard the amount spent in the butter prosecution as a violation of his policy of constructive economy. His last utterance was: "I do not choose to be interested in butter; lard is cheaper."

AH CHEE.

Penguin Island.

D. A. R.

As the World Wags:

Would it not be well for the D. A. R. to extend their blacklist to writers and speakers of the past? Lincoln, Seward, Sumner and Chase clearly belong on the index—particularly the first. Then, Washington, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Hancock, Otis and indeed, most of Webster and Hamilton.

It is clearly up to the Daughters to find a substitute for the last word in their title. The present title suggests far too strongly that they are the offspring of radicals, rebels, revolutionists. It is very simple to bring up to date the statement of the purpose of their organization—"to eradicate" instead of "to perpetuate" the faith, principles and ideals of their ancestors.

W. E. ROSE.

Ashland.

As the World Wags:

Surely Prof. Greenough never, even for Mother Goose, bedevilled his Latin grammar. Only intoxication would have brought him to that; and this happened all before prohibition, when, as we know, no one was ever drunk. Dust lies inches thick on my Harkness, but I venture some patches for the barbarisms in your recent version:

Heu iter didulum, felis et fidulum  
Vacca transiit lunam;  
Caniculus ridet  
Quum talia videt;  
Et dish fugit abducens spoonam.

PRISCIAN (a bit scratched).

#### ADD "ANATOMICAL WONDERS"

(Chicago Daily News)

Guilford's right hand CLUTCHED a cane. His left eye was hooked about the arm of his personal physician who accompanied him from his home in Robbinsdale, Minn., to Chicago.

#### AN EXPERIMENTAL DEFENSE OF THE NEW MUSIC

As the World Wags:

Lovers of the old art of music often speak violently against the new art. To these amiable reactionaries modernist compositions differ from a mixture of nocturnal caterwauling with diurnal clangor only in being rhythmic. Would it not be an enlightenment to these adherents of the past to learn what an orchestra could really produce in the way of rhythmic anarchy of tone? I write to propose an experiment to this end:

Let our Symphony orchestra be specially engaged to perform without score for half an hour under the baton of one of their number. Let each performer play what he pleases, frequently changing his key. Let each type of instrument aim to contribute about such a share of the total mass of sound as is customary, the drums not rolling nor the clarinets piping continuously, but at reasonable intervals.

Compared with such a performance, would not the most daring of modernist pieces seem tuneful and full of fancy? Thus would the new music be vindicated.

I strongly recommend that the aid of our Symphony orchestra be enlisted for this forward-looking educational exercise.

TH. SUSURRUS.

As the World Wags:

Nothing can dent Lindy's popularity. He took up all the members of Congress and brought them all down safely, but the people are for him as strong as ever.

JO JO.

#### COMMERCIAL CANDOR

"NEWTON

"NEWTON CORNER—Tumbledown 10-room single house, \$9500; roof leaks; neighbors are terrible, but in best location."



## 22D CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 22d concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Converse, "California," tone poem suggested by Scenes at the Fiesta in Santa Barbara (1927). Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal." Rimsky-Korsakov, the "Russian Easter," overture on themes of the Russian Church. Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor.

Mr. Converse's tone-poem was performed for the first time. If the title had been only "California," one might have thought of the music as a glorification of the state, its climate, its fruit and vineyards, with perhaps an episode portraying the rush for gold in '47, and for a rousing, crashing finale, an earthquake for inspiration. But Mr. Converse had no intention of writing a geographical, geological, meteorological, pastoral, mineralogical, seismographic symphonic poem. Other composers have been ambitious in this direction. Raff, in his first symphony, "To the Fatherland," endeavored to portray in tones "hunting life, young men and maidens dispersing themselves in the fields, the dwellers by the domestic hearth," the background of "deep thought, the civilized gentleness, the conquering perseverance of the people," not to mention the sorrow caused by the dismemberment of the united Fatherland, and other political, sociological incidents, with philosophical reflections. And some composers in love for their country have reminded one of "John Phoenix's" review of "The Plains," an ode symphonic by Jabez Tarbox—evidently suggested by Felicien David's "Le Desert."

"The Symphonie," wrote Phoenix, "opens upon the wide and boundless plains, in longitude 115° W., latitude 35° 21' 63" N., and about 60 miles from the west bank of Pitt River. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E flat clarinet. . . . few notes on the piccolo, call the attention to a solitary antelope, picking up mesquite beans in the foreground."

Mr. Converse was impressed at Santa Barbara last summer by a procession which represented the different phases of civilization in that part of the country—Indians, Spanish priests and explorers, the conquistadores, men and women of the later Spanish period; the arriving trappers, gold diggers, soldiers, settlers; after the procession by the festival scene in the patio, an old mansion with singing, dancing, Spanish tunes and the inevitable jazz. No wonder that all this suggested contrasting and colored musical impressions.

For thematic material Mr. Converse used old folk songs, some taken from the collection made by Messrs. Lummis and Farwell, a fragment of an old Latin hymn, the "Cape Cod Chanty," etc. Having seen the Indian Victory Dance in Arizona, he gives an impression of the music he then heard, not attempting to use authentic Indian tunes. (Would that other composers wishing to be Indian in their music would do likewise.)

In "California" we have a pleasing succession of various tunes orchestrated knowingly, music agreeable to the ear. "California" might be called a musical procession, a musical panorama; or a pot-pourri rather than a composed work as the French—especially M. d'Indy—use the word. The tunes are heard as the sections of the procession pass. As Mr. Converse says "California" is "frankly descriptive"; but it is not too literally, too badly so. Though there is little development of thematic material, there are in its place musical impressions which are based on visual scenes, impressions not without poetic heightening.

Suppose this fiesta in Santa Barbara were filmed artistically for a cinema theatre. Could there be more suitable music for this screen than Mr. Converse's "California"? In the concert-hall this music will surely be popular—as it was applauded yesterday—to be enjoyed by symphonic audiences; a welcome relief from psychological symphonies and symphonic poems. Rhythm is not the only essential thing in music. Melodiousness is of great importance, though some of the young "advanced" writers about music and wild talkers about it, would indignantly deny this statement. Mr. Converse has been fortunate in his choice of melodies and tunes; for one of the missions of music is, as Athenaeus put it, "to dissipate sadness and produce affability and a sort of gentlemanly joy."

Two of the remaining pieces on the

program were chosen with reference to Good Friday and Easter. The Prelude to "Parsifal" is impressive when it is heard in its Bavarian home, played by hidden orchestra and conductor, with an audience prepared as for a religious ceremony, waiting for the "mystery" to be unfolded on the stage. In the concert hall it seems unreasonably episodic. A brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's interesting "Russian Easter" was followed by a noble one of the Fifth Symphony, a performance characterized by all the qualities one associates with Beethoven when he is greatest. There was the simplicity in expression that is requisite in these days when so many conductors of ability pride themselves on bringing out the "hidden meaning" of Beethoven and, to win the name of "interpreter," do extravagant and abominable things. Especially noteworthy yesterday was the skill Mr. Koussevitzky showed in maintaining the spirit and grandeur of the Finale after the first exultant outburst.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. For the concerts of April 20-21 the orchestra will be assisted by members of the Society of Ancient Instruments, Paris. Lorenzini, Venetian symphony for quintet, Viola d'amore, harpsichord and orchestra. Borghi, Concerto for harpsichord and wind orchestra. Ascoli, Concerto, A major, for viola d'amore and orchestra. (Marius Casadesus, quintet; Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore; Mme. Pegina Paterni-Casadesus, harpsichord). After the intermission, Miaskovsky's symphony No. 8 will be performed for the first time in this country.

## NIGHT OF MYSTERY

"A Night of Mystery," a film drama, starring Adolphe Menjou, adapted from the stage play, "Captain Ferreol," by Victorien Sardou, directed by Lothar Mendes and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Capt. Ferreol . . . . . Adolphe Menjou  
Therese D'Egremont . . . . . Nora Lane  
Jerome D'Egremont . . . . . William Collier, Jr.  
Marcelle . . . . . Raoul Paoli  
Gilberte Boismartel . . . . . Evelyn Brent  
Marquis Boismartel . . . . . Claude King  
Ernest Vajda, the celebrated Hungarian playwright, made the adaptation of this screen play and once again shows every evidence of giving the photodrama serious and understanding treatment. Clever direction and clever acting are always welcome, but without a clever story the film is like a beautiful wagon without a horse, or a beautiful boat without a rudder. In this present piece Mr. Vajda has changed the play to an intelligent motion picture plot, working up to his climax without effort and keeping the audience in a pleasantly expectant mood.

Adolphe Menjou, in this instance, is a French army officer, a Capt. Ferreol, who loves one woman, but is gallant enough to call on another as she demands, in the night and secretly. He returns the letters she had written him, withstands her wiles and departs in time to see a murder, the brute Marcassee is avenging the stealing of his wife's affections. As Marcassee had seen Ferreol leaving the house, and judged that it was not the justice he had seen at that hour and in that manner, a truce of silence was demanded.

The brother of Capt. Ferreol's fiancée becomes implicated in the murder. He had borrowed money on his sister's jewels and had been heard to threaten the man who had been killed. Just how the suave Menjou worked out a way of saving the brother and a lady's reputation is the point of the play.

Excellent directed, if one likes detail, and well acted, the film offers intelligent entertainment. Evelyn Brent is the spoiled and selfish lady who causes the complication. She gives her role a different characterization than she usually does. It seems that Miss Brent is growing more lovely all the time. Raoul Paoli as Marcassee is good. Not a particularly intelligent looking person with his small forehead and huge body, but a fine actor and especially convincing in his present role. The scene on the witness stand; the one where he is overcome by the thought of his wife and when he is taken to the justice's house by the police, show this man's ability to shade his performance.

William Collier, Jr., Nora Lane and the rest of the players were entirely acceptable.

A Jack Partington revue is on the stage, "Rah! Rah! Rah!" Louella Lee, Al Cale, Jo Keith's dancers, Johnny Perkins and college atmosphere.

C. M. D.

A play in four acts and nine scenes, will be performed for the first time in Boston tomorrow night at the Hollis Street Theatre. The play was first printed for the Theatre Guild of New York in 1927, by Doubleday, Page & Co. An edition with an introduction on the American Negro in Art by Dubose Heyward was published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., in 1928.

The play is a dramatization by Dorothy Heyward and Dubose Heyward of the latter's novel, which was published in 1925.

Dubose Heyward, writer and lecturer, was born at Charleston, S. C., on Aug. 31, 1885. In 1923 he married the playwright, Dorothy Hartzell Kuhns. Mr. Heyward, whose home is in Charleston, is the author, with Hervey Allen, of "Skylines and Horizons" (1924); "Carolina Chansons" (1922). He has contributed to American and English magazines.

The play was produced at the Guild Theatre, New York, on Oct. 10, 1927, with Frank Wilson, Porgy; Rose McClendon, Serena; Georgeette Harvey, Maria; Evelyn Ellis, Crown's Bess; Percy Verwayne, Sporting Life; Wesley Hill, Jake; Jack Carter, Crown; A. B. Comathiere, Simon Frazier. There were others in the cast. Excepting a policeman or two, a detective and a lawyer, all the characters are negroes, and are played by negroes. The action takes place at Charleston.

As in the novel, the play tells the story of the crippled young negro, who finds on his doorstep Crown's Bess, left there by a runaway murderer. Porgy falls in love with her. He tries to keep her from evil. But Crown returns, is killed, and even Bess runs away to New York with Sportin' Life.

In March of this year Paul Robeson, who succeeded Mr. Wilson as Porgy, introduced two songs; one sung during the crap game in the first act; the other during the storm scene when the plous negroes are singing "tunes suitable to the coming of Judgment day, while Crown, berating their idea of the Lord's taste in music, breaks into syncopation."

The success of this play was immediate; it has been continuous. Rouben Mamoulian, by his direction of the production, contributed largely to this result. He was born at Tiflis; he went to school in Moscow; later in Paris he studied law, to please his mother, who had long been connected with the theatre. She finally allowed him to be trained in the art of production by Vachtangov at Moscow. Mr. Mamoulian received offers from the Theatre des Champs-Elysees, in Paris, and from the United States. In 1923 he went to Rochester, N. Y., to direct production at the Eastman Theatre, but in the fall of 1927 he joined the Guild forces as a teacher. When the production of "Porgy" was given to him he visited Charleston to study negro life, for, as he says, southern negroes are different in speech, temperament and appearance from those at the North. "The actors had great difficulty with the dialect in 'Porgy.' Much of what they say in Charleston is quite unintelligible to me. My pet theory is that in a play, in the timing of the action and the speeches, there is the same rhythm one finds in music. So I directed 'Porgy' that way. Do you remember the last scene. The curtain rises on a still stage wrapped in early morning mists. It is the dawn. And one by one the characters appear and set about their usual tasks. Soon there is a terrific din, but all the activity, the pounding, tooting, shouting, laughing is really done to count. First I use one-two time, then faster and faster, until the whole scene is swinging. And then I bring in Porgy. I like that scene."

Mr. Oliver M. Saylor, speaking of the rhythms of "Porgy," says that they must necessarily be simple. "The relentless procession of life and death. The wheel that comes full circle. The futility of man in the grip of natural forces. The pity and the terror of it all; and the glinting humor and the tender humanity that assuage. Simple in content, and simply, almost humbly, conveyed."

And so, Mr. Mamoulian, knowing that the Russian peasant and the negro possess "the same mystical attitude toward the stark forces of life, death and nature . . . orchestrated 'Porgy' with all the rhythmic skill ingrained at the Moscow Art Theatre."

Mr. Heyward wrote for the N. Y. Sun an interesting article about the casting and rehearsing of "Porgy." Rose McClendon had played in "Deep River" and with Frank Wilson and R. J. Huey in "In Abraham's Bosom." Wesley Hill came from the revues; Georgeette Harvey from the variety and concert stage. Born in St. Louis, having sung as a girl, she has spent most of her professional life abroad. She speaks five languages. Her fortune accumulated during her 16 years in Russia went in the revolution. She returned to the United States and was conducting a female quartet when she decided to take in "Porgy" a legitimate part for the first time. For this play she aided materially in rehearsing the chorus for the spirituals. Wesley Hill and Ella Madison were allowed to do their own scene in an interlude. "This instinctive, creative gift is the most outstanding characteristic of the negro as an actor, and even now we can never be quite sure when and where it will strike, or at what moment an irresistible improvisation will leap into the dialogue."

Mr. Heyward in his introduction—the N. Y. Sun article from which we have quoted is included in it—tells how he came to write "Porgy."

He was not moved by pity, nor by "philanthropic urge." He saw the primitive negro as the inheritor of a source of delight that he himself would have given much to possess. This certain definite but indefinable quality is to be identified as rhythm; a sort of race personality that dominates and sways the mass. The behavior of individuals was to him a secondary consideration, derived from the actuating principle.

One day Mr. Heyward read in the Charleston News and Courier this paragraph:

"Samuel Smalls, who is a cripple and is familiar to King Street with his goat and cart, was held for the June term of court of sessions on an aggravated assault charge. It is alleged that on Saturday night he attempted to shoot Maggie Barnes at number four Romney Street. His shots went wide of the mark. Smalls was up on a similar charge some months ago and was given a suspended sentence."

Mr. Heyward had been familiar with the tragic figure of this beggar making his rounds. He had concluded that Smalls's life would always be commonplace. "And yet this crushed, serio-comic figure, over on the other side of the color wall, had known not only one, but two, tremendous moments. Into the brief paragraph one could read passion, hate, despair." It



ms that Smalls had attempted to escape in his wagon, and had been captured by the police patrol.

"Already," says Mr. Heyward, "the romantically inclined have forgotten that there was a beggar named Smalls, and speak of him only as Porgy, and the story to which I have given that name has assumed the significance of a biographical sketch. The obscure beggar with his malodorous goat bids fair to become a local legend. . . . To Smalls I make acknowledgment of my obligation. From contemplation of his real and deeply moving tragedy sprang Porgy, a creature of my imagination, who synthesized for me a number of divergent impressions and emotions, and upon whom, being my own creation, I could impose my own white man's conception of a summer of aspiration, devotion and heart-break across the color wall."

Dramatizing the novel, the authors determined to give the flow of life its proper place. "We felt that the play in order to possess any degree of verisimilitude must show its people, moving in response to the deep underflow of this tide; that the background itself must be an active, significant factor, a powerfully flowing stream of movement, color and sound, upon which the story could depend for its motivation as though it were a dominating human force. That this was a highly dangerous experiment we well knew. We were also aware that it was diametrically opposed to the Broadway formula. . . . Had the Theatre Guild not made its small beginning 10 years ago, and had not a sympathetic public assisted it in building up the financially strong and artistically enlightened organization that it is today, there would have been no adequate producer for the play. Its many difficulties and highly experimental nature would have militated fatally against it with a purely commercial stage, and the necessarily heavy expense of production would have been a serious obstacle in the way of a smaller art group."

Let us add that for the production Cleon Throckmorton, a native southerner, was sent to Charleston to study the scenes of action and design the stage sets. The great tenement with its court and many windows is an actual adaptation of the building Mr. Heyward had in mind when he put Catfish Row into his novel.

The many Spirituals sung are not from any collection. They were brought up from the South by Mr. Heyward, who hummed or sang them for transcription on paper.

"Through the action of the play the songs are most important. With grief comes song; with jubilation comes song. With grief there is the ecstatic hymn (spiritual), of promise . . . of a happier day in the Promised Land. With grief there is intimate talk with Jesus . . . Jesus, they call him. With grief there is the elaborate promise made to comfort those who weep; promise of a Mansion on High, of untold wealth, of joy everlasting."

P. H.

## THE FILM WORLD

### Censorship or Copyright—"Dawn" and "Mata Hari"

The world is paying the motion picture flattering attention at the present time. Nations are paying court to the youngest art. Competition will, no doubt, influence the film.

At present there is, in certain quarters, certain anti-American film propaganda. This is not to be taken too seriously because the American film, with all of its faults, has been accepted by the people of the world with whole-hearted approval probably because of its usual innocuous fun, its gilded romance. Hoping to change all of this comes a serious minded publication from Territet, Switzerland. It is a neat, small magazine in an orange cover called "Close Up" and has come to our attention through the offices of the Film Guild in New York. Its ambition is to promote art on the screen. Its method is too rough, too prejudiced to be constructive. Perhaps with the first violent energy which has inspired its editors worn down to a finer conception of its purpose, it may become more useful.

Arnold Bennett is a contributor to this edition. His topic is the often discussed one of "The Film Story." He says modestly, "One can only judge by one's own experience. My own experience is limited. I have not spent every evening of the last 20 years in film theatres."

"But (unfortunately there always seems to be a but), so far as my limited experience enables me to judge, I consider that America has no artistic importance whatever in the world of the cinema. Technically, in the matter of camera-craft, it has had importance. Commercially it has had, and still has, great importance. . . . As regards the artistic future of the film it would not matter—provided that Chaplin were saved—if all Hollywood were swallowed up in an earthquake."

That statement out, Mr. Bennett grows warm-hearted and says, "tens of millions of simple souls would sincerely mourn in five continents; but the artistic future of the film would not suffer in the slightest degree."

Mr. Bennett is drawing boundaries on the art plane, an idealized spot which is said to have no boundaries, no language, certainly no commercial success. In defence of the American product, one should say that few have tried to make it more than an agreeable entertainment and they have found that there was a great need in the world for just that thing.

The question of art on the film is a comparatively new phase. As it becomes a necessary part of the entertainment to satisfy an audience, it will, no doubt, develop. Mr. Bennett says truthfully "chariot races, the dividing of seas for the passage of hosts, conflagrations, battles on water and battles on land may make an audience stare, but what grips and moves an audience is the simple spectacle of human emotions clashing one with another."

Robert Herring writes intelligently on the censorship of films. He informs us that Pabst's "Secrets of the Soul" was originally a good film, so good that the analysts didn't like it. It was snipped, chopped, deleted, demolished, until when it was shown in England it was "so childish that the analysts wouldn't acknowledge it." And in truth, it is possible that, in the first place the film was good, and in the second place it was bad. Censors have a way of judging for us what we should see, and in this way they may keep film directors their jobs.

The public is not so gullible as it would seem. If the director should

be allowed to throw his wares before it without the over-careful vigilance of the censors, would he not, in time, be trained to consider good taste and common sense in making his dramas? Is any censor more powerful than a roused public?

We learn that "The Big Parade" has not been shown in Germany and "Potemkin" has been banned in England. The scenes of the workers' revolt were cut when "Metropolis" was put before the Italian populace, but, is this not changing? A film "World War" was recently made in Germany and shown in England. It was criticised because, the way it was shown in England, it was not a genuine and intelligent product of the German side of the war.

Mr. Herring suggests that if a film is not considered possible for the public it should be banned in its entirety—not cut. He suggests that directors copyright their work and then we would know what we were getting and the director would know what he had to do. "Libraries ban a book they consider unsuitable. What they do not do is get the book, rip out what they don't like and then sell the version as the complete book. They don't publish an expurgated 'Ulysses' as the real thing, they don't clarify 'Rustic Elegies' or take 'Tess' and cut out Angel Clare and Alec D'Urville."

Authors are judged by their work. There is then incentive to make that work something which will stand judgment. Directors would doubtless do likewise. Responsibility and full credit would light artistic impulse to a blazing beacon providing the spark were present in the first place. If not, the director would go down in the race and gradually the screen would be relieved of incompetency.

Also, when the manufacture of films ceases to be a wholesale business, the photodrama will become a more important factor than it is.

The English film "Dawn" has reached American shores but so far the censor has not passed it. This, it will be recalled, is the film based upon the events leading up to the execution of Nurse Edith Cavell, produced by Herbert Wilcox, and refused a license for showing in English film theatres through the intervention of Sir Austen Chamberlain, the foreign minister.

When Mr. Wilcox succeeded in getting it before newspapermen, their report on it seemed to end the controversy so far as England was concerned. License to show the film away from the film theatre was granted but few have attempted to put it before the public. Although "Dawn" is well acted, according to the British press, and the role of Nurse Cavell is played in a dignified and moving manner, the accuracy of the film is debatable. The producer has sacrificed this necessary truthfulness for effect. He is said to have even resorted to motion picture tactics of sustained suspense and it does not sit well on a subject which had better be left to historians.

Pauline Frederick, American screen actress, was originally to have had this part, but, even at the start of the picture, British feeling was running high, and an English actress, Sybil Thorndike, was chosen. Miss Thorndike has been praised for her work wherever the film has been presented.

There has been no great ballyhoo raised over the German film based upon the life and death of Mata Hari, Dutch Javanese dancer who was supposed to be connected with the German intelligence department and who fell before a French firing squad in the citadel of Vincennes one October morning in 1917.

It is understood, there have since been grave doubts as to Mata Hari's career as a spy, but this motion picture is taken from the story written of her adventures several years ago by Moritz Scheyer of Vienna and put on the screen by Moritz Scheyer, a Hungarian. It is said that again historical accuracy has been jilted and sensationalism put forward.

The widow of Lenin has protested against the film "October" which is a Sovkino production of the Bolshevik revolution made under the direction of S. M. Eisenstein. A worker named Nikandrov was picked from a Ural factory to play the part of Nikolai Lenin because of his remarkable resemblance to the latter. Mme. Krupskaya, the widow, is quoted as saying this representation is absolutely nonsensical and it would have been better if Lenin had been left out of the picture altogether. She says that Nikandrov only resembles Lenin in the shape of his legs and an involuntary twitching in moments of excitement. The film has not been released as yet.

CHARLINE M. DAVENPORT.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone, conductor. Hadley's "New Earth" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova." See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, William F. Hofmann, conductor. See special notice.

Steinert hall, 3 P. M. Mme. V. Kaloyandies Pastirsky, mezzo-soprano, and Basil V. Pastirsky, baritone. Donizetti, duet from "La Favorita"; Massenet, air from "Herodiade"; Bizet, air from "Carmen"; Leonardou, Sta Xena; airs from "Don Giovanni," "La Traviata," "Samson et Dalila," "La Gioconda," "Boris Godunov," "Lucresia Borgia," "Il Trovatore," "Lakme" and Spanish and Russian folk songs.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Hulda Lashanka, soprano; Albert Rappaport, tenor; Richard Burgin, violinist. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Lenox string quartet of New York. Quartets by Schubert, Janacek and Eichheim.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. The Schumann trio: Jane Corson, violin; Sarah Ames, cello; Grace Campbell, piano; assisted by Myra Thurman, soprano, and Beulah Sweetzer, contralto.

**MONDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. William Gerard Collins, baritone; Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist. Mozart, Pensieri Notturni; Strauss, Die Nacht, Dem Herzen achnlich wenn es lang, Allerselen, Staendchen; Poldowski, Brume, Dansons la Gigue; Donaudy, O del mio amato ben; Carnevali, Viene amore con me; Cyril Scott, Sea Fret, Night Song, Serenade, The Huckster; Harly, My Lagan Love; Hughes, The Next Market Day; Robinson, My Snowy Breasted Pearl; Hughes, A Ballynure Ballad.

**TUESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Rita Benneche, soprano; assisted by George Laurent, flutist, and Andrew Kostelanetz, accompanist. Gluck, Ariette from "Parnasso Confuso"; Vivaldi, Un certo non so che; Veracchini, Pastorale; Cui, La Fontaine du Czarskoye-Zelo; Frevier, L'Intruse; Bemberg, Il Neige; Mozart, O dolce concerto (with flute); Schumann, Schneckenglocken, Staendchen; Schubert, Geheimes, Die Post; Monro, My Lovely Celia (old English); M. Arne, The Lass with the Delicate Air; Beatrice Fenner-Rossini, Una voce poco fa.

Hotel Statler ballroom, 8:15 P. M. Rosa Ponselle, soprano, in aid of the Florence Crittenton League of Compassion. See special notice.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano; Nicolas Slonimsky, accompanist. Stradella, Col mio sangue compremi, from "Il Floridore"; A. Scarlatti, Chi vuole innamorarsi; old English arr. by Luckstone, Sweet Lily of the Valley; Haydn, Mermaid's Song; Schubert, Auf dem Wasser zu singen; R. Schumann, Mondnacht; C. Schumann, Ich stand in dunklen Träumen; Strauss, Staendchen; Tansman, Samma Sammi; Prokofieff, melodie No. 1, op. 35; Hindemith, Pieta from "Das



Marielenberg; Goossens, Philomel; Slonimsky, Isle of Zanu; Gure, Sweetly Sang the Gentle Nightingale; Rimsky-Korsakov, Dispersed are the Pearls, I Am Here to Greet You Gaily; Gauhert, Sur la mer au pais Solet; Szaile, J'ai peur d'un haiser; Hammond, At a Window; Slonimsky, Columbine; Warlock, Consider; Cadman, Spring Song of the Robin Woman from "Shanewis."

FRIDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Maria Renza, soprano; Ralph Leopold, pianist. Mme. Renza, Sarti, S'inganna chi credi; Mozart, Alleluia; old English, When Love Is King; Wagner, Elsa's Dream; Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful; Bach-Gounod, Ave Maria; Rabey, Tes Yeux; Tosti, Chanson de l'Adieu; G. Ross, Dawn in the Desert; Josten, Canzone; Curran, Nocturne; McKlony, The Bagpipe Man; Woodman, A Birthday. Mr. Leopold, Bach-Tausig, toccata and fugue, D minor; Chopin, nocturne, D flat; scherzo, C sharp minor; Jongen, Ronde Wallone, op. 40, No. 1; Dohnanyi, Rhapsodie, op. 11, No. 3; Arensky, By the Sea; Rachmaninoff, Humoresque; Wagner, Ride of the Valkyries.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Women's orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor; Ruth Schugo, pianist. Mozart, Symphony, D major (K. 385); Glinka, overture to "Russian and Ludmilla"; Leginska, fantasia for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston); Rimsky-Korsakov, The Russian Easter and Dance of Buffoons; Wagner, overture to "Rienzi."

We read in the newspaper published "for people who think" that eating should be "a quiet, inconspicuous procedure," there should be no loud sipping, no reaching for anything; "the fork reigns supreme for fish and meat, salad and some melons; also for frozen dainties, cake and most hot desserts." Fashion has decreed that asparagus is eaten with the fingers unless the asparagus is too long to manage, then the tips are broken with the fork. There should be "individual salt and pepper shakers or at least one set for every two at the table."

"No reaching." This reminds us of a scene at table in a Vermont village when we were young. A brother-in-law of the hostess was a visitor. In those days a beefsteak, or chops, or minced meat on toast with potatoes were served at breakfast; also doughnuts and at times, pie. Some one asked the visitor concerning his health. "I'm a little hard of hearing, but my eyesight's as good as ever it was." With that he speared a doughnut lying at arm's length, and thinking it was a baked potato, began to peel it.

"Individual pepper and salt shakers." What's become of the whirling castor that used to stand in the middle of the table? "Will you have anything from the castor?" inquired the courteous host. We prefer salt in a cellar—glass, silver or plated, with a pretty spoon. When the salt sticks in a shaker, it is not good form, we are told, to knock the shaker violently, often uselessly, on the table.

As for asparagus. When it is held in the fingers the head should not be thrown back so that the stalk enters the mouth from on high as a sword swallower excites the wonder of the crowd.

We are old-fashioned in the use of a spoon. At the risk of being despised as country-"raised" we persist in eating peas, also ice cream, with a spoon.

Lettuce. In our little village, as throughout New England, lettuce was cut with a knife and dressed with sugar and vinegar. The late Arlo Bates used to say with pride that his father was the first man in Maine to dress lettuce with oil; nor did he cut the leaves.

The assortment of spoons and forks on the left of our plate at a formal, pompous dinner is still a mystery to us. "Watch the hostess when you are ignorant." What if she refuses raw oysters, grapefruit, or hors d'oeuvres? Then you are hopelessly at sea, with only the reassuring knowledge that the big spoon is for soup; but suppose the soup is served in a cup? We are told that some soups in cups can be drunk boldly; others must be sipped genteely—not with a little finger raised skyward.

Now there have been many books on etiquette, including table manners, through the centuries. We are indebted to Mr. Ernest T. Clough for the opportunity of reading: "The Art of Good Behaviour; and Letter Writer on Love, Courtship and Marriage: A Complete Guide for Ladies and Gentlemen, particularly Those who have not Enjoyed the Advantages of Fashionable Life." It is a little book of 128 pages, published in New York by Huestis & Cozans in 1850. There is a frontispiece: A young man with evidently slushed hair, wearing a low cut dress shirt and a remarkable pair of trousers with checks, is embracing fervently a young woman in a low cut bodice.

We turned at once to the chapter "Behaviour at Dinner." There are golden rules. Would that our parents had given us this book as a Christmas present when we had reached the years of observation and reflection.

Napkins should be "carefully unfolded and laid on the knees." (Not tucked under the chin, after the manner of the French.)

"Observe if grace is to be said, and keep a proper decorum." That's no time to crack a merry jest or begin a long-winded anecdote of which you are the hero; no time to ask your neighbor who's the painted lady with the bleached hair across the table.

"Do not take two plates of the same kind of soup, and never tip the plate." Not if the soup is good, and the spoon will not empty the plate?

"Anything taken into the mouth not fit to be swallowed should be quietly removed with the fingers of the left hand, to that side of the plate." We have always understood that "our best people" do not throw what is "not fit to be swallowed" on the floor, although it may be of hardwood and highly polished.

"The teeth should be picked as little as possible, and never with fork or fingers." We prefer a quill toothpick to a wooden one, which often breaks in the fury of the operation. In our little village the sports used a "case of tooth-picks," ivory or bone, after the fashion of a many-bladed knife. Some used to hang the case as a charm on the watch chain.

"Making a noise in chewing or breathing hard in eating are both unseemly habits, and ought to be eschewed. Carefully abstain from every act or observation that may cause disgust, such as spitting, blowing the nose, gulping, rinsing the mouth, etc."

## HANDEL-HAYDN

Yesterday afternoon the Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone, conductor, sang something new—all praise to them. Not fearing to essay music in, to them, new vein, they produced Wolf-Ferrari's "The New Life," and, for good measure, Henry Hadley's "The New Earth."

Sixty-six players from the Symphony orchestra were on hand to help, also the organist, William Burbank. Emily Roosevelt, soprano, and Earle Spicer, bass, sang solo parts in the Italian's work, also in Dr. Hadley's, where they were joined by Marie Murray, contralto, and Arthur Hackett, tenor. A choir of boys from the Newton Country Day School, trained by William S. Self, sang in "The New Life."

Twenty-six years ago that "New Life" was published. To admiring audiences, presently, it was sung the world over. Could, though, in those days, it possibly exercise its present charm? Melody, then, such as might be, was taken for granted; now, when we find it, we must give thanks. Wolf-Ferrari's melody, therefore, by no means the loveliest ever written, but melody none the less, perhaps sounded the better yesterday because we do not always hear so good.

A formal charm, at all events, it surely possesses, the charm that renders delightful Dante's picturing of the terrestrial paradise's fields and meadows, where each flower stands forward plainly to be seen. The same charm, for some of us, irradiates the landscape backgrounds of those painters earlier than Raphael; coupled with sincerity and piety, it makes truly touching those "Glories of Saints," those angels, that Fra Angelico painted in San Marco.

Much of the poetical spirit of the work Mr. Stone made his chorus feel

and give forth. They sang with sentiment. They sang, too, with a fineness of shading they have not hitherto attained, with a smoothness of delivery very admirable. They have now acquired an exquisite pianissimo, and, when needed, a rousing tone that holds quality; even a sustained high C came to no harm. It is to be wished that Mr. Stone could secure more tenors, but those he has sang excellently yesterday. The basses could scarcely have been bettered.

Under the circumstances that obtain, Mr. Stone probably did all that could be done in the way of a fine orchestral performance. The dance with harps to

accompany went with delightful rhythm.

Quite as successfully the chorus sang in Dr. Hadley's tuneful work, with all the heartiness called for, the bulk of tone. The orchestra, too, in this work could make the rehearsal time at their disposal tell more advantageously than in the Italian. So the solo singers, all blessed with fine voices, did ample justice to the music Dr. Hadley set before them. Miss Roosevelt, evidently a good musician, rose to the opportunity. Wolf-Ferrari offered her as fully as her voice, not quite strong enough, would allow.

Congratulations to this society of singers on yesterday's achievement. An interesting future we may look for.

R. R. G.

## LAST OF PEOPLE'S CONCERTS GIVEN

The 20th and last program of the eighth season of the People's Symphony Orchestra, William F. Hofmann, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall, Thomas Johnson, tenor, assisting artist. The program consisted of American compositions, and was as follows: Hosmer, suite "In Fairyland"; Hadley, tone poem, The Ocean; Burleigh, negro spirituals, Bye and Bye, Swing Low Sweet Chariot, Were You There; Richardson, an invocation—The Appeal to the Great Spirit; Harris, reverie, Among the Wild Flowers; Gilbert, Indian Sketches; Chadwick, Suite Symphonique in E-flat.

Two composers were present to lead their own compositions, Dr. Hadley and Mr. J. Howard Richardson, and Jordan Hall was comfortably filled with an enthusiastic audience. Thomas Johnson, soloist, is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music with the class of 1926 and was heard in recital in Jordan Hall in February, 1927. He did not sing the negro spirituals yesterday in the full-throated, animated, swinging manner that is usual with his race. With the additional handicap of a tremolo, the Burleigh spirituals did not sound the way they should, but dropped modestly before the accompaniment of the organ.

Many of the contributors to this program are New Englanders and most come from nearby Boston. Lucius Hosmer, who wrote the fantastic suite or pantomime in four parts, descriptive of an imaginary existence in fairyland, was born in Acton, Mass., is now living in New York. Henry K. Hadley, who was present, was born in Somerville, Mass., and is now living in New York. Mr. J. Howard Richardson, whose tone picture, "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," was inspired by the familiar equestrian figure of the Indian by Cyrus E. Dallin which stands before the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was born in Boston and is at present living in Somerville.

Arthur E. Harris was born at Mercer, Me., and is now living in Jamaica Plain. He has been a member of the viola section of this orchestra since its beginning, and the reverie, "Among the Wild Flowers," played yesterday, is only one of many of his compositions, besides a long list of transcriptions for violin and piano.

Henry F. Gilbert, whose Indian Sketches were first performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra in March, 1921, was born in Somerville and is at present living in Cambridge. George Whitefield Chadwick, originally from Lowell, now makes his home in Boston. His Symphonie Suite in E-flat major, played yesterday, was awarded the prize offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs as the best orchestral work by an American and received its first performance at a special concert of the Philadelphia orchestra in honor of the federation on March 29, 1911.

C. M. D.

Russian children and exiles.

The cast was as follows:

Maria	Georgette Harvey
Jake	Wesley Hill
Robbins	Dorothy Paul
Minzo	Richard Harvey
Sporting Life	Percy Verwayne
Serena	Rose MacClendon
Robbins	Lloyd Gray
Jim	Peter Clark
Clara	Marie Young
Percy	Hayes Pryor
Crown's Bess	Frank Wilson
A Detective	Jack Carter
Two Policemen	Evelyn Ellis
	Stanley De Wolfe
Undertaker	Hugh Rennie
Simon Frazier	Edward Hartford
Nelson	Leigh Whipper
Alan Archdale	Sam Laddon
The Crab Man	A. B. Comathure
The Coroner	G. Edward Fielding
	Leigh Whipper
	Garrett McIntire

"Porgy" is essentially of the theatre.

It is a spectacular melodrama. The story is of a negro cripple, who plays the part of Des Grieux to a woman who can not free herself from her sensual past, but they are only figures among a seething, turbulent, superstitious, barbarically religious crowd in Charleston's Catfish Row. In this crowd are honest, good-natured folk, ruffians as Crown, despicable sneaks and cheap villains as Sporting Life. A play, or if you please, a procession of scenes illustrating negro life, or rather South Carolinian city negro life. There is no hint or illusion to a racial problem; the dramatists were interested solely in the rhythm of a crowd. To emphasize the rhythm, to create the illusion of reality, the stage settings, singularly effective, were studied in the place where the action of the play is situated; spirituals, not invented but taken from the singers, choruses now wailing, now frenzied, add to the drama. Above all is the delightfully unconscious, spontaneous acting of the characters. It is impossible to think of this play acted by white men and women. And white actors and actresses might learn many lessons from the performance of this company.

The story is a simple one; it might be told in a few lines; but the telling in minute detail would give no idea of the performance or even of the peculiar nature of the play. The great scenes will haunt the memory, as well as the one in which Porgy starts out at the end to find Bess who, in his absence, could not endure loneliness, could not withstand Sporting Life and his gifts of "dope." Has there ever been on the Boston stage before so vivid a scene as when the curtain rises on the shooting of craps; or the thrilling scene of the terrified crowd praying in Serena's room while the hurricane rages and crashes outside and Crown within scoffs the prayers and hymns? The setting of the first act; the figures at the windows; the goings and comings; the quarrels, the jests, the murder of Robbins, the departure for the picnic; yet are these more striking than the struggle of Bess to free herself from Crown, the cave man, and her final yielding; or the killing of Crown by the cripple?

One forget that this play might be regarded as a succession of episodes, in spite of the fact that Crown, Bess and Porgy are continuously in the drama after she is left alone by Crown's flight after the murder of Robbins. Nor is the interest, the excitement due only to the adventures of these three; the performance is a choral one with principals giving the cues to the crowd for comment or participation. And so if there is hearty and deserved praise for the portrayers of these principals, the pathetic and courageous Porgy; Crown, the bully exulting in his virility; the snake-like Sporting Life, Bess whose face was often more eloquent than any flow of words, what might not also be said of Miss Harvey's Maria, truculent, Rabelaisian, and at the same time soft-hearted; of Miss MacClendon's Serena, contemptuous even in her grief of Bess, fervent in prayer; of Mr. Hill as easy-going Jake; of Mr. Brown, the absurdly pompous and crooked lawyer, who might have come out of a Birmingham story by Mr. Cohen; of Mr. Whipper, the undertaker examining the plate before arranging for the funeral. Surely they deserve recognition as well as Miss Ellis for her Bess; Mr. Wilson for his memorable portrayal of Porgy, and Mr. Carter, as the towering, blaspheming Crown.

During one of the waits an announcement was made from the stage by a representative of the Theatre Guild of the Guild's plans for the production of plays in Boston next season. That these plans will be carried out should be the wish of all interested in the theatre; not merely the wish of the large and brilliant audience of last night.

### THE BOASTER

"I shall go to Ispahan;  
"I shall go to Rome;  
"I shall kiss a hundred maids—  
"But you will drowse at home,  
"I shall lilt a thousand songs  
"The while you tremble  
"Your anxious praises to the heaven  
"Whence your pale blessings flow!"

"Stay-at-home! Pray-at-home!  
"A girl has got you fast!  
"True, I kissed her first—but true,  
"You may kiss her 16.  
"For her you will toil and sow,

## 'PORGY' OPENS

By PHILIP HALE  
HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Porgy," a folk play in four acts and nine scenes based by Dorothy and Dubose Heyward on the latter's novel of the same name. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, New York, Oct. 10, 1927. Porgy, Frank Wilson; Serena, Rose MacClendon; Jake, Wesley Hill; Sporting Life, Percy Verwayne; Crown, Jack Carter; Crown's Bess, Evelyn Ellis; Maria, Georgette Harvey; Clara, Mary Young; the Undertaker, Leigh Whipper; Peter, Hayes Pryor.

The performance last night was in aid of the Boston committee's fund for



"While I, from Nome to Spain,  
Take the thrust and give the blow,  
"And turn and laugh again!"

Over in the next town  
A girl with smoldering eyes  
(True, she had a whiplash tongue)  
Took him by surprise.  
Now—for her he toils and sows,  
The while my love and I,  
Gyping along the roads,  
Kiss as we pass by!

BILLY D.

Mr. E. P. Upham has proposed for  
all membership in our Hall of Fame  
Mr. Ed Oystermann of the Fried-Oys-  
erman Company, Milwaukee, mentioned  
recently as in the East by the Shoe &  
Leather Reporter.

#### A WEDDING IN CHICAGO

As the World Wags:

Brethren (bang)—we are assembled  
bang, bang) together to solemnize  
clang of patrol) the holiest of ordi-  
nances (police whistle) that of mar-  
riage between this man (crash of glass)  
and this woman (scuffle on sidewalk):  
amid these sweet flowers and strains of  
live music (siren on police boat  
creeches) may our thoughts dwell upon  
the higher phases of life (thugs chase  
police through vestry) and forget mun-  
ane affairs—(tat-tat of machine gun).  
In these moments of solemn meditation  
ambulance gong) may our spirits be  
elevated (bomb explodes) and our souls  
be grateful for the blessings of peace  
fire alarm).

And now may the dove of peace spread  
er white wings over this happy couple,  
and their progress through the streets  
of our city be made in peace (shot)  
through the mercy of heaven (odor of  
anesthetics). The choir will now sing  
Onward, Christian Soldiers."

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### ROYAL VISITORS

So Amir Amanullah of Afghanistan  
ft Paris and London without paying  
he bills he had run up in those cities.  
The French government handed over  
000,000 francs to dressmakers and  
thers "to avoid a scandal." The British  
overnment is willing to pay \$10,000,000  
it is necessary. The Amir and his  
ueen bought extravagantly, but ap-  
arently they say with Dando, the cele-  
brated oyster-eater: "I never pay."

Visiting potentates have in times past  
estowed costly presents on English en-  
ertainers and showered tips on the ser-  
vants in the royal households. There  
ave been exalted persons whose so-  
urn in London was not agreeable.  
hey were a messy lot. Peter the Great,  
aving arrived in England to observe  
he building of ships, hired the house of  
ohn Evelyn in Sayes Court, which was  
out the end of what is now Czar  
reet, Evelyn street, Deptford. Peter  
ade this house his court and palace.  
he King had furnished it for him.  
hen Peter was in the house, Evelyn's  
ervant wrote to him: "There is a house  
full of people and right nasty."

The King is expected here to-  
ay; the best parlor is pretty clean for  
im to be entertained in. The King  
ays for all he has." We have read  
criptions of this house after Peter  
ft it. The rooms were as so many  
g-pens. Yet Peter was a jovial soul,  
ho spent many evenings drinking hot  
randy and pepper with Lord Car-  
arthen.

How different was the King of Spain,  
harles III, afterwards Emperor of Ger-  
any. He was entertained magnifi-  
cently at Windsor, "and behaved him-  
self so nobly that everybody was taken  
with his graceful deportment." When  
e left, he presented the great ladies  
nd others with very valuable jewels.

Perhaps the Amir does not give tips  
s a matter of principle. In this respect  
e would resemble our friend, the emi-  
ent sociologist, Mr. Herkimer Johnson.  
e was invited last summer to spend a  
eek at the house of John Henry  
reous, Esq., on the North Shore. Mr.  
ohnson wrote that he would be happy  
o come if the host would send him a  
st of the tips—with the amount in  
ach case—he would be expected to give  
e servants. He also said: "As you  
re abundantly able to pay them good  
ages, I do not see why I should come  
o your aid." His letter was not an-  
wered. The letter that he looked for  
ever came. Mr. Johnson did not ac-  
cept the invitation. He might have gone  
nd on leaving presented each servant  
with his photograph, made invaluable  
y an autographed dedication.

Human nature never is what it was,  
nd never will be what it is.—Mr. Dun-  
ico, M. P.

It is a magnificent thing to encourage  
e reading of poetry, but I am not at  
all sure that it is such a good thing to  
ncourage the writing of it.—John  
rinkwater.

STOP! THINK! CONSIDER!

As the World Wags:

My first spring poem came in the  
mail today. Back, I mean. With a po-  
lite and brutal return slip. Well, that's  
that. Why did I write it? Because I  
had to do something about the rising  
tide of loveliness in the world. Spring  
and April. Who so self-centred and so  
mean-spirited as not to feel it, and to  
try, however inadequately, to do some-  
thing about it? To scratch tentatively  
in last year's garden, and wonder what  
you'll plant this year. To buy a new  
hat. To plan a new advertising cam-  
paign. To get out fishing rods or golf  
clubs. To decide that you must have  
new curtains for the south room. To  
become suddenly and awfully sick of  
your job. To think poignantly of cer-  
tain people and of certain places. To  
buy a bit of arbutus from the flower  
man on the side street. Or—to write a  
poem.

I don't care. There's a faint breeze  
coming in the window, and the sun is  
shining on the daffodils in the blue  
vase. It's a thrilling April world! I'm  
—I'm going to write another poem!

EVELYN.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of evolution, the school  
board of Lancaster, O., back in 1828,  
refused to be made monkeys of when a  
permit was asked for the use of the  
schoolhouse to discuss railroads. Hear  
what the Lancaster school board replied  
to this request:

"You are welcome to use the school-  
house to debate all proper questions  
in, but not such things as railroads and  
telegraphs and impossibilities and rank  
infidelity. There is nothing in the  
word of God about them. If God had  
designed that his intelligent creatures  
should travel at the frightful speed of  
15 miles per hour by steam, he would  
have clearly foretold through his holy  
prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead  
immortal souls down to hell."

You wouldn't believe that such a  
statement could have been made if some  
one hadn't handed you a copy of the  
records claiming that this was an actual  
quotation from the Lancaster school  
board letter.

EVOLUTIONIST.

In a vast number of instances mar-  
riage is not only the worst-paid, but  
the worst-performed profession in the  
world.—Miss Storm Jameson.

#### William Gerard Collins's Pro- gram Pleases Audience

William Gerard Collins, baritone,  
sang this program last night in Jordan  
hall, to the delightful accompaniments  
of Margaret Kent Hubbard:

Pensieri Notturmi, Mozart; Die  
Nacht, Dem Herzen ähnlich wenn es  
lang, Allerseelen, Ständchen, Strauss;  
Brume, Dansons la Gigue, Poldowski;  
O del mio amato ben, Donaudy; Vieni  
Amore con me, Carnevali; Sea Fret,  
Night Song, Serenade, The Huckster,  
Cyril Scott; My Lagan Love, Hart;,  
The Next Market Day, Hughes; My  
Snowy Breasted Pearl, Robinson; A  
Ballynure Ballad, Hughes.

A pupil, obviously, who chooses to  
let his friends hear for themselves what  
progress he has made in a year, Mr.  
Collins appears to be doing sound work.  
With his fragile, sweet voice, one of the  
difficult sort to develop, no doubt he is  
doing wisely. He is learning the lan-  
guages; he is making himself acquainted  
with music in widely varying styles. He  
is on the way to acquiring a neat legato.

With no eagerness, however, to hurry  
Mr. Collins in his studies, a friendly  
listener might wish that he could sing  
what he does sing with a more de-  
termined air of conviction. Words,  
rhythm, melody—very likely they all  
mean much to him; that they do, Mr.  
Collins ought to make clear to his pub-  
lic.

His audiences showed great friendli-  
ness. R. R. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Aloma of  
the South Seas," a drama in three acts  
by John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemens.  
The cast:

Nina	..... Mary Hill
Boano	..... Maxon Mellinger
Andy Taylor	..... Mark Kent
Sumner Redgely	..... Royal Beal
Red Malloy	..... Frank Charlton
Shorty	..... James Hagan
Nuitane	..... Walter Gilbert
Aloma	..... Clara Joel
Hongi	..... Malcolm Arthur
Holden	..... Henry Wadsworth
Luanua	..... Jean Gerson
Taula	..... Sydel Landrew
Sylvia Templeton	..... Edith Speare
Van Templeton	..... Samuel T. Godfrey

Probably football tactics do not enter  
into the realm of the stage, but the  
dullness of the first act of the play,  
compared with the dash of the players'  
performances in the second and third,  
seemed to denote to the large audience  
last night that the "old grads" of the  
theatre had been working during the  
intermission. At any rate, there was  
a decided improvement.

The plot is simple, Aloma, premier  
dancer of the islands, is loved by Nui-  
tane. Bob Holden, wrecking himself  
because his fiancée, believing him dead,  
has married his pal, Van Templeton, is  
saved by Aloma after his uncle, Andy  
Taylor, has pleaded with the governor-

general not to deport him. The third  
act smooths things out when Temple-  
ton is drowned during a storm, while  
Holden is saved by Nuitane and re-  
turned to Sylvia.

Acting honors go to Frank Charlton  
and Samuel T. Godfrey for the two  
"bits" of stage drunkenness they pre-  
sent. Clara Joel and Frank Gilbert  
give their usual good performances,  
while Royal Beal, Edith Speare, Mark  
Kent, Henry Wadsworth and Mary Hill  
perform in sterling fashion.

#### "CHICAGO" OPENS

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Francine  
Larrimore in "Chicago," a satirical  
comedy in three acts by Maurine Wat-  
kins. Produced by Sam Harris and  
staged by George Abbott. The cast:

Roxie Hart	..... Francine Larrimore
Fred Caseley	..... James Coyle
Jake	..... Norval Koodvold
Amos Hart	..... Charles Halton
Sergt. Murdock	..... William Crispian
Martin S. Harrison	..... Griffin Crafts
Babe	..... William Gargan
Slats	..... George Cowell
Mrs. Morton	..... Isabelle Winlocke
Velma	..... Irene Jones
Liz	..... Mary Stauber
Billy Flynn	..... Jack Roseleigh
Mary Sunshine	..... Eda Heineman
Moonshine Mackay	..... Caroline Morrison
Go-to-Hell Kitty	..... Stella Larrimore

One judges that Miss Watkins has  
written her share of sob-sister yarns  
about cunning ingenues who came forth  
spotless from quiet convents to be lured  
by the white lights and the jazz age  
into ways of error until came the day  
(sniff) when they shot their beastly  
husbands or sugar daddies. Be that as  
it may, she has captured the raucous  
ballyhoo of the big-time American mur-  
der trial of 1928 and converted its  
shrieking bunkum into a comedy which  
brings repeated gales of laughter.

This is hardly a play for Nice Nellies.  
It is coarse and outspoken, and is not  
reassuring to the polyantha press agents  
of this, the best of all possible worlds.  
There are no gratuitous barbarisms,  
however, and one even experiences at  
times that feeling that the facts are  
being slightly modified for the sake of  
any Aunt Sarah who may come with  
the children by mistake.

As the last curtain rises, "Blonde  
Vamp Shoots Sugar Daddy" as he pre-  
pares to leave her bedroom with the  
declaration that "he is through." Her  
plodding, devoted husband returns home  
and meets police, reporter, and assistant  
district attorney with the declaration  
that he killed the intruder. This is soon  
discredited. The camera men arrive,  
the enterprising reporter Jake dubs Roxie  
"the prettiest murderess in Cook county"  
and the big show starts. The great  
criminal lawyer Billy Flynn takes the  
case, and after Amos, the bewildered  
paw, mortgages his future to pay his  
fee, proceeds to play his part of court-  
room impresario through the riotous  
scenes culminating in the trial.

The lady murderesses in the Cook  
county jail primp like prima donnas  
preparing for appearances before an ad-  
miring public. They angrily vie with  
each other in boasts of their notoriety.  
Roxie, now a heroine, spends her time  
pasting press clippings extolling her  
beauty and telling how she "went  
wrong," posing for photographers, read-  
ing mash notes and consuming delica-  
cies sent in by admirers. They treat  
with scorn a maternal Italian woman  
who doesn't know how to play the great  
"murder-your-man" game and who  
couldn't afford a good lawyer. And  
there Miss Watkins writes with a  
straight face for the only time in the  
play. She pauses for a brief moment  
of bitter contrast, then rushes on with  
the uproarious burlesque of the trained  
seals and trick elephants of the court-  
room.

Miss Larrimore and Mr. Roseleigh, the  
pretty defendant and her lawyer, are  
the outstanding figures of the play.  
They are most amusing in the scene in  
the anteroom of the court when he gives  
her final instructions for playing the  
part of trusting and wounded woman-  
hood. Mr. Roseleigh, whom many will  
remember as Capt. Flagg, is superb in  
his cynical and spirited "playing within  
the play." H. F. M.

#### CONTINUING

##### ATTRACTIONS

Majestic—"Good News," Schwab  
and Mandel musical of college life.  
Fourth week.

Tremont—"Hit The Deck," Vin-  
cent Youmans' musical comedy  
with Louise Groody, Donald Brian  
and Stella Mayhew.

Wilbur—"Just Fancy," Joseph  
Santley's musical production with  
Mr. Santley, Ivy Sawyer, Ray-  
mond Hitchcock and others. Last  
week.

Copley—"The Wrecker," Arnold  
Ridley's exciting melodrama. Fifth  
week.

Repertory—"School," revival of  
Thomas Robertson's comedy with  
Edith Barrett as the "Bella." Last  
week.

#### "WITHIN THE LAW" 9

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Within the  
Law," a play in four acts, by Bayard  
Veiller. The cast:

Richard Gilder	..... Charles Ray
Edward Gilder	..... William Courtleigh
Joe Carson	..... Robert Warwick
Inspector Burke	..... Berton Churchill
George Demarest	..... Funnell Pratt
Eddie Griggs	..... Stanley Lozan
Sergt. Cassidy	..... Philip Heese
William Irwin	..... Charles J. Emmerich
Thomas	..... Robert Linden
Mary Turner	..... Violet Heming
Aggie Lynch	..... Fritz Scheff
Helen Morris	..... Ruth Shopley
Sarah	..... May Robson

There is no doubt whatever about the  
continuing popularity of this well-re-  
membered play if the reception which  
its "all-star cast" revival at the Shu-  
bert, last night, is any criterion. Ap-  
plause was incessant and the number of  
curtain calls almost beyond computa-  
tion. It was a clean cut, vigorous,  
straight from the shoulder performance,  
too, moving swiftly and surely from one  
dramatic climax to another and not  
blurring a single point in transmission.

The story of "Within the Law," is  
entirely devoid of the complex. Mary  
Turner, a salesgirl in a department  
store, falsely accused of theft, is sent  
to prison, in spite of her desperate ap-  
peal to the hard-hearted Edward Gilder,  
proprietor of "The Emporium," who is  
determined to "make an example" of  
her.

Released, she is forced out of one  
position after another by the police and  
Gilder, and then determines to obtain  
revenge by becoming the clever and re-  
sourceful leader of a band of crooks  
and amassing money by various doubt-  
ful schemes, all conducted shrewdly  
"within the law."

The highwater mark is reached when  
she cajoles Gilder's idolized son into a  
marriage and flings him, in contempt,  
at his father's feet. It is a breathless  
moment. The fact that in the subse-  
quent acts the young man shows that  
there is really something in him and  
eventually wins the girl's heart so that  
all ends happily does not dull its keen  
edge.

Violet Heming, familiar here as  
George Arliss' leading lady, and in  
many other roles, lived up to the tradi-  
tion established by Jane Cowl, years  
ago. She acted with restrained effec-  
tiveness and in her big scene, where her  
revenge on Gilder is apparently com-  
plete, placed a shaft in the very cen-  
tre of the target.

Robert Warwick, as Joe Carson, the  
forger, carried off a large share of the  
honors, especially in his confession of  
the slaying of "English Eddie," the stool  
pigeon. Charles Ray stepped from the  
moving picture screen back on to the  
boards, to the evident and vociferous  
delight of a regiment of admirers.  
William Courtleigh, the veteran of a  
thousand theatrical performances,  
played the wicked shop keeper with  
great success and Berton Churchill  
scored another hit as the bullying police  
inspector.

Fritz Scheff showed that she could  
star in other fields than opera and as  
Aggie the pickpocket, gave a finished  
bit of comedy characterization. May  
Robson contributed a delicious bit as  
the elderly secretary and the others in  
the long cast fitted admirably into the  
general picture.

"Within the Law" gives you three  
hours of one continuous, breath taking  
thrill, so competently and realistically  
done that the theatre disappears from  
consciousness altogether. J. E. P.

#### 'THE CROWD' COMES

"The Crowd," a film drama written  
by King Vidor and John V. A. Weaver,  
directed by King Vidor and presented  
at the State Theatre with the following  
cast:

Mary	..... Eleanor Boardman
John	..... James Murray
Bert	..... Bert Roach
Junior	..... Freddie Burke
Daughter	..... Alice Mildred Pater

Once in a while a great film is made.

"The Crowd" is one of these. It is too  
bad that King Vidor had to change the  
ending of this film from the one he  
wished to show, or rather, it is too bad  
that Boston audiences were not able to  
take the natural ending of so good a  
picture.

There are many who will see this film  
who will think it too truthful for com-  
fort. King Vidor has caught the pulse  
of Mr. and Mrs. Average Family, strug-  
gling to raise their family, quarreling and  
making up again, drifting on dreams,  
the dreams of "when my ship comes in,"  
meeting tragedy and living, just living  
from day to day.

Ruthlessly, in knowing people for  
what they are, King Vidor has shaped  
his drama. His young husband is played  
by James Murray. This is his first big  
part. There has seldom been a better  
study, a portraiture on the screen than



this "unknown" has given. He is pictured as a likeable, attractive sort, drifting along pleasantly, not undertaking the responsibilities of his family seriously.

His wife, played by Eleanor Boardman, is loyal and fine and yet Mr. Vidor makes her human. After the first few months of her marriage she becomes dowdy. At times she rebels at the work she has to do but in spite of the grinding necessity which keeps these two fighting for their existence, in the face of tragedy, only the one can console the other.

A picture of this kind must have its emotional climaxes. Perhaps the first of these is when the young wife is driven by continual bitterness to threaten to leave. She doesn't. Scenes of this kind, usually banal—or worse, are handled in this picture with delicate realism, if delicacy may be joined to realism.

There is another when the boy has given up his job and does not try to succeed at the others, when she tells him she would rather see him dead. He leaves the house when his young son, sensing something wrong, trots by his father's side and makes small kindly overtures to him. The man tries to commit suicide but hasn't the nerve and in the rebound of his nerves and feelings goes and gets the first job he has had for months.

There are many shadings of scene and character we are unable to discuss here. May we repeat that the next time a film of this calibre is given us, Boston will be considered strong enough, wise enough and intelligent enough to have the original film, and not handed a final gulp of soothing syrup.

C. M. D.

## NANCE O'NEIL ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

The program this week at B. F. Keith's Theatre holds much hilarity, and is balanced nicely by a condensed version of "The Lily," in which Nance O'Neil is the centre of interest. The chosen scene presents the family of De Maigny at home and in violent discussion as to the youngest daughter's relations to a married neighbor. The old father, having denounced the girl, is suddenly faced by the opposition of the old maid sister, Odette, who is determined that her sister shall not shrivel into oblivion like herself. Miss O'Neil plays Odette intensely, sincerely and nobly, only to leave the audience wishing there were more for her to say in that low, reverberant voice of hers.

Among the humorous acts, there are two that shine forth with originality and wit. Gracie Deagon and Charlie Cannefax in their "original smart comedy offering," called forth such uproarious laughter that the act was almost stopped. And Jim McWilliams was unceasingly entertaining, but most especially so when with appropriate gestures and mannerisms he parodied a political convention speech, parodied it so well that even a politician might have been amused.

The rest of the bill is equally good, notably "The Blue Slickers," a number which holds some excellent comedy dancing, and Stanley Rogers, female impersonator, who, with Jay Brennan, breaks out with a new "Margie." Some clever acrobatics by Lucas and Lillian, and silk hat confusion by Paul Nolan complete a most amusing evening.

E. R.

## "SKYSCRAPER" PLEASES AT BOSTON THEATRE

Film Drama Starring William Boyd  
Amuses Audience

"Skyscraper," a film drama starring William Boyd, directed by Howard Higgin, is presented by Pathe at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre this week. Others in the cast are Alan Hale, Sue Carol and Alberta Vaughn.

If one is interested in seeing how casual film players can be when acting on the skeleton of a skyscraper, if one is a great believer in everything put before them on the screen, then "Skyscraper" may offer an agreeable hour's entertainment. The film was evidently inspired for that purpose and with William Boyd and Alan Hale acting like a couple of young puppies many feet in the air; with Alberta Vaughn and Sue Carol as chorus girls, occupying their leisure moments at Coney Island; with subtitles which almost any one would not have left in a modern screen play, it winds its course.

The plot is negligible, the director ambitious, so what could the poor actors do? Most of the audience found "Skyscraper" very amusing.

Audience and short screen subjects the rest of the bill.

## 'SPEEDY' PLAYING

"Speedy," Harold Lloyd's new picture, is playing at five theatres, the Fenway, on Massachusetts avenue, the Washington Street Olympia, the Scollay Square Olympia, the Capital in Allston and the Central Square Theatre in Cambridge.

One can always expect an entertaining motion picture from Harold Lloyd and one is seldom, if ever, disappointed. "Speedy" is up to the Lloyd standard in every way. The film was photographed in New York.

Most of the recent Lloyd films have been as carefully thought out as crossword puzzles, a "gag" every inch and on that net work the action is built. Although Harold Lloyd is himself gifted with the rare talent of spontaneity, it is draped over the skeleton the gag-man provides and the bones of the skeleton will rattle. The pleasant part of it all is that one does not mind. The swiftness of action, the cleverness of the star and his sheer, undiluted nerve are pleasantly breath-taking.

"Speedy" is the boy's name. His adeptness is shown in losing and finding jobs, in shuffling sodas, in driving taxicabs and in bringing the old horse-car through the crowded streets of New York to its own little route and so saving the franchise—or some such.

There are scenes in Coney Island. These were photographed last Labor Day. Babe Ruth has a part in the film. "Speedy," not having good luck in getting taxi customers, reads that the ball-player is going to distribute baseballs at an orphanage and takes himself hither to behold his idol. The subsequent scenes when "Speedy" drives Babe Ruth to the ball park are among the most amusing in the film. Among is used advisedly; it would be hard to pick the best and there is no worst.

There are thugs, a rough and tumble fight, a kindly old man who owns the horse-car which must be kept running at least once in every 24 hours and he has an attractive grand-daughter; there is a corporation that would swallow the horse-car—if it weren't for "Speedy"; and, even a better than average dog to aid in the hunt of the kidnapped horse-car and aid its triumphant return.

"Speedy" is excellent entertainment.

### THE BETTER ROAD

(For as the World Wags)

Today I followed the road that goes  
Over the hill to the west;  
Beyond the wood it crossed a brook,  
The road that seemed the best.

It lingered round an old farmstead  
As if it fain would stay,  
Then up a hill and down a hill,  
Winding away and away.

At dusk I took the home road,  
For I had roamed my fill,  
And good in truth it was to see  
The house that stands on the hill.

O sweet is the call of the road  
Faring to scenes that are new;  
But dearer still is the road that leads,  
Home of my heart, to you.

DOROTHA HILL

It sometimes happens that the only reason a woman has to work is because she has got a husband—Councillor Stone.

"Pussie Foote" sends to The Herald this advertisement of a Precocious Pedagogue published in the Private School News:

"Teacher of mathematics grades through college preparation. Successful experience as private tutor and teacher. A. B., H. Sophie Newcomb College, 1905; A. M. Columbia. 5 years of age. Salary with living \$1600."

### "METICULOUS"

As the World Wags:

Why all this rumpus and row about the use of the word "meticulous?" If I write "He was meticulous in his dress" or "meticulous in his speech," my editor shakes his head at me sadly and tells me to consult my Fowler. Well, Fowler has his crochets like Richard Grant White. He has a prejudice against "meticulous" and won't use it when it means the exact thing he has in mind, namely, "fussiness;" for if "fussiness" is not the equivalent of "anxious care" I don't know what is. It has a sense which is not conveyed by the words "scrupulous" and "punctilious." A man may be "scrupulous" in matters of morals and "punctilious" in matters of manners; he is meticulous in little things; for example, when he becomes wretched if his

tie and his socks don't match. A woman is meticulous when she won't let her husband smoke in the house lest he smell up the curtains, or lie down in his muddy boots on a freshly made up bed. Anyhow, "meticulous" is in all the dictionaries of good standing, it is a good word to use at times, and I propose to employ it when it comes handy, even though I fall foul of the meticulous Fowler.

W. E. K.

Never mind about Mr. Fowler. To begin with the Latin "meticulosus"—it is not Ciceronian Latin, by the way—means "fearful," "timid," and by metonymy "terrible," "horrible." It contains no idea of extreme care or punctiliousness. When "meticulous" came into the English language in the 16th century the only meaning was "fearful" or "timid." Sir Thomas Browne spoke of "melancholy and meticulous heads." About 100 years ago the word appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, "over careful about minute details." In this sense the word has not been used freely or often by English writers of repute; by the great majority of them it has not so been used at all.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

I'm wondering if Sandy's ghast could slide by unbeknown, because, you see, Sandy's ghast has been taking-on something awful lately—a slithering and a-sliding, and a-writhing and a-ranting. All the shades and bogles gathered around to ask what it was that caused the ghast to be so unco troubled, and Sandy's bogle moaned, "It is my Annie at my burying, ye ken. She maun buy a bright new suit just to lay out my corpse in." "But, mon," says another ghast, "the little woman nae doubt wisht to see ye at best at the last time." "I ken that," sighs the ghast of Sandy, "but she dinna need buy a suit wi' twa pairs o' breeks."

HORATIO THE EDUCATED TRAMP.

As the World Wags:

All that is gold does not glitter.

It is said that the radio is a blessing because every home can have one. That is just the trouble.

Because the bottom can not be seen does not mean the water is deep. It may be muddy.

It is too bad that women's feet are growing larger. The subways are already crowded.

Men scare themselves to death with toy monsters of their own making.

It takes two to make a quarrel or a marriage. The latter being a serial form of the first.

For some there is no greater pleasure in life than proving it isn't worth living.

A flower in the buttonhole keeps away seductive fingers.

There are enough round holes for round pegs and enough square holes for square pegs, but where will oddly shaped pegs find the proper shaped holes?

When a person's head rules his heart it is usually a case of too little heart and not too much head.

The Bohemian has wit but never a sense of humor.

Of modern novels: most people would like to say bright things but they can not think of them. They read the novels. A few people can think of bright things after it is too late. They write the novels.

FROM A YOUNG MAN'S CUFF.

As the World Wags:

The trend of the times is mechanical. Now, while we are not less spiritual than we were, we are, without a doubt, more inclined to machinery. But there is something wrong with that statement, I do believe, because there can be only 100 per cent. of anything—what percentage we give over to cog and wheel must necessarily be knocked off the incorporeal. And I guess I'd better start this thing all over: A lady called a taxi to take her to church. "I shall need," she said, to her husband, who was deep in the Sunday paper, "75 cents for the taxicab and 25 cents for the collection." "I don't suppose," suggested her good and faithful spouse, dragging a dollar from his pocket, "that you ever thought of taking a street car to church?" "Aw, now, duckypie," cooed the wife, "you know very well we never in our lives put more than a quarter on the plate."

ORACLE.

### THE ART OF DEFINITION

(Chamber's Dictionary, 1905)

Finger nail: "One of the flattened, elastic, horny plates placed as protective coverings on the dorsal surface of the terminal phalanges of the fingers and toes."

## RITA BENNECHE

Rita Benneche, soprano, with the help of Georges Laurent, flutist, and Andrew Kostelanetz, accompanist, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Ariette du Parnasso Confuso, Gluck; Un Certo non so che, Vivaldi; Pastorale, Verachini; La Fontaine du Czarskoye-Zelo, Cui; L'Intruse, Fevrier; Il Neige, Bemberg; O Dolce Conento, Mozart (with flue obbligato); Schneeglockchen, Standchen, Schumann; Geheimnis, Die Post, Schubert; My Lovely Celia, Monro; The Lass with the Delicate Air, Arne; Spring Dropped a Song Into My Heart, Fenner; Un Voce Poco Fa, Rossini.

A highly individual singer Miss Benneche showed herself last night. By no means at her ease, probably she never did herself full justice. She has defects in her voice obvious to the duldest ear. She employs a method of technique which lays her open to the censure of the most ignorant of the singing tribe—though they, to be sure, are always the most censorious. Her manner on the podium, furthermore, she lets become more exuberant than all tastes find agreeable.

Granting, however, a voice oddly uneven and technical faults of a serious nature, the fact remains that Miss Benneche sang certain songs admirably. She has rhythm in her favor, an incisiveness of rhythm that lent an amazing authority to her delivery of Mozart's theme, and, peculiar technique notwithstanding, brilliancy to his florid variations, a hint at the grand air. A touch of the fitting comedy—few sopranos so much as guess at its existence—she had ready for Rossini's cavatina.

It was in songs, though, clear of coloratura, that Miss Benneche did her best work. She let her fine rhythmic sense stand her in good stead with Gluck, for whom she had also at hand a sensitiveness to melody beyond the grasp of too many singers. The Russian's song she sang with rare beauty of phrasing, with excellent tone. With tragic power and poetic imagination she made the meaning felt of Maeterlinck's verse, in Fevrier's song. And Bemberg's song she had the good taste—it is rare—not to hurry.

She sang, at her best, so well, it is to be hoped Miss Benneche will care to give another recital in Boston, when conditions perhaps will be more favorable. If so, pray let her secure again the services of Mr. Laurent and Mr. Kostelanetz.

R. R. G.

## ROSA PONSELLE

Rosa Ponselle, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, was heard in recital last night in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler, for the benefit of the Florence Crittenton League. Mr. Stuart Ross, pianist, assisting artist. The program was as follows: Puccini, aria Vissi d'Arte, from "osca"; G. Paisiello, Nel cor piu non mi sento; Veracini, A Pastorel; Wagner, Traume; Delibes, Les Filles de Cadix; Verdi, aria Ernani Involami, from "Ernani"; Bizet, aria Habanera from "Carmen" (by request); Winter Watts, Wings of Night; Sadere, lullaby; Frank La Forge, songs of the open.

Mr. Ross played Beethoven, German dance; Schubert, ballet music from "Rosamonde"; Granados, Spanish dance; Strauss-Schutt, waltz tales of the Vienna woods.

There are several things which contribute to the pleasure of a recital of songs by Miss Ponselle. One, no doubt, is the beautiful quality of her voice and its extraordinary range. Another is the masterful control she exerts over it, and even more pleasant to contemplate, to listen to, and to acknowledge is the great intelligence with which she gives every note, every tone, every word a meaning.

There is no sawdust falling from Miss Ponselle's pleasant lips instead of words. There are words. Words that mean things, words which banded together make a song, a song with thought attached to it painlessly and coupled with excellent vocal equipment. That would seem to be enough for one mortal, but Miss Ponselle is also handsome. She knows that the red rose at the curve of her neck is beguiling, but not enough so that one is lost among details. The picture is lovely and the artist is excellent.

There are those who consider Miss Ponselle an extremist. They would rather she would sing her songs without closing her eyes, or acting in the slightest degree on the concert stage. It would seem from the warmth of feeling, the liberal font of expression which she has at her command that it would be impossible for her merely to sing. She rushes into her song with her imagination first, this is easily seen, and when the song is there, she gives it all of her great energy. From the entrance song of "Carmen" to the Sadere lullaby is a gulf, but as Miss Ponselle sings them, there is no sign of Carmen in the lullaby, not even of Carmen singing a lullaby.

A brilliant audience enjoyed Miss Ponselle's recital. Stuart Ross accompanied her well.

C. M. D.



Stupid, nonsensical music has driven thousands of people out of the church. . . . Sir Arthur Sullivan was a great composer of comic opera, but in church music he never wrote anything worth a cuss.—Dr. Edward Bairstow, organist of York Minster.

Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, accompanied by Nicolas Slonimsky, will sing in Jordan hall tonight songs by Stradella, Scarlatti, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann (Robert and Clara), Strauss, Tansman, Prokofiev, Hindemith, Goossens, Slonimsky, Gliere, Rimsky-Korsakov, Gaubert, Szule, R. Hammond, Warlock, Cadman, also an old English song, "Sweet Lily of the Valley," arranged by Luckstone.

The postponed concert of Marian Renza, soprano, and Ralph Leopold, pianist—Hazel Jean Kirk, violinist, assisting; Diana Kasner Neumann, accompanist—will take place in Jordan hall tomorrow night. Miss Renza: Elsa's dream, from "Lohengrin," and songs by Sarti, Mozart, Bach, Bach-Gounod, Rabey, Tosti, G. Ross, Josten, Curran, McKinny, Woodman. Piano pieces by Bach-Tausig, Chopin, Jongen, Dohnanyi, Arensky, Rachmaninoff and a transcription of Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries."

An English diarist wrote on Feb. 3, 1300, this entertaining note:

"Yes, your informant is quite right. Patti's third choice is, I hear, a man of excellent family and agreeable manners, though a masseur by profession. She married the Marquess de Caux, so I remember my father telling me, to get away from Strakoseh, her brother-in-law and agent, who was as grasping as De Caux was greedy. De Caux was, I think, a sort of extra-equerry to the Emperor, and promised Adelina she would be received in due form at the Tuileries, but nothing of the sort happened. He glued her to the stage, and spent her earnings, and when they separated he even claimed half her furs and she had to buy them back.

"Nicolini was the son of a pastry cook, and never adapted himself to the amenities of life in a Welsh castle. S. was staying at Craig-y-nos for a so-called shoot, and after a very ineffective day, two keepers, dressed something like piquers, marched round the dinner table carrying shoulder-high a basket, decorated with ribbons, from which peeped the beaks of two birds. Nicolini rose to his feet and solemnly gave the toast of 'Vive le sport,' while an orchestra played, as a suitable accompaniment, 'John Peel.'"

He might have added that, entertaining at the Welsh castle, Nicolini offered his guests cigars of an inferior brand, while he himself gayly smoked those of a fine quality.

The Society of Ancient Instruments (Paris), which will play music by old masters in the first half of the Symphony concerts next week, some years ago gave concerts in Jordan hall, one in Symphony hall, and played in one or two private houses.

Sometimes it seems a pity the Wagner's "Parsifal" ever set out from Bayreuth on its journey through the world. As an opera and not a sacred stage festival play it is so fragile, so pretentious and so undramatic that the reverent Wagnerite (if there be any left) must wish that it were forever reserved for the Festspielhaus and that inner circle which can accept Wagner's theories of redemption in perfect seriousness.—New York Sun.

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert in New York tonight will comprise Hill's new symphony, a concert by C. P. E. Bach and Beethoven's Fifth symphony. Saturday's program includes Lazar's "Music for Orchestra," Schoenberg's orchestration of two choral preludes by J. S. Bach, Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" suite and Beethoven's Fifth symphony.

Even those critics who originally accused all modern music of being insane and illogical nowadays complain that it is not sufficiently new. Polytonalities, cross rhythms—we've heard all that before. They might just as well object to a C major chord for the same reason. The value of new music is entirely apart from the technical means employed.—Aaron Copland.

The Boston Woman's Symphony orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor, will give a concert in Jordan hall next Saturday night. The program will include a symphony in D major by Mozart; Glinka's overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla"; Leginska's Fantasia for piano and orchestra (Ruth Schugo, pianist)—

first time in Boston; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter" and the overture to "Rienzi."

Josef Hofmann at his recital in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon will play Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, Rubinstein's version of Beethoven's march from "The Ruins of Athens," Debussy's Soiree en Grenade, Godowsky's arrangement of the waltz from Johann Strauss's "Bat" and the 24 preludes of Chopin.

Next Monday evening in Symphony hall "Negro Rural Life"—folk songs and interpretative dances—will be performed by students from Alice Freeman Palmer school, Sedalia, N. C.

Elizabeth Worcester, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall next Monday night.

Next Tuesday evening the People's Choral Union will give a concert in Jordan hall.

The Symphony hall Sunday afternoon concert on April 22 will be given by Leff Sibirzhoff, bass-baritone. Songs by Dargomizhsky, Borodin, Arenski, Dobrovolski, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Moussorgsky, Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Nicolas Slonimsky will play music by Moussorgsky and Prokofiev.

An unusual concert will be given next Tuesday evening at "Our Theatre," 357 Charles street, by Norma Jean Erdmann, soprano; Laning Humphrey, baritone, and Raymond Coon, pianist. The first half of the program will include songs either written or mentioned by Shakespeare. The latter half will represent the advanced school of present-day composers.

#### "SCHOOL"

Notes and Lines:

One of the first programs in my scrap book started when I was a small boy—was one of "School" at the Boston Museum, dated March 25, 1875, with the following cast:

Capt. Jack Poyntz.....Charles Barron  
Lord Arthur Beaufoy.....W. H. Crisp  
Dr. Sutcliffe.....R. F. McClannin  
Beau Farintosh.....W. J. LeMoine  
Mr. Krux.....C. S. Mason  
Vaughn.....Mrs. J. R. Vincent  
Mrs. Sutcliffe.....Miss Annie Clarke  
Bella.....Mary Cary  
Naomi Tighe.....

and the best known of the "girls"—Fannie Skerrett (Mrs. R. F. McClannin) Amy Ames, Josie Browne, Kitty Nolan (Kate Ryan) and Addie Hart. I spoke to Mr. Jewett several years ago when he had the Copley suggesting that he produce "School," but he said it was too old-fashioned. Old Eccles in "Caste" was William Warren's last part at the Boston Museum and it was said that he never entered the theatre after that night—May 12, 1883. J. A. B.

#### CLOCKS

There's nothing mocks  
Us like our clocks.  
They're always wrong;  
They hurry so,  
Or, quite too slow,  
They drag along.

A moment's pleasure,  
An hour of leisure  
They snatch away  
With haste, undue,  
Yet loiter through  
The toilsome day.

Too fast . . . too slow . . .  
Too loud . . . too low . . .  
From shelf and tower,  
Too slow, too fast,  
Until, at last,  
The zero hour.  
There's nothing mocks  
Us like our clocks.

—EOLUS.

As the World Wags:

That landlord of ours has got a hunch that maybe we ain't gonna sign a new lease, so last week he installs a electric ice box. Tha thing is okay as far as saving kale on buying ice and ritzing visitors with ice cubes in their gin bucks is concerned, but tha noise it makes when the motor is running wood drive you nutz. If it's a 4 cylinder job, I gotta idea that 3 1/2 of them aint hitting. Well, there's one vacant flat in tha building an last night tha rent hog was showing it to a prospective check-in. After showing him tha place, he drags him up to our dump to see tha ice chest wich he promises to also put in tha vacant flat. Here's where me and tha B. and C. get a laugh that darn near caved our sides in. Tha landlord first tells tha prospect that he'd save at least 7 bucks a month on ice and tha prospect cups his ears, but he dont seem able to hear so after tha landlord repeated it 3 times tha guy just nods his head. Then it was explained that there woodn't be any ice man dirtying up tha kitchen floor with muddy shoes and again tha guy gets this repeated an nods his noodle again. After tha ice cube arrangement was praised in a five minute speech, the gink taps tha landlord on tha shoulder and points to tha parlor. When they get

there tha prospect says "That rotten ice box is makin so damn much noise I can't hear a word of what you saying."

DUKE BAKRAK.

#### A QUICK LUNCH DREAM

As the World Wags:

Since my wife went away on a visit I have been eating at cafeterias and quick lunch places, and last night I dreamed a dream:

I stood at the cashier's desk of just such a cafeteria with a punched check in my hand. Down past the tiers of glass shelves loaded with viands I saw a sign near the entrance: "World Cafeteria—If you don't see what you want, ask for it." At my right was a revolving door leading to a sunny street, and a sign above it read: "This way to Paradise Hotel, under this management; Milk and Honey our specialty." Back of me a gray-haired elevator man sat reading a newspaper at his car door.

A glance at my check showed it perforated at the highest possible amount, and to the white-coated cashier I protested an overcharge. He summoned the man who had punched it, who then spoke as follows:

"I've been watching this man ever since he came in. The doorman heard him mutter something about 'Eat drink and be merry,' as he came in. He passed up the vegetable soup and ordered chicken a la king with mashed potatoes. He didn't want the rye bread we serve free and insisted on paying extra for white bread; he complained about the service and said something about 'the worst of all possible restaurants.' I told him it was the only one in this town. He finished up with two orders of apple pie, doughnuts and two cups of black coffee."

The cashier turned a questioning eye upon me, and, vanquished, I sought change; my pockets were bare of cash. "I didn't bring my money with me," said I to the cashier, who, I now observed, wore a round cap with a white edging like a halo. And I started for the doormurmuring that "I'd pay the charge tomorrow." But he called me back and asked if I could identify myself. Once more I searched my clothes, but all I could find was an old list of good resolutions I had scribbled down and forgotten, and a court summons for speeding. So I said I hadn't any identification.

I thought the halo on the cashier's cap grew brighter as his face turned sterner, and he rejoined:

"I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to see the manager, Mr. Pluto, downstairs." And the last thing I heard was his calling to the gray-haired elevator man: "Acheron, take this gentleman down to the grille."

The clang of the elevator door across our apartment hallway awoke me, and a brisk and cheery voice sang out: "Going down!"

Oh, by the way, I've taken to a light continental breakfast now; just a dish of stewed prunes without cream, and a couple of slices of rye bread—no butter. And I've cut out the coffee for good.

UNUS PLURIUM.

As the World Wags:

This is the story of a young man, a very earnest and erudite young man, who wanted to write. But long he pondered ere he set pen to paper, for these were his thoughts: He did not want to write the obvious and the banal to amuse a horde of well fed, talking children. Nor did he wish to write the intricate wisdom that clutters pedantic minds with meaningless facts and truths. To humor, to cajole, to flatter—these things he detested. Rather, he would look at people, at trees, at the hills, and sea and sky . . . he would write of the life he had lived and dreamed of living. This he did, after many years, and in his pages there lurked the exaltation of the gods, the beauty of the poet, the cryptic symbolism of the dreamer . . . and the utter loveliness of impenetrable night. The ink was dried, the book was bound, the verdict was awaited. Man opened the book. Man read. Man's forehead crinkled. Man closed the book, tossed it away and said, "Boloney!"

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

As the World Wags:

Please take note of the restrained style of the editor of City Club Life, describing—oh, no, not a world-shattering earthquake or a disastrous tornado, or the Tenth Avatar, but the appearance of a lecturer at the City Club.

"It is impossible to describe the billowing tornadoes of applause that met Von Luckner and roared and rushed over the auditorium, and roared and rushed again.

"And now for the man himself and the story he had to tell. Powerful in build, quite evidently of tremendous physical strength, he radiates and expresses an unusual energy and feeling. But behind it all there is another great reservoir that you feel is untouched, untapped. . . . He knows how to make an inflection eloquent, a whisper thrilling, a gesture historic. There is a narrative in one droop of his eyelid, a cynical volume in the curl of a lip, a battle

in the elenching of a fist, a homily on brotherhood in a smile, anticipation, or retrospection, or both, in the way he scratches his neck; a comedy in a quizzical glance, a tragedy in a gesture. He is keen, he is shrewd, he is romantic, he is sentimental. He is all kinds of opposites. He has seen life. He knows it. He likes it. He knows its follies and its foibles. But he likes it. He is an aristocrat by birth, but his predominant characteristic is an elemental ruggedness."

I wonder what the editor would have left to say if he were describing the Second Coming. JAMES JONES.

## GERTRUDE EHRHART

Last night in Jordan hall Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, sang the program, to the smart accompaniments of Nicolas Slonimsky:

Col mio sangue comprei, A. Stradella; Chi vuole innamorarsi, Alessandro Scarlatti; Trouble du coeur, Lully; Mermadi's Song, Haydn; Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Schubert; Mondnacht, Schumann; Ich stand in dunklen Traumen, Clara Schumann; Ständchen, Strauss; Samma Sammi, from "Japanese Melodies," Tansman; Melodie No. 1, Op. 35, Prokofiev; Pieta, from "Das Marienleben," Hindemith; Philomel, Goossens; Isle of Zanti, Slonimsky; Dispersed Are the Pearls, I Am Here to Bring You Greetings, Rimsky-Korsakov; Sur la mer au pale soleil, Gaubert; J'ai peur d'un baiser, Szule; At a Window, Richard Hammond; Columbine, I Owe a Debt to a Monkey, Nicolas Slonimsky; Spring Song, from "Shanewis," Cadman.

A commendable eagerness Miss Ehrhart showed last night to offer her hearers something new. Since she drew a large company to Jordan hall, and those present appeared well pleased with what they heard, it may seem ungracious for one person to voice the wish that a singer so enterprising as Miss Ehrhart were not so tolerant of the second-rate just because it is new, or at all events unfamiliar.

Stradella of the ancients, Scarlatti and Lully too—their airs brought forward last—are by no means outstanding examples of their period. The Tansman song is very well and so much may be said of Prokofiev's vocalise. The song by Hindemith at least is not unpleasant. Goossen's song of the nightingale probably sounds better when fitted out with the string quartet accompaniment intended. Rimsky-Korsakov, Gaubert, Szule—their songs are very pretty, but, with all the splendor of song there is to produce, why should a singer of ambition elect to dally with their like?

Perhaps the last numbers offered something finer. It was fitting, of course, that Miss Ehrhart should bring Mr. Slonimsky's songs to a hearing. In the "Isle of Zanti" he proved that he can write as skilfully in modern vein, as last year, he showed he could in an idiom so advanced. His own difficult accompaniment, as well as those of Prokofiev and Tansman he played brilliantly and sympathetically.

In a year's time Miss Ehrhart has worked valiantly, so much is clear, to add warmth to her pretty voice, and color. To a considerable degree she has succeeded. In such songs, indeed, as lean the heaviest on diction, expressiveness and color, she attained her nearest results.

In her wise attempt, however, to widen her tonal palette, Miss Ehrhart must not be so unwise as to fall into the error of forcing her voice. And Miss Ehrhart should not forget that no amount of color or of anything else will take the place of those two fundamentals of song: rhythmic feeling and a fine feeling for a melody's line.

R. R. G.

#### QUID PRO QUO

("Skirts are to be longer this year. They will come to three inches below the knee."—Pronouncement from fashion expert).

I am sorry, very sorry

If the vogue must now revert,  
And if fashion's newest quarry  
Has become the longer skirt;  
Far from scandalized (or sated)  
At the sight of female pegs  
I have now been educated  
Into liking ladies' legs.

Legs of amber, legs of "nigger,"  
Legs in what they call "champagne,"  
Lustrous legs of youth and vigor  
Legs luxurious and urbane,  
Are we now to see their clearance  
From our brighter, braver streets?  
Then I say their disappearance  
With my disapproval meets!

I should miss them as a poet,  
I should miss them as a man;  
If you've got a leg, well, show it—  
'Tis the more becoming plan.  
Why should grace again be hidden  
And our streets again grow grim?  
Why should knee-caps be forbidden  
At a selfish expert's whim?



Ladies, prove yourselves benigner  
Than the fashion expert begs;  
Disregard the dress designer—  
Do not let him hide your legs!  
And I'll strike a bargain—which is,  
To preserve this glowing spell,  
I myself will wear knee-breeches  
And I'll show you mine as well!  
—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

We spoke last Monday of that excellent pocket manual, "The Art of Good Behavior; and Letter-Writer on Love, Courtship and Marriage," published at New York in 1850.

As the unknown author well says: "There is a delicacy, a timidity and nervousness in love, which makes men desire some mode of communication rather than the speech, which in such cases too often fails them."

Here are models for the timid and nervous: Letters to suit all cases.

"A gentleman is struck with the appearance of a lady and is desirous of her acquaintance." In the good old days of the Bennetts, father and son, this gentleman would have asked in the N. Y. Herald's "personal" column for a meeting, and for identification would have worn a pink flower in a buttonhole.

Love letter from an old acquaintance. From a jealous lover. From a lady to her lover, whom she suspects of being unfaithful (poor, deserted Eliza Newton). From a poor gentleman to an heiress. A gentleman, having been an inconstant lover, sues for pardon (We regret to say that this inconstant lover, Mr. George Gordon, dated his letter Boston, Sept. 18, 1845). A lady inquires respecting a gentleman's intentions. An absent lover to his mistress. A gentleman falls in love with a widow and writes to her. Incidentally there is a model letter for a bride to write to her friend, Eugenia Somers, in Boston: "I write from a region of sublimity, beauty and happiness—sublimity such as I had scarce conceived; wild, romantic beauty, and happiness beyond my utmost hopes of earthly bliss." This bride, Laura Nelson, if she were on her honeymoon today would send Eugenia a picture postal card with an arrow pointed to the window of the hotel chamber occupied by the happy pair.

"For a love letter good paper is indispensable. When it can be procured, that of a costly quality, gold-edged, perfumed or ornamented in the French style may be properly used."

Would that we had room for the correspondence of Augustus Adams and Julia Thompson as given in this book for a model; for the letters of James Oakley of Boston to Miss Emma Langdon; for the letters of Henry Edwards, "a poor gentleman," to Julia Allen, an heiress.

Old love rhymes, as  
"My pen is poor, my ink is pale,  
My love to you will never fail,"  
are quoted, but as the author well says: "These will hardly answer for the refinement of the present day, yet a few lines from some elegant poet, such as Byron, Moore, etc., appropriately introduced, may be used to great advantage."

As the World Wags:  
I had occasion to write to my congresswoman recently, and decided to begin by letter: "Dear Mrs. Rogers." With this machine gun nest outflanked, and the final objective duly taken, I broke out into a cold sweat. Supposing, I chattered, she had been a senator instead of a congresswoman; how should I begin my letter? "Dear Mrs. Senator"? Yes, that seems polite and certainly safe.

Nevertheless I still shivered at the thought of the horrid dilemma I would be in if she happened to be a maiden—unmarried—and still a senator. "Dear Miss Senator" sounds a bit flip and too much like the winner of the Senatorial beauty contest at the diplomatic corps ball. The only other alternative seems to be "Dear Madam." That is awful. I know, sure as shooting, that she would pass my letter, without reading further, over to her housekeeper under the impression that I was some department store manager answering her esteemed favor of the 12th ult.

Won't some artillery man, please, try a high air burst adjustment on this target?  
DICK SWIVELLER.

As the World Wags:  
The high pressure automobile salesman had wound up a lengthy discourse on the many wonderful features of his automobile. The prospective buyer, a young married woman, listened with interest, and when he had finished she looked at him rather reproachfully and said: "Yes, that's all very nice, but where's the depreciation? My husband says that is the biggest thing about a car!"  
BADGER PETE.

At the World Wags:

When father was undressing last night a bright half-dollar slipped from his trousers pocket and rolled under the bureau. He did not know he had lost it. This morning mother smilingly entered the dining room, and, patting dad's head, said, placing the half dollar beside his plate, "I get twice as much pleasure returning this to you as you do in receiving it."

Dad slipped it in her hand with a fond squeeze, and replied: "Keep it, darling, you have so little pin money."  
JAMES L. EDWARDS.

When your little Augustus sulks and will not obey you, Mrs. Hurlabash, do not scold him, do not whip him. The poor boy is suffering from a children's disease now known as "negativism," which makes them do the exact opposite of what they should do.

## MARIA RENZA

Maria Renza, soprano, and Ralph Leopold, pianist, gave a recital together last night in Jordan Hall. Miss Renza, accompanied by Diana Kasner Neumann, sang these songs: Sarti, S'inganna chi credi; old English, When Love Is Kind; Mozart, Alleluia; Elsa's Dream, from "Lohengrin;" with violin obbligato by Hazen Jean Kirk; Bach, My Heart Ever Faithful; Bach-Gounod, Ave Maria; Rebey, Tes Yeux; Clutsam, My Curly-Headed Baby; Ross, Dawn in the Desert; Josten, Canzone; Curran, Nocturne; McKinney, the Bagpipe Man; Woodman, a Birthday.

Mr. Leopold played these pieces: Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Bach-Tausig; nocturne in D flat, scherzo in C sharp minor, Chopin; Ronde Wallonnes, opus 40, No. 1, Jongen; rhapsodie opus 11, No. 3, Dohnanyi; By the Sea, Arensky; humoresque, Rachmaninoff; Ride of the Valkyries, Wagner.

Very beautifully he played them. That he is a virtuoso of blazing temperament, of overpowering personality, Mr. Leopold would probably be the last to claim. A musician he is, however, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and an admirably equipped pianist he is to boot. Only among the great performers does one find a pianist who feels rhythm like unto Mr. Leopold; a pity more singers cannot learn from him in what the quality consists. Because of this vital rhythmic force he stood in a position to "rhapsodize" with Dohnanyi as few others can; the most of them, poor souls, can only splash and roar.

Mr. Leopold knows how to lay out his musical designs. Music of moment he gives its due; what is small he does not try to swell. Bravura passages, amazingly brilliant, enchanting, lie keeps in their place. So, because of his exquisite sense of proportion and design, Mr. Leopold last night made Bach's toccata sound really big for once, fine music, not a mere parade piece.

A rarely beautiful technique Mr. Leopold has at his command to help him do his rarely musical will. He is a master of full sonorous tone when called for, singing tone, sparkling tone in scales and passages, tone subtly shaded everywhere. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Leopold will some day give in Boston a recital of full length, with a program more constantly interesting than that of last night.

Miss Renza came not so happily off. Blessed with a voice of excellent natural quality, obviously a sound musician, last night she did not sing so well as probably she is able to sing. Nervousness must have beset her, or very likely illness. Or perhaps she has neglected to develop her technic till it equals her musicianship? Let us hope the trouble was only temporary.

R. R. G.

## Legion of the Condemned Offered This Week

"The Legion of the Condemned," a film drama featuring Fay Wray and Gary Cooper, written by John Monk Saunders and directed by William Wellman and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:  
Christine Charteris ..... Fay Wray  
Gale Price ..... Gary Cooper  
Byron Dashwood ..... Barry Norton  
Charles Holabird ..... Lane Chandler  
Gonzalo Vasquez ..... Francis MacDonald  
Robert Montagna ..... Vova George  
Richard DeWitt ..... Freeman Wood

America, not having a Nurse Cavell incident in her history or a Mata Hari, has undertaken to manufacture a lady spy for the films. The author and director of this picture are the same who made "Wings," and both men saw service in France as aviators. It, therefore, seems incredible that they would be guilty of putting American fliers before any public as individuals suitable for psychopathic treatment.

We recommend these words of St. John Ervine, dramatist, novelist, dramatic critic of the London Observer, to all those who take their opinions, expressed in print or in parlor chatter, seriously, when the question is concerning a play or a performance:

"Criticism is not a matter of laws; it is a matter of personal preferences and mental adventures; and the most that we have any right to expect from a critic is that he shall tell us why he likes or dislikes the work he criticizes. It is true that I write in a very hoity-toity fashion, as who should say, 'Pay attention to me, you scum, while I tell you what to think! but that is merely my hoity-toity way, and does not, I imagine, deceive the discerning. . . . I do not claim, nor have I ever claimed, to be infallible. Far otherwise. All that appears over my initials is merely my personal opinion, and is the result of the peculiar collection of preferences and prejudices which I happen to be; and I would no more dream of offering my opinion as a sure and certain guide to other people than I would dream of offering them my shoes as a sure and certain model in footwear. If I am asked what sort of shoes I like, I very readily and, I am afraid, lengthily, reply; and I insist that, although my shoes are not everybody's shoes, yet, as shoes go, they are good shoes and capable of serving as models to other people. But I do not expect everybody to wear the same size shoe that fits me, or even to wear shoes at all, when they prefer boots or sandals or moccasins or Wellingtons or bare feet. A man must do his work in the way that he can, and he is a very silly fellow if he goes about the world nursing a grievance because what he has done has failed to impress this or that person. To be eager for praise is a human thing, and no one delights in praise as much as I do; but I should despise myself if I allowed the wounds that are caused by dispraise to remain open."

To hear the talk about "modern music"! It is not easy to say whether the wild and ignorant enthusiasm, or the violent and ignorant abuse is the more distressing and obnoxious.

As if the Boston public should be deprived of hearing music later than that of Brahms; that it should be deaf to contemporary tendencies in this art.

On the other hand it is equally annoying to hear young men and young women who have only a smattering of musical knowledge, or no knowledge at all, raving over the work of radical composers; works that really bore them, but are accepted with noisy squeals of joy, because these young persons thus think they show refined taste by shouting for the "modern movement."

The comparatively short run of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's "Good Morning, Bill," when a long life was predicted for it, is only another instance of the fickleness of modern taste in plays. Mr. Wodehouse has not been too fortunate in his stage ventures except when he has been one of a musical comedy or revue team. It does seem to be curiously difficult for the literary humorist to function within the limits of the stage. All his life, Dickens had a strong love of the theatre and was a capable actor, yet he never brought off a successful play and the failure to adapt his books must number scores. Perhaps humor only thrives on the stage when it is well sugared by sentiment (pace Sir James Barrie) of sensation. Another mystery of the theatre is that the humorous play which reads well seldom plays well, and vice versa. I believe this is so much an axiom of the stage that producers are very shy of plays which bring a wan smile to their haggard faces. I got many good chuckles while reading "Good Morning, Bill," and evidently those weary experts, the dramatic critics, also enjoyed the sparkling dialogue of the true Wodehouse vintage. So I can only hope that Bill's career is not definitely ended.—Looker on, in the Daily Chronicle (London).

To the Editor of The Herald:

May I send in my whole-hearted approval of the sentiments expressed in your "Notes and Lines" by Mrs. Oliphant some time ago? But it is no new thing to have plays written as a medium for a single star with dubious support. The quality of the play is not so important, nor for that matter is the quality of the star appearing therein. It is the reputation of the leading lady (that is the frailer sex) which is important. The (financial) success of such productions illustrate a peculiar weakness in the theatre-going public. It is not a good play which many worthy people appreciate, nor is it good acting. But they want to have seen, and to say that they have seen, such-and-such a famous person. The seeing is a negligible matter. It is the having seen.

Witness the gems of criticism bobbing up in conversation, say between two intellectually ambitious high-school girls, or two sweat-shop workers of foreign extraction (these are the chief patrons at the cheap seats of musical comedies, e. g.) "Djeva see 'Moony'?" "Yah, wasn't Jack Miller swell. Djeva see Louise Proody?" This dialogue, in the form of ask me another, goes on through all the hits of the last few years. Then the contestants figure up their scores, and the one who has seen more of our brighter luminaries has won a moral victory. An aesthetic victory? What has that to do with the case?

Meanwhile the art which has gone to conceal art has done its function too well. The staging, the costuming, the ensemble work, not to mention the music, remain forgotten, outglamoured by a prominent nose, some snakey hips, or shapely latissimi dorsi, or gastronomii.

And as for serious drama, our American public has a great aversion for uplift, or for instruction. Sometimes explicit moral lessons, if broadcast over the radio on Sunday morning (provided the name be prominent enough) are tolerated. But the implicit truths and lessons, which require cerebration, or the truths of historical accuracy which require appreciation, do not act as tonics for our jaded nerves. In the last few years stage and screen failures of this type are too numerous.

Well, producers want money—prize-fight promotion being rather a closed corporation; our talented stars, being more altruistic, are content with fame, perhaps of the sort I have hinted at; and the public wants amusement. Where, now, is the place for genius, for innovation, for the expression of the noble? There are two uproariously funny answers in our repertory or "little" theatres; or else in Nirvana.

Cambridge.

PHILOSOPHICUS.

Apropos of that remarkable play "Porgy" now to be seen—and it should be seen—at the Hollis Street Theatre, Mr. Robert Little of the New York Evening Post remarked regarding the play leaving New York after its long and successful run:

"Perhaps 'Porgy' isn't entirely true to the South. Perhaps Mr. Mamoulian did whip up the mystic, lazy lounge of Charleston into brisk and rapidly changing stage effects more suitable to the Josefstad Theatre. It doesn't



matter. 'Porgy' is near enough to the south as we imagine it to make us welcome the real native article, when it comes, with respect and eager hospitality. 'Porgy' is theatrical pioneering, 'Porgy' paves the way, and we are lucky to have had it.

"As for the Harlem intellectuals, so many plays by whites, for whites, about whites, have put whites in so much worse a light than 'Porgy' puts negroes that we can't listen seriously to any objections to it on that score.

"That populous courtyard in Catfish Row, with its collection of extraordinary characters, its wonderful black heads looking down from a score of windows upon quarrels and crap-games and dollar divorces and murder, its splendid, darkened, dilapidated old rooms ringing with wild, lonely spirituals, will not be forgotten, by any one who saw the play, for a long time."

When "The Silver Cord," which will be seen here tomorrow night at the Wilbur Theatre, was brought out by the Theatre Guild at the John Golden Theatre, New York on Dec. 20, 1926, the cast was as follows: Hester, Margalo Gilmore; David, Elliot Cabot; Christina, Elizabeth Risdon; Robert, Earle Larimore; Mrs. Phelps, Laura Hope Crews; Maid, Barbara Bruce. Sidney Howard is the author of this play with its theme of "the blight of motherhood, the worrying, belittling, devastating love of a mother for her grown sons."

## EXPERIMENT and SATIRE

### "Strange Interlude" and "Royal Family"; A Note on Hampden's "Henry V"

to the Editor of The Herald:

Turning from the bewildering masks and half-revealing dialogue of "The Great God Brown" to the frank soliloquizing of "Strange Interlude," Eugene O'Neill has found a more thorough if less sympathetic method of exhibiting the souls of men and women in all their nakedness. The effect of these interpolated speeches, almost invariably at odds with what the characters in the play are saying to each other, is uncanny, and makes one wonder just how often it is possible to tell the truth, even with the best of intentions, occasionally the asides sound clumsy, and tend to slow up the action as it flows really dramatic. This is especially true in Act V, when Nina tries to tell her husband that the child she is to have is not his, but Darrell's. Here any explanatory remarks are needless—one knows how the characters feel without being told.

More often the soliloquies add to the dramatic effect, such as the scene in the sixth act, where Nina sits with the three men whom she has so powerfully influenced, and reflects aloud on their relationship. It is an excellent summing up without the least trace of repetition.

To show conclusively the imperative need of these asides, Robert Tittell of the New York Evening Post has suggested that "Strange Interlude" be given as an ordinary play with the soliloquies omitted. He is far from proving his point, but it seems to us such an experiment might well prove the worth of O'Neill's drama as a non-psychic play. With such a superlative cast as has been assembled by the Theatre Guild it is not hard to imagine that the actors could make their silences almost as eloquent as the spoken words of their souls. Can a mood not be conveyed by a gesture or an expression as well as by a lengthy conversation?

Only when one comes to examine the figure of Nina Leeds, the centre of this confused and bitter story, does one feel that O'Neill has failed in making such a woman represent universal womanhood. In so far as she is all things to all men she may be considered symbolic, but her personality seems compounded of so many unattractive qualities that the picture becomes one-sided. Cold and selfish, passionately grasping to the point of trying to ruin her son's life by a lie in order not to have him marry, abnormal almost insane in her intense neuroticism, she is not of large enough soul to embody her sex. In the hands of Lynn Fontanne, Nina takes on an almost cruel reality, and though she might have been more sympathetically played, the portrayal was one of considerable insight and great power. Tom Powers as Charles Marsden, Nina's dog-like devoted friend, and Earle Larimore, as her blindly self-satisfied husband, were more than equal to their parts. As the real victim of Nina's desire for a normal child, Edmund Darrell, sensitively played by Glenn Anders, struck the deepest note of the play: man of honor, fundamentally, he is forced by circumstances to deceive his best friend, meet the woman he loves by stealth, and incur the hatred of his own son, who, knowing him not, despises him for a traitor and a sneak.

Without question this fresh experiment on the part of the pioneering Eugene O'Neill has proved a success. Perhaps in a play with a less sordid subject his method would prove even more inspiring; as it is, a constant succession of disagreeable ideas is as wearisome to the soul as the nine long acts are to the eyes.

Whether it be true or not that "The Royal Family," so amusingly depicted by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber, represents our leading group of theatrical luminaries does not make the slightest difference in one's enjoyment of the play—it merely affects the box office. Plot there is absolutely none, which is also a matter of complete unimportance; the vagaries of the temperamental Cavendishes, who act quite as much off the stage as on, are productive of much laughter and little thought. Loud noise is so much a part of the play that it becomes noticeable only by its absence. Telephones, doorbells, family scenes when every one screams at every one else without real sentiment, all make for complete but agreeable bedlam.

Underlying all this superficial confusion there is something that goes deep to the very core of the theatrical profession. The absolute unquestioning absorption in such a career, the deep-rooted feeling that nothing else matters in comparison, the conviction that the play must go on though the actor be in his tracks, all this is close enough to the surface to make understandable the unconquerable spirit which supports these individuals whom we cannot quite believe to be human beings like ourselves. Splendid old Fanny Cavendish, refusing to give up despite age and sickness, planning a mad tour just before she dies, and with her last breath dedicating her grandson to the stage as "the future greatest actor of his generation," symbolizes the finest traditions of the stage. Yet any feeling roused by the situations of the play are purely impersonal. The characters are as far outside our experience for the observer to identify himself with their heightened, lightly artificial emotions.

The actors in this madhouse were always equal to their parts and sometimes more. Hoider Wright's autocratic Fanny Cavendish could not have been more completely in the spirit of the part. Otto Kruger's tempestuous son was one of the high spots of the evening, and Ann Andrews a lovely

Julie, keeping a steady hand on the helm during the temperamental squalls and gusty demands upon her tact and resource, saved the family from shipwreck more than once.

If anything were needed to prove the timeliness of Shakespeare's humor at this late date, the want could be supplied by the testimony of some in the audience at a performance of "Henry V." They declared that Fluellen was quite as amusing as anything they had found in "Funny Face"—no mean compliment either, considering the great success of that excellent entertainment.

"Henry V" might easily be known as the costumer's delight. Walter Hampden was at great pains to justify this reputation by apparelling his company with the utmost magnificence. To match this visual splendor are gorgeous lines. It is hard to imagine anyone failing to respond to that heroic poetry which, spoken as it was by Mr. Hampden and his fine company, somehow refused to sound bombastic and empty rhetorical. One could not help wishing despite the beautiful prologues, admirably spoken by Mabel Moore, that someone would recite Michael Drayton's magnificent ballad, "The Battle of Agincourt," to put the audience in the properly pug-nacious mood.

For "Henry V" is drama on a great scale, its emotions are expansive and simple; its action cries out for wide plains, and characters appear to be of more than mortal size. If it seems at times that such a story would burst the confines of the theatre and pour forth in an irresistible flood, yet for the most part it can be made very effective on a moderate-sized stage. Set very simply with an unpretentious background of curtains, effectively lighted, it gives the effect of a gorgeous pageant of incredible deeds. If one sets aside the consciousness that the English had no business whatever in France, it is not hard to thrill to bravery and laugh at jests.

Particularly fine was Mr. Hampden's achievement; barring a certain rare unwillingness to let himself go in the noisier passages, he brought out the finest qualities of the soldier king. Seldom has one witnessed a scene better handled than his conversation with the three soldiers on the eve of Agincourt. The great soliloquy on the duties of kingship was finely delivered, and his prayer to the god of battles had no taint of theatrical insincerity. The quiet humor of the scenes with Fluellen and Williams, as well as the wooing of Cousin Katharine, was most delightful. He made a handsome figure in his royal robes, worn as if he were indeed to the manner born; he led his troops to battle with something of the dash of Cyrano at Arras.

New York.

E. L. H.

The picture starts off extremely well. There are flashes of the different incidents in the careers of the men which show the reason they joined the "Legion of the Condemned." Once joined it seems part of their work to battle for the right to die and after this gesture of bravado they console themselves, if they have failed, with champagne. Barry Norton being present, no one else has a chance until he is sacrificed, as usual.

Gary Cooper plays Gale Price, a newspaper reporter, who has fallen in love. He knows very little about the girl but after declaring his love and later finding her in the arms of another he rushes off and joins the Legion. The girl is a spy, an excellent spy because when she is caught she is almost let go because she is too pretty to shoot.

More important than this Saunders-Wellman effort to make an exciting motion picture is the evidence that they have succeeded in handling their story and players in a more convincing manner than they did in their first aviation spectacle. The photographic effects of airplanes in action are not duplicated in this present picture with those in "Wings" but what views there are, are excellent.

The picture holds the interest even if one cannot approve entirely of the means the author and director have taken to do so. Fay Wray is a comely young woman but not impressive as an actress in this film. Gary Cooper, lean and hungry looking, is well cast in his present part.

C. M. D.

## WOMEN'S SYMPHONY

The Boston Women's Symphony orchestra, Ethel Leginska, conductor, gave a concert last evening in Jordan hall. Ruth Shubow, pianist, was the assisting artist. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D minor; Glinka, overture to "Ruslan and Lyudmila"; Leginska, Fantasie for orchestra and piano; Rimsky-Korsakov, La Grande Paque Russe, Danse des Bouffons; Wagner, overture to "Rienzi."

If one ever thought that the reading of music and its performance was dependent on other forces than the conductor of an orchestra, such doubts were dispelled last night when Ethel Leginska gave and gave of her energy until the music seemed her own. Her players reacted to her graceful, if active, direction and the resulting music was as alive, almost a whirlpool of sound, and not for one minute did the attention lag or the evening become tiresome. One can say warmly that Ethel Leginska's orchestra of women is an excellent organization and with youth and interest apparent, one can surely expect better work, if not more invigorating effects, from it.

A composition by Miss Leginska was played for the first time in Boston with Ruth Shubow at the piano. This was first performed by the New York Philharmonic orchestra two years ago with Lucille Oliver as soloist. The

composer conducted at that time.

No one would ever accuse Miss Leginska of being old-fashioned. She has collected discords in the modern fashion and strung them together, in, one has to admit it, a fascinating pattern. There must be those who like the clang and beat of the modern rhythms, who like

to prolong the sounds of their industrial life into their musical hour and so one finds Ethel Leginska, with her extraordinary forces, giving this good measure. Ruth Shubow was required to have strong wrists on both hands to accomplish all she did.

The rest of the program was composed of music not heard over often. The Mozart Symphony was not one of the three which are usually thought the only ones worth time and effort. And yet, with sparks of energy showered upon it, it sounded well. Glinka and Rimsky-Korsakov were treated in the same energetic manner which served them and even the Wagner overture to "Rienzi" with its difficult passages for the brass—not exactly women's musical instruments upon which they have always played their seductive strains—even this overture, did not phase Miss Leginska and her players. They have courage and they accomplish much.

An audience of good size was extremely enthusiastic.

C. M. D.

## FLUTE PLAYERS IN

The Flute Players' Club gave a concert yesterday afternoon at the Vendome. Mr. Laurent called in the assistance of Gertrude Tingley, mezzo contralto; Frederic Tillotson, pianist; Gaston Elcus, Samuel Lebovici, violins; Jean Lefranc, viola; Alfred Zighera, cello, and Marianne Muther, accompanist; and this is the program he arranged:

L. van Beethoven, Serenade, Opus 25, flute, violin, viola; Brahms, Intermezzo, B flat min.; Debussy, Minstrels; Liszt, Etude, F min.; Lively, Inserts; Scriabine, Etude, D sharp min.; Songs, Miss Tingley, Chausson, Le Temps des Lilas; Milhaud, Berceuse; Margaret Starr McLain, Impression du Matin, Alexis Calls Me Cruel, Songs of the Plain Girl; Glazounow, Novellettes, Opus 15; string quartet.

They were all for trifles yesterday, Mr. Laurent and his assisting artists. Minuets, skipping allegro movements, minstrels, insects, cake-walks—they vary in charm and idiom according as Beethoven wrote them or Debussy or one Lively, but skip they do and emotionally, little more, be the composer who he may. Miss McLain with her songs scarcely provided the ballast that would have helped, no more did Glazounow writing in the Spanish way, the Hungarian or orientally.

Glazounow it was, however, who, by his interlude in the old style—beaut-



fully played—saved the situation, so far as it could be saved by a few minutes of sustained song and quiet sentiment. Chausson too, under conditions slightly different, would have proved of help.

For the rest, though—surely Mr. Laurent planned unwisely a program nine-tenths persiflage and elegance is something too airy even for the season's tail end. The performance was by no means to blame. But who can make bricks without any straw? Another time a judicious blend of what is old and new, the grave and the gay, would make for pleasanter entertainment.

R. R. G.

## JOSEF HOFMANN

Josef Hofmann gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. His program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata in F minor; Beethoven-Rubinstein, march from "Ruins of Athens"; Chopin, 24 preludes; Debussy, Soiree en Grenade; Strauss-Godowsky, Fledermaus Waltz.

Mr. Hofmann played with the sincerity and distinguishing simplicity which goes hand and hand with the masters of the pianoforte. How often one hears Beethoven's sonatas when there is not the musical equipment, the understanding to give them their just due. It is, then, with great pleasure one listens to the splendid and simple utterance of this music by one who is capable of playing it.

Nothing more can be said of Mr. Hofmann than has been said time and again. The piano under his hands is a noble instrument. There are tones of delicacy and beauty, even kindly tones and rolling thunder when necessary. Technic is comfortably buried under perfect mastery of the instrument and one cannot help but be stirred by this rather passive gentleman whose emotions are put so splendidly into his music.

Mr. Hofmann has a nice manner of quieting his audience. Almost immediately after taking his place at the piano he starts to improvise. Gentle little hints that it is time to be quiet run off the keyboard. There is no disgruntled stare, no stiff back and folded hands, but the audience is quiet and listening and then with a slight pause Mr. Hofmann starts his selection.

The program yesterday was evidently arranged for a wide variety of tastes and succeeded well. The Fledermaus waltz was dramatic enough for a finish, Debussy and Chopin kept the interest moving swiftly. There were many students with their musical scores present. It is to be hoped that a wave of natural, simple music will result, Chopin without flourishes and a sane Debussy.

A large audience for the time of the year was present and their appreciation of Mr. Hofmann's music was genuine.

G. M. D.

## THE SILVER CORD

By PHILIP HALE

Wilbur Theatre—First performance in Boston of "The Silver Cord," a comedy in three acts and four scenes, by Sidney Howard. Presented by the Theatre Guild of New York at the John Golden Theatre, Dec. 20, 1926. Directed by John Cromwell. Hester, Margalo Gillmore; David, Elliot Cabot; Christina, Elizabeth Risdon; Robert, Earle Larimore; Mrs. Phelps, Laura Hope Crews; maid, Barbara Bruce.

The play was presented here by William A. Brady. The cast last night was as follows:

Hester ..... Pamela Simpson  
David ..... Alden Chase  
Christina ..... Elizabeth Risdon  
Robert ..... Jack Livesey  
Mrs. Phelps ..... Laura Hope Crews  
Maid ..... Hazel Stone

This is a study of supreme selfishness in motherhood. The study of a woman who cannot endure the thought of her sons leaving her apron strings for a wife. She had coddled them from their earliest years; laid plans for their future, not so much for their success as for her own convenience. When Robert, a flabby weakling, was betrothed to Hester, she felt it her duty to separate them by insinuations. David was married to Christina, a biologist, who, having won the degree of doctor, had been invited to an honorable position in New York. There she would live with her husband, an architect; in joyous anticipation of her babe to come.

When Christina and Hester were visiting the mother of these sons, they were put through an examination thinly disguised as heartfelt interest. Mrs. Phelps was unconsciously amusing by her questioning which at first scatterbrained, became direct and inquisitorial. David, an architect? Why should he go to New York, when there was a golden opportunity for him to improve a vacant lot that she had purchased for him.

Christina need not go to the city; she could write to good Mr. Rockefeller, who surely would not insist on her acceptance of his offer. There was a hospital near by, with a laboratory supplied with a sink and hot and cold water, so Christina could putter there when the doctors were not using it, and there was a fine microscope which was no longer needed by the high school.

At first Christina bore all this patiently; she tried to convince her mother-in-law that there was opportunity for her and David to win fame in the great city. She kept her temper. But through his mother's scheming Robert broke his engagement in an almost brutal manner. Hester became hysterical, for she really loved this man, a poor weak creature. Then Christina openly sided with her and freed her mind to David in his bedroom; freed her mind also to Mrs. Phelps, who, popping in and out, put David in an uneasy state of mind. Finally Christina insisted on his choosing life with her or with his mother. Hester was rescued when she attempted to drown herself. Christina, anxious to leave the house where she felt herself trapped as in a sinking submarine, exploded in a violent tirade in which she laid bare to Mrs. Phelps her true character, an incredibly selfish woman, a self-deceiver, who had ruined her sons by her doting affection and made them the weaklings they were. Mrs. Phelps then made her defence, which as Christina remarked, was plausible but not to the point. Hester walked out, though Robert in a half-hearted way, asked her to come back to him. As she went she said if she were to marry she would choose an orphan for a husband. Christina went with her, and David, summoning up belated spunk, followed. The curtain fell on Mrs. Phelps and Robert in a lachrymose condition, but talking of their trip to Europe.

It's a bitter but engrossing play. Mothers like Mrs. Phelps are not unknown even in Boston; pitying themselves; harping on their loneliness if a son leaves them; taking refuge by pleading a weak heart and hardening of the arteries; prating on how they have devoted themselves to their children, refusing a second marriage even when it would be lucrative and otherwise happy. There are sons, too, like

David and Robert. Fortunately for the race there are plain-spoken, sensible young women like Christina. Hester, as drawn by the dramatist, is not so credible a person. A modern girl, treated by Robert in his cavalier manner, would not have had a hysterical fit. She would have turned on him. In other ways this character seems artificial.

The lines in the first act are continually to the point, crisp, explanatory, natural; but the chief scenes are the one in David's bedroom, and the final one in which Christina unmasks her mother-in-law.

No doubt some will say that perverted, destructive motherhood should not be so ruthlessly exposed; that no woman should be so brutally frank as Christina in her exposure of maternal selfishness. The play should be a salutary lesson to many women; that a mother, having played well her role should be willing to let the young wife hold the stage.

Miss Crews gave a remarkable portrayal of an essentially disagreeable woman, disagreeable and mischief-making; the more dangerous to happiness by reason of her belief in the sanctity of her maternal devotion. Her portrayal is worthy of careful study by all admirers of histrionic art. Admiration would increase with renewed visits to the theatre. Also well worthy of praise is Miss Risdon's forceful and sympathetic impersonation of the excellent Christina. Miss Simpson's Hester was vague, except for the violence of her hysteria. Messrs. Chase and Livesey were sufficiently weak and irresolute as the spoiled sons.

## "THE SMART SET"

Laughter on horseback and romance on the polo field briefly describes William Haines' latest starring film, "The Smart Set," on view at Loew's State this week. His comedy is fresh, spontaneous, lively—and the audience enjoyed it.

The story is that of smart society and a millionaire's son who because of a natural gift for polo makes the all-American team for the international cup contest with the British.

How his own cockiness first wins him a place on the squad and then loses both his father's respect, his position and the girl he loves, only to win it all back and more at the crucial last instant of a dramatic polo struggle.

Alice Day as the society heroine, is excellent. Hobart Bosworth as the father, and Jack Holt as the sympathetic heavy, are first rate in their portrayals.

On the stage the State presents the internationally famed danseuse, Mme. Ledova, and her company of talented dancers, who please with a varied repertoire.

## CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

HOLLIS—"Porgy," Theatre Guild production with an all-colored cast. Three matinees this week.

MAJESTIC—"Good News," collegiate musical comedy. Fifth week.

PLYMOUTH—"Chicago," Maurine Watkins's melodrama of Chicago night courts and newspapers, with Francine Larrimore. Last week.

TREMONT—"Hit the Deck," musical comedy, with Louise Groody, Donald Brian and Stella Mayhew. Sixth week.

COPLEY—"The Wrecker," melodrama by Arnold Ridley, author of "The Ghost Train." Sixth week.

### THE CAPTIVES

(For As the World Wags)

I passed a shop in which there were  
Some scores of little golden birds,  
In barred and cramping wooden cells,  
Whose pretty throbbing throats  
Poured out the very soul of song.

Strangers from a sunny clime—  
Captives in a narrow cage—  
Yet with what ecstasy they sang.  
I longed to free the dainty sprites,  
As good St. Francis freed the fowler's doves.

I strolled along the crowded street,  
And from a window up above  
A bobbed head stuck, and loud the song  
"Listen to my wooing, darling,"  
Alarmed the pigeons on the roofs.  
Her throat was throbbing as she sang—  
But not as did the birds, for she was fat,  
Fried onions wafted incense from the room.

And on the window lay her cigarette.  
I guessed she was a Burlesque Queen.

Back to the shop again I went—  
To hear once more the magic song of birds—  
Without the onions and the cigarette.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

Mr. Vere H. Collins is the author of "Talks with Thomas Hardy at Max Gate, 1920-22." Here are specimens of the sparkling conversations:

Mr. Collins: "The moon comes so often into your poems."

Mr. Hardy: "I suppose it does."

Mr. Collins: "Mr. Hardy, I hope I am not taking up too much of your time."

Mr. Hardy: "Stay as long as you like. Do not think of us, but only of your train."

Mr. Collins: "Thank you very much."

Mr. Hardy: "What train are you thinking of catching?"

"The female morality that can't stand an automobile ride is not worth anything. Eve went wrong without even a buggy."—Dr. J. Edgar Park.

As the World Wags:

Give Ovah! The name of the bandmaster of H. M. S. Royal Oak, now famed on account of the wigging he received from his admiral, is Percy Barnacle. Seagoing on the paternal side, what?

Back in Wigan, England, two chaplains are engaged in purveying roasts, chops, joints, etc. And the names of the two blighters are Lamb and Bullock. Fancy!

FITZ-FITZ CHOLMONDELEY.

The Asheans.

St. Giles - on - the-upper-reaches-of-the-Neponset.

### WHERE HONOR IS DUE

As the World Wags:

It isn't right that Moran and Mack of "Two Black Crows" fame, should have credit for the "goopus feathers" joke, as mentioned in a Herald editorial of recent date.

Who, during the past 10 years, seeing and hearing those old reliables, McIntire and Heath, doesn't remember that they first put over "goopus feathers"? Heath is picturing to McIntire the luxuries of languid living on a South sea isle where every prospect pleases. Rising to heights of grandiloquence in his promises he says:

"An' you will sleep on a bed of 'goopus feathers.'"

McIntire, helpless beneath this dominant personality, timidly inquires:

"What is 'goopus feathers'?"

And Heath, with McIntire's hard earned money in his own pocket, bombastically replies:

"The down of 'n peaches."

Let us keep the record straight.

GEORGE W. R. HILL.

As the World Wags:

Insurance is related somewhat to the tallman fabricated under mysterious oriental influences. Abdul Ali Hammed

walked up to the window at the railroad station where they sell accident insurance policies, laid down a dollar bill and said: "I would like an accident policy for seven thousand five hundred dollars." Two days later Abdul walked up to the window again, laid down another dollar. "But we issued you a policy day before yesterday," exclaimed the clerk. "I know you did," replied Abdul Ali Hammed, "but I came off without it this morning."

ORACLE.

As the World Wags:

May I nominate for personal mail carrier to the members of your Hall of Fame Mr. Walter Stampe, a collector in the United States postal service?

C. B. R.

As the World Wags:

Ship ahoy! Isn't it a scream this up-to-date "Pinafore" enacted on the decks of H. M. S. Royal Oak with forlorn maidens, jazz band and all? Nothing missing, even the pomp and ceremony of the arrival of the admiral of the fleet on the port side and none other. Then the shifting of the scene to the courtroom, where the traditions of the British navy are rigidly upheld. Can't you imagine dear old George Wilton as the admiral, fluttering his lace handkerchief, replying with inimitable manner to the question asked, "I cannot imagine myself as a bandmaster!" (In the modern version this would be the cue for an introduced minstrel show. George, once over black face of other days, will see the point and I'm sure hold his sides at this Gilbertian series of incidents. One thing certain, the whole show will end in jolly tars shouting lustily their praise of their captain with

"He himself has said it  
And it's greatly to his credit,  
For he is an English-m-a-n!"

BACK STAGE.

As the World Wags:

On the menu of a restaurant near Newburyport City Hall, where presides the cultured and refined Bossy Gillis, appears this featured item:  
Guilt Edge Steak 85c

A. C. F.

At the World Wags:

Speaking of long necks reminds one of a remark made by a noted British art professor recently, across the Charles, viz., that the Florentines were noted for their long fingers. Have you heard of this? "ELAH."

### "A LITTLE LOUDER, PLEASE!"

As the World Wags:

Dr. Denis A. McCarthy complains of the "still small voices" of our literary speakers. Christopher Morley and AE seem to be the latest offenders.

One glorious exception to the rule is Hugh Walpole. He has physique, bearing, personality, and with all a clear, far-reaching voice. In a hall filled with a thousand people he was distinctly heard in Methuen by every one who understood the English language.

Some of us remarked about the splendid way his voice carried. He was justly pleased and proud. Then he added: "I am often asked by Englishmen who plan to come to America to lecture what is necessary to make a success of lecturing. They ask questions about the audience, and about what they ought to wear, but they rarely seem to realize the importance of being heard. I always tell them they can do anything they like if they will only speak loud enough to be heard." I remarked that Dean Brown of Yale had said that Archibald Marshall had emptied a hall of 2000 down to 200 because no one could hear him. "Yes," replied Hugh Walpole, "that is something they will never forget at Yale."

E. J.

Methuen, Mass., March 31.

## GILDA GREY

"The Devil Dancer," a film drama starring Gilda Grey, written by Harry Hervey, directed by Fred Niblo, and presented at Loew's Orpheum Theatre by United Artists with the following cast:

Gilda Grey ..... Gilda Grey  
Takla ..... Clive Brook  
Stephen Athelstan ..... Anna May Wong  
Sadie ..... Sergei Temok  
Boppo ..... Michael Varitch  
Hassim ..... Samuel Goldwyn

has mounted this first United Artists picture which Gilda Grey has made with extreme beauty. Willy Pogany, the artist, designed both the sets and the costumes, and they show up admirably on the screen. Unfortunatly the story of the "Devil Dancer" gives an excellent cast little to do, and that little is often foolish and impossible, but the technical side of this film deserves great praise.

Gilda Grey has also developed a poise which she has not had in her other pictures. Her dancing has more purpose, but is not the principal attraction of the film.

Tibet in northern India is the scene at the beginning of the picture with a white woman leading a yak-cart up the



mountains to the monastery of native priests. Her husband has been killed and her daughter, born in the monastery, is consecrated to the native gods and trained to be a vestal virgin and devil dancer.

The babe turns into a blond Gilda Grey as the years go on and a white man, Olive Brook, goes adventuring into the fastness of the monastery and discovers her. He persuades her to fly with him to his sister's home in Kalem, which they do, and once there, Gilda is immediately taken to a tea party, spills tea and runs away in terror. The kind sister of the hero then sells the dancer to a traveling troupe of nautch dancers. She is told that her rescuer had sold her to be rid of her, and probably remembering the tea episode, she believes what she hears.

The rest of the film ambles along at this rate until the hero, in his tireless quest for the dancer, finds her, subdues the villains—all of them—and one presumes, but let us quote from the advance story: "The lovers sink to their knees over the body of Beppo and fall into each other's arms."

Short subjects and vaudeville make up the rest of the program. C. M. D.

## EUGENE O'BRIEN

Back in this city after many years, Eugene O'Brien, stage and screen star, clearly demonstrated that his popularity has not waned when he appeared last night at the B. F. Keith's Theatre in a one act play, "Restitution," with his company. His clear diction, judgment of dramatic values and apparent joy in resuming stage work pleased the audience and showed he had not forgotten his early training.

Elsa Ersi, Hungarian musical comedy star, and Nat Ayer, English composer, presented an act, that was well received. Miss Ersi's beauty and singing ability, coupled with Nat Ayer's popularity promises considerable success for this combination. In one of the year's funniest skits, Ed and Tom Hickey kept the customers gasping for breath. Undoubtedly their offering is one of the best of the season.

Jacque Hayes and Irene Cody find humorous material in the troubles of the excessively fat and thin. Frank W. Stafford is back with his company and fascinates with his imitations of bird calls. Vernon Rathbun, juvenile saxophone player, presents a sketch with his parents. The bill is opened with a juggling act by Wilfred Du Bois and closed with a balancing act by Hawaiian. All in all, we advise you to see this show.

## MISS WORCESTER

Admirably accompanied by Raymond Coon, Elizabeth Worcester, soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Canto di Primavera, Flocca la Neve, Cimara; Nebbie, In Alto Mare, Res-pighi; An eine Aolsharfe, Von waldbekranster Hohe, Regenlied, Wehe, so willst du mich wieder, Brahms; Air from "L'Enfant Prodigue," Les Cloches, Le Faune, Romance, Mandoline, Debussy; A Roundel of Rest, Night Song Time o' Day, Blackbird's Song, Arietta, Scott.

Though Miss Worcester paid her audience—a large one—the respect that lies in a dignified program, thoroughly prepared, a mistake in judgment she surely made when, in place of printed texts, she offered them oral explanations of her songs. Debussy and Brahms—it is well to know in detail what they are writing about. Miss Worcester, furthermore, sometimes gave a humorous twist to her little prefaces which helped her not at all to establish the fitting mood for songs of sentiment.

It is, however, to this matter of atmosphere that Miss Worcester needs to give closest attention if the artist's path allures her. Already she sings musically, intelligently and with a creditable effort after emotional expression. To feel, though, a melody rightly, scarcely suffices; a performer must make a listener feel it as well. Sensitiveness, too, to the meaning of words, will not do unless a singer knows how to set that meaning clearly and convincingly before the public.

With all intelligence, very correctly, Miss Worcester states her facts, musical and poetic. When, however, did mere statement, however lucid, convince or charm? Pray let Miss Worcester learn to turn her melodies more engagingly, to make their highlights brighter, to deepen what should lie in shadow.

So to do will cost Miss Worcester work, for, to do away with the clear, pallid sweetness that turned her singing last night monotonous, she will need to develop the warmer tones that lie ready in the lower range of her voice; sometimes she used them in the upper reaches. She has trained her

voice skillfully in the light way that makes for pretty tone; she has become a competent and sound musician. Now, let us hope, Miss Worcester will care to acquire more of the qualities that make singing beautiful, charming, compelling. R. R. G.

## 'TWO GIRLS WANTED'

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Two Girls Wanted," a play in three acts and six scenes by Gladys Unger. The cast:

Sarah Miller ..... Edith Spence  
Mrs. Gock ..... Sydel Landrew  
Marianna Miller ..... Clara Joel  
Miss Timoney ..... Mary Hill  
Jack Terry ..... Henry Wadsworth  
Johnny ..... Charles J. Cronin  
Philip Hancock ..... Frank Charlton  
Dexter Wright ..... Walter Gilbert  
William Moody ..... Samuel T. Godfrey  
Mrs. Delafield ..... Flora Frost  
Edna Delafield ..... Dorothy Lyons

It was undoubtedly fortunate for Marianna Miller that her sister was such a good cook, because neither of them was much good in an office. Sarah always forgot things that she was told, and Marianna simply could not get her employer to take his glass of water at the right time. The poor man was so accustomed to the efficient nurse-maiding of his confidential secretary that when she took a few hours' vacation he did not know how to take his orders from anyone else, especially from someone like Marianna, who did not know enough to remove from his mail all letters that might make him sympathetic. Yet he was not entirely lacking in brains, despite his helplessness—he had sense enough to marry the efficient Miss Timoney, even if she did cost him half a million.

Marianna, however, had something to do with that. Having resigned her job on discovering the deceit of a pleasant young gentleman, engaged elsewhere, but much taken with her, she answered an advertisement and went with her sister to take a position as maid in a country house where a heavy business deal was in progress. When she finds that the same young gentleman is deeply concerned she takes a hand and things begin to happen. Of course it ends happily, but just how everything comes about must not be told here.

Walter Gilbert, always happy, paradoxically enough, if he has a chance to show deep embarrassment, was quite at home in the part of the carefree Dexter Wright, who, needless to say, was not nearly as bad as he might have been. Clara Joel made an appealing Marianna, helpless and resourceful, self-possessed and discouraged, but triumphant as she deserved to be at the last. Mary Hill and Frank Charlton playing the business-like secretary and the canny employer provided some of the best moments of the play. Henry Wadsworth was sufficiently cocksure as the boss's pampered nephew, and Edith Spence was domestic and attractive as the sister who longed to cook. E. L. H.

## 'THE MARQUISE' IS

REPERTORY THEATRE—"The Marquise," a comedy in three acts by Noel Coward, with the following cast:

The Comte Raoul de Vriaac ..... Dennis Cleugh  
Esteban el Duco de Santaguano ..... Thayer Roberts  
Miguel de Santaguano (his son) ..... Arthur Strom  
Adrienne de Vriaac (Raoul's daughter) ..... Edith Barrett  
Jacques Rihar (Raoul's secretary) ..... Milton Owen  
Fr. Clement ..... Arthur Bowser  
The Marquise Eloise de Kestournel ..... Olga Birbeck  
Hubert ..... Thomas Shearer  
Alice ..... Mina Barclay

Mr. Coward's marquise is a very remarkable woman who succeeds in keeping his play going merrily for three acts by the simple process of getting what she wants. "The period is 18th century," we learn from the program, and yet many of her ideas seem quite modern, despite her flowing skirts and elaborate French coiffure. She spoofs at the stern conventions of love and honor upheld by pompous and prideful masculine blunders with playful satire, suggestive of Erskine's Helen of Troy or the seductive lady recently unleashed on Hannibal by Mr. Sherwood. She wins her way by taking clever advantage of men's conception of their duty and by making them seem ridiculous, much to their fury.

The marquise comes in from the moonlight which one feels has been especially arranged for her, and announces to the startled Comte de Vriaac that she will spend the night, since her coach has broken down. The comte, we have already learned, has betrothed his daughter to the son of his friend and neighbor, Esteban, although daughter loves her father's secretary. And we soon learn from the charming impetuous lady herself that she is the former household companion of le comte, the mother of his daughter, in fact.

Point by point she achieves her varied purposes and sets his house in order.

To begin with, daughter has her sec-

retary, and there is a novel kind of shot-gun wedding. Then there is Monsieur le Comte, who has grown sour and pious since they were together years before. She changes all that. He orders her from the house. She refuses to budge, only to leave later when he secretly longs for her company. Esteban, the gallant and cynical Spaniard, also "knew her when." He and the comte drink to her destruction in one of those comic scenes of gradual inebriation. She chooses to return, and in the twinkling of an eye they are duelling for her.

"Life is like a see-saw," mutters the comte in his cups. So is Mr. Coward's play. Up and down, march and counter-

march, pointed question and deftly parried reply are woven lightly about a whimsical plot in the manner we have learned to expect from the author. It is a graceful and unharried little play without fears or tears. All the action takes place in the stately 18th century living-room of the Chateau de Vriaac, with double doors to be thrown open by the retainer Hubert, and tall French windows giving on the garden which figure prominently in exits and entrances.

Miss Birkbeck plays the woman of all importance amusingly and with the strength of reserve. She is always unruffled and poised, pointing her lines with the half-suppressed smiles of complete superiority to situation. The other parts are also played satisfactorily. H. F. M.

## 'HERE'S HOWE'

SHUBERT—"Here's Howe," new musical comedy produced by Aarons and Freedley. Book by Fred Thompson and Paul Gerard Smith. Roger Wolf Kahn and Joseph Myer wrote the music. It opened in Philadelphia two weeks ago and goes into the Broadhurst, New York, April 20. The cast:

Cora Bibby ..... Peggy Chamberlin  
Mr. Petrie ..... Ross Himes  
Edwin Treadwell ..... Arthur Hartley  
Miss Gibson ..... Virginia Frank  
Toni Treadwell ..... Helen Carington  
Sir Basil Carraway ..... Don Barclay  
Joyce Baxter ..... Irene Delroy  
Billy Howe ..... Allen Kearns  
Dan Dabney ..... Ben Bernie  
Toniis ..... William Frawley  
Pelham ..... "Fuzzy" Knight  
Claudette Pernier ..... Colette D'Arville  
Wilbur ..... Dillon Ober  
Mr. Collins ..... Harry Howell

In its present state this new Aarons and Freedley show is just another musical comedy with not much as yet to recommend it in the way of book or tunes. But since Messrs Aarons and Freedley are known to turn out finished products, there will be a great deal of work put on "Here's Howe" before it arrives in New York, two weeks hence. As soon as the cast of exceptionally fine musical comedy folk are given something better to work with in the way of book, everything is going to look a lot different.

Allen Kearns and Irene Delroy have the leading roles. Mr. Kearns will be remembered here in "Little Jessie James," and Miss Delroy more recently in the "Follies." An ordinary juvenile would have found it a task to make this typical male lead part have any character at all, but Kearns managed to make the hero a very definite personality. Miss Delroy, pretty and charming, danced and smiled her way through her role delightfully.

It is William Frawley, the convict in "Bye, Bye, Bonnie" who carried off the comedy honors in one of those hard-boiled roles which have served him so well in vaudeville. He started the action rolling with his barber chair comedy scene and his entrance after that on each occasion called for cheers and guffaws from the audience.

It is only fair to say that since the production is not set as yet, the easiest way to write a report is to choose personalities that stood out during the evening.

Ben Bernie and his band were given a cordial reception. Mr. Bernie not only puts his orchestra through their paces, but plays an important role in the production as well.

Those who saw the "Follies" this past season will remember Peggy Chamberlin, the little lady who performed a burlesque Apache dance with a husky partner whom she swung about with ease. Miss Chamberlin acts a hoyder soubrette now with interesting hoarse voice and gives them the "Follies" dance routine again for good measure.

And what can be said about "Fuzzy" Knight? Surely no one like him has ever been seen on the Boston stage before. He steps out before the curtain and does a specialty towards the close of the show. A miniature piano serves him for his songs. At one time "yo-doo-deo-do" was supposed to be the hottest kind of break the best blues singers could give to their songs. Now it is evidently considered good form to work oneself into a near frenzy, imitating meanwhile, fire engines, locomotives and emitting all sorts of weird sounds right in the middle of a tune. Mr. Knight is a crazy clown, one whom night clubbers would dote on, and one whom the audience applauded again and again.

Colette D'Arville, imported from Paris for the production, gave a continental air to the role of intriguing vampire. Sammy Lee did a splendid job with the dance ensembles, easily the outstanding feature of the whole show. Kivictte and John Wenger can also take a bow on the costumes and settings. "Imagination" was plugged for the song hit, an agreeable tune. "Crazy Rhythm" was another that gave the chorus an opportunity to step, a chorus, by the way, that was youthful and unusually good-looking. There is no question but that "Here's Howe" has the makings of a first rate summer musical. A. F.

## BARTHELMESS FILM AT WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA

Appears in "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

Richard Barthelmess is at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre this week in his newest picture, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." This is the picturization of the story of the Kentucky mountains by John Fox, Jr. It is an ideal role for Barthelmess, a part much like his famous "Tol'able David."

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" was directed by Alfred Santell, who was also at the megaphone for Barthelmess' great story of the world war, "The Patent Leather Kid." Molly O'Day, his leading lady in that picture, is again seen opposite the star in this film.

A notable supporting cast includes Claude Gillingwater, David Torrence, Doris Dawson, Martha Mattox and Gardner James.

## PAGEANT GIVEN BY PALMER INSTITUTE

*April 17*  
"The Will and the Way"  
Staged at Symphony Hall

A pageant, "The Will and the Way," presented by the Palmer Memorial Institute of Sedalia, N. C., last night at Symphony Hall.

An audience which filled Symphony hall sat before a pageant to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Palmer Memorial Institute. Throughout the presentation last evening the name of Alice Freeman Palmer was heard—a name loved and respected by many people for many things. And with her was linked Charlotte Hawkins, the Boston colored girl to whom she was benefactress and whose sincerity and devotion "found a way" for a noble work.

It is this very work which the pageant portrayed as it carried the audience from Charlotte Hawkins' graduation in Boston to Sedalia, N. C.: from the Sedalia school as she found it to the Sedalia school as it is today. For each of the scenes, the mood was created successfully by the singing of negro spirituals and these brought home to the full how intimately a part of negro life they are. A deeply pathetic one was sung by a convict in the fourth scene—"I Know the Lord Has Laid His Hands on Me"—while one in a jollier mood—"Goin' ter Pray on Dat Sho' (shore)—was given by a chorus of men who chopped wood to its rhythm.

For the ear unaccustomed to the broad vowels of their dialect, many of the lines were difficult to get for the white members of the audience. When the new teacher drilled her class in the salute of the flag, she spelled "indivisible" for them "Ah-n-d-ah-v-ah-shah-b-l-e." Again, the long waits between scenes, occasioned, no doubt, by Symphony hall's lack of equipment for scene-shifting, were trying. Yet one could not help but enjoy the sincerity and genuine fun which coursed through the production. The dances were particularly enjoyable and brought warm applause from the house.

The organization lists, among its special needs: Ten dollars will pay for a student's desk; \$50 will give an academic scholarship; \$150 will give a sustaining scholarship; \$25,000 will give adequate water supply.

Of the New England committee which sponsored this occasion, Dr. Samuel Eliot is chairman. F. S. F.

## 'THE PIONEER SCOUT'

"The Pioneer Scout," a film melodrama starring Fred Thomson, written by Frank Clifton, directed by Lloyd Ingraham and presented by Paramount, is at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre



this week. Other members of the cast are Nora Lane, William Courtright and Tom Wilson.

Fred Thomson and his beautiful white horse are among the most popular screen players in the smaller towns in America. With his first picture for Paramount based on the career of the western outlaw, Jesse James, Fred Thomson graduated, if one wishes to put it that way, to the cities and the big theatres. In his present film he is the same dashing hero of the prairies, the role which has made him popular. Once again he rescues the fair Nora Lane, and Miss Lane is well worth rescuing.

Built of the same motion picture routine which first made them exciting entertainment, beautifully photographed, and with the climaxes held as tautly as Fred Thomson holds his racing team, the picture ends with the heroine saved, the villains bested and piled in a heap on the floor and Silver and the hero riding victoriously away—or about to ride away.

There is an excellent race in the picture between covered wagon teams. The Indians who usually figure in a picture of the early West are white men who pose as Indians to conceal their nefarious practices and altogether the picture is active, virile and romantic.

Short screen subjects and vaudeville make up the rest of the bill.

We respectfully call the attention of Mr. Herkimer Johnson to the congress of officers and directors of the National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers now held in Philadelphia and the annual knitting arts exhibition under the personal direction of Mr. Chester I. Campbell of Boston. Mr. Johnson should be in Philadelphia because at this congress plans for the "drafting of a code of ethics"—will be discussed, and we know that Mr. Johnson is interested in "ethical" as well as "sanitary" underwear. It is true he can find valuable material on this subject in the rotogravure sections of newspapers, but this will not be sufficient for an earnest student of sociology, although the pictures thus shown of matrons and maidens are often pleasing to the eye.

Perhaps at the meeting in Philadelphia this question will be answered for all time: Should heavy underwear be exchanged for lighter on May 1st irrespective of the weather, and donned again on Nov. 1st no matter whether the mercury stands high?

We note in this connection that London journalists have been greatly exercised over the question: Who invented socks? Was this genius one William Rider, who in 1564, seeing in the house of an Italian merchant a pair of knitted worsted "shorts" from Mantua, made a pair like them, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke as a slight testimonial of his regard and esteem.

If these London journalists were as indefatigable in research as Mr. Herkimer Johnson they would have found out that the word "sock" meant at first and for many years a light shoe, slipper or pump; that in the 14th century a sock was a short stocking covering the foot and usually reaching to the calf of the leg.

It is interesting to note that Philip II was the first to wear silk stockings; and that Mr. Holford of London, rising about 5 A. M. on a day in 1587, pulled on a yellow stocking upon one of his legs and had his white boot hose on the other.

In these strenuous times every day is Leap Year day when you are crossing a street.—Lord Dewar.

We saw this sign in the window of a New York bookshop of international reputation:

"Books for Sophisticated Readers."

#### SPRING TRIOLET (For As the World Wags)

Don't show me the buds,  
I really do not care for spring.  
It's a season of moods  
(Don't show me the buds),  
With cold winds and floods,  
A most uncomfortable thing.  
Don't show me the buds,  
I really do not care for spring.

THE MOCK TURTLE.

The caption of the Boston American's picture of the Prince of Wales coming a cropper informs us that the horse, Miss Muffit, is "prone on her back." A correspondent admiring the caption asks: "Is royal 'ness' is 'supine on his face'—eh—what?"

S. O. S.

As the World Wags:

I am writing an article on the tune of "John Brown's Body" and am anx-

ious for certain points of information. Are there any members of the glee club, known as the Tigers, still around Boston? They were part of a battalion located at Fort Warren, and then were absorbed into the 12th Massachusetts in 1861.

I am anxious to have any personal anecdotes concerning the starting of this great tune with these organizations. You may recall having published a year ago last Armistice day my account of the writing of "There's a Long, Long Trail." I hope you will be able to give me assistance in finding material and data for this other war tune that received its initiation into the world at Boston.

ZO ELLIOTT.  
Hotel Monticello,  
35 W. 65th street,  
New York.

As the World Wags:

"Well, well!" said George V., rubbing his nose happily, as he looked up from his newspaper, "this is certainly good news!" "What is?" whatted the queen, as she finished sweeping out the front parlor and put the broom away. "Why," said the king with a chuckle, "it seems that this Thompson fellow who was going to give me a poke on the snoot has been sat on, according to the newspapers, by a gentleman named Emmerson. I sincerely trust that Mr. Emmerson is large and fat and that he remains seated quite some time. And now if you will turn the handle of the phonograph, my dear, and put on the record, I should love to hear my favorite selection, 'God Save the King.'"

R. H. L.

As the World Wags:

"Of course," said I, "I haven't finished 'Companionate Marriage' yet, but I should say the judge was in favor of bigger and better fur coats for the working girl."

"Fur coats," snapped the Lady Artist, throwing my new June copy of Barber's Hazard out the window, where it landed in an ash-can (it had to, there were so many ash-cans in the alley), "fur coats are the uniform of the prosperous pro-literate."

"You sound just like Mr. Herkimer Johnson," I said.

And she said, "Maybe, but it was accidental. I haven't read anything by those presidential candidates."

E. F. B.

"Feminist" seems to be a term of abuse for women who are interested in anything outside their own particular job.—Miss Clemence Dane.

#### THE MODERN WOMAN

Cynthia, 'spite of your years  
(Two and a half, I believe),  
You are accomplished in full  
As to the wiles de mere Eve.

Snapping the garters is fun,  
Let no one tell you that 't ain't,  
Though when all is said and done  
I know your mother could faint.

Guests must perforce be amused;  
Prithce, wee lass, carry on;  
I have known hostesses older . . .  
Tu as (at least, dear), reason!

THE SOLICITOR.

As the World Wags:

"Names chosen for the trawlers are Boston College, Holy Cross and Georgetown."

This item recalls one of the few occasions when Theodore Roosevelt was caught without a come-back. At the outset of the Spanish war the government took over the American liners New York and Paris, and Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the navy, rechristened them Harvard and Yale. The old line of the navy resented this frivolous innovation, but dared not criticize its superior officer.

A little later, however, Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila, and found on investigation that some of the sunken gunboats could be salvaged. He accordingly cabled Roosevelt that "two of the Spanish ships could be saved, and in accordance with the new system of nomenclature, he would respectfully suggest that they be christened Massachusetts Institute of Technology and New York College of Physicians and Surgeons."

P. H. C.  
Worcester.

#### Concert of Shakespearian Music Given

Last night the organization known as "Our Theatre" brought its first season to a close with a concert. They tried an interesting experiment, for which their pleasant small hall proved a fitting setting.

They made the stage, for instance, attractive with a screen or two and some hangings of agreeable color. To mark the informality of the occasion, the three artists boarded the stage together, and the singers sat on a sofa when they were not busy in performance. These singers were Norma Jean Erdmann, soprano, and Lanling Humphrey, baritone. The pianist was Raymond Coon.

They gave a concert of Shakespearian music, songs by William Byrd and the

like instrumental pieces by Byrd and Gibbons, songs by composers ranging, through Dr. Arne and Haydn, up to Sir Arthur Sullivan.

How refreshing "his song did sound, Sir Arthur's, after the pretty tinkling that preceded it! And Haydn's song, in last night's placing, suggested by its relative depth, no less than Wagner. Miss Erdmann sang sweetly, with pretty voice and the neatest of articulation, also with what feeling the music allowed her. Mr. Coon, too, did what lovely tone and sound musicianship could do for Orlando Gibbons and Byrd. On the ears, though, of nine hearers out of ten, music extremely ancient fails but drearily. Its charm, that of a quaint formality, is one that quickly palls.

This overdose of antiquity would not have mattered if only the concert-givers had followed it, for contrast's sake, with music stout in texture. But Mr. Coon, in jocular mood, played instead Debussy's "Minstrels," a pretty prelude by Prokofieff, Goossens's droll "Hurdy-gurdy Man," and that piece by Copland about the cat and mouse. He played it all delightfully—but the time had come for something real.

Perhaps Miss Erdmann supplied it, something too late in the evening, with Bruneau's "Pavane," "Les Roses" by Alin, an air from de Falla's "La Vie Breve" and Griffes's "Will to the Woods." Or Mr. Humphrey may have come to the rescue, who sang a song by Mahler, "Fruehlings-Morgen," one by Henry Gilbert, "Give me the splendid, silent sun"—the most likely guess of the evening, if only it had come more propitiously—a song by Santoliquido, "Il supremo sonno," or that dialogue Lord Berners wrote "Between Tom Filuter and His Man, by Ned the Dog Stealer."

The experiment will have proved a success or not according to the taste of the hearers. It was, in any case, one worth the trying. Pray let them try again.

R. R. G.

Heicho for a Husband  
Ancient melody from John Gamble's MS  
"Common-Place Book."

(Quoted in "Much Ado About Nothing")

Miss Erdmann  
O Mistress Myne,  
Tune from Fitzwilliam Virginal Book  
(Sung by The Crown, in "Twelfth Night")

Mr. Humphrey  
Carman's Whistle

Byrd  
Willow Song

Fre-Elizabethan Melody  
(Sung by Desdemona in last act of "Othello")

When Daisies Pied and Violets Blue . . . Arne  
(From "Love's Labor Lost")

Orpheus with His Lute . . . Sullivan  
From "Henry VIII"

Miss Erdmann  
The Queen's Command . . . Gibbons

Mr. Coon  
Take, O Take Those Lips Away . . . Wilson  
(Used in "Measure for Measure")

She Never Told Her Love . . . Haydn  
(A speech in blank verse, made by Viola in "Twelfth Night")

Lawn As White As Driven Snow . . . James Greenhill  
(Lines and song of Autolycus)

Mr. Humphrey  
Minstrels . . . Debussy

Prelude . . . Prokofeff

The Hurdy-gurdy Man . . . Goossens

Le Chat et le Souris . . . Copland

Mr. Coon  
Pavane . . . Bruneau

Les Roses . . . Alin

Air from "La Vie Breve" . . . de Falla

Symphony in Yellow . . . Griffes

Miss Erdmann  
Fruehlingsmorgen . . . Mahler

Give Me the the Splendid, Silent Sun . . . Gilbert

Il Supremo Sonno . . . Santoliquido

Dialogue between Tom Filuter and His Man . . . Lord Berners

Mr. Humphrey

April 19 1925

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week is of an unusual nature. In the first part of the concert the Parisian Society of Ancient Instruments will take the stage: Lorenzini, Venetian Symphony for quinton, viola d'amore, harpsichord and orchestra (first performance as edited by Henri Casadesus, founder of the society); Borghi, Concerto for harpsichord (Mme. Paterni-Casadesus) and wind orchestra; Ascoli, Concerto in A major for viola d'amore (Mr. Casadesus) and orchestra. The quinton will be played by Marius Casadesus.

The symphony in the second part of the concert will be Saint-Saens's No. 3 C minor with organ. Saint-Saens was the president of the Society of Ancient Music.

We heard the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra in New York last Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, the orchestra's last concerts of its season in that city. Carnegie hall was completely filled. As many stood as were allowed by the fire department and police. Many were turned away. The audience at both concerts was enthusiastic, even more appreciative, or at least warmer in demonstrations, than the audiences in Symphony hall, and this is saying much. Mr. Hill's new symphony, which was heard on Thursday night for the first time in New York, greatly pleased the public and met the approval of the leading professional critics. The composer was called to the platform, called and re-

called. The orchestra performance was one of dazzling brilliance at night and in the afternoon. On Saturday afternoon there was enthusiastic, long continued applause after the eloquent performance of the Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan."

At the end of Saturday's concert, the final number was Beethoven's fifth symphony, nobly performed. The great audience was loath to leave. Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled to the stage at least five times; there were shouts of "Bravo"; the orchestra, rising, was cheered to the echo.

In the hall and out of it we heard only words of glowing praise for the conductor and the players. The Boston public was congratulated on having only one conductor for the superb orchestra, instead of a succession of "guests," and for having Mr. Koussevitzky as that one conductor. There is already a long waiting list in New York for the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra next season.

A concert of an unusual nature will take place in Jordan hall next Monday night. It will be given by the Boston Flute Players Club and the Chamber Music Club. The program will comprise extremely modern compositions: Stravinsky's Octour for wind instruments; six songs from Hindemith's Ballad Cycle "Marionleben"; Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," and Gruenberg's "The Daniel Jazz." Greta Tordapadie will sing the songs and be the singer in "Pierrot Lunaire." Colin O'More will assist in the Daniel Jazz; Frederic Tillotson will be the pianist. There will be musicians from the Boston Symphony orchestra.

"Pierrot Lunaire" will be performed here for the first time. It consists of 21 little songs by Albert Giraud and is composed for speaking voice, piano, flute, piccolo, clarinet, bass clarinet, violin, viola, violoncello. The first performance was at Berlin in October, 1912, when Albertine Zehme was the reciter-singer. There was a performance at Leipzig that fall. Schoenberg has toured European countries including this work in his concerts. Otto Erich Hartleben had translated the French verses into German. For the first performance in the United States, which took place at the Klaw Theatre, New York, on Feb. 4, 1923, Charles Henry Meltzer made a free adaptation in English from the French and German and fitted it to the music. Schoenberg's extraordinary work has excited great attention and hot discussion. Cecil Gray wrote of it: "It is impossible to make any adverse criticism of this superb work. It is one of those few works which possess such power and originality that a musician, one imagines, could hardly fail to be impressed by it—by its formal perfection, its almost diabolical ingenuity and instrumental resource, its astounding wealth of purely musical invention. It is impossible to discriminate between each setting, for there is not a weak number among them from beginning to end."

Stravinsky's Octour was performed for the first time at Mr. Koussevitzky's concert at the Paris Opera House on Oct. 18, 1923. The octour is thus planned: I, Sinfonia; II, Theme with monometric variations ending with a fugato; III, Finale. The second and third movements are to be played without pause. Georges Auric wrote a long note about the music for the first performance, beginning: "In it there is a precision in the planning that no one will overlook; a precision that at first could surprise, disconcert, baffle. But Stravinsky has always been a rough conqueror, and one may well follow him today in the path that he has blazed."

Gruenberg's The Daniel Jazz has been performed in this country and in at least one European city. Daniel is in the lions' den, but the composer has not used for his text the memorable dialogue between Daniel and the jocular King Darius.

Augusto Vannini will give a concert in Jordan hall next Thursday evening in which his Symphony Ensemble and his vocal students will take part. Instrumental music by Smetana, Verdi, Wagner, Saint-Saens, arias by Leoncavallo, Mozart, Wagner, Puccini, Charpentier, Verdi, and the Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Carl Lamson has set music to verses "A Message to Mother," written for Mother's day by Miss Agnes Carr of The Boston Traveler and published in that newspaper. Mrs. Lamson liked the verses and asked her husband if he would not write music for them. She sang it at the Mothers' day service in Tremont Temple. The song is now published.

Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock Maud Cuney-Hare, folk-loreist, pianist and William Richardson, baritone, will give the second concert of their series of African folk songs, negro spirituals, poetry and song.

Tomorrow night a concert by the



class for brass instruments under the direction of Louis Kloeppel of the New England Conservatory of Music, assisted by advanced students, will be given in Jordan hall. Composers will be represented by Beethoven's "Love's Homing," Jane Winn's "Sleep, Little Tired Eyes," and son's "Blackbird Song." The soloists will be Emilia Ferrazzi, Pierino and Mildred Ashley.

19th annual competition at the New England Conservatory of Music for the Hamlin prize of a grand piano will take place in Jordan hall Wednesday afternoon, April 25. It is open to seniors in the pianoforte department and to post-graduate students who are candidates for the soloists' prize in the pianoforte course.

The New England Conservatory of Music on Tuesday afternoon, April 24, at 2 o'clock, Mme. Povla Frijsch will sing and others specially invited. She will be accompanied by the symphony orchestra, Wallace Good-

**PROTEST**

It is to say that death's an ending, with a ragged April spending he has for flowers that fade with a jaunty April lending that stuff of which is made lovely youth?

It cannot ever perish; the things we used to cherish will be quite as fair again. Beauty cannot ever perish. After death, we'll yet regain April's truth! SHEILA STUART.

**The World Wags:**

Henry Ford, expected to deliver a banquet speech in London, arose and said exactly 29 words and sat down. His speech must have been as follows: "My lords and gentlemen, I'm sorry I cannot at this moment give you the exact day and hour when I will receive your new Ford cars. I thank you." (Just 29. All right, count yourself.) R. H. L.

**The World Wags:**

An aged cousin, passing on, leaves a wife a receipt book in her own handwriting, culled, who knows where?—in it, when life was calm and slow and young.

One olive is good, two is dross, three is death.

After salad, wine; after a fig, wine; after a pear, water.

Bread with eyes; cheese without.

Four persons are wanted to make a drink: A spendthrift for oil, a miser for sugar, a counsellor for salt and a mad man to stir all up.

These and other saws of the pantry scattered through. And here is a set for fining (what is that?) wine.

Lisbon way:

To every 20 gallons of wine (read, Volstead!) take the whites of 10 eggs, and a small handful of salt. Beat together to a froth, and mix it well with a quart of the wine. Pour it in a cask and in a few days it will be done.

Twenty gallons! Hinc illae lachrymae.

UNUS PLURIUM.

The verb "to fine" as used in the last paragraph means to purify, clarify. To "fine down" is now obsolete except with reference to beer. Good old Dr. Benjamin Franklin wrote in 1761 about porbeeing "fined down with ising-glass."

Ed.

E. G. has nominated Dr. Polk as a Chicago dentist, for our Hall fame.

**"GADGET" ONCE MORE**

Mr. James W. Flanders of Bliddeford, received from a firm in Glasgow a letter in which the word "gadget" was used. In his answer to the letter he explained the meaning of the word. On April 9 he received a reply from Mr. Hall, writing for Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., nautical publishers, Glasgow, Scotland:

One of your questions: 'What is a gadget?'

A gadget is just a slang name for an unusual commodity that may appear useful. We think the war brought to the height of its popularity."

**The World Wags:**

Alfred was an efficiency expert. Although his employers had not expressed their appreciation thereof by giving him raises in salary, he had greatly increased the efficiency of his fellow-employees by his lecture to them, and by pamphlets he distributed among them—Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia" having had a particularly notable effect. But at home—ah.

"I said his Good Wife in no uncertain tones, 'want a new spring coat.'"

"What," he asked, triumphantly, "am I to use for money?"

"I ask me where Garcia is at," he asked the head of the household, and find him."

HOMER BREWER.

**As the World Wags:**

Appropos of your column on etiquette, you might be interested in an actual experience in a Boston school. I was teaching physiology in a girls' school, ninth grade, in the West end. The subject of what to eat had been duly discussed, when some of the girls asked for a discussion of how to eat. They frankly said they didn't know much about table manners. We decided that they should themselves mention breaches of table etiquette and tell the proper thing to do. The dauntless, most refined girl in the class offered the following: "When you pour your tea into your saucer to cool it, you should not put your head down to the saucer to drink, but raise your saucer to your mouth instead."

PRISCILLA WHITON.

In New England villages of the 60's the dear old ladies always drank tea from the saucers. They would have said, if any rude person had asked them why they did it: "What's the saucer for?" We are under the impression that in the early years of tea drinking in England the saucer was raised and tilted to the mouth.—[Ed.]

**DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES**

**As the World Wags:**

I got this from Michael Victor and he from Thomas Cook, the "well known" guide. What I mean is: Tommy Cook once had it along with all his other itineraries and fancy colored books. When Tom passed on he bequeathed it to somebody and somebody relayed it by steamboat to the far-flung places; it finally landed in Bombay—and that's where Michael Victor got it. It's merely an old saying upon which grew Thomas Cook: "A traveller who has but one shirt and is all right, but a traveller who has but one shirt and \$1 and changes neither oughta be thrown out."

ORACLE.

**As the World Wags:**

As a test of the power of visualization I suggest the following sentences from a story by Conrad Aiken in a current magazine:

"One of the men lay face down on a couch, his face pillowed sideways on his bare arms. His eyes were shut. One of the men turned round, looked down at the man on the couch, and idly dislodged a cushion from the couch-arm, so that it fell on the sleeper's face."

F. L. M. Taunton.

**ADVENTURER ACORN**  
By GRIMALKEN  
(Foreword)

When the old man came staggering up to the porch I thought he was Santa Claus. But he didn't have any red trousers. In fact, he didn't have any trousers. He didn't need to. He had his beard.

Then I thought that he was Noah or Solomon; however, Noah and Solomon were dead. This man looked like he might be. He was bent double under a huge pack. . . . Maybe he was a burglar!

"Fuller brushes, ma'am," he inquired in a rich, sonorous voice like a five-ton truck going uphill.

"I am not," I declared with dignity.

"Just wondered," he waved his beard vacantly. "Down where I sleep, ma'am. . . . But I'd better be going. Aye, I'm always a chap to be going."

Then I threatened him with the teapot. "Sit down," I suggested, "have some tea; it will warm you." He giggled faintly as I handed him the lemon.

"And where do you sleep?"

"In a joshhouse, ma'am. . . . But I can't sleep very well of nights. I smell punk all the time."

His narrative was breath-taking. If he had been a writer, untutored though he was, he would have written. If he had been a doctor, child of nature though he might be, he would have doctored. If he had been—

(To be continued)

**ALL UP FOR "SWEET ADELINE"**

(Former Mayor Curley sarcastically refers to "Sweet Adeline" as the drunkard's song.—News item.)

Please, Mr. Curley, do not call "Sweet Adeline" a drunkard's song. Though drunkards here and there may bawl

Its sweet refrain, you do it wrong. To say its long-drawn, loving strains are only heard from men in drink is quite unworthy of you, James, That's what the song's admirers think.

That song is sacred as the Cod That hangs beneath the State House dome,

Or as the bean served a la mode In every real Boston home; 'Tis sacred as old Bunker Hill Or as the Boston Massacre— Spare, spare that song from every ill— 'Tis not a drunkard's melody!

'Tis dear as is the dear North End. From lips of innocence I've heard "Sweet Adeline" to heaven ascend, And I have wept at every word. I've heard it sung by youth and age Where'er the common people throng

And so I say in righteous rage 'Tis not, 'tis not, a drunkard's song!

'Tis true that those who sometimes bear What worldlings call a "singing jag" Find something charming in the air, And they have worn it to a rag. 'Tis true it has become the lay Of one who public favor woos, But what of that? You must not say 'Tis sacred to the sons of booze.

Cast out the Cod and shoot the Bean Tear down the patriotic Shaft, Forbid the Common to grow green— We will not say that you are daft. Sneer at those things the most sublime Which make our town a sacred shrine. But, oh, let live to timeless time That song of songs, "Sweet Adeline!"

COTTON MATHER McGRADY.

I like the criminal class, and I see a good deal of them. There is good nature, a kind of sporting sense about them.—Leeds Stipendiary Magistrate.

**BOSTON DRESSIN'**

L. R. R. was greatly disturbed by a picture of the Boston Easter parade, published in a newspaper of this city.

"What's this? A tall hat with a Seymour coat? Note the first young gentleman on the left. Are we to adopt song and dance musical comedy make-up in higher social circles? And I'm a little doubtful of the handsome fellow with the guardsman's moustache. Has he a right to wear a bat's wing tie with a cutaway coat and silk topper? Mr. Herkimer Johnson preferred an Ascot cravat with a modest pearl pin when acting as best man or attending church on Easter morning, didn't he?"

As far as we know, Mr. Johnson, who is a careless dresser, never sported a stick pin of any description. It cannot be said of him, "Rich and rare were the gem he wore." His cravats, when we have had the honor of seeing him, were of a loose and flapping nature.

We doubt if the average Bostonian is as punctilious in his dress as the dwellers in other cities. We heard a stranger inveighing contemptuously the other day against a Bostonian not wholly unacquainted with the usages of "our best people," because he was wearing striped trousers with a Seymour coat; because he wore a turndown collar, instead of a stick-up with ends bent down, with a dinner jacket. Yet to our unsophisticated eyes this Bostonian was pleasingly arrayed.

Was the Bostonian conspicuous by his dress in 1863? When Artemus Ward was in Salt Lake City in that year a miner from New Hampshire told him a story:

"A good thing happened down here the other day. A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn't any mules. Says the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the driver, 'Them mules is into the sage brush. You go catch 'em—that's wot you do.' Says the man of Boston dressin', 'Oh, no!' Says the driver, 'Oh, yes!' And he took his long coach whip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

Artemus moralized: "It didn't strike me as much of a joke to pay \$175 in gold fare and then be horsewhipped by stage drivers for declining to chase mules. But people's ideas of humor differ, just as people's ideas differ in regard to shrewdness, which reminds me of a little story." Sitting in a New England country store one day, I overheard the following dialogue between two brothers:

"Say, Bill, wot you done with that air sorrel mare of yourn?"

"Sold her," said William with a smile of satisfaction.

"Wot'd you git?"

"Hundred an' fifty dollars, cash down."

"Show! Hund'd an' fifty for that kickin', spavined critter! Who'd you sell her to?"

"Sold her to mother!"

"Wot!" exclaimed brother No. 1, "did you really sell that kickin' spavin'd critter to mother? Wall, you air a shrewd one!"

To go back to the important question: in what did "Boston dressin'" consist in 1863? Was a shawl then worn instead of an overcoat?

**SPEAK UP**

**As the World Wags:**

I was particularly interested in the letter headed "Little Louder, Please," printed in your column. What is the matter with present day lecturers, especially with our imported friends? I heard some prominent men from the other side more than 50 years ago; among them was Charles Bradlaugh, the noted advocate of republicanism in England, and William Parsons, one of the most successful lecturers that ever crossed the Atlantic.

I never heard anybody complain in those days of not hearing the speakers.

I heard Henry Ward Beecher, the great Wendell Phillips and other distinguished American orators, in their best days, each of whom was careful to make themselves heard by the audience. Our speakers of today probably depend on the press for a hearing, as the newspaper of this age speaks to tens of thousands, whereas the lecturer of 50 years ago was heard by only a few hundred people. I believe that a man speaking in public should make an effort to be heard by his audience.

M. J. C.

The same fault is to be found with too many young American actors and actresses who chew their words, run them together, let their voices fall at the end of a line, so the purport is wholly lost. What a pleasure it is to hear the men and women in "The Silver Cord" and note the distinctness and the distinction of their speech. When Matthew Arnold lectured in Boston there was loud complaint because this apostle of "sweetness and light" was practically inaudible.—Ed.

## 2-PART CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

**By PHILIP HALE**

For the first half of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, members of the Parisian Societe des Instruments Anciens, viz: Mme. Regina Paterni-Casadesus, harpsichord; Marius Casadesus, quinton, and the founder of the society, Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore, played old-time music; Luigi Lorenziti's Venetian Symphony (concertante) for quinton, viola d'amore, harpsichord and orchestra; Borghi's concerto for harpsichord and wind orchestra, and Asiolli's concerto, A major, for viola d'amore and orchestra. Saint-Saens's Symphony No. 3, C minor, with organ, filled the second part of the concert.

Mr. Henri Casadesus and Mme. Paterni-Casadesus did not come to Boston yesterday as strangers. They with others of the society gave concerts here in public and in private in the season of 1917-18. Nor in that season did Bostonians hear ancient music played on ancient instruments for the first time. Who does not remember Mr. Dolmetsch and his colleagues who donned old costumes for their concerts? They played earnestly, with reverential solemnity, and the more earnest they were, the worse, as a rule, the music sounded.

Yesterday the accomplished artists of the Societe reminded the audience by their performance that music did not begin with Beethoven; that there were famous men and even unknown men before him who found out charming musical tunes, both gay and poetic. Little or nothing, is known of Luigi Lorenziti, one of three brothers, it is supposed. We are told that Mr. Casadesus discovered the manuscript at Versailles; (not Marseilles as a typographical error in the program book had it); that yesterday saw the first performance of the work. The lively movements are in the conventional manner of the latter part of the 18th century, but there are delightful passages for the viols, while the Adagio has decided character and beauty.

Little is written about Borghi, except that as a violinist he was a pupil of Pugnani, and made London his home about 1780. It would be interesting to know how well he was acquainted with Mozart's music. The opening movement of the concerto is so in the Mozartian spirit—one might say with the mannerisms, or in the style—that it could easily pass as an early work of that "glorious boy." With Mme. Paterni-Casadesus, the harpsichord is something more than an instrument of prickly acid tone. She played with graceful sentiment, with a brilliance conspicuous for elegance. Nor did the hearer for a moment wish for a modern pianoforte with its thunderous resources; sometimes employed by a pianist in the vain endeavor to show how condescending to put aside his strength, he can be as jolly 18th century as the old clavicimists themselves. But the great and memorable moment in the first part of this concert was the poetic playing of the Largo in Asiolli's concerto for viola d'amore, music of exquisite tenderness, disembodied music, like that heard on Prospero's enchanted isle. Or was it the art of Mr. Casadesus that glorified this music?

One was tempted to ask if we have gained for pleasure in chamber music by the substitution of the violin family for the "Chest of Viols," which once was a familiar sight in English courts and humbler homes; so that it was considered a disgrace not to be proficient on one of the instruments. Griffith Gaunt in Charles Reade's undeservedly neglected novel consoled himself in mel-



ancholy mood by playing the bass viol. Was it not one of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's virtues that he played 'o' the Viol de gamboys?" Today music for our households is furnished by the radio; music made for them, not by them.

It is the fashion, in these enlightened days for some, especially our amateur aesthetes, to sneer at Saint-Saens; yet audacious young composers in this country and in Europe, lacking musical ideas of importance, relying on ever changing rhythms, percussion effects, polytonality, atonality, or whatever they call it to mask their impotence, would do well to learn from this old master—old, for they would place him in the dark ages of the art—the value of musical ideas and the logical development of them; charm of clarity in writing; effective sobriety in the employment of orchestral resources, so that a stirring climax may be gained, as in the finale of this symphony, a climax that is perhaps somewhat anticipated and a little delayed. They might also ponder the use of frank, naked melody, as in Saint-Saens's song of the violins supported by the organ. "Sentimental," we hear them saying. It is suave, this melody; it inspires reflection, contemplation in the breast of the hearer; for a time he forgets the stress and the fury of the outside world. Sentimental, if you will; but it is pure and soaring melody, not erotic, not hysterical; and to one having heard the short, breathless, jerky, measures which our young composers

dignify by the name of melodies, this air of Saint-Saens is fresh and appealing. The performance yesterday brought out all that was best in the symphony.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week for the last concerts of the season will be as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Lopatnikov, Scherzo (first performance); Debussy "La Mer"; Brahms, Symphony, No. 2, D major.

## "THREE SINNERS"

Three Sinners, a film starring Pola Negri, is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast: Warner Baxter, Paul Lukas, Anders Randolph, Tullio Carminati and Olga Bacalanova.

As an exotic, beautiful baroness, Pola Negri finds herself in a vastly becoming part in the last half of "Three Sinners." As a poor innocent wife, who is easily lured down the path of least resistance, she is not convincing, only a bit half-witted.

This film has a plot. One does not know how the picture is going to end and even more refreshing is the fact that it does not end in the routine fashion. There is the innocent wife of which we have spoken, a young daughter and an ambitious husband. There is also a violinist, who makes love to the wife, but she clings fondly to the arm of her disinterested husband and begs him to let her stay with him when a trip to her sisters has been arranged with the violinist for company half the way.

The train is wrecked and the wife's name is put on the list of dead. She is discovered by her father-in-law in the rooms of the violinist and he orders her to remain as she was supposed to be, so far as the world was concerned—killed in the train wreck.

A few years later the baroness is established as hostess of a Paris gambling house. Her hair has turned white and she has then the air of intelligence and sophistication which Pola Negri uses to advantage. As she sits calmly and smokes while dealing cards without the smoke getting into her eyes one feels that she has ceased her foolish pretending. She is able as the woman of the gambling house. She plays it with distinction. She shows that she is making the best of her ill fortune and it is not robbing her of the character she has developed through adversity.

Her husband meets her once again and because she reminds him of his first wife, he becomes infatuated with her. She allows him to confess to her and learns that he never loved his wife after she had cleverly disclosed the intrigue of the Baroness Hilda. She ends by successfully denouncing her husband the man who kept her from taking the wrecked train and the baroness. She succeeds in her abused innocence righteously does she argue, but one still inclined to want to call the pie "Three Sinners and a Half."

This week is Gene Rodemich week the Metropolitan. The popular director has been conductor of the stage band this theatre for one year. The production is by John Murray Anderson and includes the original Foster girls and

by far the best Foster girls. They are well costumed and trained. Draped in a spider's web at the back of the stage they offer a pleasing novelty, although they seem none too sure of themselves and enter the web much like curious flies. That is perhaps what they are supposed to be as they are finally caught and hang in the air dejectedly.

The harmony singers and a remarkable juvenile dancer contribute to the pleasure of the entertainment. The comedy of the Stringing Comedians perhaps too broad for the taste of some but it is bearable as the rest of the show is excellent.

C. M. D.

## SIBIRIAKOFF SINGS

Leff Sibirakoff, bass-baritone, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. This is the program he announced:

Cavatine from "Russalka," Dargomizhsky; Aria from "Prince Igor," Borodin; Swan Song, Arensky; The Anchor, Dobrovolski; Temptation, Meyerbeer; Aria, "I Vespri Siciliani," Verdi; Aria from "Khovanschina," Moussorgsky; Aria from "The Demon," Rubinstein; Song of the Flea, Moussorgsky; Romances, Tchaikovsky.

Mr. Sibirakoff is reported to have sung at the opera house in Leningrad, also at La Scala. For further distinction, is he perchance, the bass of the same name—Leon, however, instead of Leff—who sang at the Boston Opera in the fall of 1910, Mephistopheles in Roito's opera, and in Gounod's, also Don Basilio?

Yesterday Mr. Sibirakoff displayed a very large bass voice. He has made it impressively sonorous in the upper medium range, and head tones he manages with consummate skill. His lower tones, however, Mr. Sibirakoff failed to let sound so imposing, and he has developed a type of pianissimo which falls by no means gratefully on Anglo-Saxon ears.

Verdi's aria about Palermo Mr. Sibirakoff so overloaded with sentiment that he crushed its musical beauty flat.

His very considerable powers of expression he turned to better advantage in his Russian music, music which stands that kind of treatment better; not everybody, furthermore, knows, from repeated hearing, how Russian airs should be sung. Those in the audience yesterday who have Russian appeared to like Mr. Sibirakoff well.

They also liked Mr. Nicolas Slomimsky, who, in addition to very musical accompaniments, played three of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" and a march from Prokofiev's "Love for Three Oranges." He played them brilliantly.

R. R. G.

Leigh Hunt, writing about angling, declared that it was the "lingering cat-like cruelty" of the sport that made it unworthy. "If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled by inquisitors. . . . Now fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Izaak Walton from the banks of the river Lee with the hook through his ear. How he would go up roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!"

But Mr. Charles Zibeon Southard in his stately "Evolution of Trout and Trout Fishing in America," a quarto of 254 pages with nine handsome pictures of trout, a portrait of the author, maps, diagrams and an index, insists that the trout does not suffer pain; indeed, one would infer from Mr. Southard's remarks, that the trout rather enjoys being hooked by worm or fly.

We quote from this volume published by E. P. Dutton & Co.:

"Trout do not suffer from pain in the slightest degree when caught. Trout are cold-blooded. This is because the quantity of red blood in a trout weighing from three to four pounds will not fill to overflowing a full-sized teaspoon. It is red blood which causes the sensation of pain in humans and animals." The trout wriggles and fights when hooked only because it is restrained of its liberty. Mr. Southard tells of a two-pound trout caught in Maine. It had an injured eye, with the eyeball partly out of the socket. The fish was put in a net and kept in the water. The eyeball was removed, the socket washed out and filled with absorbent cotton. The trout, returned to the water, swam off gaily. About 5 P. M. this same trout was again caught on the same fly as was used in the morning. It is to be noted that no red blood was drawn during the surgical operation.

This book will surely be treasured by all fishers of trout. It contains a wealth of information, advice, comments of all sorts on flies, rods, seasons, state laws, needed reforms and statutes. But suppose a reader is neither an angler nor

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" with Otis Skinner as Falstaff and Miss Crosman as the wives that amused themselves at the expense of Fat Jack will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night.

The revival of this comedy, or farce if you please, led examiners of records to share their knowledge with the public. When Thomas A. Wise died recently it was said that Mr. Skinner is the only actor among the living who has played Falstaff in New York. There is a long list of Falstaffs in this country from John Harper in New York (1789) to Mr. Skinner. Perhaps the most famous of the actors in this part were the elder Hackett, long called the greatest Falstaff of them all, Charles Fisher, W. H. Crane, Beerbohm Tree, Louis Calvert, the younger Hackett, Tom Wise. One is tempted to add Victor Maurel in Verdi's delightful opera.

In a letter to the New York Times, written last month, Mr. Skinner called attention to "Dramatic Table Talk" published in London in 1825:

"In the summer of 1786, a Mrs. Webb performed the character of Falstaff at the Haymarket for her benefit. As might be conjectured, it produced a crowded audience. This lady was induced to her attempt by her uncommon corpulence. She died Nov. 24, 1793."

Mr. Skinner added this note: "While Falstaff is the goal of most of our male actors, the drunken, lecherous old fellow is certainly anything but an esthetic creature. Speaking of him, Shakespeare has Ford say: 'Com I'll show you a monster.' What sort of woman would want to play him can only be conjectured, but when it comes to a choice of playing the role myself or seeing any sort of female creature attempt a Falstaff, I am inclined to reverse the usual attitude toward the Purple Cow. In this case I'd rather be than see one."

Miss Crosman had already played a "merry wife" with Beerbohm Tree and with Tom Wise.

We have all of us read how Queen Elizabeth wished Shakespeare to show the Falstaff of "Henry IV" in love; that he wrote the play at her command and by her direction; "and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in 14 days, and was afterward, as tradition tells us, very well pleased with its representation."

In these days there are critics who regret that Shakespeare wrote the comedy; they do not find it amusing; they speak of the horse-play, and on; finding no amusement in Sir Hugh Evans, or Slender; no poetry in the wooing of sweet Anne Page.

Of the present revival it is said that it takes "acknowledged liberties with the text, but makes no striking innovations."

Has any actor attempted to play Falstaff according to the paradox William Maginn.

"For those who read aright are well aware That Jaques, sighing in the forest green, Oft on his heart felt less the load of care Than Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between."

Maginn did not like the accepted manner of playing Falstaff: "The temptation to represent the gross fat man upon the stage as a mere buffoon, and to turn the attention of the spectators to the corporal qualities and the practical jests of which he is the object, could hardly be resisted by the players; and the popular notion of the Falstaff of the stage is, that he is no better than an upper-class Scapin."

Maginn's Falstaff was "a dissipated man of rank, with a thousand times more wit than ever fell to the lot of all the men of rank in the world." He is penniless, for he has ill played his cards in life. He must not look have in his old age—honor, love, obedience, troops of friends. His associates are Bardolph, Pistol and others of that kidney.

But this is the Falstaff of "Henry IV," not a glutton, for capon of which he was fond was light eating; fond also of sack, but he is never represented as drunk or even affected by wind. "He jests with a sad brow."

The Falstaff of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" is a different conception and an inferior one.

"His love is of a very practical and unromantic nature. The ladies who he addresses are beyond a certain age, and his passion is inspired by the hopes of making them his East and West Indies, by their tables and the purses. No; Falstaff never could have married; he was better accommodated than with a wife."

When Boito worked on his libretto for Verdi's opera, he was fascinated as Mr. John W. Klein informs us, by Falstaff's character—"and, strange say, he considered him spiritually akin to Iago and Mephistopheles." Verdi said that Falstaff did all sorts of naughty tricks, but in a humorous way. "And he is a type! Types are so rare!" But Verdi also said: "My Falstaff is not merely the one of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' who is simply buffoon, and lets himself be tricked by the women, but also the Falstaff the two parts of 'Henry IV.'"

Rene-Louis Pichaud, who translated into French "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and brought out the comedy at Geneva with marked success argued that the play is not fundamentally and substantially English. "It is an ingeniously constructed farce, and as such it belongs to any theatre wherever it may be. Its characters are types which have been common every theatre since dramatists embarked upon that strange enterprise of inviting respectable people to laugh at their own absurdity." The local national color is only skin deep. Mr. John Palmer agrees with him that the qualities and effects are for any theatre. M. Pichaud played the part; as played it "this Falstaff is Greek, Roman, Italian, French, English—what you will. And to emphasize that he is an impersonal, international, intersexual figure, M. Pichaud appears in a make-up which only just falls short of mask."

Folk-songs are all very well for those who cannot invent their own tunes.—Sir Edward Elgar.

The Herald has received the following letter from Mr. Charles J. D.



When Pope published his edition of Shakespeare in 1723 he amused critics by substituting "gently warded" for the old reading "gentle led." By this change he called attention to a problem that has exercised the minds of the best scholars for more than two centuries and the question: "What is wrong with the text?" still hangs fire. This note purports to be a reply to that query. To get the background of "gentle led," picture the following scene: Volumnia in tears on seeing her banished from Rome; Coriolanus playfully chiding her for showing lack of fortitude:

"Nay Mother, Where is your antient Courage? You were used To say, Extremitities was the trier of spirits, That common chances, common men could bear, That when the Sea was calme, all boats alike Shewd 'mastership in floating. Fortunes blows When most 'strooke home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me With Precepts that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them."—Coriolanus—IV-1.

To account for the scant treatment given this important passage, it seems that the commentators have missed the drift of Coriolanus's speech in misadverting on his mother's teachings; its essential meaning is, in few words, that common people may save their ordinary woes with weeping and sighing, but those of noble birth must call upon their invincible courage to the extremities of fortune with dignified silence. "Small griefs are loud and greater griefs are dumb." Fortune's blows, struck home are never gentle—they are deadly thrusts at the heart of pride, ambition, reputation—leaving scars on character that "Time's effacing fingers" do not remove. Readers of the First Folio have noted many instances of m's and w's confounded as though the cursive script had made it hard for the compositor to tell one from the other. Judging from those slips and also by the number and character of the run-on letters, I am convinced that "wounded" is a sophisticated word, and that the much wanted combination is—gentle-mouthed. Gentle-mouthed have no related ideas; they mutually exclude each other from combining in an intelligible expression; they do not mix, nor can they, jointly, be explained. On the other hand, gentle linked with mouthed into a single fuse into a figure of speech that aptly describes the cunning art of saying little when prompted to say too much. With this emendation the usage becomes clear: "Fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle-mouthed, craves a noble cunning." These words breathe the very spirit of courage and self-control voiced by the poets; not to whine nor cry aloud, wall and knock the breast when hit by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; but to meet the reverses of chance and change with a quiet mind and learn to suffer without complaining. Ay, there's the rub. P.H.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**MONDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Loeff, Sibirakoff, Russian singer. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. Dorothy Richardson and Ethel Hardy-Smith, with the Community Four. Dorothy Wood, pianist; Eleanor Trent Wallace, pianist.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M. The Modern Church Music Renaissance. Carl F. Pfattheicher, director of music at Phillips Academy, Andover. Musical illustrations.

**TUESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of modern music, under the auspices of the Boston Flute Players' Club and the Chamber Music Club of Boston. Richard Burgin and Georges Laurent, directors. Stravinsky, octet for wind instruments; Hindemith, six songs from "Marlenleben"; Schoenberg, "Pierrot Lunaire"; Gruenberg, the Daniel jazz. The assisting artists will be Greta Torpadie in the "Pierrot Lunaire" and Hindemith's songs; Colin O'Moore in the Daniel jazz; Frederic Tillotson, pianist, and members of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

**WEDNESDAY**—Symphony hall, 3 P. M. Last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Tuesday series. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor. Part songs: Carissimil, Florate, Filii Israel; Vulpius, An Easter Hallelujah; Ford. Since First I Saw Your Face; Morley, Ho, Who Comes Here? Sibelius, The Broken Melody; Brockway, Frog Went a-Courting; Taylor, The Well-Beloved; folk song, Ring and Rose; Irish folk song, The Galway Piper (arr. by A. T. D.); Swing Low, Sweet Chariot (arr. by Reddick); J. Strauss, The Beautiful Blue Danube. Alice Armstrong Kimball, soprano, will sing: Donaudy, O del Mio Amato Ben; Widor, Contemplation; Schumann, Der Nussbaum; Strauss, Staendchen; Daniels, Cherry Flowers; Horsman, The Shepherdess; Whelpley, The Springtime on the Eastern Hills.

**THURSDAY**—Allied Arts Studio, 295 Huntington avenue, 11 A. M. Maud Cuney Hare, folk-artist pianist; William Richardson, baritone. Folk songs of the Creoles. United States, Porto Rico and Virgin Islands, French West Indies, Cuba.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Pat Hyland, tenor; Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist. Handel, Where'er You Walk, O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me? Care Selve; Schumann, I here Stimme, Stille Thraenen, Der Nussbaum, The Two Grenadiers; Donizetti, Una furtiva lagrima, from "L'Elisir d'Amore." Irish folk songs: The Bard of Armagh (arr. by Hughes) The Low-Backed Car (arr. by Lover), Molly Bawn (arr. by MacMorrough), Kitty, My Love, Will You Marry Me? (arr. by Hughes). Sibella, Sotto il Ciel, Un organetto suona per la riva, Non ho parole.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Yale and Harvard Glee clubs. See special notice.

**SATURDAY**—Allied Arts Studio, 295 Huntington avenue, 11 A. M. Maud Cuney Hare, folk-artist pianist, and William Richardson, baritone. Musical Pioneers and World Musicians of Color. Material personally collected in travel.

Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

**SUNDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Chamber orchestra. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

on of an angler; suppose that dry wet flies, plug lures, streamer flies to him words without meaning; that in rods of steel or of bamboo are in-ent; that he cannot tell the difference between the brook trout and the trout which has been planted in ican water; that he cannot enu-ate the advantages of Maine for fishing over the other trout states e eastern group. He may never boy have dug for bait; he may regarded a brook only as a pleas-tail in a country scene; he will

the nervous system has ceased to function." The flesh is firmer several hours after death; "rigor mortis has become established, and the nervous system has lost all power for reaction." Thus kept the trout will not curl up when cooked. Flat, they will be more attractive to the eye. They should never be placed directly upon ice; better put them in a compartment of the ice-box where there is no ice.

There have long been other fallacies about trout and their capture, which Mr. Southard refutes at length: That a trout which is to be returned to the water should be handled only with wet hands; that during a thunder-storm trout will take neither bait nor flies; that the angler fishing on a small brook should not talk, as it scares the trout; that "up-stream" fishing is the only proper way to cast; that brook trout have no scales; that trout before taking a fly hit it first with the tail to make sure that it is a real fly; that trout pricked with a hook will not rise again to a fly during the same day; that it will not rise to a fly except when it is feeding; that light-colored flies are the best ones to use in the late afternoon and early evening and dark-colored flies during the daytime.

Why are thin trout and salmon, "kelts," "racers," "underdeveloped," "sickly fish," thin? Five reasons, all of them satisfactory to a piscatorial ignoramus, are given in full.

For those about to purchase a rod. "There are upward of 60 rod manufacturers in England and the United States who claim to make 'high-grade' fly rods. Of these, not over 20 of them make a really first-class rod." The one rod for a real fly-fishing angler is one made by a manufacturer "who cares more for quality and a fair price than for quantity and an inferior output. Such a rod is the cheapest in the end." Silk should be wound about it to insure durability. Of course a rod should be properly handled, not abused, not "turned over," and fly-rods have to be fitted to the angler, not the angler to the rod.

Among the most interesting pages to the general reader are those concerning the five senses of the trout. Fear is produced by the five; curiosity by sight, smell and touch; hunger by sight, smell and taste; anger by sight and touch; pleasure by sight, smell, taste and touch.

Of these emotions the most dominant is fear. "It overcomes almost instantly every other emotion which trout experience." Curiosity is the next strongest; it nearly always immediately follows fear. Hunger, anger and pleasure are periodical emotions. Fear is the one emotion which always acts to prevent trout rising to a real or artificial fly. They rise to flies through the other emotions. They cannot hear a fly that is cast to them; they cannot smell an artificial fly; they do not taste or touch a fly until it is in their mouth. All of the senses except sight can be eliminated.

There is a long chapter on the trout's range and area of vision. This chapter is illustrated with diagrams showing planes and angles, with much about velled areas, degrees and minutes, the height of the angler and rod, from a canoe, standing or sitting, a boat, a bank, or wading. Tabulations take one back to the unhappy days of geometry, trigonometry and conic sections. The summary of important factors for an angler to remember, with sentences like this: "The angle of incidence from perpendicular is 64 degrees and 46 minutes, which when doubled makes the angle of the sight area cone in the air 129 degrees and 32 minutes" lead one to say, "Yes, yes," to Mr. Southard's statement: "Angling today is not a 'hit-or-miss' sport! It is a great art and one that can be and should be scientifically applied."

Yet we doubt if the Adirondack guides in the 60s—when we knew them—simple children of nature with a rich and surprising vocabulary—including in language described by Bret Harte as "painful and free"—considered areas, planes, angles, cones, when they left camp to catch a mess of trout to be eaten by visiting city folk with bacon and johnnycake. Perhaps today the guides in the "Adirondacks"—as they pronounced the word—and those of Rangeley, Me., are more sophisticated, and, having enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate education, are strong in mathematics.

Among the books published recently by Minton, Balch & Co. of New York are two of special interest to us: "Rum, Romance and Rebellion," by Charles William Taussig, and "Wings of Song: the Story of Caruso," by Dorothy Caruso and her sister, Torrance Goddard. Both books are illustrated; the former has an adequate index.

We all know that large fortunes were made in New England by importers of

rum, some not refusing to deal in African ebony, and that their highly respectable descendants now living profit by their ancestors' naughty deeds. As Mr. Taussig remarks in his introduction, "Introspecting and honest New Englanders summed up a phase of contemporaneous hypocrisy, the religious cloak wrapped around their slave-trading with the phrase 'Missionaries on deck and rum in the hold.'" Rum was pre-eminently the New Englander's drink after the first importation. (In the earlier years, according to Dr. Holmes, the Indian ran when the white man smelt of Holland gin.) Rum fortified the raisers of the meeting house. Ministers by its aid endured the ordeal of parochial visits. In grocery stores a pail of rum invited a customer to use the dipper at three cents a dip.

When the Hadley School mill was raised in 1706, as Sylvester Judd tells us in his entertaining "History of Hadley," 11 quarts of rum at 4 shillings a gallon were used. The Rev. Pelatiah Glover, minister of Springfield, used to buy his rum of John Pyncheon at 6s. 8d., in 1672. General Court of Connecticut in 1654 referred to the "Barbadoes liquor commonly called rum-kill-devil." The excellent Mr. Judd here supplied a footnote: "Instead of killing the devil it has greatly extended and strengthened his kingdom." When Artemus Ward delivered the Fourth of July oration at Weathersfield, Ct., in 1859, he said in a fine burst: "I like your skool houses, your meetin' houses, your enterprise, gumpshun, etc., but your favorite Beveridge I disgust. I allude to New England Rum." He told the audience how the third glass had affected him. "I knocked a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin' Sylvanus Cobb's last Tail. . . . Unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New England's favorite Beveridge."

Mr. Taussig does not quote from Mr. Judd or from Artemus; he does not recite the stirring poem of the London busman ending "Dash down the beaker of new milk and rum"; he does not invite his readers to raise the chorus:

"Rum, rum!  
Jamaica rum."

It was not his purpose to edit "Rum with the Poets, Essayists, Moralists"; so in the chapters on the slave trade there is no quotation from Heine's "Das Sklavenschiff," no allusion to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." He has written an interesting book, valuable as a historical, economic and sociological document. If one becomes acquainted and reads with pleasure the description given by Thomas Tenison, an ecclesiastic, who became an archbishop, of the industries of Barbados, and the "very good drink known as coow woow," one reads thirstily the bill paid by the town of Woburn in 1729 for the rum, brandy, wine and cider put down by God-fearing men at the ordination of Edwin Jackson; of Benjamin Franklin's account of how the soldiers led by him against the French and Indians did not attend the religious exercises conducted by the zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty. Franklin advised him to deal out the rum promised to them in addition to pay and provisions only just after prayers. "He lik'd the tho't, undertook the office, and with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction; and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended." This reminds one of Byron's couplet:

"There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms,  
As rum and true religion."

And this was the opinion of New England clergymen and their parishioners for many years.

The titles of the chapters in this book give an idea of Mr. Taussig's grasp of his subject: Rum in the Colonies; The Moving Power of Rum (in which there are pages concerning the smuggling of rum and negroes); Rum, the Spirit of '76 (the influence of rum on shaping politics, discussed in taverns and elsewhere—with a vivid sketch of Peter Faneuil, "bewigged, beruffled and bebuttoned," an outwardly devout churchgoer, a complete materialist, half-owner of the Jolly Bachelor engaged in rum and slave voyaging); Colonial Rum Traders and Rum Runners; What Happened on the African Coast, followed by Slave Trade, and Slave Ships, illustrated by a plan showing how negroes were stowed between decks, pictures of the shackles and instruments of torture used. One of Philip Kappel's illustrations in the volume has this caption: "A slaver fleeing from a man-of-war would throw over slaves, several at a time," while one of his silhouette pictures "a slave kaffle"; another, "captive negroes, secured by bamboo withes."

To some the chapters "Rum in the Tavern and the Home" and "Rum and Colonial Immorality" will be still more engrossing. "That which in commerce

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was used to enslave now became liberator, emancipator, and fountain-head of inspiration, good-fellowship and good cheer"; for the colonial taverns were patterned after those in England, "which Dr. Johnson said produced more happiness than anything yet contrived by man." One reads of flip, "the truly great American drink"; recipes are given for flip, also punch; the red-hot loggerhead, plunged in the liquor to heat it, was often a useful weapon in argument; hence arose the term "at loggerheads." One reads of switchell, stone-wall, calibogus, "whistle-belly-vengeance," blackstrap, and that punch bowl the Montelith, with the rim scalloped for ladle, lemon strainer and tall wine glasses. Mr. Taussig says it came into fashion "about 1697." It was used in England as early as 1683. By the way, the Oxford Dictionary states that the origin of "at loggerheads" is obscure, but admits that the phrase may have been derived from the abnormal use of the flip-poker.

What an agreeable sojourn in Philadelphia was that of Mr. William Black's in 1744! He was given "cider and punch for lunch; rum and brandy for dinner; punch, Madeira, port and sherry at dinner; punch and liqueurs with the ladies; and wine, spirit, and punch till bedtime; all in punch bowls big enough for a goose to swim in."

"There is some evidence to show that young women of the middle and better classes frequented the taverns in the 18th century in much the same manner as they are now to be found frolicking in night clubs, road houses and restaurants." In the taverns were flip and toddy for the boys, Madeira for the girls. A worthy New England matron wrote of an impudent young dog, who, after a few capers in the dance, whisked his partner around in such a manner that "I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw farther above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with." There are several pages about the old practice of "bundling," a practice that the Rev. Andrew Barnaby, good soul, found proceeding "from simplicity and innocence."

The last chapter, "Conclusion," is a moralization with quotations from Burke and Hume. The appendices are a copious bibliography, Letters to a Rhode Island Merchant of the 18th century, the Trade Book of the Sloop Adventure, a Rhode Island Slave (1773-1774).

## 'MERRY WIVES'

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Revival of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," edited and presented by Harrison Grey Fiske, in five acts and 10 scenes. The cast was as follows:

Sir John Falstaff.....	Otis Skinner
Master Fenton.....	Geoffrey Wardwell
Robert Shallow.....	Owen Meenan
Abraham Slender.....	Francis Bondeson
James Ford.....	Lawrence H. Cecil
Henry Page.....	Henry Mowbray
Richard Evans.....	Barnham Clark
Dr. Caius.....	Paulinho Badoloni
Host of the Garter Inn.....	William C. Masson
Dr. Botolph.....	Tracy Barrow
Justice.....	Will Geer
Shallow.....	Horace Cooper
Slender.....	Lila Houghton
Robert.....	Mary Walsen
Dr. Simple.....	Virginia Smith
John Rugby.....	Burford Hamden
Dr. Botolph.....	George Le Sor
Dr. Botolph.....	Henrietta Crosman
Dr. Botolph.....	Mrs. Fiske
Dr. Botolph.....	Elaine Temple
Dr. Botolph.....	Eleanor Gordon
Dr. Botolph.....	Bord Zook
Dr. Botolph.....	Rene Roberti

"This revival takes acknowledged liberties with the text but makes no striking innovations." The purist, the man that would die for the integrity of Shakespeare's text, even when it is one of his pot-boilers, may thus be disturbed; but he should pay attention to Mr. Hubert Griffith's remarks on "non-cutting" which he considers a far worse offense in its way than cutting, for cutting is not always done intelligently. No doubt as the plays have come down to us, there are lines that were not written by Shakespeare; even when he was writing leisurely and not at full speed. Like Handel and Moliere he took things where he found them; so when he was alive, other dramatists hinted at his "lifting." Today he fares better than Ben Jonson, whose "Volpone," first freely adapted into German by Stefan Zweig, is "done into English" by Ruth Langner for the pleasure of Theatre Guild audiences in New York; and recently in Boston the text of Congreve's witty "Way of the World" was revised for the benefit of the genteel in this city and the suburbs.

Some would have "The Merry Wives of Windsor" only a bustling, rough, coarse farce; they find sweet Anne Page and her suitors a tiresome lot—young Fenton among them, though he is a youth, he speaks holidays, he smells April and May; Slender is not amusing, Slender who declared that if he were to be drunk again, it would be with "those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves," which led Parsons Evans to remark: "So Got gudge me, that is a virtuous mind." Have we all grown so squeamish that

the throwing of old, fat, licentious Sir John into a basket of foul linen now repels us? Are red-nosed Bardolph and swaggering Pistol no longer amusing? Would we find the talk between Evans, Mrs. Page and her son, examined in Latin grammar, tedious, if it were given in full with Mrs. Quickly, having heard "hic" declined as far as the genitive plural, exclaiming "Vengeance of Jenny's case! lie on her! Never name her child, if she be" etc.; a line that served as a motto to one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's finest poems.

Yes, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a farce, made for the groundlings as well as for Queen Bess, and its action and its humor of that age. There should be no sandpapering, no polishing. Play it as it is, or let it alone. As it was performed last night it was sufficiently Elizabethan in frankness of speech.

Seeing the performance one forgot all the harsh reproaches that have for some years been brought against this farce. There is still magic, there is still humor in the lines. The wives are still joyous creatures, nor can the

minor characters be truly said to be bores of the first water. Let Pistol rage in high-flown speech; it is good to hear him; though Dame Quickly is not so unctuously immoral or unmoral as when she was associated with Doll Tearsheet, she is still a person.

The audience that filled the theatre last night was of this opinion. To those spectators the farce gave genuine pleasure.

Mr. Skinner's Falstaff is not a buffoon, nor a Daniel Lambert in size. He is fat, but not a libel on humanity. He is a decayed gentleman, who remembers his earlier years at court, and shakes his head at his present low estate. His attacks on the two women are for the sake of gaining their husband's money through his amorous attentions; not merely from sensual appetite; in fact he is rather clumsy in his advances. Mentally he is still a man of parts, with wit somewhat blunted since he rioted with Prince Hal; but he no longer is happy with Bardolph, Pistol and Nym. There are times, as in his talk with the disguised Ford, when he is his old self. Mr. Skinner thus shaped Falstaff's character, showing also what may be called his more heroic character, as in his walk on his way to the house-door of Mistress Ford, prepared to conquer. The conception of the part was logical throughout, as it was plausible and human; and this conception was carried out in a masterly manner.

Miss Crossman played Mistress Ford in a vein of delightful comedy; with a vivacity that did not go beyond bounds, with a merry grace that fascinated; at the same time with a refinement of dignity that was not incongruous. Mrs. Fiske was lively in gesture, mobile in face; for the most part fairly intelligible in speech. This cannot be said of some of the players. Mr. Mowbray's Page, for example, too often jumbled his words together. Miss Gordon's Dame Quickly was excellent; her speech pleasingly distinct. Mr. Cecil's Ford deserves praise, while Mr. Badoloni's Dr. Caius was our old friend the traditional farcical stage Frenchman of the last century. On the whole the lesser characters were adequately represented. The stage management was effective; as were the stage settings, which were not designed in a wild attempt to be startlingly original and thus out of keeping with the play. An agreeable feature was the orchestral music conducted by Bernard Mole.

## 'SHARP SHOOTERS'

"Sharp Shooters," a film comedy-drama written by Randall H. Faye, directed by J. G. Blystone and featuring George O'Brien and Lois Moran, a Fox film presented at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre. Others in the cast include Noah Young, Tome Dugan, William Demarest and Gwen Lee.

It is difficult to classify this film unless one might suggest that the proper place for it would be in the storeroom of its company. Its main interest is the immense courage of the producer in putting it before the public. It aims to tell pictorially and comically about three sailors away from their boat in Morocco and New York city and of things neither pleasant nor interesting.

In spite of abundant vulgarity in the subtitles as well as the film, the camera rises above it all in a few scenes. There is one of a battleship at night flashing out signals and one of a cumbersome old boat resting peacefully in the water in the New York harbor. There are several street scenes of New York which look strangely like San Francisco. A clipping from a newsreel of a boat passing the tip of Manhattan is, at least, authentic.

The Pathe news has obligingly turned to news of interest to Bostonians, for the most part, in its reels on view this week. Short subjects and vaudeville make up the rest of the program.

## MUSIC CLUBS GIVE MODERN PROGRAM

There was a concert last night in Jordan hall of modern music, under the auspices of the Chamber Music Club and the Flute Players' Club. The tip of it, no doubt, was meant to be the first performance in Boston of Schoenberg's noted "Pierrot Lunaire," but music not so theoretical swept away the honors of popular acclaim: Gruenberg's setting of Vachel Lindsay's poem "The Daniel Jazz."

Small wonder. Mr. Gruenberg, choosing verse with sense to it, humor and character, a rhythmic lilt, proceeded to write music to fit, music of melody he didn't have to cudgel his brains to find, music marked in rhythm that is governed by the words. Vividly he characterized this music; the narrator he gave a tale to tell overflowing with variety; the Lord, Daniel, his sweetheart, not to forget the lions—Mr. Gruenberg individualized all the company.

With his little orchestra, furthermore—piano, string quartet, clarinet, trumpet and percussion—he colored his music so deftly that he made every bar of it engaging, sounding just right. And, by his acceptance of stubborn acoustical facts, he let every word of the poem be heard; if he wished his tenor to give over song in favor of speech, he adjusted his accompaniment so adroitly that spoken words were not borne down.

Colin O'More, though, the tenor—his words, indeed, he could have made audible under untoward conditions, so admirable is his diction. A grand job of it he made, for he did full justice to Mr. Gruenberg's every demand, and that is to say much. The audience burst into wild applause at the end. And so we have once more a demonstration of what happens when a performer gives a genuinely fine performance of music, be it in comic vein or tragic, in modern idiom or old, that is genuine in content, in workmanship notably able.

To come to Pierrot Lunaire, either Schoenberg or last night's performance failed to recognize the limitations of the human voice. Schoenberg presumably wanted those 21 poems—poor things though they are—understood. Remarkably, though, as Miss Greta Torpade caught the spirit of the composer's directions, more often than not she could not make her singularly expressive parlando voice—except when it heightened to song—tell.

Perhaps the players last night, under M. Burgin's direction, fancied the music too forthrightly for music all about moonbeams and their suggestions to a poor moon-struck creature. Mighty frankly, at all events, for music so subtle, they played it, not to say for an accompaniment.

Let those who dare venture an opinion of the music itself after a single hearing. To some people, in last night's performance, it sounded mortally long and for the most part queer and dull, its effect of half-song, half-speech, being driven to a tiresome length.

There was more to the concert. It began with Stravinsky's octet for wind instruments, an amusing piece so long as the composer, keeping his place, wrote merry little tunes that jiggled along in more or less harmonious company. When, luckily very seldom, he for a moment gave over footing it briskly in favor of something calmer, then indeed he seemed to have nothing to say—and snarling tones to say it in.

As though these novelties were not enough, Miss Torpade sang six "Mari-epheider" by Hindemith, to very brilliant accompaniments from Frederic Tiltson. Beautiful these songs can scarcely be called, now, to everybody, are they expressive. Beauty, however, and emotional expression, Hindemith has obviously sought. So let us be grateful, and look for something presently that will really be worthwhile. Miss Torpade surely made all from them that could be made.

The audience seemed pleased with all they heard. R. R. G.

## "THE SQUALL" SEEN

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Squall," play in three acts by Jean Bart, with Blanche Yurka. Presented by A. J. Jones and Morris Green; staged by Lionel Atwill. The cast:

Manuela.....	Dorothy Ellin
Pedro.....	Curtis Arnall
Dona Paca.....	Ida Mülle
Padre Molina.....	Royal Thayer
Finito.....	Willard Tobias
Anita.....	Frances McHush
Juan Mendez.....	Blanche Yurka
Dolores Mendez.....	Lee Baker
Don Diego.....	Anthony Andre
Nubi.....	Suzanne Gaubase
El Moro.....	Aristides De Leon

Last night being one of those rainy, reminiscent evenings, it seemed good to be tucked in safely at the Plymouth and allow oneself to be regaled as much as possible by a creaky melodrama full of all the old clichés we love

so much. "The Squall" has the thunder, the lightning, the rain, the vampire, the good woman and the theft of the money, but most all of it has the glorious, ringing old ten-twenty-three lines which regaled our fathers in the days when Jack Dalton tied the hero to the crosscut saw. There is also a bit of "White Cargo" ancestry back of this play, not at all incompatible. This time it is Nubi who comes in out of the storm, talks broken English with a roll of her devilish lit lips, swings her little hips and advances to amorous conquests.

The scene is the main room of the home of the Mendez family, which consists of dignified and cultured father, young and attractive mother, and statuesque, romantic son. Most of the first act is taken up with the son's proposal of marriage to Anita, a nice, safe girl, and with the establishment of sentimental family atmosphere. Then little Nubi, pursued by a big brutal man with a bull whip, rushes in. They conceal her and throw her pursuer off the track. There isn't much more to say except that she does her preordained stuff in the preordained theatrical manner and all the men fall for her in the preordained way. Dolores the wife, with crossings of herself, weeping and praying before the household shrine, fights the intruder with the weapons of virtue and at length wins a sort of hollow victory.

It is difficult to see how a playwright can be so consistently banal. With unerring accuracy Mr. Bart has topped all the big scenes with the stock lines which everyone knows by heart. "I didn't realize the danger until it was too late," moans Dolores, and Don Diego sympathetically echoes "Too late." We took it for a song-and-dance cue. The acting was appropriate in quality. Miss Yurka labored hard in her quiet and effective manner, and at times almost put the breath of life in her Spanish lady. Then she would hit one of those lines, and the illusion would vanish into the night. H. F. M.

## "PINAFORE" THIS WEEK AT PEABODY HOUSE

In response to wide public interest in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, due in large measure to Winthrop Ames's productions of these jolly and tuneful works, the operatic group at Elizabeth Peabody House, 357 Charles street, will present "H. M. S. Pinafore," Thursday and Friday evenings, under the direction of Russell Ames Cook, leader of musical activities at this settlement. In the cast are several of the young people in the neighborhood club known as the Warnings, which recently put on Goldoni's "Fan" with great success. Gordon E. Shaw, who made the attractive old Italian inn set for the "Fan," is staging "Pinafore" as well.

Arthur Wooley, for many years a member of the Henry W. Savage Opera Company, is coach for this production. Tickets are on sale at Filene's and Herrick's.

## "ROSE-MARIE"

"Rose-Marie," a film adapted from the musical play of the same name, directed by Lucien Hubbard and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast: Joan Crawford, James Murray, House Peters, Creighton Hale, George Cooper and Polly Moran.

Once again the films have borrowed from a successful source of plot and action. Once again they have twisted the original into an unrecognizable mass of knives, murders and strong comedy. The film holds the attention as is the way of films, but it is far from an artistic achievement or a plain achievement, but will, no doubt, be vastly successful floating, as it does, on the chords of The Indian Love Call.

Joan Crawford has put her hair down and cultivated a woody manner, if jumping over boulders and smacking gentlemen with a good earnest fist can be called woody. She aims to be the siren of the Canadian rural districts where a murder is spoken of as "just another one" but she looks as self-conscious as some of her audience must have felt when she had to mouth the familiar words of the song which made "Rose-Marie" famous, with only silent echoes in the brain telling what it was all about.

Some of the characters which made the musical show better than the average were deleted and other characters were added which resembled nothing on earth but circus stunt men on the order of the wild man from Borneo. The film did, however, contribute some glorious scenery and excellent photography to the ghost of its former self.



Jim Kenyon is introduced in a scene of racing canoes, canoes which are high with men and furs, and paddles cut cold looking water, that reflects snow topped peaks of mountains, one must acknowledge that the camera is a wise dealer in the scene.

There are several of these scenes which transport one to the spot where Rose-Marie lived and loved the brave boy who was wrongly accused of murder. The real murderer was never found in the present version and since the represented members of the Western Mounted Police including the Peters were killed, he probably never found. That didn't matter so much. There were plenty of murders which had served its purpose of giving police an excuse for arresting Jim Kenyon whose greatest crime seemed to be companions he had chosen.

an Crawford, who appears at her as a beautifully groomed and immaculate somebody, worked tirelessly as Rose-Marie. House Peters gave an excellent and understanding study of the officer who greatly loved her but either too busy or felt it was useless to pursue the young woman. Creigh Hale succeeded in wedding the line and was almost immediately killed so that "Jeem" and Rose-Marie could finish the picture on time in the last way.

James Murray played "Jeem" and of him a different person than he is John of "The Crowd." Given a chance, this young man will be one of the best players in pictures. His opportunities were not so great in "Rose-Marie" as they were in his last picture but he treated them intelligently.

C. M. D.

## THE DEVIL'S SKIPPER

### AT MODERN, BEACON

Picture Based on Jack London Story  
Heads Bill

The Devil's Skipper, a Tiffany production, suggested by the Jack London story, "Demetrious Contos," is a feature picture now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres. It is said to be Belle Bennett, who plays the title role in this dramatic story, is seen in the greatest character role she has ever attempted. Montagu Love plays opposite Miss Bennett. The story is a love story, wherein the woman captain of a slave ship when young and beautiful had been the belle of New Orleans, married to a wealthy planter afterward deserted by him, after he had her shanghaied aboard a slave vessel. She afterwards gets him in the net.

The accompanying picture, "Square Pegs," two young chaps who have a high, wide and handsome, have a lot of the turning point of their story. They decide the shady path would be abandoned for the straight narrow path. They lose job after because of their bad record. They come enmeshed in a diamond necklace robbery and after some clever detective work on their own part, apprehend the real culprit.

## OUT OF THE NIGHT

JAMES THEATRE—"Out of the Night," a mystery comedy, in three acts by Harold Hutchinson and Margery M. The cast:

Walter Gilbert  
Frank Charlton  
Mary Hill  
Clara Joel  
Hartwell's servant, Samuel T. Godfrey  
Moynohan, Malcolm Arthur  
Royal Beatty  
Henry Wardworth  
Wayne Nunn  
Edith Spere

ominated a "mystery comedy" on the 11, this play might also claim to be nothing of a tragedy also, inasmuch as two people are killed during performance and several others within an inch of suffering the same fate. However, there is plenty of comedy, too, and the killings are more in the line of dramatic necessity and do not have much to do with the action.

A fine mystery play, by the way, somewhat conventional lines, it is not full to the brim of suspense and inexplicable happenings with the usual "who did it" faithfully hidden until the very end. There are suddenly flashed lights, scuffles in the dark, clouted on the head by mysterious assailants and trussed up in a mysterious way.

The scene is laid in Robert Hartsummer cabin in the Maine woods one time in January, with a very light storm raging outside. One of the others the characters come in of the night" and the three acts of breathless complications.

bootleggers, and Indian servants and true lovers and wills and sliding panels and hidden safes and everything. Delighted squeals from the audience betoken general satisfaction. Yes, it's a good show.

On the whole the word "comedy" in the title is justified because quite the lion's share of the lime light is bestowed on Frank Charlton, as Bilvins, the rustic constable. Mr. Charlton rose to the occasion and gave us a capital bit of character work. The part of the hero, as provided for Mr. Gilbert, is of the bread and butter order and did not give the actor more than half a chance. Miss Joel made the most of her opportunity as Katherine Smith, Holland's fiancée, who discovers the final clue to the mystery, and the others of the cast contribute spirited support. J. E. P.

## "THE BIG NOISE"

"The Big Noise," from the pen of Ben Hecht, and featuring Chester Conklin, opened at the Washington Street Olympian Theatre Sunday. This film gives a clarifying peek behind the scenes of politics, journalism and graft, and shows one clearly the props which hold up the synthetic "heroes" of the hour.

Chester Conklin plays the role of a subway guard, and a very mediocre one at that—a man without outstanding merit of any description. All unknowingly he becomes the central figure in a political battle because he falls off the platform on to the subway tracks.

A newspaper supporting a mayoralty candidate makes him a public hero for his "bravery" in attempting to save the lives of the poor down-trodden subway patrons. His picture is in the papers, and his name in the headlines, as "Exhibit A." After the election comes oblivion for "the big noise"—he has served his purpose, the forces combatting the subway pose, the forces victorious and he is forgotten. Sorrowfully he returns to work, and on his way he sees the latest "big noise"—a man out to break the flagpole sitting record.

Hecht's penetrating satire has been heightened by excellent direction and a fine supporting cast including Alice White, Jack Egan, Bodil Rosing, Ned Sparks and Sam Hardy.

On the stage there are seven big acts headed by the Colonial Sextet in the dances of yesterday.

## Continuing Attractions

Majestic—"Good News" collegiate musical comedy. Sixth week.

Shubert—"Here's Howe," Aarons and Freedley musical with Allen Kearns, Irene Delroy, Ben Bernie, Eric Blore and others. Last week.

Tremont—"Hit The Deck," Vincent Youmans's musical comedy, with Louise Groody, Donald Brian and Stella Mayhew. Last two weeks.

Wilbur—"The Silver Cord," Sidney Howard's play of selfish mother love, with Laura Hope Crews. Last week.

Copley—"The Wrecker," thrilling mystery play by Arnold Ridley, author of "The Ghost Train." Seventh week.

Repertory—"The Marquise," Noel Coward's comedy with Olga Birkbeck in the Billie Burke role. Second week.

April 25 1928

FROM "THE MISBEHAVIORIST"

(Christopher Morley in the Saturday Review of Literature)

If four-fifths had pyorrhea, I was one of the quartet;  
I followed Dr. Cadman, read the Book of Etiquette,  
I eliminated poisons with a yeast cake every day,  
And I used a Dunhill lighter—till I threw the thing away—  
I joined a Book-a-Month Club, and in short you will agree,  
I was just like every other member of the bourgeoisie.

### CHORUS

That'll show you what I am,  
Just a boob, a simple Sam,  
But I have my own rebellion,  
And I stick to it, by damn!  
For in one thing, I insist,  
I'm a misbehaviorist,  
As heroic as they were at Valley Forge  
With amazement hear me speak  
My accomplishment unique,  
I never let a Bullman

As Mr. William Lyon Phelps told his class it was "a gracious and charming act"—Mr. Grue Tunney going to Yale to talk for Mr. Phelps's class. Mr. Tunney said on that memorable occasion—

April 23, 1928—that he had read all of Shakespeare's works. He took "The Winter's Tale" as an "opener" and "read it 10 times before he got real value out of it." He should have begun with "As You Like It," in which Orlando in a wrestling match throws Charles, "the booby prisoner of the humorous Duke." In this comedy, if we are not mistaken, the part of Charles has been taken by Jem Mace, once the glory of the prize ring, a gallant fighter with bare knuckles, and, later, by Mr. Muldoon.

Geniuses of the ring have not disdained the drama, although we have not heard of anyone discussing learnedly the Baconian theory. Some of us were so fortunate as to see John L. Sullivan in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," a play containing a monologue delivered with thrilling effect by the great John L., who then raised his terrible right hand aloft:

"There is no time, no place, no power,  
No land serene, no roseate bower,  
No heaven, no sainted place of bliss,  
Nor baby's cheek, nor baby's kiss.  
That's grander, sweeter, purer than  
A woman's love for thoughtless man."

What wonder that the audience at the Howard Athenaeum shouted: "Good boy, John! Hot stuff!"

We regret bitterly that we did not see him in "A True American," a play that, as one critic remarked, expressed "a fine contempt for everything that is low and mean." John's most emotional lines, we read, were: "I am a true American" and "I will fly to your assistance." Nor did we see him in "The Man from Boston."

Some weeks ago a London journalist suggested that Mr. Tunney, if he were to be a hardened lecturer, should choose for a subject "Fisticuffs in the Plays." Ancient Pistol said that Henry the Fifth was "of first most valiant." Talbot would gladly "execute the treacherous Fastolf" with his bare fists. When Fang was commissioned to arrest Falstaff, he exclaimed: "An' I but fist him once." In "Troilus and Cressida," Ajax and Achilles were handy men in the ring. Thersites said of the latter: "He would pun thee into shivers with his fist as a sailor breaks a biscuit."

Bernard Shaw based his play "The Admirable Bashville" on his novel "Cashel Byron's Profession," in which the hero is famous in the ring. There's a good fist fight in Vaughan Williams's opera "Hugh the Drover."

Mr. W. A. Craigie in the tract No. XXVII of the Society of the Pure English gives among phrases due to "the creative power of American speech during the last century" the expression "to have a good time."

Mr. H. Cameron Kidd calls Mr. Craigie's attention to a passage in 2 Esdras xi, 13, where the prophet, describing one of his visions of the eagle with 12 feathered wing, says: "So the next following stood up and reigned and had a great time."

This reminds us that the hideous term "write-up" is admitted to decent company in the great Oxford Dictionary, but half-heartedly: "A written account or description commending or praising a person or thing. Originally and chiefly U. S."

A friend of a singer or pianist will say to a critic leaving a hall: "Now you'll give her a good write-up, won't you?" No one ever asks for a "write-down." There's a verb "to write down," to disparage, condemn, decry, and it has been in respectable use for over two centuries, but as yet the noun "write down" has not made its impudent entrance into English literature or worthy speech.

### MAIN STREET NEWS

As the World Wags:

Eddie Lowey, who works at the Ponce de Leon Rejuvenation Laboratory at Campbell City, injected a triple dose of lymph into his grandfather's arm in the interest of science. The next morning the old gentleman was found weeping upon the doorstep. Between sobs he said that he was afraid he would be late for school.

Little Gussie Harding, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley M. Harding, bought a rubber mouse at the Five and Ten. He started it at the moment his mother's Bible Study class knelt in prayer. There were several casualties, the most serious being when Mrs. Warshaw's heel pushed Mrs. Davenport's bridge work so far down her throat that a doctor had to be called.

Ensign Jacob Pfaff, last survivor of post 41, G. A. R., was married last year to Miss Tab Clifton, venerable matron of the Ladies' Home, was presented a son, the last Thursday night. The baby was born with long white whiskers.

A stained glass window has been placed in the Pitts Street Church. It came from the mail order house at Vernon City. It is entitled "Lazarus Arising from the Tomb." John Harlow says it looks like Tom Hibbert crawling out of his cyclone cellar.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## SYMPHONY CLOSES TUESDAY CONCERTS

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fifth and last concert of the Tuesday series yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Bach, Two Choral Preludes, orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg; Ravel, Excerpts from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe" (second suite); Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

There's little to be said about the compositions themselves. Three of them are familiar to audiences in Symphony Hall; Schoenberg's orchestration is not flagrantly modern, though some have found it unnecessary and not distinguished by skill in the making. These Choral Preludes are more effective when they are played on the organ, the instrument for which they were written.

We have not heard much of Mendelssohn's music in recent years. The "Italian" symphony was performed this season at the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts; it seems a long time since the "Scotch" symphony and the overtures "Melusina" and "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage" have been on the programs. The overture of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is still beautiful; still poetic; it still excites wonder that it could have been written by so young a man. If Mendelssohn had not had his life made so easy for him; if he had been poor and had known adversity and suffering, what might he not have accomplished! Especially if he had kept away from England and English flatterers.

Mr. Koussevitzky's fondness for the music of Brahms is recognized, also his understanding of that composer; his ability to bring out the lyricism as well as the ruggedness of the music; his refusing to stress measures that are only perfunctory and not essential to the structure. As for Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" with its glowing color, its fascination, it is music that calls for all the euphony and brilliance of this orchestra now, thanks to its conductor, the foremost in this country.

Thus ended a series that has given great pleasure to enthusiastic audiences by the nature of the programs and the perfection of the performances.

C. M. D.

## APOLLO CLUB

The fourth concert of the 57th season of the Apollo Club of Boston. Thompson Stone conductor, was given last night at Jordan hall, Alice Armstrong Kimball, soprano, assisting artist, William Burbank, pianist. The program was as follows: Giacomo Carissimi, Piorate, Fili Israel; Melchior Vulpius, An Easter Hallelujah; Thomas Morley, Ho, Who Comes Here; Sibelius, The Broken Melody; Brockway, Frog Went A-Courting; folk songs, Ring and Rose; The Galway Piper, Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Strauss, The Beautiful Blue Danube.

Miss Kimball sang Donaudy, O Del Mio Amato Ben; Widor, Contemplation; Schumann, Der Nussbaum; Strauss, Standchen; Daniels, Cherry Flowers; Horsman, The Shepherdess; Whelpley, 'Tis Springtime on the Eastern Hills.

Offering a wide selection of part songs and choruses for male voices, the Apollo Club did not, however, stray long from the path of the folk song. That this type of melody is particularly suited to group singing cannot be doubted from its general usage and popularity.

The musical committee of the club took pains to offer a few songs of refreshing novelty. There was "The Broken Melody," by Sibelius with words from the "Kalevala," so-called, from the name of the district in Finland where it was discovered after being lost from some time before the 14th century. "Frog Went A-Courting" is from the arrangement of Howard Brockway, the words collected by Lorraine Wyman. Perhaps the most fascinating of this group is "The Galway Piper," the Irish folksong with its liting accompaniment and its merry words.

Miss Kimball sang well. Her voice is clear and vibrant with a rich quality which made her more serious songs extremely moving to hear and her lighter, more cheerful ones, pleasant. Her words could hear and understand,



oods were varied but never once Miss Kimball strain for effects. Her performance was entirely intelligent and satisfying.

A large audience was warmly appreciative of the concert. Mr. Burbank's accompaniments were excellent at all times. C. M. D.

#### TO SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

(For As the World Wars)

Thanks—for the feast of beauty, to whose board  
You bade us come and there, a lavish host,  
Bade us partake of manna, luscious fruits,  
Rich wines from out the vineyards of the gods!  
Not only came we empty and have feasted,  
Unknowingly we came; and eyes that saw not,  
Ears that heard not, here found revelation—  
Wise revealer, thanks!  
Your vision led you to the heights  
Where burn the fires of genius—  
From there, you bore away a flaming torch  
And so illumined, you did read the truths  
Of master-minds, waiting, in tomes of silence—  
Yours, the anointed hand, to break the seals.  
Now, freed by you, these verities  
Transformed in music, flow—magnetic fluid—  
Through the open channel of your soul;  
Draw every instrument at your command  
Into the vibrant-voiced fluidity;  
Sweep us into its rhythmic ebb and flow—  
Inspired seer, thanks!  
This is the language of the vast for-ever;  
In beauty's plenitude it speaks, through you:  
Exact proportion, clarity and grace;  
Tenderness, passion, ecstasy, despair;  
Cruel irony, and virile courage, yes,  
And majesty and fortitude and faith.  
  
This is not music, but the woof of life,  
Listening, we are not men, but super-men—  
Great artist, thanks!

AGNES WELCH.

The 47th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will end with the concerts of this week. The program will be as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Lopatnikov, Scherzo (first performance); Debussy, "La Mer"; Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major, the last symphony of this season as Brahms's symphony in F major was the first.

Lopatnikov is a young Russian, who having been forced to leave his country by the revolution, went to Finland, then to Germany, where he studied with Toch. Some of his compositions have been performed at minor music festivals in Germany.

The sub-titles of Debussy's "The Sea" are "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean," "Play of Waves," "Dialogue of Wind and Sea"; but in the fall of 1903 he wrote to Durand, his publisher and friend—the two words are not always synonymous: "What would you say of this? 'The Sea': 'Beautiful Sea at the Sanguinaire Islands'; 'Play of Waves'; 'The Wind Makes the Sea Dance.'" He asked Durand in 1905 whether he liked the new title for the first movement: "From Dawn Till Noon on the Sea."

The ocean fascinated Debussy, and he was happy at seaside resorts. In 1906, when he was sojourning near Dieppe, he wrote: "Here I am again with my old friend, the sea; she is always innumerable and beautiful. It's the one thing in nature that best puts you in your place; but one does respect her sufficiently. There should be a law against these bodies deformed by daily life wetting themselves there; all these legs and arms agitated in ridiculous rhythms—it's enough to make the fish weep. There should only be sirens in the ocean, but can you fancy these estimable persons consenting to return to these waters so ill-frequented?" He found the English channel a "delicate sea of finely diverse harmonies; deliciously hypocritical, with lies like the smiles of women; and if her ornaments are less beautiful than those of the ocean, they are more curious." At Houlgate, he spoke of "the sonorous coming-and-going of the billows that cradles the melancholy of those deceived by the beach." In 1915 at Pourville he found his old friend beautiful beyond comparison. "Victor Hugo would have used his arsenal of images. I thank her in behalf of these eyes wearied by the everlasting music paper." He thought that trees were better

friends than the ocean, which is constantly astir, biting the rocks with the anger of a little girl—"singular actions for a person of such importance." And it was easy to understand why the ocean shook off vessels as troublesome vermin.

The Harvard and Yale Glee clubs will sing in Symphony hall tonight in friendly rivalry. There will be an exchange of courtesies. Dr. Davison will conduct the Yale club in one number; Mr. Bartholomew will do the same for Harvard; and the two clubs will join in blessed unity. Nothing could be fairer than this.

Maud Cuney-Hare, folk-lorist pianist, and William Richardson, baritone, will give the fourth and last of their Negro and Creole concerts tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock at the Allied Arts Studio, 295 Huntington avenue. The subject will be "Musical Pioneers and World Musicians of Color."

The program of the second concert of the Chamber Orchestra of Boston, Nicolas Slonimsky, conductor, Jordan hall, next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, is of more than ordinary interest. W. F. Bach, Sinfonia; Mozart, A German Dance and Two Minuets with Country Dance; Gilbert, Suite for Chamber Orchestra; Cowell, "Marked Passages"; Varese, "Offrandes"; Pasquini, Canzone Francese; Galuppi, Adagio e Giga. It is said that the music by Bach will be played for the first time in America; the music by Cowell and Gilbert for the first time anywhere; the other compositions for the first time. Dr. Muck conducted three German dances by Mozart at a Symphony concert in 1913.

Mr. Gilbert's Suite—commissioned by the "Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation"—was composed in 1927. "The plans of the Foundation did not, however, permit its performance at the spring festival this year. It is, therefore, given, by kind permission of the Library of Congress, at this concert of the Chamber Orchestra of Boston. The first movement is a prelude; the second, "Spiritual," is "an attempt to create a native American piece, something which shall sound, unmistakably, as if it had its origin in America, and nowhere else." The third movement is "just music, with plenty of melody, which I believe in," says Mr. Gilbert.

Henry Cowell "is best known by his bold researches in the domain of new piano sonorities." "Marked Passages" calls for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone and strings.

The two songs for voice and orchestra by Varese will be sung by Gertrude Ehrhart. "The vocal part contains quarter-tones indicated as half-flats." Here is the text of the second "Offrande": "The Southern Cross."

"The women like madrepores have the hair and the lips of orchids. The apex of the Pole are albino amber and snow, and leap clad in boreal togas. A poster of Oleomargarine is displayed in the skies. Here is the tree of Quinine and the Virgin of Dolour. The Zodiac turns in the night of yellow fever. The rain engulfs the Tropics in a crystal cage. It is the hour to bestride the twilight like a Zebra on an isle of the past where the assassinated women came to life again."

Do we hear a voice shout: "Hot stuff"? The players are 18 members of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

#### G. Roberts Lunger, Baritone, Feature of Benefit

The third program for the benefit of the Museum School Alumni Association was given last night at the Museum of Fine Arts, G. Roberts Lunger, baritone, Clifford Kent, accompanist. Mrs. Christobel Whitney Kidder read "Mr. Pim Passes By," a comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne. Mr. Lunger's program was as follows: Schubert, Aufenphalt; Salvatore Rosa, Star Vicino; Sivella, Sotto il Ciel; Strickland, Li'l Batteau; J. J. Niles, Deep Sea Blues. Don't Close Those Gates; Johnson, Walk in Jerusalem.

Mr. Lunger first impresses one as a very serious young man. He takes his Schubert, his Salvatore Rosa and Sivella in a tense, almost downcase, fashion and hurls forth their phrases with a certain amount of courage, or, at least, bravado. This one can respect but in the last half of Mr. Lunger's recital he stooped to conquer and whether he succeeded or not is a matter of opinion.

It is evident that Mr. Lunger does not understand the negro or his songs and should not, therefore, attempt to sing them, let alone to introduce them with semi-comical or tragic stories. Two songs by Niles were introduced in this manner, songs of little consequence which would be more in keeping with the mood of the variety theatre. C. M.

## PAT HYLAND, TENOR,

Pat Hyland, tenor, sang this program last night in Jordan hall:

Where'er You Walk, O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me, Care Selve (Handel); Ihre Stimme, Stille Thranen, Der Nussbaum, Die Belden, Grenadiere (Schumann); Una Furtiva Laguna (Doulzet); Irish folk songs: The Bard of Armagh (arranged by Hughes); The Low Back'd Car (Lover), Molly Bawn (arranged by MacMorrough); Kitty, My Love, Will You Marry Me? (arranged by Hughes); Sotto il Ciel, Un Organetto Suona per la Via, Non Ho Parole (Sivella).

De Pachmann, no less an authority than Arthur Symons swore, was the very greatest of pianists, because—so his exquisite reasoning ran—he could play a few things, for instance, Chopin, better than anybody else.

By this argument Mr. Hyland stands at the head of all the young singers it has been one person's pleasure to hear this winter, for the reason that he sang "The Low Back'd Car" better than any other young singer has sung any other one song. He sang it delightfully, with tone as pretty as well could be, with a lilt to it downright Irish, as to sentiment just right, with diction, in every sense of the word, mighty fine.

Though not quite so notably, his other Irish songs Mr. Hyland sang extremely well. Of Handel's "O Sleep" he appreciated the significance more finely than most singers appear to do. In "Where'er You Walk" he displayed an admirable legato, in "Ihre Stimme" a suggestion of superior sensitiveness to the shape of a phrase, a certain knack at characterization in dealing with the two grenadiers.

So long as he was content with voice gently delivered, Mr. Hyland sang with tone exceedingly sweet and pure. Sometimes this tone he amplified with a discretion that pointed to the fine voice he will develop if only he can rest patient. Too often, though, when he tossed

gentleness aside, Mr. Hyland let forth harsh tones by no means agreeable to hear.

Pray let Mr. Hyland cultivate patience. Already he has voice enough to sing many fine songs, in variety, too, and more is bound to come. There can be no hurry.

Mrs. Hubbard played accompaniments truly exquisite. R. R. G.

It was in 1617 that Franz Schmidt, public executioner at Nuremberg, retiring from office after forty-four years of service, recorded in his diary that he was again a "respectable" person. His diary, which has recently been translated, shows that in office he was a pious person, rejoicing when a condemned man made an edifying ending on the scaffold. He characterized the thief, Hans Drantz, as a "godless man." There was the joyous Hans Ditz, "who picked men's pockets to the tune of 66 purses, and stabbed his father-in-law so that he died after 10 weeks." This Ditz "sang all the way when he went to his death," a gallant, much more to be commended than Barbara Ludtwigin, who had "blasphemed so horribly against the Almighty that a galley and two small ships besides could have been filled with her profanity."

A volume of vivid descriptions of men and women on the scaffold, their behavior and their last words, would be an excellent book for reading in bed. There should, of course, be liberal quotations from Capt. Alexander Smith's "Complete History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen"; also from that standard work, "The Newgate Calendar," written in sinewy English, admired greatly by George Borrow, who regarded as a masterpiece of the narrative style this speech put into the mouth of Henry Simms: "So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand."

Here is the account in the same Calendar of Lewis Jeremiah Avershaw's behavior during his last moments: "At the place of execution he appeared entirely unconcerned, had a flower in his mouth, his bosom was thrown open, and he kept up an incessant conversation with the persons who rode beside the cart; frequently laughing and nodding to others of his acquaintance, whom he perceived in the crowd, which was immense."

How different the conduct of Tom C. "For before he was turned off, M. with the Ordinary desiring him to

sufferers in prayer, he swore a great oath to the contrary, and kicked him and the hangman too off the cart"; or that of Isaac Atkinson: "Such was his intolerable insolence when he went to be hanged at Tyburn in 1640 that whilst the Ordinary was giving him wholesome advice, he stabbed him with a penknife, but not mortally; and just as he was being turned off, aged 26 years, quoth he, 'There's nothing like a merry life and a short one.'"

And what is to be said of Will Ogden? "As he was riding to the place of execution, Ogden flung a handful of money out of the cart to the people, saying, 'Gentlemen, here is Poor Will's farewell.' And when he was turning off, he gave two such extraordinary jerks with his legs as was much admired by all the spectators."

While we are talking of criminals and scaffold behavior, let us not forget "Warped in the Making: Crimes of Love and Hate," by H. Ashton-Wolfe, interpreter at the British civil and criminal courts; formerly assistant to Dr. Bertillon in Paris. The book is published enriched with a dozen illustrations, by Houghton Mifflin Company. The frontispiece shows Mr. Ashton-Wolfe, writing at a desk in the open air of his mountain retreat; writing in shirt and trousers, the latter belted, we are happy to say, not held in respectable position by suspenders. He spent his early days on "the vast ranges of Colorado and Arizona"; after school in Denver, he completed his education in France and Germany; but as a pupil and assistant of Dr. Bertillon, found the study of criminology so exciting, "so full of opportunities for encountering the weird and fantastic" that he threw himself heart and soul into the work.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of his stories is that entitled "The Murder of Don Ramon de Latouche y Casal." Year ago Henri de Latouche wrote a singular novel, "Fragolitta," a title used later of Swinburne for one of his early poems. Those who have solved the mystery of the romance and the poem—a solution only hinted at by the respective author—will be the more ready to accept this strange revelation made by Ashton-Wolfe. Is it possible that in the sub-conscious mind of Don Ramon he was a woman? Was there ever a Martina Would marriage with Miss Holbein have produced a change in Don Ramon's psychology? What was the meaning of the entry in his diary: "The other woman has come again; why will she not leave me in peace?"

"Orsini, the Croupier," is a more ordinary tale, but it is ingenious. No wonder Gino Maolini won large sums, a did Mr. Marlow, the American with a lean hatchet face, cold, disdainful, contemptuous. "When Orsini closes his right hand, leaving no fingers showing and scratches his nose with his left hand, it is black and even; when thumb and index are stretched out, it is uneven." To which Mr. Blanchard exclaimed: "Rubbish! How can Orsini know in advance where the ball will roll?"

Then we read of Latouche, the Apache, one of the type—"the beast who loves crime for its own sake and who has a language, a dress and a tradition all his own," skilled in throwing a scarf around a victim's neck and choking him, "le coup du Pere Francois"; skilled in handling the "surin" so that the blade instantly reaches the vitals. What a chase there was in the sewers and catacombs of Paris!

In lighter vein is the familiar story of Capt. von Coepenick, whose joke amused all Germans except the military officer—a joke that so delighted an old lady she left him by will all her money. I would have been fortunate for the normally excellent Herr Gruenthal of the Reichsbank if he had never met Emmi Goetz, or made a mistake in burying stolen bank notes under a freshly dug grave.

Passing "The Death Planes" and "The Bogus Death Ray" with the portraits of the Sicilian girl and the Admiral's daughter, we come upon the thrilling series in which Hanoi Shan, nick-name "the Spider," is the fiendish villain. Why did all the occupants of No. 14 in the Hotel d'Amsterdam, Paris, commit suicide in turn, each one hanging from a hook, with eyes fixed in "a dreadful unseeing stare, on the wall opposite to him"? Did the odor of the white orchids of Borneo, the Hai Tang, compel men to run amuck?

Last of all is the sad story of the beautiful and voluptuous Mata Hari, the Hindoo dancer, who, after an adventurous life, was shot as a German spy in 1917 at Paris. Even today there is doubt in Paris concerning her guilt. The prosecutor, Capt. Massard, at her trial said she had cost the French a whole division. Mr. Ashton-Wolfe tells us "but lately even her jewels and all the little trifles of her boudoir were sold at public auction at the order of the State." Did the chief of the German secret service give Mata Hari 30,000 marks as her lover? She replied at the trial, when it was remarked that this was an extraordinary present: "No! a gift. I was never insulted by an offer



less than tens of thousands in or my good friendship." Look-er face and undraped figure, one y she was worth the sum.

## HARVARD AND YALE

Harvard Glee Club's closing con- the season proved an unusually ing occasion, for the Yale Glee ad been invited to sing in com- Dr. Davison, to open the pro- led off with Mr. Chad- "Ecce jam noctis," sung by the bs, and then the Yale Club, un- own director, Marshall Bartholo- ang 20 16th century German s the director himself had ar- and a song, "The Broken Mel- y Sibellus.

ther the two clubs sang, under artholomew's leadership, three of the sea, by Stanford. After avison had put his own forces in their paces in an old ecclesi- ymn and a song by Dvorak, Mr. lomew conducted them through ance chorus from "The Gon- ce As a return compliment, Dr. n led the visiting singers in led the traditional sea chanty andoah," a traditional sea chanty ed by Mr. Bartholomew, and the together in an "Alleluia" by

A very different "Hallelujah" del, which Mr. Bartholomew led, at the concert to an early close. as interesting to note the differ- as of two conductors, both of kill, who have material something to work with. Of Dr. Davison's on chorus singing it is scarcely al to comment at present. Last with consummate mastery, he them prevail; rarely, if ever, have ngers produced tone more char- tic, or sung with shading more ate, a neater precision, with in so bright.

runker tone Mr. Bartholomew pre- more human. A soft tone he can that is soft indeed, but Mr. Bar- new wishes it to hold its edge, its men produce it, young men at no mistake could ever arise. When cies it, furthermore, Mr. Bartholo- can draw from his singers a body- sty, stout tone—sonorous, mind- cheers one up to hear.

pronunciation of English that is ly English Mr. Bartholomew also rs to encourage from his chorus rs and his very good solo singers To the binding of words that ts in a smooth legato Mr. Bar- mew must likewise have given n attention.

w that he has made sure of these ssary fundamentals of sound choral ng, probably Mr. Bartholomew will see what he can do in the way of shading, of melodies more marked- shaped. The audience took great sure in the concert. R. R. G.

le Jam Noctis . . . . . Chadwick  
Yale and Harvard Glee Clubs  
A. T. Davison conducting  
Through the Woods is Creeping  
16th Century, German  
s, to Whom Dare I Complain! Melodies  
The Broken Melody  
Yale Glee Club  
M. Bartholomew conducting  
Stanford  
The Sea . . . . .  
Yale and Harvard Glee Clubs  
M. Bartholomew conducting  
Soloist, Mr. C. A. Lohmann  
Aneric  
und Us Hear the Sounds of Even, Dvorak  
Harvard Glee Club  
A. T. Davison conducting  
Gondollers . . . . . Harvard Glee Club  
M. Bartholomew conducting  
Handel  
Melula, Today . . . . . Christ Arisen  
Yale and Harvard Glee Clubs  
A. T. Davison conducting  
Handel  
andoah . . . . . Traditional sea chanty  
Yale Glee Club  
A. T. Davison conducting  
Handel  
Alleluia, Amen . . . . .  
Yale and Harvard Glee Clubs  
M. Bartholomew conducting

## T CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE  
24th and last concert of the Bos- symphony orchestra's 47th season, ousevitzky conductor, took place lay afternoon in Symphony hall. chestra and the audience paid Mr. vitzky the tribute of rising. There antaneous, hearty, long continued se. After the symphony there was r scene of enthusiasm; that leave no doubt in the minds of ductor as to the respect, admira- and affection in which he is held by dience of these concerts. per likened the simplicity of the e of the "Iliad" to the manner in a great man, acting as host, fare- his guests. Fortunately for Boston, he may say for cities visited by this tra, Mr. Koussevitzky did not say ell," but for the last concert of 's series he abstained from arg- a "sensational" program, one ted only to excite wonder, as a chnical display ends brilliantly a l. As if he would shun anything ular, he presented a program, ex-

cellent in its variety, but without com- positions of an unusual and especially compelling nature: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont," Lopatnikov, Scherzo, op. 10; Debussy, "The Sea;" Brahms, Sym- phony No. 2, D major. The symphony at the first concert of this series was by Brahms; with Brahms he ended the series.

Lopatnikov's Scherzo was performed for the first time. The composer, a man of 25 years, a Russian by birth, left his country after the revolution, so- journed in Finland for a time, then went to Germany where he now lives. The Scherzo is a short, vivacious firmly- knit work, agreeable music that is well planned as if by a composer sure of himself, with a faculty of thematic in- vention, skill in the handling of the thematic material. There was no sugges- tion of halting experimentation; there was no padding; the composer was will- ing to stop, wise enough to stop when he had said his say.

Debussy's "Sea," was first performed here in March 1907. This performance was the first in the United States. The Friday afternoon audience then kept sullen silence. No hands were noisily brought together. Dr. Muck, nothing daunted, repeated the performance in the next month. It now seems in- credible that the audience of 21 years ago could have been so tone-deaf; one would think that the sheer beauty of sounds would have charmed the hearers, even if they failed to realize the firm- ness of the canvas for the musical sea- scapes. Those hearers, automatically considered, had ears; but they did not hear. We quoted last Thursday De- bussy's word about the ocean; what this friend was to him; how the sea amused, impressed, fascinated him. He was as whimsically familiar with it as was Jules Laforgue in his "Perseus and An- dromeda; or the Happiest of the Three."

Yesterday the performance brought out fully the strength as well as the exquisite beauty of these marine im- pressions. Especially striking—and this was partly due to the nature of the music itself—was the second movement "The Frolic of Waves." The trilogy as a whole might well be a translation into tones of Walt Whitman's "With Husky Haughty Lips, O Sea." "The troops of white-maned racers rac- ing to the goal, Thy ample, smiling face dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun, Thy brooding scowl and murk—thy un- loosed hurricanes, Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wistful- ness."

Nor did the: "Lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath, And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves, And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter, And undertones of distant lion roar," baffle Debussy in his wish to put in notation what he saw, heard, felt in close companionship with the ocean.

We believe that Brahms's second sym- phony is of a purely lyrical nature, hardly admitting dramatic stress and storm. Its dominant note is serenity. For this reason the performance of the Scherzo was the most in accordance with this view of the spirit that to some of us should prevail. The read- ing yesterday was interesting, spirited; it gave great pleasure to the audience; but this symphony is not essentially a dramatic work; it is rather in the Mendelssohnian vein; suave even in its more vigorous pages. The concert opened with a superb performance of Beetho- ven's great overture.

We have referred at least twice to "The Art of Good Behaviour! and Letter Writer on Love, Courtship and Mar- riage" (New York, 1850). "For a love letter good paper is in- dispensable. When it can be procured, that of a costly quality, gold-edged, per- fumed or ornamented in the French style may be properly used." Would that we had room for the cor- respondence of Augustus Adams and Julia Thompson as given in this book for a model; for the letters of James Oakley of Boston to Miss Emma Lang- don; for the letters of Henry Edwards, "a poor gentleman," to Julia Allen, an heiress.

Old love rhymes, as "My pen is poor, my ink is pale, My love to you will never fall," are quoted, but as the author well says: "These will hardly answer for the re- finement of the present day, yet a few lines from some elegant poet such as Byron, Moore, etc., appropriately intro- duced, may be used to great advantage."

TO THE UNDULY AMBITIOUS (For As the World Wags)  
"Indolent Beggar!"  
What unwitting praise  
You shout at me  
Because I do not  
Seek with you what I have found,  
Stretching my bones in the sun;  
Sweet Luxury.

MARY KAMBOUR.  
We go to the doctor, not for common sense at the beginning, but for magic at the end.—Robert Lynd.  
We see that Frederick Rex is the librarian of Chicago's Municipal Reference Library. And Big Bill Thompson stands by consenting!  
ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"  
As the World Wags:  
This is the saga of the moonshiner's kid and the smart revenue officer. The s. r. o. heard that a very good brand of "dew" was being manufactured in a certain section of Kentucky's hill country. He decided to pinch the still and sample the evidence. While wandering about the neighborhood in which the still was located, he came upon a moonshiner's kid. "Is there a still near here?" asked the s. r. o. "Yep," answered the m. k. "I'll give you \$5 if you'll take me to it," offered the s. r. o. "All right," agreed the m. k. "I never thought it would be this easy," thought the s. r. o. After they had gone some distance into the hills the m. k. asked for his money. "I'll give it to you on the way back," said the s. r. o. "As far as you're concerned," said the m. k., "th' hain't gonna be no way back." OLD SOAK.

As the World Wags:  
Oh, but she was proud of her hus- band. No, of course, she didn't tell him what a great big wonderful boy he was—she told him that once. But, you know, she did admire him—he was so domestic, and so unselfish, and so eco- nomical. . . . Why, he was even wear- ing his last year's overcoat! Yes, she was trying to do her part, too—you bet she was. She was a fine little woman. What she couldn't have, she couldn't have—that's all there was to it. One morning before he went to the office she asked for \$5 to buy a new hat. . . . Well, sir, she hunted and she hunted. There was no hat for \$5. "Didja getcher hat?" he asked that evening. "No, dear, I didn't. They wanted \$10 and \$15 for nothing at all, so I gotta pair of silk stockings." ORACLE.

PROHIBITION NOTE  
As the World Wags:  
A young lady visitor from Canada was looking for a reliable bootician the other day. She wanted to take home some good American liquor for her father. H. F. M.

As the World Wags:  
So much has been said and printed as to the large number of unemployed persons that the ordinary reader would assume that the condition is unprece- dented. It is unfortunate if working people must let their families suffer because of "strikes" for an excess of wages; it is unfortunate that machinery has been invented that lessens manual labor; it is unfortunate that women have displaced men in our banks, rail- road and other offices, also at army posts and navy yards to do the official letter writing; it is unfortunate that other wage people have been forced by the high cost to economize on wear- ing apparel, thus lessening the demands of fabric mills. True there isn't work enough to go round, but is it any worse than in 1914 when depression in trade swelled the ranks of non-workers, in New York city alone to 350,000, and in the United States to millions of unem- ployed? ECKFORD.

As the World Wags:  
I read today where they have just discovered that Lindbergh has flat feet. He should worry; he doesn't use 'em. JAZBO.

## THE CUTTY SARK

As the World Wags:

To one who has considerably inher- ited sea salt flowing in his veins, any mention by The Herald of the old clip- per ships is most interesting reading. In place of the many light-weight, questionable books of the 20th century, I advise the reading of "The Log of the Cutty Sark." This sea diary will stand reading several times.

This English square rigger of rather small tonnage built for the China tea trade, and later put into Australian wool business, after years of fast eastern sailing that has never been beaten, is now faring just a little mite better than several of our old Maine ships which as coal barges are now towed by nose up and down the Atlantic coast. This world famous Cutty Sark, now owned in the Provinces, is often report- ed in The Herald's ship news as arriving at some United States Atlantic port. In fact I noticed her arriving but a few weeks ago. The Cutty Sark has been changed from square rig into a fore and after rig; schooner rig, so called. EDWARD BRIERHURST BRIRY, M.D. Bath, Me.

We go to the doctor, not for common sense at the beginning, but for magic at the end.—Robert Lynd.

We see that Frederick Rex is the librarian of Chicago's Municipal Reference Library. And Big Bill Thompson stands by consenting!

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"  
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This is the saga of the moonshiner's kid and the smart revenue officer. The s. r. o. heard that a very good brand of "dew" was being manufactured in a certain section of Kentucky's hill country. He decided to pinch the still and sample the evidence. While wandering about the neighborhood in which the still was located, he came upon a moonshiner's kid. "Is there a still near here?" asked the s. r. o. "Yep," answered the m. k. "I'll give you \$5 if you'll take me to it," offered the s. r. o. "All right," agreed the m. k. "I never thought it would be this easy," thought the s. r. o. After they had gone some distance into the hills the m. k. asked for his money. "I'll give it to you on the way back," said the s. r. o. "As far as you're concerned," said the m. k., "th' hain't gonna be no way back." OLD SOAK.

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As the World Wags:  
I read today where they have just discovered that Lindbergh has flat feet. He should worry; he doesn't use 'em. JAZBO.

As the World Wags:

Have you space to publish this vile piece of slander which was published in the German press? And it made the Germans laugh very heartily. Here 'tis:

A criminal lawyer of Chicago was walking down the street when a fugi- tive pursued by cops fled toward him. "Stop him! Stop him!" called the cops.

The criminal lawyer paid no atten- tion. One of the policemen halted. "Are you deaf?" he asked. "Why didn't you stop the murderer?"

"And what is a murderer?" cross- examined the lawyer.

"What a question! A murderer is a man who kills."

"Ah, I understand, a butcher."

"You old fool—I mean a man who kills another man."

"Of course," agreed the lawyer. "You mean a soldier."

"You idiot. A man who kills men in peace time."

"Now I understand, an executioner."

"You fool! A man who kills another man at his home."

"Now I get you, a doctor."

And at this moment another murder was committed. DONALD DAY.

## WHITEMAN LEADS AT METROPOLITAN

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra are at the Metropolitan Theatre this week in an elaborate stage show and for once the entertainment seems too short. There is music in Paul Whiteman's jazz, there is also an intelligent man- ner of presenting it.

The first view of the orchestra is through, a peculiar foggy curtain but gradually the sounds creep up and out and when the curtain lifts one sees the leader, a bit slimmer than he was for- merly, and his excellent jazz musicians with a background of a non-slumbering Broadway. All as it should be.

Mississippi Mud is the first selection after the swamp scene. Another is Ramona in which Mr. Whiteman uses his brass instruments in so gentle a fashion that when the violins take up the theme, they seem timid and fawn- ing in comparison. Musical Reminiscences include many of the selections Mr. Whiteman has played in the past.

The Albertina Rasch dancers are ef- fective rabbits and cats. Their dancing is pleasantly technical, rhythmic and graceful. The girls are also handsome which leaves little wanting in their part of the performance.

There are also two comely young women in red who dance, or rather, exercise in an agreeable fashion, and a canary and cat idyl by Kerenoff and Maree.

The film is "The Shepherd of the Hills" adapted from the novel of Har- old Bell Wright which was popular once upon a time and should have been left to its faded glory. Alec B. Francis is the Shepherd. The rest of the cast includes Molly O'Day, John Boles, Mat- thew Betz and Maurice Murphy.

This giddy little pastoral must have remained true to the original manu- script and Alec Francis as the chronic optimist fits the part like a glove, one might say. He is a dramatic figure as he goes tearing through bushes and sage-brush alike to stop the people from leaving their homes because of the drought but it is difficult to be greatly moved when he is pushed about roughly. The character with all its great goodness has come out of the past and with our appetites for real- ism such as they are, it is hard to take and believe.

The scene where the little grandson, who is supposed to be odd and who looks and acts in a surprisingly healthy and normal fashion, succumbs to the heat and spends hours wavering be- tween life and death is another of the older motion picture methods which, we had hoped, they had outgrown. There is some beautiful photography, some excellent scenery and some sub- titles which Mr. Wright may have to try to live down. C. M. D.

## CHAMBER PLAYERS GIVE 2D CONCERT

The Chamber orchestra of Boston, Nicolas Slonimsky, conductor, gave its second concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Once more Mr. Slonimsky brought forward a pro- gram of music all unheard in Boston, some of it even new to the world. If the sinfonia by Wilhelm Friede-



At the end of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season it is profitable to review the salient features, not so much in a spirit of renewed criticism, as to recall what was done; what composers were represented; what new works were brought before the public.

Brahms and Ravel were represented each by seven works. Next in order came Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Wagner, with four each; Bach, Beethoven, Berlioz, Handel, Strauss, Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky with three each; Bloch, Carpenter, Ljadov, Liszt, Mozart, Prokofieff, Schumann, Sibelius with two each; over 30 composers were represented by one work.

The number of Ravel's works was due in large measure to the fact that he was a "guest" conductor. As for Brahms, Mr. Koussevitzky is a warm admirer of that composer. As there was a Beethoven Festival last season, it was natural that there was not a superabundance of his works performed in 1927-28. He gained by what some might think a slight, for there are those who think, misguided souls, that "Beethoven" should be on the title page of nearly every program; yet we remember a subscriber to the concerts, he is not living now, who wished to substitute "Berlioz" for "Beethoven," the one name that stands in honor high above the platform in Symphony hall.

Works by Beck, Converse, Hill, Lazar, Lopatrikov, Lorenziti, Martinu, Piston, Tansman, were performed for the first time anywhere, and Tansman played the piano part of his concerto. Of these works, the symphony of Hill and the "California" of Converse were the most important, though "The Tumult," by Martinu, was by no means negligible; for the rush and fury of a crowd were vividly portrayed in tones without any attempt at sensationalism.

And here it is to be remarked that American composers cannot complain that they were neglected by Mr. Koussevitzky, who is anxious to encourage them by performance. Bloch (for he may now be called an American composer), Carpenter, Converse, Hill, Loeffler, Mason (D. G.), Piston, were all represented.

We were favored, or at least curiosity was satisfied, by the appearance in the flesh of Sir Thomas Beecham, who, as a "guest" conductor, was warmly appreciated; Bartok, whose concerto was as a stumbling block to many, who, as a pianist, treated the piano only as a percussion instrument; Ravel, a charming person, who conducted his delightful music indifferently well, with the exception of his "Valse," of which he gave a brilliant and unexpected interpretation; Tansman, whose concerto pleased, whose piano-playing was sufficiently acceptable.

Late in the season came three members of the Parisian Society of Ancient Instruments, whose selections of 18th century music and skill in the performance made the concert in which they took part one long to be remembered. It is doubtful whether any music gave more pure delight during the season than Asoli's Adagio as played by Mr. Henri Casadesus.

Undoubtedly the two great events of the season were the performance for the first time in this country of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and at a Pension Fund concert Honegger's "King David," which had been heard in New York and Worcester. It is not necessary now to argue for or against this "Oedipus Rex." It was a work to be heard: a work of uneven worth, but one that contains pages of lofty dramatic and musical inspiration. "King David," a series of episodes, if you please to regard it as such, is of more sustained value, admitting by the nature of the text a greater variety of expression, containing choruses of singular beauty.

The performance of these two works was of the finest quality. Dr. Davison had prepared the chorus in each case so that the choral numbers were impressive; Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with the necessary authority, and, what is more, with the enthusiasm and the magnetism that are peculiar to him.

The other two choral works, Holst's "Ode to Death" and Schmitt's "Psalm" did not make so marked an impression. It was a bold undertaking for any composer to set music to the excerpt from Walt Whitman's "Burial Hymn of Lincoln"; the task was too much for Holtz, who had only a few moments in which he gave musical emphasis to the text. Schmitt's "Psalm" has a thunderous speech; there was often the expectation during the performance of something great to come, but in spite of the glowing tributes paid the composer in his own country, there was disappointment here, not lively appreciation.

There are some who complained of the programs because the "orthodox" composers were shoved aside to make room for contemporaneous and wild-eyed men of the extreme left wing. Let's see. Bach, 3; Beethoven, 3; Berlioz, 3; Brahms, 7; Cherubini, Debussy (for he is now accepted even by the hardened reactionaries), 4; Gluck, Handel, 3; Haydn, Liszt, Loeffler, Mendelssohn, Mozart, 2; Ravel, 7 (he, too, is now accepted by the die-hards); Saint-Saens, Schumann, 2; Sibelius, 2; Strauss, 3; Tchaikovsky, 3; Wagner, 4.

But it is easy even for the sticklers for conservatism to make rash statements.

This quarrel between those who wish to hear only what they have already heard—especially what their fathers heard before them—and those desirous of knowing what is going on in the musical world today, is not confined to Boston, nor is it due simply to the introduction of unfamiliar works during the last four years. There has been this quarrel through the centuries; there will, surely, be a quarrel for years to come. After Honegger and Stravinsky have their certificates as respectable citizens, other composers will arise to perplex and probably disgust the complacent and the timid. This is all as it should be. Without these differences of opinion, without contention and strife, art would be stagnant.

Not everything that is signed by Bach, Beethoven et al. is good; not everything that is signed by Stravinsky and Honegger et al. is bad. Let the members of the left wing have their hearing. Let us all try to find out what their purpose is; whether they are honest or poseurs; whether they really have something to say, disguise it as they may by passing affectations. Youth is yeasty and prone to imagine a vain thing. If the works of radicals remain in their portfolios, how are they to become self-critical? Let us also remember that music is not a fixed art, determined for all time. It is in a large measure shaped by contemporaneous thought and the spirit of the age. The works that are for all time are very few.

It is hardly necessary to speak again of Mr. Koussevitzky, whose genius has raised the Boston Symphony Orchestra to its present proud eminence. Fortunate Boston, in that this conductor has not only the indispensable gifts, but incomparable magnetism, dramatic force, poetic imagination, and the courage to acquaint us with contemporaneous musical literature. P. H.

mann Bach has never been played in America, perhaps there is sufficient reason for its neglect. It sounds very well, being faintly colored, but probably even those persons to whom the very name of Bach is sacred will scarcely acclaim it of consequence.

Mozart lovers, by the same argument, can hardly feel that, now they have heard some minuets and dances Mozart tossed off for a "redoute," they have been blessed with new light on the master. Perhaps the Cauzona Francesc by Pasquini and an adagio and giga by Galuppi, which brought the concert to a close, set off the ancients more glowingly.

Music of body there was at last, when Mr. Gilbert's suite for Chamber orchestra came to hearing. For here was music in which a composer set out to say something, with melody at hand to say it with, and rhythm, too. Harmonic variety Mr. Gilbert has likewise at his disposal—though what is ugly as sin seems not to appeal to him—and a masterly hand at instrumental color.

This color Mr. Slonimsky made the most of. The melodies, however—or so it seemed—he might have let express more ardor; by a more incisive rhythm, too, he might perhaps have saved the music from a certain sense of diffuseness. Mr. Gilbert was applauded with the utmost cordiality.

Color, sonority—these appear to be, when an orchestra comes into question, Mr. Slonimsky's strong points, harsh tone or forced, all praise to him, he will not put up with; every shade of color, however faint, he makes tell. And at balance of tone he showed himself yesterday a master. To the melodic flow, though, of Friedemann Bach's fugue, as well as Mozart's pretty tunes, he might surely have brought more life.

As well as Mr. Gilbert's suite there was a second piece receiving its first performance yesterday, "Marked Passages" by Henry Cowell. The program note states: "The first movement opens with a quietly announced theme developed canonically, of a rise of a seventh, falling away to a sixth, against an auxiliary theme of repeated notes which rise by legato half steps with each measure."

Somebody else, perhaps, could work this scheme of Mr. Cowell's to advantage. He himself made something odd of it; that, no doubt, was what he wanted.

After it Edgar Varese's "Offrandes" for voice and small orchestra sounded no less than opulent as to material and resource of means. More than enough, at all events, he had ready for the setting of two poems affected to the point of absurdity. His orchestral part, thanks to the skill of Mr. Slonimsky, sounded very well indeed, and, again thanks to the conductor, it refrained from swearing too rudely at the voice part.

This voice part, though by no means beautiful or distinguished, runs along smoothly enough; since the orchestration proved too heavy for the words, although Miss Gertrude Ehrhart enunciated them distinctly, of its expressiveness one can not form an opinion. Miss Ehrhart, singing with her usual agreeable tone, sounded firm as a rock in these difficult, not too thankful measures.

The audience, of good size, liked some pieces better than others. R. R. G.

## SIMMONS COLLEGE GLEE CLUB SINGS

The second concert of the Simmons College Glee Club, David Blair McClosky, director, was given last night at Jordan hall. The assisting artist was Elizabeth Worcester, soprano; the accompanist, Ruth A. Titus; violin, Ione Coy; cello, Viola Hirsh; harp, Dorothy Knauss. The program was as follows: Brahms, Die Nonne, Marznacht, Nun stehn die Rosen in Blüthe, Barcarole; Holst, Sweet and Low, The Splendour Falls, Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, O Swallow, Swallow, Spring, Summer; Riker, Invocation to the Dawn; Bennett, cantata, "The Lady of Shalott."

It is a pleasing sight to see comely young women dressed in a gay variety of colors on the concert stage and so one might say the evening devoted to the Simmons College Glee Club started auspiciously. The Brahms group of songs were sung in German, and sung very well considering the natural difficulties encountered. There were times the voices scattered and a few times the ardor of youth resulted in an unreasonable volume of sound, but these times were few. For the most part the songs were well phrased and pleasant.

Especially was this true of the Barcarole and Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal. The Invocation to the Dawn,

dedicated to the Simmons College glee club, had a commendable amount of earnestness and all departments deserve warm praise for the excellence of the cantata.

The soloist, Elizabeth Worcester, has a firm, beautiful soprano with more depth of tone than one often hears. In parts of the cantata where dramatic fervor was essential, she gave it in a true sense, without strain and with her full tones rising easily, splendidly to the climax. The assisting artists gave her splendid support, as did the glee club.

Probably because of the weather the audience was not so large as it would have been but those present were warmly appreciative of the program.

C. M. D.

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### THE ALIBI

When the pugilistic champ gets a wallop on the lamp

And travels to the land of poppy dreams,

He's hardly out his trance till he does a song and dance—

He'd won only he was doped, it seems.

When the browsy bush league beauty proves a quince for major duty

And the bleachers start to pan him to the core,

He makes an awful racket, though he gets no one to back it,

So he yells about his right arm being sore.

When the track athletic fellow uncorks a stream of yellow

And views each little track meet from afar,

He has his little cry and his little alibi—

"If it wasn't for the coach, I'd be a star." PAUL FOGARTY.

Mr. Otis Skinner richly deserves the gold medal given to him by the American Academy of Arts and Letters "for good diction on the stage." After all, Academies are sometimes useful; sometimes justified in their awards. We read that 1500 radio announcers will soon compete for a medal to be bestowed for the "purest enunciation of English."

Mr. Skinner, accepting the medal, said that this country is suffering from "universal sloppiness" in its speech. "The demoralized verbal seepings from other peoples have muddled our English tongue." He also spoke of the "catarrhal babel."

He avoided special reference to the verbal muddiness on the stage; the running of words together; the clipping of final syllables; the chewing, mauling, of sentences; the prevailing indistinctness in enunciation. What a pleasure it is to hear Mr. Skinner and Miss Crossman in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"! What a pleasure it was to hear the English language as spoken by the men and women in "The Silver Cord"! How often audiences are afflicted by the mumbling and inaudible chatter of short-skirted, flapper-like young actresses who in some unexplainable manner have found their way to the stage!

"Diction." Is not the word often employed loosely? It first meant only a "word"; as in "Dictions, syllables, letters, numbers." This meaning became obsolete at the end of the 17th century. Then the word came to mean a phrase, locution, mode of speech; later, "speech," "verbal description." Next, "the manner in which anything is expressed in words; choice or selection of words and phrases; wording, verbal style; also of writings." Thus Leslie Stephen did not believe that "the diction of poetry should be simply that of common life." An old writer on elocution defined that word: "By which they always meant what we call diction; which consists in suiting our words to our ideas, and the style of the subject."

A singer is now praised or blamed for her "diction." It is more than a matter of distinct enunciation and correct pronunciation; it is giving the proper emphasis, revealing the significance of the poet's text.

Teachers of singing are often satisfied if their pupils produce tones according to the theory of the teacher and sing the tones "in tune." There are teachers who realize that this is only the beginning, that the pupil about to appear in public must be in sympathy and understanding with the writer of the song as well as with the composer of the music.

### CHARLES ADAMS WHITE

By the death of Charles Adams White this musical city is the poorer. Technically well equipped, he was not a slave to a theory; he had not invented the one and only method by which a pupil could be saved. He knew that there should not be "standardized" instruction; there were individual cases, and the individuality should be considered by the teacher. He did not believe in factories for singers; nor did



think it right to encourage a pupil, turn could he accept a would-be pupil, at the saw that she was not vocally light tent, not musically intelligent. To local instruction was an art, not

**HA** knew him, as musician and man, he made Boston his home. During many years, although he was or a profession prone to criticism of others, we never heard him speak in disparagement of a colleague, in ridicule of any singer however incompetent. This was not from policy; generosity in speech as in practical matters, was in his nature; for he was constantly helpful, nor was he vexed when his kindness was rewarded afterward by indifference or open ingratitude; then he was amused, for he had the sense of humor that keeps one in his profession from self-conceit and bitterness. Thus, he, without knowing it, for modesty, not due to timidity, ruled his life, was an example to all musicians. He was more than a teacher of singing; he was an accomplished musician, a discerning critic, interested in all that pertains to humanity, a staunch friend, like Baptiste Minola, "an affable and courteous gentleman."

Mr. K. L. S. writes: "Please, what is the origin of the saying, 'Homeric laughter'? Like the freshman and the Aurora Borealis, I knew once, but I seem to have forgotten."

The adjective merely means "in the manner of Homer." Not that, to the best of our knowledge, Homer laughed in an uproarious manner, or indulged himself in noisy squeals of joy; but the laughter that might have burst forth from his heroes; laughter of the gods and goddesses as they saw limping Vulcan as cup-bearer on high Olympus.

H. T. H. writes to us: "Have you noticed the recent vigorous religious activities of the churches of Swampscott as reported in the generally accepted Daily Evening Item of Lynn?"

"Church of the Holy Name. There will be a colorful communion of all men and young men of the parish Sunday morning at 8."

"The young people of the Epworth League continue their rehearsals this week of 'Cat o' Nine Tails'. The characters are to be appropriately consumed."

#### IF THEY LIVED TODAY

I fear that Solomon would go to jail, Salome would be dancing on the stage, While Cain no doubt would be released on bail, Methuselah would never be his age.

Yes, Eve would certainly be right in style And David would be champion no doubt; While Samson would have Timney beat a mile, Diogenes would blow his lantern out.

Old Hercules would be a wrestling star And Adam would prepare for apple week; Elijah would import a motor car, While Joseph with his coat would be a sheik.

In Congress Ananias would be great And Venus would be queen of all the vamps;

While Jonah a fish story would relate, The foolish virgins wouldn't need their lamps.

VAN H. ESHELMAN.

## ROLAND HAYES

Roland Hayes, tenor, sang this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, to the very good accompaniments of Percy Parham:

Thi Mostra la Corte, An Chloë, Mozart; Thr Bild, Die Forelle, Schubert; Dien blaues Auge, O Komme holde Sommer Nacht, Brahms; From Songs of Georgia, Rachmaninov; Over the Mountains, Quilter; She Comes not, Henschel; Sakura, Matsuyama. Negro spirituals—You'd better mind, New born again, arranged by William C. Heilman; What a mourning, arranged by William L. Dawson; Ride on, arranged by Roland Hayes.

Only just returned from Europe, Mr. Hayes has brought with him his well-known excellences. Yesterday he had his exquisite pianissimo all ready for use, his exemplary neatness of articulation. As musically as ever, he turned his phrases; as conscientiously as ever, he refrained from floating time.

His voice, however, because of the exertions of a long concert tour, Mr. Hayes did not bring back in the pink condition. For, too often, the instant he departed from his lovely pianissimo, Mr. Hayes let fall tones unbecomingly nasal. When, furthermore—it occurred, to be sure, but rarely—he felt the occasion fit for a really strong high note, then he emitted tones curiously void and dry. It was in Quilter's pretty song, and some of the spirituals, that Mr. Hayes was able most markedly to produce the lovely tone we associate with his name.

Because, very like, he recognized his voice's temporary indisposition, Mr. Hayes laid out a program for the greater part of which he could make gentle sounds do. This hardly answered, though, for "Thr Bild," a song demanding intensity if ever song cried out for it, for the songs of Brahms. It suited, too, so ill, the quick portion of Mozart's first song that Mr. Hayes, whether or not he could succeed, essayed to furnish the warm tone called for, an attempt greatly to his credit.

Thus out of voice and apparently subdued in spirit, Mr. Hayes stood not in a position to do himself full justice. He delighted, nevertheless, a very large audience, an audience about as large, in fact, as Symphony hall can accommodate. R. R. G.

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They were talking about sounds that are soothing, not disturbing in the night-watches. One mentioned the clatter of horses' hoofs on a bridge a mile away, now, alas, exchanged for the demoniacal tooting of a rushing motor car. One was loud in praise of the early village cock in a distant barnyard. Hathaway was for factory whistles with the accompanying thought that he was not obliged to leave his bed; and for the same reason Jones delighted in the rumble of an express train and thanked the Lord that he was not as the unfortunate in the hideous promiscuity of a sleeping car. The more prosaic Ferguson, probably remembering Calverley's dinner bell, thought no sound sweeter to the half-awakened than the summons to prepare for breakfast. To which Mr. Herkimer Johnson said that this morning's bell was like the one heard by Macbeth: it summoned one to heaven or to hell, as one breakfasted in a week-end visit at the country house of a plutocrat or at a boarding house. As Calverley's dinner bell was mentioned Percy Beauregard, who "just dotes" on poetry, quoted:

"O blessed Bell! Thou bringest beef and beer,  
Thou bringest good things more than tongue may tell;  
Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued  
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food."

"Horses' hoofs." Some would have us write "hooves" for "hoofs." "Hoofs" is the word for the clatter on the bridge, but "hooves" was the earlier spelling of the plural and Stevenson in one of his essays speaks of "The hooves of many horses, beating the wide pasture in alarm."

There are old forms of familiar words that we would gladly see in common use. Take Marlowe's mighty lines for example:

"The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,  
And blow the morning from their nostrils."

We would banish "recitalist," though it has crept into the Oxford dictionary; and what is to be said of the headlines in the paper "for people who think"; "Philadelphia gets 4 Batonists in '28-'29," this being interpreted probably means that the Philadelphia orchestra will have four conductors next season.

#### THE SPIRIT OF JAZZ

(For As the World Wags)

Sing a song of Springtime,  
Grandma's caught the jazz,  
Her class at Vassar, '38  
Are giving her the razz.

She wears her skirts above the knee  
And steps the College Drag,  
She "has the skin you love to touch,"  
Her cheeks they never sag.

She drives a sporty roadster,  
And winks at traffic cops,  
And goes to boxing matches  
And all the college hops.

She shakes a wicked cocktail,  
And rolls her cigarettes,  
And has a snappy little book,  
In which she writes her bets.

Poor grandpa is bewildered  
When she calls him "Old Dear";  
She'll have him playing tennis  
Before another year.

JAMES L. EDWARDS

Any person who stands up in public and says what he thinks is likely to be accused of bad taste, not only by those of whom he has said it, but by those irritating persons who have cultivated the habit of sitting on the fence to such an extent that they are capable of poisoning themselves on the point of a pin. If the Good Tasters had had their way long ago, man would still be a piece of shapeless protoplasm floating about the warm seas of the world in an ecstasy of goo form!—St. John Ervine.

We spoke not long ago of dear old Aunt Lucinda with her Now gossips

drinking tea from saucers. W. R. W. writes: "In my boyhood in Cambridge from 1860 to 1870 there were in our table-china-service what were called 'cup-plates.' They were smaller than saucers and a bit larger than the then diminutive butter plates (individual). These cup plates were intended for use when one drank his hot tea, or coffee, from his saucer, the cup being set into one of the cup plates, so as to avoid any possible stain or soil to the table cloth, should one's cup have a bit of moisture on it from a possible spilling into the saucer. I think the use of the cup-plate was discontinued about the year 1871."

Mary C. Faulkner writes: "Pouring hot tea in the saucer was considered quite correct in early New England days. When guests were present and the best table linen in use, small china plates, called 'tea-plates,' were used, on which to stand the cup after pouring tea into the saucer, thus saving the cloth from tea stains. These cup-plates were from 3 to 4 inches in diameter."

#### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

When the epicurean Charles Monselet was asked why he never left the Quai Voltaire to seek "rural refreshment," he replied: "The country! It is the place where the birds are raw."

As the World Wags:

The latest news from commercial centres on the Canadian line is that alcohol has been regraded through the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League. The distributors have now agreed that their merchandise shall now be known as de-natured alcohol, of inferior quality, and good-natured alcohol of greater purity and uplift. So is the problem of national prohibition being slowly solved. Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Mr. "Billy" Sunday is quoted as saying that he wishes his hide made into a drum "to annoy the Devil after I'm dead."

This beautiful thought is not original with him. When Ziska, the general of the Hussites, was dying of the plague he ordered that his skin should be made into a drum, assuring his comrades that "the enemy would fly at the very beat of it. What he desired was done, which had the effect he promised." Frederick the Great took the drum with other spoils of war when he returned from Bohemia to his own town. There is a picture of the drum in the Boston Public Library "Magasin Pittoresque," Paris, 1843, pp. 130, 131. The skin is that of a man, and it is taken from his back and chest.

As the World Wags:

Mussolini has issued a decree doing away with handshaking. This is a terrible blow to the Rotarian and Kiwanis clubs, but I can see old Cal eyeing Il Duce enviously. JEROME.

#### A FOOLISH WORD

(London Daily Chronicle)

A competition has just been held to decide "the 10 greatest poetesses." Surely this unnecessary word might have been allowed to remain in the decent obscurity into which it had been retired. An author is an author whether man or woman. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith is just as much a novelist as Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Miss Edith Sitwell has as much right to the term "poet" as her brothers. It would be as logical to call a woman who paints a "paintress" as to call a woman who makes verse a "poetess."

The choir will now sing that grand old English anthem:

"Him as buys meat buys bones,  
Him as buys cherries buys stones,  
Him as buys eggs buys shells,  
But him as buys beer buys nothing else."

## MITZI SHINES

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Madcap," a musical comedy in three acts, adapted by Gertrude Purcell and Gladys Unger from the French of Gignoux and Thery. Lyrics by Clifford Grey; music by Maurice Rubens. This comedy was known as "Green Fruit," when it was in Cleveland early in 1927. It came to New York as "The Madcap," at the Royale Theatre on Jan. 31, 1928. Presented by the Messrs. Shubert. Bernard Smith, musical director.

The cast last night was as follows:

Potunia	Marie Payne
Helene	Lillian Lane
Claire	Valmont
Lord Clarence Steeple	Ethel Intropidi
Lady Mary Steeple	Sydney Greenstreet
Hon. Harry Steeple	Ethel Morrison
Chibi	Harry Puck
Emeline Hawley	Marcella Swanson
Cuthbert Custard	Charles Williams
James	Pat Claxton
Sir Bertram Hawley	Arthur Treacher
Footman	Clifford Smith

This is another variation of an ancient theme: that of a woman about to wed or plotting to wed a noble lord or rich merchant and wishing to seem young in the victim's eyes, dressing her marriageable daughter in the clothes of a young girl. Sometimes the girl is the innocent daughter of an adventurer.

sometimes she gladly joins in the end. This trick played for the sake of greed, or in some cases to win a man who is really loved for himself, has served writers of stories, farces, librettos for many years. In the present instance Mrs. Valmont, hard-up and pursued by creditors, throws herself in front of an automobile belonging to Lord Clarence Steeple. He is at once infatuated with her; he foolishly in his proposal inquires her age. Of course she lies, but admits she has a little girl in a convent. This little girl, a sophisticated minx, ambitious for fame as a cinema star, turns up and the noble suitor, who has theories about the education of children, insists on seeing her. The mother begs her to come to her rescue. The girl consents.

It is easy to guess what happens, especially when Chibi is portrayed by Mitzi. Nor is it necessary to speak of a suspicious relative; of the young man, already betrothed, who is greatly taken with the feigned innocence and artless speeches of the girl.

It is also easy to imagine what ingenious and liberal-minded Frenchmen would do with a subject like this. The adaptation is mild and innocuous. In fact the plot is negligible; the music is for the most part commonplace. The duets between Chibi and Harry are the most melodious in the conventional musical comedy manner.

But Mitzi is on the stage the greater part of the evening and that is enough, for she is amusing in her own peculiar and pleasing way—the way described by some of her many admirers as "cute." They do her an injustice; she is more than "cute"; she has the talent of a true comedian, as is shown whenever the librettists give her opportunity. Though the others in the company are fully adequate, Miss Intropidi, who was evidently suffering from a severe cold; Miss Morrison, whose clearcut enunciation was delightful; Miss Swanson, pleasing to the eyes; Mr. Greenstreet in his weighty manner; Mr. Puck in his talk, singing and dancing with Chibi—though there are dances chiefly conspicuous by the precision of the involved evolutions, yet what would become of the comedy were it not for Mitzi?

Her slyness, rudeness, cajoling—the delivery of her lines, in themselves not so humorous as "to make a man laugh if he were all alone, solitary, by himself in the woods," to quote from Hannibal's famous speech at the Yale of the Seventies—the illusion of pert childhood created by her—these are necessarily associated with Mitzi; but last night the growing love for Harry, the regret that she had been induced to assume so ridiculous a role, jealousy of Helene—the struggle between her real self and that which was not her own—all this was deftly portrayed. Here was something more than the startling contrasts between baby talk and language that was violent and free in her moments of forgetfulness or revolt. The piece was well mounted. The large audience laughed heartily.

#### MODERN AND BEACON

In "The Silver Slave," feature picture at the Modern and Beacon theatres this week, Irene Rich, who plays the leading role, has the greatest part of her career as the charming widow, who uses her charms to win from her flapper daughter the men of wealth and years who court her. It is only when the mother explains her reasons that the youngster forgives what seemed to her unpardonable conduct on her parent's part. The cast includes Audrey Ferris, one of the newer Hollywood lights; Holmes Herbert and John Miljan.

"The Night Flyer," companion picture at the twin theatres, starring William Boyd, is the story of railroad life in the far West in the early days. The main theme of the piece is woven around a young railroad fireman who risks his life to secure a mail contract for his company, and whose train is wrecked. In support of Boyd are Philo McCullough, Ann Schaeffer and De Witt Jennings.

## 'MOTHERHOOD' IS ON

"Motherhood," a film presented at the Fenway Theatre this week is, doubtless, one of the group known as propaganda films. As such they often defeat the purpose which inspired their making and as such the good taste of their showing as part of an entertainment program must necessarily be questioned.

The present film has some good qualities but with the exception of one player, the cast is poor and the production cheap. If the producer had changed some of her slow moving and maudlin serious-mindedness to a more genuine appreciation of pleasant people, the film might have been more effective in what, evidently, was approached sincerely enough.

"Flying Romeos," starring Charlie Murray and George Sidney, is a good comedy of would-be aviators. There are short subjects to complete the program.



**WILBUR THEATRE**—Holbrook Blinn in "The Play's the Thing," three-act comedy by Ferenc Molnar, adapted from the Hungarian by P. G. Wodchouse. Presented by Gilbert Miller and staged by Mr. Blinn. The cast:

Mansky	Hubert Bruce
Sandor Turai	Holbrook Blinn
Alma	Gavin Muir
Alma's sister	Ralph Naro
Alma's mother	Harry Mosher
Alma's father	Selena Royle
Alma's brother	Claude Allister
Alma's sister	Stephen Kendra
Alma's brother	Kirby Hawke
Alma's sister	Lucky

Once more this highly amusing, sophisticated comedy comes to town for a brief stay. This time it acts as a welcome stop-gap of a week's duration at the Wilbur. The cast is the same except for the part of Ilona, which is now played by Selena Royle, who acquires herself admirably.

The ingenious Molnar and the facile Wodchouse, in turn, wrought well to give us this clever piece of a play within a play. Sometimes Molnar is hard to see because of the Wodchouse, but those who have followed the fortunes of Jeeves, the man servant sans peur et sans reproche, are glad to see him pop up again before their eyes with his amazing forethought and gentle persistences.

Turai and Mansky, as you know, are theatrical producers and playwrights. They bring their youthful protege, who has written music for their new play and is engaged to Ilona, to the Count's chateau as a surprise to the prima donna, who is already a guest there. They engage the suite next to hers, but the walls are thin, and all three hear a former flame making love to her, with references to a former arrangement and with a bit too much present success. The fat is in the fire, for the composer now tears his hair and talks of tearing up the score of the forthcoming play.

Thereupon Turai, who declares that a man is either a playwright or he is not, spends the rest of the night writing a play in which he uses the passionate lines heard through the wall, thus offering to the young man the explanation of a dramatic rehearsal.

Turai always thinks theatre, and at the start of the first act ponders aloud as to how a play should be started. At his suggestion each of the three rise, state who they are and why they are there, and thus do away with the usual conversational exposition. The same ruse is used at the end of the second act, when a dull place is reached and one wonders what can happen to bring the curtain down. Each of the three suggest a possible ending, the curtain descending half-way at each preliminary trial, and coming down with a vengeance when Turai, the master, plays a trump card. In spite of all this, the second act is recognizably weak. True, we may credit the author with honest intention to satirize the usual in theatre, but it is also possible that people who look cross-eyed too much may get that way.

The device of the play within the play, when Ilona and Almayd go through the rehearsal which calms the breast of the young musician, is admirably handled, and the business of the peach, which Almayd strokes and adores instead of Ilona, scores heavily. The whole play rests, of course, on Turai, inspired fixer of troubles and dominator of the fates of his companions. It is taken by Mr. Blinn with his usual smooth and triumphant effectiveness. All other parts are well taken. Probably the best light play of the season. H. F. M.

## 'GARDEN OF EDEN'

"The Garden of Eden," a film comedy-drama, starring Corinne Griffith, based on the play by Rudolph Bernauer and Rudolph Osterreicher, directed by Lewis Milestone and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Tom LeBrun	Corinne Griffith
Rosa	Louise Dresser
Henry von Gessing	Lowell Sherman
Madame Bauer	Maudie George
Richard Dupont	Charles Ray

It matters little which kind of fauna Miss Griffith is compared with orchids or other garnishes, she is a woman who photographs well. On the moving picture screen she is beautiful.

The present picture is Miss Griffith's only United Artists venture. The play from which it is adapted she saw last summer while abroad and, struck with its possibilities for the screen, she obtained the rights. It is amusingly handled but one cannot resist wondering what the play is like. The cloth from which the plot is woven is thin.

Credit for the film's interesting treatment should, therefore, go to the director. He has kept his characters moving in ways which are not arid.

scenes in a manner which is not of the breed stereotypic and this he has done intelligently and without an overabundance of sub-titles. If there seems to be "Much Ado About Nothing," it is at least original and therefore refreshing.

Unfortunately there are two exceptions to all of this. Clara Bow was seen doing the disrobing act before Miss Griffith decided to be proud in this effective manner. Miss Griffith does it much better than Miss Bow. She adds the final skilful touch of promptly forgetting to what lengths her anger has driven her.

Then again, sometime, some one in Hollywood is going to a wedding and they are going to see how well-bred guests behave even if the bride has an attractive temper. The wedding relatives in this "Garden of Eden" were routine motion picture wedding relatives.

But again may we refer to Miss Griffith's beauty. Then there is the surprise one feels when they start a film along the dramatic highway of a young woman leaving a bakeshop to seek a career on the opera stage, and have her end in what is the equivalent of a night club with its attending dangers and then, almost before one realizes it have her in Monte Carlo as the adopted daughter of an impoverished baroness.

Charlie Paddock, who won the 75-yard sprint at Pennsylvania Saturday, and at the same time broke the world record, who is "the world's fastest human," is making a personal appearance at Loew's State Theatre this week. He is also featured in a film, an excellent film with the love interest and racing nicely mixed. Charlie Paddock is so genuine and likeable—he gets away with it. C. M. D.

## DORA MAUGHAN AT KEITH'S THEATRE

It is "Youth and Personality Week" at B. F. Keith's theatre this week, or at least the billboard outside says so. Most of the youth is supplied by Marjorie White and Eddie Tierney, and most of the personality by Dora Maughan, a stately, statuesque siren, who swears that she is "a bad, bad, girl but darned good company." Miss Maughan sang last night, among others, an "innocent song," which she remarked she was able to do because she "had such a good memory."

Miss White and Mr. Tierney were very funny. The latter proved conclusively to the audience that somebody had stolen his underwear. Miss White burlesqued her role of a little girl delightfully. As an added attraction, they poured real water into real brown derbies. Perhaps these items show how delicious their act was.

Also on the bill was Vanessa, who has danced her way through many a Winter Garden show. She was accompanied last evening by one Sonny Hines, a youngster with long hair and supple limbs, and the three Gamble boys who energetically supplied the want of a complete jazz band. Miss Vanessa's presentations were received by the audience with much applause.

Then there were Nellie Arnaut and Brothers, acrobatic violinists; Ernest Hiatt, who had apparently learned most of the Boston street directory by heart, and an act entitled "Spain." A Japanese balancing act, better than usual, and some whirlwind roller-skaters completed the vaudeville. The Pathe News showed most vividly the accident which caused the death of Lockhart, the automobile racer, at Daytona Beach.

### PIERIAN SODALITY

Nicolas Slonimsky, the conductor of the Pierian Sodality of Harvard University, has arranged an unusual program for the Sodality's concert tonight in Jordan hall. Mozart Serenade No. 3 (K. 185). Mendelssohn, overture to "Fingal's Cave." Schumann, piano concerto—First movement (Rosita Escalona, pianist); Wladigerow, Caresses, op. 9 No. 4. Kornceld, prelude and Serenade. Achron, Moods, op. 32. Reger, Humoresque op. 36. Mahler, or youth from "Songs of the Earth. Mr. Slonimsky says the music by Mozart, Korngold, Achron, Reger and Mahler will be performed for the first time in Boston; "Caresses" for the first time in the United States. Partcho Wladigerow is a Bulgarian composer who was born in 1898. He has composed an opera, a viol. concerto, and many piano and orchestral pieces. Mozart's Serenade for 2 oboes, 2 flutes in the andante, 2 horns, 2 trombones and strings was written at Vienna in the summer of 1773, when Mozart was 17 years old. It was ordered by young Andreter of Salzburg for the celebration of his approaching marriage. It is in the manner of Haydn, but show's also Italian influence, and is noteworthy also for the importance given the wind instruments. Three of the five movements will be performed.

## 'THE BABY CYCLONE'

The Keith-Albee players presented a three-act American farce, "The Baby Cyclone," by George Cohan, at the St. James Theatre last night. The cast follows:

Henry Wadsworth	Edith Spear
Crandal	Walter Gilbert
Jessie Burley	Wayne Nunn
Joseph Meadows	Samuel T. Godfrey
Dr. Heam	Clara Joel
Gene Hurley	James Hagan
Lydia Webster	Frank Charlton
Cassidy	Malcolm McGregor
Kellor	May Hill
Robert Webster	Maxon Mellinger
Mrs. Robert Webster	Georgina Spelvin
Edwards	Royal Beal
McCracken	

This hilarious comedy, though seen here before this season in another Boston playhouse, attracted practically a capacity house at the opening performance. Undoubtedly it will continue to draw large crowds.

The story is unfolded in rapid fire manner, and no wonder many in the audience were bordering on hysterics. The theme concerns the disappearance of an innocent Pekingese from the Hurley home. Mrs. Hurley's pet just disappeared because the husband wished it to be so. And thereby hangs the tale, for no woman, who really loves her dog more than her dear husband, is going to sit idly by and see her possession taken from her. The unsuspecting canine goes from arm to arm, separating a lover from his sweetheart and just before the climax, suddenly landing all, bag and baggage, as it were, in the hands of the law. It requires another Solomon to unravel the entanglements that follow.

Walter Gilbert is admirable as Joseph Meadows, banker and broker, who learns to his sorrow that it is better to let well enough alone when a husband and wife start to discuss dogs. Clara Joel, as Lydia Webster, is excellent in her role. Mr. Godfrey and Miss Seare as the Hurleys, shared honors, the latter giving a perfect demonstration of tantrums. Mr. Wadsworth made a good butler and Frank Charlton as a regular policeman who only served to make matters worse as he desperately tried to determine from all parties what the story was about, but not until the last curtain did many in the audience guess the ending. The play will be seen all week at the theatre.

### "BUCK PRIVATES" AT SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA

Lya De Putti, Malcolm McGregor Are Featured

A new Universal photoplay is being shown at the Scollay Square Olympia, featuring Lya De Putti and Malcolm McGregor. It is called "Buck Privates."

McGregor portrays a buck private and contributes both to the comedy and romance of the picture while Lya De Putti is the little German girl. The story concerns the adventures, mostly comic, of the army of occupation in a beautiful little German village nestling against the banks of the Rhine near Cologne.

## OPENS 1928 POP CONCERT SEASON

The Pops began last night, with Alfredo Casella on hand to conduct them. This was his first program:

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Wagner: Largo, solo violin, J. Theodorowicz. Handel: overture to "William Tell," solo cello, J. Langendoen, Rossini: overture to "Leonore," No. 3. Beethoven: Pacific 23. Honegger: The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Dukas; overture to "Le Maschere," intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; Italia, rhapsody, Casella.

The proof of the pudding lies in the eating. A feast of tolerably stout musical fare Mr. Casella set before his hearers—and people came in crowds to partake of it; not a seat appeared to be empty, in the balconies or on the floor. What is more to the point, genuine enthusiasm.

So here we have proof, unless we choose to give the old adage the lie, that Mr. Casella is a man with a long head. Well he knows that the public relish the best of music, provided only it is performed with some life and gusto, quite as heartily as music not so good, and well he knows, furthermore, that neither he nor his present forces can compete with specialists when it comes to jazz and the like. Wise man, therefore, that he is, Mr. Casella prefers to stick to his last.

As for life and gusto, he has them in plenty. Last night he made his Beethoven march, Handel stride and swell, Wagner yell and shout. How he did set Honegger's locomotive to snorting and rumbuling! And "William Tell"! It raged! No indeed; there is nothing dull about Mr. Casella.

He likes his brasses strong. Most people do, however, so those who do not must needs possess their souls in patience till the fashion turns. Loud brasses apart, though, he is all for fine tone, and he is blessed in his solo players, from Mr. Theodorowicz down. In the course of the evening Mr. Casella did some beautiful things, notably the transition from Beethoven's introduction to the allegro. Contrasting episodes, indeed, he held together with singular skill—behold the value of a sensitive feeling for music's rhythmic flow.

All power to Mr. Casella! Holding with good music, he recognizes that good music does not mean dull music or far-fetched. And he knows how to play it; given a few days' time, beyond a doubt he will do finer work than he did last night. R. R. G.

## 'HEART OF FOLLIES GIRL' OPENS HERE

"The Heart of a Follies Girl," starring Billie Dove, opened at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre Sunday. It is a rare picture that combines gay, colorful atmosphere with a powerful dramatic plot.

Billie Dove has the leading role. Her charm and acting ability were never so effectively exhibited, and Larry Kent, Lowell Sherman, Mildred Harris and Clarissa Selwynne have excellent roles, well portrayed.

Scenes of the Follies show, backstage, in the dressing rooms, and cafes and apartments are shown. "The Heart of a Follies Girl" is based on Adela Rogers St. John's magazine story of the same title.

## ESTHER RALSTON AT KEITH-ALBEE

"Something Always Happens," a film mystery farce starring Esther Ralston is presented at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre. The rest of the cast includes Neil Hamilton, Sojin, Lawrence Grant and Roscoe Karns. Frank Tuttle directed from his own script.

A mystery play which has Esther Ralston and Lawrence Grant is bound to be recognized, but one which has good nerve-wracking thrills and stops when one has had enough, is a pleasure. Then the comedy begins—and it is good comedy—until the final scramble for the emerald, or perhaps it was a sapphire, turns the interest to a little wholesome excitement in which the murders are few and the action

### CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

HOLLIS—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner and Henrietta Crosman in principal roles. Last week.

MAJESTIC—"Good News," collegiate musical comedy. Seventh week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Squall," melodrama by Jean Bart, starring Blanche Yurka.

TREMONT—"Hit the Deck," Vincent Youmans's musical comedy, with Louise Groody, Donald Brian and Stella Mayhew. Last week.

COPLEY—"The Wrecker," thrilling melodrama by Arnold Ridley, author of "The Ghost Train." Eighth week.

Jean Jacques Brousseau, the discharged secretary of Anatole France, having won an unenviable reputation by his malicious and mendacious books about his great master, now announces with a fanfare of trumpets his "discovery" that Balzac was the inventor of the word "pollu" as applied to the French soldier. M. Brousseau quotes from Balzac's "Medecin de Campagne": "General Eble . . . could find only 42 brave enough ("assez pollus") to undertake that work."

M. Brousseau is a belated discoverer. The quotation from Balzac's novel is found in the "Dictionary of Military Terms and Soldiers' Slang," published by Larousse in 1916. Maurice Barres wrote about the word in the same year. See also C. Alphonso Smith's "New Words Self-Defined" (1920) in which



here is a quotation from Marmon's "Modern Language Notes" (1917). The latter speaks of "the Pollu without hair," referring to the beardless and brave soldiers at the front. Marmon writes: "According to Balzac 'pollu' signifies the quintessence of boldness, energy, resolution."

This reminds us that Little, Brown & Co. have added to their Beacon Library of Fiction Classics, Balzac's "Magic Skin" and "Cousin Bette" as well as Hugo's "Ninety-Three" and Daudet's "Letters from My Mill." "The Magic Skin" contains a long essay on the novel by George Frederic Parsons which is really a study of Balzac's purpose in writing his great "Comedie Humaine." Parsons classes "The Magic Skin" with "Louis Lambert" and "Sera-phita," though in the first of the three the reader is only on the threshold of Balzac's philosophy; the novel "was intended to show society at large a prey to the same impotence which devours Raphael, and agonizing under the same real wretchedness, springing from the same fierceness of desire, and disguised by the same external brilliancy, which in the extant work are illustrated in their relation to individualism."

The translation of Balzac's novels, now reprinted with illustrations, is Katharine Prescott Wormeley's. She once told us that when she translated Balzac for Roberts Brothers those publishers obliged her to soften certain passages and omit others, much to her disgust. Take, for example, the description of Valerie Marneffe's horrible death in "Cousin Bette." What does Valerie say: "Now I can please only God! I'm going to try to reconcile myself with him, it will be my last coquetry. Yes, it is necessary that I 'fasse le bon Dieu.'" How was Miss Wormeley forced to translate these last words put by Balzac in italics? "Let me strive to make my peace with him—it is my last seduction." That's all. The whole force is destroyed. Compare Henley, who, by the way, misquotes the original phrase: "His Marneffe, in whom is incarnated the instinct and the science of sexual corruption, is Hulo's Cleopatra, and only dies because 'elle va faire le bon Dieu'—as who should say 'to mash the Old Man.'" It is perhaps needless to add that Roberts Brothers' good squeamish souls, did not allow Miss Wormeley to translate Balzac's "Girl with the Golden Eyes," a story that should be put on the shelf with Belot's "Mademoiselle Giraud Ma Femme," the play, "The Prisoner," and the life of Albertine as related by Marcel Proust.

Hugo's "Ninety-Three"—what a great novel it is in spite of its evident extravagancies and faults! Robert Louis Stevenson would not believe that they ceased to steer the corvette while the gun was loose. He would not accept the tocsin scene, nor the chapter in which Lantenac and Halmalho are alone together in the boat: "They would have been swamped thirty times over during the course of Lantenac's harangue"; but how justly enthusiastic is Stevenson over the episode of the mother and children; the passage on La Vendee; the chapter "A Healed Breast, but a Bleeding Heart": "full of the very stuff of true tragedy, and nothing could be more delightful than the humors of the three children on the day before the assault."

Was Stevenson himself free from extravagancies in his novels? Marcel Schwob, a warm admirer of Stevenson, speaking of the romanticism in the latter's "realism," thought that he looked at things only with the eyes of his imagination. "No man has a face like a ham; the sparkling of Alan Breck's silver buttons when he leaped on David Balfour's vessel is highly improbable. . . . Can any one believe that Cassilis, in 'The Pavilion on the Links,' could have seen moonlight in the eyeballs of a man 'though he was a good many yards distant'?" Stevenson speaks of the impracticable thing that Alison is made to do in "The Master of Ballantrae": "She spied the sword, picked it up . . . and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground."

Victor Hugo said defiantly that he accepted Shakespeare "in bulk." Can we not say the same of Hugo the novelist? What matter the amusing blunders about English laws, customs, geography in "The Man Who Laughs"? One may rejoice in Hugo's wildness and Olympian disregard of facts and possibilities as in Stevenson's imaginative "realism." Realism without poetic extravagance is as a catalogue, not annotated, or a Report of the Patent Office.

Is it not likely that Alphonse Daudet will be remembered by his "Tartarin," his reminiscences of the literary life in Paris and of artists' wives, and above all by his "Letters from My Mill" rather than by his earlier novels in which he showed the influence of Dickens; by the

later ones in which there is a sort of whining affectation, or a bitterness, as in "The Immortal," which makes one think that in spite of all his protests to the contrary Daudet would gladly have had a seat in the French Academy? "L'Arlesienne" should survive; "Sapho" may still be read on account of the foolish, unwarranted scandal associated with it.

The finer Daudet is in these "Letters from My Mill"—the descriptions of landscapes, the legends, simple tales, all graceful in the manner of narration, ringing true, for Daudet loved his Provence passionately and knew its people. In "Numa Roumestan" this love served him well; when he came to write of Parisian life and intrigues he was as a stranger, and in these romances he is no longer subtly simple, artistically frank. He created one lasting character, Tartarin, who is even to the foreigner as real as Babbitt, though at heart a finer man, lovable when he is most a braggart. And if Daudet rejoiced in the exuberance of this hero, he could even in his later days when his physical suffering was intense publish a searching psychological study, "L'Evangéliste." If his pity for the humble and unhappy was tainted with literary sobbing, he could be humorous in the grand Dickensian manner, as when he brought out Delobelle, the type of actor who is by no means extinct.

## PIERIAN SODALITY

The Harvard University Orchestra, more widely known as the Pierian Sodality, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall. Here is the program: Serenade, No. 3 in D major, Mozart; Fingal's Cave, Mendelssohn; concerto for piano and orchestra, first movement, Schumann; Caresses, Wladigeroff; Moods, Akhron; serenade and intermezzo, Korngold; Humoresque, Reger; On Youth, Gustav Mahler.

With the exception of Mendelssohn's overture and the Schumann concerto, everything on this program was new to Boston. Mr. Slonimsky, the conductor, does love, no doubt of it, novelty. Probably, too, he is shrewd. So much, indeed, that is all brand new, hardly makes for an attractive concert. The Pierian players, however, presumably play, the winter through, for their own pleasure. If so, the guess is safe that Mr. Slonimsky has given them a grand time the present academic year.

The work they must have done merely to learn the notes of their new music most likely proved of absorbing interest. Fun they must have had when Mr. Slonimsky, at his best in that type of composition, called for all they could give to heighten the instrumental color, to make a tune tell.

For it is tuneful in its own up-to-date way; the most of last night's new music. The Bulgarian "Caresses," for instance, rejoices in a tune suggestive, to those no longer young, of the "Stephanie Gavotte" by one Czibulka. And there is sentiment to spare in some of Mr. Slonimsky's finds; those same Bulgarian "Caresses" languish under a load of it.

A wise young man, in truth, is Mr. Slonimsky. For music of melody, sentiment and color, with the distinction that comes of modernity thrown in—well he knows he can infuse his players with ardor. Of these pieces they made very good work.

Finer work Miss Rosita Escalona, a very young pianist, made of the concerto. Evidently, a most musical person, she played charmingly, with a touch delightful to hear, with technique extremely neat, with a lack of showiness a treat to see. It will be a pleasure to hear her again.

## "Middle Class People" at Grand Opera House

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Middle Class People," a play in four acts by Maxim Gorky, directed by Maurice Schwartz. The cast was as follows:

Vasily Bezsmeyenov, a wealthy man. . . . Wolf Goldfaden  
Akulina, his wife. . . . Bina Abramovitch  
Piotr, their son, formerly a student. . . . Lazar Freed  
Tatiana, their daughter, a school teacher. . . . Anna Appel  
Nil, brought up by the Bezsmeyenovs. . . . Morris Silberkasten  
Helena Nikolaevna, a widow. . . . Bertha Gerstin  
Petchikhin, a dealer in birds. . . . Abraham Teitelbaum  
Polia, his daughter. . . . Anna Teitelbaum  
Tetyerev, a singer. . . . Maurice Schwartz  
Shishkin, a student. . . . Jacob Goldstein  
Tsvetayeva, a teacher. . . . Sonya Radina  
Stepanida, a cook. . . . Henrietta Schmitzer  
The doctor. . . . Morris Strassberg

Maurice Schwartz's players set this middle class Russian household in an atmosphere of "what does it all matter?" so dense that a yawn in the audience becomes a tribute instead of an insult. Here we see a "comfortable

home." Old Bezsmeyenov has provided for his family, removed the necessity for drudgery, educated his children, and he finds the resulting restlessness, the perpetual striving after a more intangible form of content than filling the belly, on the part of his allotment of the younger generation, absolutely beyond his comprehension.

The daughter Tatiana is a school teacher. "So tired," life stretches flat and drab about her with her only reaching toward vividness a foster brother who obviously cannot love her. Why should this be? She has a warm house, good clothes, even a piano, she has been raised to the fortunate caste who need never worry about the whereabout of the next meal. Old Bezsmeyenov cannot understand.

Piotr, the son, come home dissatisfied with the ways of the university, is fast falling beneath the spell of a blooming black-eyed widow, whose blue organdie waists and flowered skirts, coral beads and brilliant combs, provide a welcome relief to the prevailing tones of black and gray in the Russian middleclass attire, but the fact remains that Helena is a little old for Piotr. Nil, the adopted son, should love Tatiana, but intends to marry a little blonde servant maid. The times are out of joint.

The old man explodes. Recrimination follows recrimination, scene treads on scene. In various keys, treble and bass, we are informed of the excruciating dullness of life in this particular Russian village, but life in the Bezsmeyenov family runs the scale of hysteria before our eyes. The old man wears his emotions out over the cruelty and impu-

dence of his sons. They sit abashed over the stew and boiled potatoes and he shrieks "why are you always so sullen?" Climax and high C with Tatiana taking poison for love. Schrecklich is a word often heard in act three, gasped, moaned, sung, and it is truly descriptive.

Through the boredom, the hopelessness, the bitter old struggle of crabbed age and youth, moves the figure of Tetyerev, the singer. Drunkard and philosopher, he has cast aside middleclass modes of thought and living. Maurice Schwartz makes of him an always welcome interruption to the action of the drama.

R. H. G.

## "Mademoiselle de Seigliere" Is Performed

FINE ARTS THEATRE—"Mademoiselle de la Seigliere," a play in four acts, by Jules Sandeau. The cast:

Le Marquis de la Seigliere. . . . M. Ernest Perrin du Theatre des Varietes  
M. Ernest Perrin du Theatre des Varietes  
Destournelles. . . . William B. Cowen, Jr.  
Bernard Stamply. . . . Emlen P. Etting  
Raoul de Vaubert. . . . Francis G. Shaw, Jr.  
Jasmin. . . . William D. Carter  
La Baronne de Vaubert. . . . Mises. Elizabeth Lyman  
Helene. . . . Alison Hardy

How pleasant it is in this thoroughly disillusioned age to come once and again upon a play that makes plausible the existence of nobility and disinterested generosity. For a time last night it seemed as though we were to be treated to another exposition of the virtues of the poor and the vices of the rich, but it was not to be. To be sure the hero is of humble birth and the heroine of noble parentage, but they are both utterly pure; and if the truth must be told there was no one to blss. The Marquis de Seigliere, father of the charming Helene, was quite understandable in his hatred of Bonaparte and his acceptance of wealth and privilege as his just due. The Baronne de Vaubert perhaps overscheming was, after all, trying to help her son to a wealthy marriage, and Destournelles could be excused on the ground of seeking revenge for insulting treatment. They were all entertaining, unreal, but most delightful.

Jules Sandeau, once a collaborator with George Sand, preferred simple plots about everyday people. If his characters seem scarcely to be simple, at least they act on natural impulse—love, hate, pride, greed and generosity—without complexes or after-thoughts. The battle for the estates of the marquis and the hand of his daughter is interesting enough to hold the attention without any especial strain on the emotions, and of course it ended as it always must, in fairy tales, with everyone pleased, or at least no one really injured.

Of the actors the most notable was M. Ernest Perrin of the Theatre des Varietes. He made the marquis a most lifelike person—choleric, proud, affectionate, intolerant—a good hunter and a poor intriguer, aristocratic to his finger tips, yet able to recognize virtues in a man below his station. Miss Alison Hardy was a charmingly gracious and unaffected Helene.

E. L. H.

The story of Daedalus, the expert flying man, who, weary of Crete, invented a new art and submitted nature to new laws, is known to all. Waxing feathers to a cloth about him, he flew gayly—gayly until his foolish son, Icarus, not having provided himself with a parachute, fell and was drowned. At any rate, Daedalus flew, passing Delos, Paros, Samos, Lebynthos and Calyme until he descended on Sicily. The story is told at length in the mellifluous Latin of P. Ovidius Naso.

But neither Ovid nor any commentator tells us how Daedalus was received at the landing place. Was there a tumultuous throng wildly shouting praise and wonder? Were banners flapping, bells ringing, brass bands shattering the sky? Were the streets of the city cluttered with tributary paper? Was he a first-page story, or was there merely this laconic announcement on an inside sheet: "Arrived yesterday afternoon, M. Daedalus, from Crete?" Or did the fate of Icarus quench popular rejoicing?

But was the intrepid, ingenious, aged Daedalus the first to soar in air? How about Elijah?

Perhaps we have told before this the story of Signor J. B. Dante, a native of Perugia, but the story at this time will bear repetition, especially as the tale is told by the celebrated Mr. Bayle as translated in folio by the Reverend Messrs. John Peter Bernard and Thomas Birch, Mr. John Lockman and other hands. (Bayle, like the Burton of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," should be read only in a folio edition.) This Dante was an excellent mathematician.

"One of his most subtle inventions was to make a pair of wings so exactly proportioned to the weight of his body, that he made use of them to fly with. He made the experiment of it several times (A) over the lake of Trasimene, and with such success that it inspired him with the boldness to divert the whole city of Perugia with the sight. The time he pitched upon was the solemnity of the marriage of Bartholomew d'Alviano with the sister of John Paul Baglioni. When the crowd of spectators was assembled in the great square, behold, our Dante at once shooting from the highest place of the city appeared all covered with feathers, and moving two large wings in the midst of the air. He directed his flight over the square, and struck the people with admiration. Unfortunately the iron with which he managed one of his wings broke; and then, not being able to balance the weight of his body, he fell on the Church of Our Lady, and broke his thigh. It was set by the surgeons, and he was afterwards invited to profess the mathematics at Venice. He died of sickness before he was 40 years old. There is no need to say why he was surnamed Daedalus. This is the story of the intrepid Dante who flourished towards the end of the 15th century.

"A. I fancy several of my readers will believe nothing of it: Yet it is a thing, as is said, which has been practised in other places. See the last Journal des Savans of the year 1678."

## THOMPSON'S SPA

(For As the World Wags)

Hail, gastronomic clearing house supreme!  
Attuned to newsboys' shouting on the Row;  
Where famished clerks and bankers daily go  
To feast on apple pies of which men dream,  
To dine on beans ambrosial, and crisp rolls  
That come from Philadelphia by express,  
To quaff the piping coffee that can bless  
And warm the inner man from crown to soles:  
Behold odd-mannered Boston perched on stools,  
Confronting pretty girls immaculate,  
Though repartee rings out, decorum rules,  
As well-filled mouths can scarce ejaculate:  
Since Young's has foundered, gone like Parker's bar,  
All shipwrecked lunchers cling to Thompson's Spa. W. L. G.

## FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PARADER BORN

"American, real name Ahasuerus Jones, descendant of Davy, born in Munschausen; brought up on a strictly wet diet; at the age of 16 (or was it 17?) invented wireless hair-pins; amassed a fortune in six months; got rid of it in two—retired to the Home for Indigent Orphans (or was it 'Indigent' Aye, 'Indigent' is the word); snatched from this retreat by a firm of book publishers; ordered by them to South American jungles to pull the legs of adventure fans, sent publishers thou-



sands of dollars worth of pullings; met Roosevelt just after he lost river; told him many good stories, which he expurgated and distributed.

"Stayed in jungles several years; made king by each native tribe; walked across country to Andes mountains; climbed Andes; slid down western slope; landed on deck of British ship lying in harbor; at once began my book, 'The Descent of Man'; book became best seller: barred from schools, libraries and bookstores of Chicago because written on a British ship; letter received from B. B. T. expressing regret, but the United States must be upheld; sold the letter for enormous sum; forgot how much; photographs of blisters on my hands had tremendous sale; income now \$10,000 a week.

"Preparing to visit England (land of best cellars), with a keeper; while there shall begin second volume of my 'Autobiography'."

This interesting summary of Mr. Born's remarkably vivid, enthralling book, was dictated by him to Maible D. Luded for the benefit of this column in The Boston Herald.

### "THE DOPE RING?"

As the World Wags:

Two or three years ago brief dispatches began to appear on front pages reporting resolutions passed by obscure elubs of girls, protesting against the use of the word "flapper" as applied to young ladies with liberal ideas. The resolutions suggested that we designate the untrammelled young things as "moderns." These dispatches went the rounds, and were carried by hundreds of newspapers, while a few inquiring souls wondered what it was all about. Soon a new film appeared, starring Colleen Moore, who had been widely press-agented as "the original flapper." The name of the film, an adaptation of Zangwill's play, was "We Moderns."

A few days ago the papers carried stories of pencilled threats received by Boston publishers, signed "The Dope Ring." They promised dynamite and death to the publisher who ventured to bring out a book concerning the west coast dope traffic. They seemed a bit too good to be true, and led one to suspect that an author was seeking to create an artificial demand for his book. Then, on Sunday, a story appeared stating that one Emile Schnurmacher, editor of the Candy Gazette, a weekly trade paper printed in New York, had received a similar letter, signed in large characters, "The Dope Ring," and bearing a Los Angeles postmark. Mr. Schnurmacher was mystified, but recalled an article in his journal arguing against "split deliveries" of candy, in which it was stated that dope could be smuggled in that way. No general attention was attracted by this article, but it might easily have been picked up by a clipping bureau paid to collect anti-dope material.

"The Dope Ring" would make a good title for a film. H. F. M.

### BIOGRAPHY

Atom on a planet spinning

By incalculable plan,  
I walked the ways that had beginning  
In the mind of man.

I rose and dressed and went to town,  
And laughed awhile, and wept,  
Came home again, and changed my gown,  
And soon thereafter, slept.

I flung big words at music, art,  
Prated somewhat of labor.  
I stilled the beating of my heart,  
And gossiped with my neighbor.

I played at cards, and went to plays,  
And liked to sing and dance,  
And hoped that some would give me praise,  
And wished to go to France.

I read about the latest laws,  
And made plans for next year . . .  
Too wisely busy thus, to pause  
And think the world quite queer . . .

SHEILA STUART.

The Glasgow correspondent of the Manchester Guardian (April 20) wrote: "News reached Glasgow on Tuesday of the death in the United States of Madeleine Smith, whose trial for murder in 1857 created a great sensation throughout Great Britain. She was charged with the murder of her lover, Pierre Emile L'Angelier, by the administration of arsenic, the verdict of the jury being 'Not Proven'."

This Madeleine was described as "a defiant beauty unabashed by the experience that might well have ravaged it." Four years after the trial she married a young artist in London, became a Socialist and eventually came to the United States.

Can any one of our readers tell of her adventures in this country; where she lived; where she died?

She was one of four—let us now praise famous women—supposed by many within the last 50-odd years to have poisoned their husbands or lovers: Beautiful Florence Bravo (1876); Adelaide Blanche de la Tremouille Bartlett (1886); Florence Elizabeth Maybrick (1889)—women who escaped hanging. The romantic story of Mrs. Bartlett is told by William Roughead in "The Rebel Earl and Other Studies."

Has any collector in Boston a copy of Madeleine Smith's love letters, "in which she dealt very frankly with sex problems"? The book was published and sold at a high price in Glasgow.

### MUSTARD WITH—

As the World Wags:

A negress went to her husband's physician and said: "Doctah, Ah's come to see if yo' am gwine to ordah Rastus one of dem mustard plasters again today?"

"I think, Mandy, perhaps he'd better have one more."

"Well, he says to ax yo' kin he have a slice of ham wif it, 'cause it's mighty powful to take alone." C. D. M.

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in Dr. Edward B. Briry's article in your column about the famous old ship Cutty Sark.

The picture which he paints of the present occupation of this famous old craft is consoling when compared with the fate of practically all of the existing American square-riggers, condemned to pass their remaining days on the end of a tow rope hauling coal up and down the coast. The doctor, however, is in serious error since the Cutty Sark to which he refers as being cut down to schooner rig and still sailing the seas is not the Cutty Sark of fame.

The original Cutty Sark was built in 1869 at Dumbarton, and having served many years in the Australian and far east business, was only a short time ago bought by interested people and made into a national memorial, being permanently installed in the port of Falmouth, Eng., where she is open to inspection by all who care to see her.

The vessel of the same name to which Dr. Briry refers, is a small schooner built in the provinces in 1920, and, of course, bears no relation to the other.

HARRIS LIVERMORE.

### FLAT HUNTING

(A conjugal aside)

The bed shuts up in a closet,  
The ironing board in a wall;  
Rubbish you simply deposit  
In a jardiniere in the hall.  
The kitchen shuts up in a cubby  
As snug as the blade of a knife,  
"And all would be jake," muses hubby,  
"If I could conventionally,  
Quite unintentionally  
(Perhaps providentially),  
Shut up the wife." ERNIE.

What were we waiting for is a moving picture where the hero, with just one minute to spare, picks up the telephone to tell the warden that another has confessed and that the doomed man is innocent, and gets a busy signal.—N. E. A. Barbs.

### SOFT SPEAKERS

As the World Wags:

"What is the matter with present-day lecturers?" queries "M. J. C." who goes on to state that there was never any trouble hearing Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips and other distinguished orators of the past. Doesn't your correspondent answer his own question with the words, "distinguished orators"? Why must we assume that any person who has won favor by putting words on paper, swimming channels or tracking leopards to their lairs is necessarily a master of platform technique. True, we are sometimes misled, but in many cases all well-informed persons must know that the speaker is attempting something outside his metier. And when we gamble on his audibility and lose, it is not entirely his fault. If you paid admission to see Mussolini play leapfrog, and he did it badly, you wouldn't ask for your money back, would you?

In many cases we should blame those who manage the "attractions." When Margot Asquith came to Boston and looked at Symphony hall, where she was to speak that evening, she gasped in dismay. "How can they ever hear me?" she exclaimed. Of course, Duse knew that a theatre smaller than the Boston Opera House would be more suitable for intimate drama, but her managers had done a little figuring on the back of an envelope. The lecturer whose comparative inaudibility inspired the present discussion held forth in Jordan hall, which was little more than half-filled for the occasion. How much more effective he would have been in a smaller auditorium.

If we have learned that people with ideas are not always table-thumping shouters, that is something; but it is only half the battle. There will always

be plaintive cries of "Louder, please," so long as we invite pleasant conversationalists to speak in hippodromes. H. F. M.

### UP TO HIS NAME

(Bangor Daily News)

Charles Merrithew entertained the County Hospital Thursday as a medical patient.

As the World Wags:

I see where Eleonora Sears walked home 74 miles. Gosh! That was a long walk, but, anyway, she is still a good girl. THE PURPLE PRINCE.

Women were far better off when they sat up in a tower embroidering beautiful tapestries rather than patting balls over a net from one year's end to another.—George Moore.

Mr. Sigmund Spaeth was already known to students of popular songs and to the general reader by those amusing and valuable books, "Barber Shop Ballads," "Read 'Em and Weep," "Weep Some More, My Lady" and by his inquiries into Milton's knowledge of music, "The Common Sense of Music" and other books.

Now his name appears with that of Mr. Dailey Paskman's on the title page of "Gentlemen, Be Seated; a Parade of the Old-Time Minstrels," a stately, copiously illustrated volume—portraits and many songs in notation—issued by his publishers, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. Mr. Spaeth in his preface says that the credit for the book should be given to Mr. Paskman; that he himself should be considered little more than an editor and general adviser in the preparation; that the most important features of the book are the pictures and the reminiscences of actual words and music of the past.

Daniel Frohman as one, who, with others of his family, was actively interested as a manager in minstrelsy, contributes an introductory note to a book which, he says, "should become a lasting monument to the most characteristic form of America's national entertainment."

(It may here be stated that Gus Frohman was manager and later one of the proprietors of Callender's Colored Minstrels, Daniel was advance agent for this company in 1874, later with Haverly in an executive ability, while Charles was treasurer for Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels in 1878, going to Europe with them in 1880, becoming manager, and in 1882 joining his brother Gus as a proprietor of Callender's.)

The present volume opens with a rapid sketch of minstrelsy from the 14th century, not going back to David with his harp. If early minstrels were handy with the sword and sang as they went into battle, negro minstrels in turn knew adventures. It was reported that in the season of 1873-74 eighteen out of thirty-nine companies went broke on the road and without wardrobe counted railroad ties on the way home.

Of course the authors go back to Thomas D. Rice and "Jim Crow" mentioning the fact that Edwin Forrest in 1823 blacked up for the part of Cuff in "The Tailor in Distress." Ten verses out of the 44 in "Jim Crow" are given. We miss the second.

"O I'm a roarer on de fiddle,  
And down in old Virginny,  
They say I play de skentific  
Like Marsa Paganini."

Not till 1843, the authors say, was a real minstrel troupe organized: the "Big Four," Dan Emmett, Frank Brower, Dick Pelham and Billy Whitlock; known as "The Virginia Minstrels."

We have before us as we write a tattered copy of "Songs of the Virginia Minstrels," published by Charles H. Keith of Boston in 1843. The words of seven of the nine songs were written by "Old Dan Emmitt" (sic) Why "old"? Emmett was then only 28. Was it because he wrote the words of "Old Dan Tucker," which is in this little pamphlet? As published in "Gentlemen, Be Seated," the tune is in D major. In a copy before us, "a celebrated banjo song arranged for the piano" the key is B flat, but the melody and the words are the same. The songs in this pamphlet, as those sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders, Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood, Germon (1847) Campbell's Minstrels (1846), Christy's, including E. P. Christy, G. N. Christy, T. Vaughan—there are six minstrels on the colored title page before us (1847)—these songs are for the most part utter "foolishment."

Messrs. Paskman and Spaeth do not pretend to give complete biographical sketches of the noble army of minstrels. For a full account of their lives, triumphs, misfortunes, one must go to Edw. Le Roy Rice's "Monarchs of Min-

strelsy," published in 1911. Is it possible that Messrs. Paskman and Spaeth never heard Dave Wambold sing? "He is said to have possessed a really beautiful voice," He did, indeed. He was singing as a negro minstrel in New York and in London before 1858, the date mentioned in the present volume, and he did not organize the San Francisco Minstrels with Birch and Backus until 1864. Nat Goodwin was neither a "Bones" nor a "Tambo," but he gave imitations as a member of Haverly's minstrels at Chicago in 1876. On page 29 it is stated that "tambour" means a "shallow drum." It is the French word for any drum, but especially the side or snare drum.

The pages about the nature of the first shows, the procession, the "olio," the interlocutor, the walk-around, the end-man bring vividly to mind the joys of years ago. There is no mention, however, of the customary band concert before the town hall, or from its balcony, to draw a crowd for the evening performance. As the minstrels walked from the "depot" up Main street with faces like wash-leather, to the music of a blaring band they joked and laughed. They did not all wear shiny plug hats; often there was outward proof of red times on the road.

Again we sit on the hard seats of Town Hall. The entrance is impatiently awaited. "Gentlemen, be seated." Grand opening chorus: "O Hail Us, Ye Free" from "Ernani," or "I Hear the Hoofs Upon the Hill," adapted from the overture to "The Bronze Horse." Then Mr. Johnson inquired after the health of Brudder Bones. A pathetic song is followed by the joke about spelling stovepipe, the parentage of Noah's sons, or how, when there were no eggs on shipboard, the ship laid too. The specialties in the second part—Harry Bloodgood in "He's Got to Come," "Cool" Burgess singing and dancing "Nicomedeus Johnson"; J. W. McDrews as "The Watermelon Man"; Milt G. Barlow in "His Great Impersonation of the Aged Contraband"; George Thatcher reciting "And the Villain Still Pursued Her"; Add Ryman on the political situation, and in earlier days Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour—but why go on? The list is long and glorious. And if Harrigan and Hart are immortal for their sketches of New York life, we recall them dancing "Little Fraud" in the Chicago of 1872.

"Gentlemen, Be Seated," not only brings up pleasant memories; it is a treasury of songs with music and without; of references to famous minstrels; of facts and stories relating to a form of dramatic art that is now unhappily almost extinct.

### MARBLE GAME

Screeching like imps, they rolled their balls—  
Moss agate, sphere of steel, and tinted  
clay.

Her soft voice waved them to the war:  
Only to win for her, they'd play.

(Fat, sweaty hands all grime and dew;  
The fingers sore—the knuckles raw and  
blue.)

Slim, wound in silk . . . Oh, she is  
older now!

But still they yell to seize for her  
the fans,  
The foam of pearls, the perfumed  
marabout—

As once they fought to bring corne-  
lians!

MacKINLAY KANTOR.

### DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

Boss: Write them that I'll meet them  
in Schenectady.

Stenographer: How do you spell Schene-  
nectady?

Boss: Write them I'll meet them in  
Trav.

## "TRIAL BY JURY" AT SANDERS THEATRE

Sanders Theatre: "Trial by Jury,"  
operetta in one act by Arthur Sullivan  
and W. S. Gilbert. The cast:

Plaintiff . . . . . Margaret Williams  
Defendant . . . . . Arthur Landers  
Judge . . . . . Dean Terrill  
Counsel . . . . . John Martindale  
Usher . . . . . Douglas MacKinnon  
Jury Foreman . . . . . Henry Ruech

If it is half as much fun to sing in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta as it appears to be, it is a wonder that the audience does not storm the stage in an effort to take part in the performance. Of course, the hardened devotee contents himself by merely humming his favorite airs in the musical equivalent of a stage whisper, to the helpless wrath of his near neighbors. It is undoubtedly a deplorable habit, but unfortunately incurable.

Last night Sanders Theatre seemed happily free of this pest, probably because "Trial by Jury" does not share the universal fame of "Pinafore" and the "Mikado." The music is assuredly not at fault and the humor is by no means outdated. In fact the courtroom scene is quite timely, almost reminiscent of "Chicago," with the blushing



antiff making up to the jury and  
joking on her counsel's shoulder at the  
dial of her woes.  
The performance last night was  
simultaneous and delightful even if a  
little crude at certain moments. The  
Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe  
choral Society gave the operetta a sense  
of freshness often lacking in profes-  
sional productions. Dr. Davidson's direc-  
tion, needless to say, made for tuneful  
singing and clear enunciation, while  
the acting was natural and pleasing.  
The best individual performance was  
given by Dean Terrill as the rotund and  
humble judge. Miss Margaret Will-  
iams made a properly sweet and droop-  
ing bride. John Martindale was  
especially good as the skillful counsel.  
The costumes provoked much mirth and  
considerable applause and the cast did  
not appear unduly conscious of its un-  
familiar attire. The audience was  
thoroughly delighted and demanded  
numerous encores.

A program of Gilbert and Sullivan  
songs sung by the Choral Society with  
Douglas MacKinnon as soloist, preceded  
the operetta and was very well re-  
ceived.  
E. L. H.

## PAUL WHITEMAN IN FINAL WEEK

### Jazz Leader and His Band at Metropolitan Theatre

Paul Whiteman and his excellent or-  
chestra are making their final appear-  
ance for the season at the Metropolitan  
Theatre this week in a new program  
called "Broadway Blues." Once again  
Mr. Whiteman makes jazz music musi-  
cal. He does not assail the ears with  
sound. He puts peculiar horns on his  
violins, he uses heels, the slapping of  
thighs, voices—anything and everything  
to get the effect he wants, but one does  
not feel, when he has finished, as if they  
have been caught in a buzz-saw in a  
thunder storm.

There is reason for calling Paul  
Whiteman the king of jazz. His throne  
is not perilously tottering on a peak but  
casually placed wherever the orchestra  
leader happens to be. His casualness  
is restful. So many of the jazz masters  
are influenced overwhelmingly by their  
work. One may approach this per-  
formance without the ears stuffed with  
cotton and listen with pleasure to  
strange rhythms attractively strangled.

The film this week is "Stand and De-  
liver," starring Rod La Rocque, directed  
by Donald Crisp, written by Sada Cowan  
and with Lupe Velez and Warner Oland  
in the cast.

A good red-blooded melodrama which  
is interesting as well as thrilling de-  
serves a better name than "Stand and  
Deliver." It means less than "Meat and  
Gravy" or "Ham and Eggs." In this  
photodrama one has plenty of bandits,  
mountain castles, a fair and fiery hero-  
ine, a handsome hero, gun play, danger-  
ous-looking knives which are flipped  
about, and a wholesome plot that does  
not grow wan and weary before its time.

The director has also taken the time  
and trouble to introduce the reason for  
his bandits. The hero is bored after the  
war, he craves excitement and so he  
goes to Greece, where a bandit leader  
has been keeping soldiers from relaxing.  
There plenty of commotion is found  
once Lupe Velez is discovered hiding  
behind a basket, and the rest of the  
hour is pleasantly spent with Rod La

Rocque rescuing her first from the sol-  
diers and then from the bandits.

The sub-titles may give a strange im-  
pression of the bandit leader who had  
received his training in a London night  
club, but even in these using "pigeon  
English" there is a certain amount of  
discretion apparent. Others are amusing.

Rod La Rocque is a good Englishman  
of the Latin type. His eyes light with  
pleasure at the chance of a little peril,  
and his indifference to the bewitching  
Lupe Velez is not stretched beyond be-  
lief. Warner Oland is as good as Warner  
Oland usually is. Good direction, pho-  
tography, acting and story make an  
entertaining film of the more animated  
variety.  
C. M. D.

### THE LADY

(Elizabeth J. Coatsworth in the Saturday  
Review of Literature)

The candle is out—  
It has crashed to the floor,  
She follows the wall  
To find the door.

Her petticoats hiss  
With a hiss of fear,  
A path of sound  
For a sensitive ear.

When she puts out her hand  
Her breath gives a catch,  
Fingers are there  
Instead of a latch.

When she reaches back  
Lest she should fall  
A body is there  
Instead of a wall.

What use to scream  
So alone?  
What use to struggle  
Against the unknown?

Very well, she said  
Imperiously,  
Pray light the sconces  
So we may see.

Here are my pearls  
And here my rings,  
And take off your hats,  
You filthy things.

M. Leo Largnier complained a few  
days ago of Balzac neglecting to tell us  
what the heroine of his "Lily in the  
Valley" ate, though he describes in de-  
tail her dining room. In the course of  
the 16th instalment of his entertaining  
"Avant le Deluge" he speaks of authors  
at tables and the dishes set by them  
before the heroes and heroines of their  
poems and novels. Banville in his verses  
pictures "vaporous" ladies picking  
at caviar, galantines, salads, shrimp  
sandwiches, jellied ham, preserves and  
cakes. Maupassant's people eat too  
many oysters, woodcock and truffles.  
"I should not have liked to partake with  
Sandoz in Zola's 'L'Oeuvre' mutton with  
haricots and Brie cheese. . . . I cannot  
imagine Lecomte de Lisle at table, nor  
Sully Prudhomme." Barres did not at-  
tach much importance to a finely pre-  
pared dish. Francois Coppee offered  
Largnier, as they sat looking out at  
his garden, roast veal with peas, a salad,  
a Provencal side dish, and strawberries.  
"Le Mendes could prepare a carp in  
a 'supreme' of woodcock and a  
hare a la royale. He said that if Sarah  
Bernhardt invited him to eat with her  
was capable of giving him a beef-  
cooked over an alcohol lamp, also  
roasted haricots.

It beneath the dignity of a writer  
to dwell on famous men at table, what  
they preferred, what upset their diges-  
tion? Suetonius did not hesitate to tell  
us about the temperance of Augustus.  
Old Gabriel Peignot, the bookworm, the  
voluminous writer of Dijon, regretted  
that this branch of history had been  
neglected by Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus,  
Plutarch, Rollin and others; the prefer-  
ence of certain great men for this or  
that dish, which, "often more than vul-  
gar, was in singular contrast with their  
high character and illustrious deeds."  
Peignot set himself to repair in a mea-  
sure this lamentable loss and drew up a  
list including worthies of ancient Rome,  
England, Germany, France, Italy, not  
forgetting the astronomer de Lalande's  
taste for raw spiders, and Napoleon's  
passion for coffee. We have other lists;  
one entitled "The Appetite of Kings,"  
published in the British Medical Journal  
in 1909.

English novelists, as Thackeray and  
Dickens, have written nobly of gastro-  
nomical pleasures. There is Mortimer  
Collins, whose fantastical novels are  
now too little known. It is not neces-  
sary to go back to the great French  
writers from Rabelais to Dumas the  
Elder, whose heroes ate heroically, though  
not all the dishes mentioned in the huge  
cook book of their creator.

### As the World Wags:

A great misfortune has befallen  
American letters! I broke my right arm  
trying to button a dress shirt in the  
back—my left one I sprained last week,  
you know, grabbing for a check—and  
now I can't write. I'm typing this with  
my toes, but I think all writing should  
be on a higher plane. Think of my  
public bereft of my witticisms! My  
poor, dear public! Tell 'em to read D.  
O. Stewart, Wodehouse and Benchley,  
and try to carry on bravely. Some day  
I'll be back, funnier than ever. In the  
meantime I, too, must suffer. Think of  
having to drink beer through a straw.  
OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

Golf is an exercise which is much  
used by gentlemen in Scotland. A large  
common in which there are several little  
holes is chosen for the purpose. It is  
played with little leather balls stuffed  
with feathers and with sticks made  
somewhat in the form of a bandy-  
wicket. He who puts a ball into a given  
number of holes with the fewest strokes  
gets the game. The late Dr. McKenzie,  
author of "Essays on Health and Long  
Life," used to say that a man would live  
10 years longer for using this exercise  
once or twice a week.—Benjamin Rush,  
"Sermons to Gentlemen Upon Temper-  
ance and Exercise" (1772).

### As the World Wags:

The other day I saw this sign in a  
book shop: "Dickens Works Here for  
\$2.00 To-Day." Gosh, and I thought  
\$20 a week was small. McDOODLE.

Mr. Arliss will take the part of Shylock for the first time in Boston to-  
morrow night at the Plymouth Theatre. There is naturally curiosity about  
his conception of the character. Will he portray Shylock as the savage hater  
of the Gentiles, whetting his knife on his boot sole while he chuckles fiend-  
ishly with eyeballs popping, or as a persecuted, hounded, abused representa-  
tive of his race who demanded for interest on money loaned the humorous  
pound of flesh, having no idea that Antonio would fail in payment? For  
there are some who argue that Shylock was at heart a kind old soul. In-  
ventors and lovers of paradoxes are always busy.

How the tradition arose that Shylock should be acted as a comic char-  
acter is discussed elsewhere in this section of The Herald.

It is of greater interest to inquire how much Shakespeare was indebted  
to Christopher Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta," which was written and, in all  
probability, performed before "The Merchant of Venice." It has been sug-  
gested that the plot of Marlowe's drama may have been taken from a Span-  
ish novel. Some have argued that Shakespeare was indebted to the "Ballad  
of Gernutus" and a play, wholly lost, "The Jew," performed in London be-  
fore 1579; though it is more probable that the direct source was the story  
of Gianneto told in Florento's "Il Pecorone," published in 1558 but written  
nearly 200 years before.

When Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" was revived by the Phoenix Society of  
London six years ago Mr. W. I. Courtney amused himself by tracing the  
parallelism between that play and "The Merchant of Venice." The hero in  
each case is a rich Jew. Both Barabbas and Shylock suggest that their race  
was persecuted at the time; that they should be regarded as men "not ma-  
chines" for grinding out money for the state. In both plays the Jew has a  
daughter whose flight from her father adds to his bitterness and the tragedy  
of his life.

Mr. Courtney argued that to Barabbas money was not an object in it-  
self, and in this respect he is superior to Shylock; money to Barabbas was  
"the symbol of authority and power, and even when he was crouching over  
his jewels and expounding to us the contents of his treasury, 'infinite riches  
in a little room,' we observe that the mere items of his treasures are not so  
valuable for him as the suggestion they carry with them of domination over  
Malta."

Did not Shakespeare borrow from Shylock phrases put in the mouth  
of Barabbas, as this speech of the latter:

"I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,  
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,  
And duck as low as any barefoot friar."

When Abigail, appearing on the balcony, holds out the money bags,  
Barabbas salutes her:

"But stay, what star shines yonder in the East?  
The lodestar of my life, if Abigail."

Is not Romeo thus anticipated?

What a great play this "Jew of Malta" would be if Marlowe had main-  
tained the spirit and the noble speech of the first two acts! Swinburne was  
not hysterical in praise when he wrote: "In the blank verse of Milton alone,  
who perhaps was hardly less indebted than Shakespeare was before him to  
Marlowe as the first English master of word-music in its grander forms, has  
the glory or the melody of passages in the opening soliloquy of Barabbas been  
surpassed. The figure of the hero before it degenerates into caricature is  
as finely touched as the poetic execution is excellent."

Would it be possible to play "The Merchant of Venice" in modern dress?  
This has been done with "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well  
That Ends Well," "Macbeth," "Othello," dressed in the uniform of a French  
Colonial officer. ("It was not difficult," says Mr. Hubert Griffith, "to devise  
for oneself a set of circumstances in which a Moor could have taken ser-  
vice with a modern European power and be running a small colonial war  
for them. Every line in the part is true to such an idea.") As for Desde-  
mona, "too often a nonentity, an abstraction of the 'Shakespearean hero-  
ine'—an actress in a white robe; make her but clear to us not as an actress  
but as a girl—jog her out of the classic tradition with a fluffy white opera  
cloak such as any modern girl might wear—then set the great lines of  
rhetoric and of passion floating around her, and the drama, even though  
played by amateurs, will gain an intensity of which the average audience  
has never dreamed."

Suppose Shylock were represented as a member of the New York stock  
exchange—racially he would not be lonely there. In these days if Portia did  
not masquerade as a male lawyer, her appearance in court would be the  
more plausible. That Jessica should run away from home with a "likely"  
young man of another religious faith, would be easily accepted, even after  
a motor-horn were heard as they fled. We should like to see the experi-  
ment. Possibly in this case persons would not go to "The Merchant of Ven-  
ice" as a solemn duty. They might take a lively interest in the court scene  
and come to the justified conclusion that Portia—in trousers, frock coat and  
an orthodox stand-up collar with wings—played a mean trick on old Shy-  
lock.

The modern dress—say Portia with tortoise shell spectacles and a pot-  
hat—would not be disturbing. Does some one say: "A play should be cos-  
tumed according to the time of the action"? Well, take "The Merchant of  
Venice." Suppose the costumes or the time at which it was written should  
be chosen. Richard Grant White thus described them:

"Should the Duke and the Magnificos enter in their cumbersome and all  
enveloping mantles, with their queer little bird's nests of caps perched upon  
gray and bearded heads, the grave Antonio with a bonnet like an inverted  
porringer shadowing his melancholy countenance, Bassanio with one half  
a yard high, taller before than behind, and puffed out like a pillow with  
bombast, which also swelled his fantastically decorated breeches to an enor-  
mous size, Portia in the stiff and clumsy skirt and stomacher of a Venetian  
lady of rank of that day, formidable with bristling ruffs, and with hair en-  
gineered into two little conical turrets of curls upon her forehead, one over  
each eye, it is to be feared that the splendor and faithfulness of the scene  
would be forgotten in its absurdity, and that the audience would explode in  
fits of uncontrollable laughter as the various personages came upon the  
stage."

Yes, Portia in short skirts except in the trousered entrance into court  
would be far more acceptable, while bobbed hair would go well with male  
attire.

Myron C. Fagan's comedy, "Jimmie's Women," which will be seen tomo-



low night at the Holts Street Theatre, was brought out in New York last September at the Biltmore when Beatrice Terry as Mrs. Samuel Kane and Minna Gombel as Florence Standish, the chorus girl, by their repartee and stage business delighted the audience.

Irene Bordoni will be seen tomorrow night at the Tremont in "Paris"; Atlantic City on Feb. 6th of this year; at Philadelphia about a week later. It is pleasant to note that the title of the first play in which she appeared in this country—New York, Nov. 20, 1912—was: "Broadway to Paris," a revue. The Public Ledger of Philadelphia was pleased by her songs in "Paris," especially by "Two Babes in the Wood"; also by the Commanders. "The audience liked their playing, their singing and their dancing." P. H.

### BOARDING HOUSE FOR INDUSTRIOUS FEMALES

(From "Boston Notions". Being an Authentic and Concise Account of that Village from 1630 to 1847. Noted by "P. C. G.")

During the fall of 1847 a number of philanthropic ladies becoming interested in the welfare of females from the country, who come to the city for employment, united their influence and power for establishing a boarding house for the useful purpose of the strangers' convenience and accommodation, for a short or longer period of time; where respectable females can be secure from the alluring viciousness of the city. The house has been opened for a few months past, and favorable auspices have attended the concern; this industrial boarding house for the female stranger, is No. 6 Columbia street, near Essex street; Mrs. Cummings, superintendent. The asking price for board there, is \$1.50 per week, for those who have means to meet it.

### As the World Wags:

We have three bathrooms in our dormitory, and it being a Saturday night we all were getting ready for the weekly scrub. My room-mate grabbed a towel and headed down the corridor. Wanting to know which bathroom she was going to use, I hollered: "Hey, where you go na bathe?" And she, the immodest thing, hollers back at me, "All over silly."

ROSE MARJORIE.

### F. L. M.—HOW IS THIS?

#### As the World Wags:

Your correspondent F. L. M. of Taunton is singularly inaccurate. So eager is he to prove an error that he makes two himself. He objects to a passage in a recent story by Conrad Aiken. But the passage he quotes doesn't exist. Is he spoofing us? Dare I suggest that he is pulling your editorial leg? Heaven forbid. . . . What F. L. M. has done is to telescope three sentences which are separated by nearly a column of print; not only that—he has also taken serious liberties with the third sentence. Nor does he give any indication that he is deliberately misquoting. He allows us to suppose that the sentences stand exactly as in Conrad Aiken's story. And why? In order that he may score off Conrad Aiken with a neat little charge of inconsistency. . . . Is this fair play?

PIEL AND PORTER.

### COME TO CHICAGO

(Suggested in part by A. P. Herbert's "Come to Britain.")

Why visit New York or sail o'er the blue

When Chicago the famous is calling for you!

Why go to the Coast or to Florida strands?

Chicago will welcome you here with both hands.

Come to Chicago, the centre of crime—Just bring all your dough and have a good time.

The night clubs are open, the cabarets, too;

You may take in the shows and the Lincoln Park zoo.

Slip your gun in your pocket, for this is the life:

When the cop is asleep you can pop off your wife!

Why visit the mountains or seek out Paree?

They've nothing on us as you'll jolly well see.

Monte Carlo can trim you and lay you out flat

But we've got some joints that can do more than that.

Come to Chicago and try our near-beer; Take a ride in a cab to the Municipal pier.

Put on your dress suit like a regular j swell—

Get a seven-course meal at the Stevens hotel.

A seat at the Folies will cost you five bucks.

But who in our burg gives a hang for five bucks!

You should cross our Loop bridge, you should eat our lake fish,

You should see all the girls on our noble Boul Mich.

Mr. Balaban Katz will show you Paul Ash

And Marshall Field's store will take your spare cash.

Come to Chicago! We've done what we could

To induce you to come and to stay here for good.

Our gangsters will welcome a fellow like you;

You may make a small fortune—they're others who do.

Know your onions, my boy; take a tip if you will:

Join "America First," and vote for Big Bill.

W. L. RICHARDSON.

### As the World Wags:

"Come to Saugus and see its beauties" was the message wired yesterday by C. Carroll Cunningham, clerk of the board of selectmen of that town, to the German-Irish aviators. "Boston Herald."

Won't the fliers' wives have something to say about this? J. E. P.

One should not die in summer if one wishes an important funeral.—Andre Antoine.

Budapest, once famous for its joyous, unrestrained life, objected to Josephine Baker, the negro dancer, who looks and cavorts on the stage as if she were fresh from the African jungle. Therefore Mr. Sztowski, the Minister of the Interior, assuming the office of Minister of the Exterior, brought together a large committee and summoned Josephine to dance before it. Having donned a few feathers, she performed deliriously the Charleston and at once won a unanimous verdict in her favor. The mayor asked hastily for a repetition of the dance. The Under Secretary of State kissed her hand and granted her permission in the name of the government to favor the people of the city.

This triumph of art over prudery reminds us of a tale told by the Chevalier Bourgoing, also by Baron Davillier. The Consistory Court at Rome was vexed because the Fandango, that inflaming, godless dance, was popular in the pious land of Spain. The ecclesiastics were about to condemn it, when a cardinal remarked it was not fair to censure what was unknown. So two Spanish dancers, a male and a female, were called to Rome.

"Their grace and vivacity soon drove the frown from the brows of the fathers, whose souls were stirred by lively emotion and a strange pleasure. One by one their eminences began to beat time with hands and feet, till suddenly their hall became a ballroom; they sprang up, dancing the steps, imitating the gestures of the dancers. After this trial, the Fandango was fully pardoned and restored to honor."

It is said that this pleasing incident in the church-life 17th century gave rise to ballads, plays and pictures. Will not some inventor of films picture Josephine dancing the Fandango before the authorities of Budapest?

GLADLY SING NOEL

As the World Wags:

From an examination paper: "They ate bore's head and other funny things at Christmas."

Three cheers for the old-fashioned Christmas!

L. W. B.

As the World Wags:

Prof. Pav of Paris predicts that our silly old planet goes to pieces this summer. Whoops! Only a few weeks left.

No use working any more, no use saving money, no use anything! Watch me tear loose and live rapidly! I'll figure on coming to an end the same time the world does, so the crazy old world had better not disappoint me.

GEORGE THE RED MAN.

So argued Renan's abbess and her lover in expectation of the guillotine, but with a dire result.—Ed.

An English vicar, before he jumped in front of an express train, left a note in which he said: "Owing to modern conditions, it is almost impossible to take one's life like a gentleman." It has more than once been proposed that there should be death houses provided with every convenience for ladies and gentlemen anxious to put an end to life

Reading a dispatch from Budapest with the headline, "To Open Suicide Homes"—all over Hungary—we thought that the government of that country was going to carry out the benevolent idea, but it seems that these homes will be only for those who have been saved from suicide or who would commit the deed, for in the last year 4300 have killed themselves in Hungary. This innovation is described as a "vital social" one. It might also be called "lethal."

Dr. Isquith of Brooklyn presented an affidavit in the suit brought by his wife for divorce. The affidavit included this painful description of character:

"In spite of the fact that my wife weighs more than 200 pounds, she would eat all day long—at meals, between meals, before meals and after meals—and disposed of vast quantities of candy, caviar, imported cheese and glazed fruits, and topped these delicacies off with two cartons of cigarettes a week. She is known to have a demoniacal temper, a shrewish tongue, and the general disposition of a tigress, where I am known to have an unusually mild, placid and equitable disposition. We had a luxurious honeymoon in Europe. I paid \$19,000 to have our home altered to her orders. Her wardrobe is so large that it would take five or six years to use it all."

Profanity often enters forcibly into retorts. How much more commendable the speech of a fruit merchant who was pinched in Zion City for speeding. "He was haled before the bar of justice and fined \$25. He paid the fine. As he was leaving the courtroom the judge said: 'Peace unto you, my good man.' The fruit merchant replied: 'Yase, and peace unto you, too, you beega steef.'"

## GEORGE ARLISS PLAYS SHYLOCK

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Merchant of Venice," a comedy in five acts and 12 scenes by William Shakespeare; revised, staged and presented by Winthrop Ames; settings and costumes by Woodman Thompson. The cast was as follows:

The Duke of Venice	George Graham
The Prince of Morocco	David Leonard
Bassanio	Leonard Willey
Salanio	Murray Kinnell
Gratiano	Hardie Albright
Lorenzo	Sydney Booth
Shylock	George Arliss
Tubal	Henry Morrell
Launcelot Gobbo	Romney Brent
Old Gobbo	Henry Morrell
Stephano	John Griggs
Balthazar	Lewis A. Sealy
Portia	Peggy Wood
Nerissa	Spring Brington
Jessica	Hope Cary

At Montreal there lived a man named William Schechter. In the course of years his surname became popularly transformed into Shakespeare. Not long ago his visiting card read "Wolff" instead of "William." Asked why he had made the change, he answered, "Because I do not wish to be confounded with that English writer of comedies, who brought out a 'Shylock' stinking with anti-semitism."

Whenever "The Merchant of Venice" is revived the question whether Shakespeare wrote it as a racial document is asked, or whether he carelessly made Shylock a type that was then generally accepted. These questions may serve for academic discussion but are of little or no interest to playgoers, who regard the comedy as they would a fairy story and thus are willing to accept the scene of the caskets and that of the trial in which Antonio escapes his just debt only by a paltry, ridiculous trick.

To the old theatre-goer the chief pleasure is found in the portrayal of Shylock and in comparison with the presentation of the character by illustrious actors of the past. Portions of the play have hitherto been boring in the performance, owing to the inadequacy of those taking the less important parts, and the slowness in the shifting scenery with waits arresting necessarily the movement of the play.

One often wished that the Gobbos, father and son, had been thrown overboard and found the younger Gobbo intolerable with his Elizabethan quips, wheezes and clowning.

Last night the comedy seemed made anew. The acting version had been skilfully arranged; both the handsome interior settings, the street scenes and the courtroom succeeded one the other in rapid succession; the costumes were rich and plausibly appropriate to the locality and the period, though one was surprised that Shylock and Tubal did not wear the orange tawney caps that Jews were then required to wear.

The Shylock of Mr. Arliss was first of all picturesque; it was also a logical and reasonable portrayal. In some respects it followed recent tradition, as in the return to the deserted house, yet here, as the curtain fell, the sight of the father still knocking was more pa-

thetically eloquent than any gesture of surprise, or raging despair. There were little points in the stage "business" that were singularly effective, as the raising of the fallen Shylock in the courtroom, his look at the one that aided him, and then the exit. We have seen Shylocks that whetted the knife in ghoulish glee on a boot sole, squatting on the floor. Mr. Arliss contented himself with the use of his belt.

What was of chief value in the portrayal was the revelation of the abused Jew foreseeing the full flowering of revenge, the seeds of which had been planted by the contemptuous Antonio. As the play was presented last night, indeed as one reads it, Antonio cuts a shabby figure. The crescendo of the revengeful spirit was finely indicated, but one may ask whether before the Duke our Shylock would have been so boisterous in his demands for justice; whether a cool malignity, a grimly quiet determination would not have been more dramatic. It was all very well for Mr. Arliss to be hysterical over the loss of the ducats, the turquoise ring and, incidentally, the daughter, but would not any Jew summoned before a Venetian Duke have been more subdued, even obsequious and fawning to win the decree in his favor? Mr. Arliss here threw away the badge of Shylock's tribe.

It was a fine performance, even if it were at times an exterior one; it was now and then rich in subtle inflections of voice and significant gesture; forcible in the final expression of racial pride crushed by the stripping of worldly goods and by baffled revenge, yet reasserting itself and disdaining a Christian's aid.

Miss Wood played the casket scene in a refreshingly light vein, not forgetting that her happiness was at stake in the decision of each suitors. In the court room she spoke the too familiar line about mercy with a commendable absence of what has been called the deadly trail of the elocutionist, but even at her entrance she was too manifestly opposed to Shylock, not arguing coolly as a learned doctor of the law but exulting in Shylock's discomfiture.

It was a feature of Mr. Arliss's performance that he did not force the attention of the audience on himself. His companions in the play had every opportunity. It is not necessary to mention each one; it is enough to say that in dialogue they were natural, not stilted; that they spoke their lines with understanding; that they were free and

natural in acting. Yet one may speak of Mr. Brents Gobbo, for here was a human being, not the tiresome buffoon so often seen. Mr. Leonard's Prince of Morocco was in Ercole's vein, amusing in a way, though it is doubtful whether Shakespeare so planned it; spirited to the point of the extravagance that is akin to burlesque.

## IRENE BORDONI AT WILBUR IN "PARIS"

WILBUR THEATRE—Irene Bordoni in "Paris," a musical-comedy by Martin Brown. The cast was as follows:

Andrew Sabot	Eric Kalkhurst
Harriet	Florence Edney
Valet	Reed Hamilton
Brenda Kaley	Elizabeth Chester
Gora Sabot	Louise Closser Hale
Guy Pennel	Arthur Margeson
Vivienne Rolland	Irene Bordoni
Marcel Prince	Galen Bogue

If Paris is a place where all good Americans go when they die, Irene Bordoni's new show is a place they should certainly go to when alive. The evening is gay from beginning to end, and gives to every one the same delightful feeling that descends on Mrs. Sabot after her first glass of brandy. For one evening our outlook on life is Gallic and debonair, we are ready to take chances and live dangerously, even if tomorrow we shall be a leader of the Girl Scouts.

The play concerns the short-lived love-affair of a fascinating French actress, and an heir of the Boston Sabots. Andrew has left the familiar limits of Newton Centre to study architecture in Paris. Once there he "does everything," gambling, drinking, every major and minor vice, and ends by becoming engaged to "the darling of Paris," Vivienne Rolland. Upon the blue taffeta and ruffled scene of Vivienne's apartment arrives the austere Mrs. Sabot, mother unto Andrew, to observe the exotic and unwelcome flower about to be grafted on the Sabot family tree.

Mrs. Sabot has endured seasickness and carsickness, and in her first interview with Vivienne she is continually fainting, partly with horror at sight of a daughter-in-law-to-be all brilliant lips and black eyes twice as large as any eyes should be, and partly with nausea at any sudden sight or mention of food. Vivienne has done her best, replaced her flame-colored gown with dove grey, her roses and chrysanthemums with calla-lilies, her Venus with a plaster statue of a Pilgrim father. She longs to be "a nice people" and live in Newton Centre and she will not



George Cohan and Ring Lardner in the audience last evening. So John A. Heydler, president of the national league; Grantland Rice, sportswriter; Burt Whitman, sporting editor of The Herald and president of Baseball Writers of America, and many other notables. Everybody seemed to think that the great American game had been glorified at last.



## 'Bringing up Father' Provides Wealth of Amusement

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Bringing Up Father," a farce in three acts by Raymond Brown, based on the cartoons of George McManus, staged by Samuel T. Godfrey. The cast:

Oswald, the butler	Henry Wadsworth
Mrs. Jiggs Mahoney	Mary Hill
Mrs. Idella Junkstock	Sydney Landrew
Col. Griffon Junkstock	Malcolm Arthur
Jiggs Mahoney	Jack Westernman
Patricia Mahoney	Walter Gilbert
Pierre Castilian	Frank Charlton
Jerry Sullivan	James Hazan
Boys	Maxon Mellinger
Adrienne	Edith Speare

The comic sheet came to life last night as "Jiggs" and "Maggie" and "Dinty Moore" performed before an appreciative audience. George McManus' brain children provided a brand of comedy that kept the customers wreathed in smiles all the evening, and very often caused them to break out in hearty laughter.

"Jiggs" and his dabbling in politics form the basis of the plot, and what with "Patricia," his daughter, and "Maggie," and the rest of the persons who try to keep him from that nationally known dish, corned beef and cabbage, the life of "Jiggs" is not a happy one—except to those in front of the footlights.

Jack Westernman made a return bow to St. James audiences in the leading role. That the difficult assignment was admirably carried out testified to his versatility. That the rest of the cast was up to the standard he set testified to the ability of the well-balanced cast. Walter Gilbert and Clara Joel, who play "Patricia" and her suitor "Larry O'Donnell," and all do well. Mary Hill as Maggie deserves special mention, too.

"The Big City," a film drama of the underworld, starring Lon Chaney, written and directed by Tod Browning, and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Chuck Collins	Lon Chaney
Sunshine	Marceline Day
Curly	James Murray
Helen	Betty Compton
Red	Matthew Betz

There was once something said about a straw breaking a camel's back and the present picture has something of the same weighty significance in the world of cinema—it is one too many of the variety known as crook or underworld pictures. There is an excellent cast of players and Lon Chaney in his original face, which is always, more or less, a relief, but even then the film remains lost in a whirlpool of about the same thing told in about the same way.

Good film patrons will not dare venture into a night club after the current screen disclosures. It seems that the brighter members of the underworld carry on most of their nefarious practices while the orchestra is playing and average persons are seeking relaxation.

In the present film the night club is patterned after the one which Texas Guinan has made famous. As for the hold-up, that must have evolved from Tod Browning's nimble brain. He is responsible for both the story and the direction of this present film.

There is one thing which can be said of Mr. Browning—he does not do things in half-way measures. When he wants a little horror he gets it, but when he wants Cinderella-at-the-night-club he has the sweetest one possible, even so sweet that she seems a trifle dumb, and that is not the way clever directors should have their heroines. Nevertheless, the little lady succeeded in reforming all of the best crooks.

Lon Chaney shared honors in his agreeable manner with James Murray, and this young man gave another clever screen portrayal. Betty Compton was surprisingly good as a lady crook. She does not look wilful or violent, and so when she succeeds in doing both convincingly, it must be considered commendable work.

Neville Flicson and Bobby Folsom are on the stage, also Jack Kneeland and his merry-makers. C. M. D.

## 'DRESSED TO KILL'

"Dressed to Kill," a film melodrama starring Edmund Lowe, directed by Irving Cummings and presented by Fox is at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre. Others in the cast are Mary Astor, Robert Perry, Tom Dugan and R. O. Pen-nell.

It took two men to write the story from which this photoplay was made and another to arrange the continuity. The authors are spoken of by Fox as "two brilliant picture minds who met and agreed on the same subject—that the screen was due for a real human portrayal of underworld life as it really is," just as if all of the brilliant picture minds have not had the same idea since "Underworld."

Edmund Lowe is a good actor and it is too bad that he is made to do unimaginative and sensational pictures. Mary Astor is pretty and charming but she should not let the Hawaiian native costume influence her taste in evening wear. The detective is seen smoking a cigarette most of the time in the present "authenticated incidents in the life of one 'Mile Away Barry.'" Instead of a stubby cigar, but he wears his derby even at impressive, or, what should be impressive, moments.

Short screen subjects and vaudeville make up the rest of the program.

## CONTINUING

### ATTRACTIONS

MAJESTIC—"Good News," collegiate musical comedy. Eighth week.

SHUBERT—"The Madcap," Mitzi stars in her latest musical play.

COPLEY—"The Wrecker," Arnold Ridley's thrilling mystery play enters its ninth week.

## KEITH'S THEATRE

Gus Edwards, impresario of vaudeville, heads the bill at Keith's this week with a gay and diversified entertainment entitled "Ritz-Carlton Nights" in which he presents a new "graduating class" of sprightly singers and dancers whom he has picked up all over the country. A dozen exceptionally pretty girls, in wonderful costumes, delight both eye and ear. Senorita Armida, a little Spanish brunette hailing from Hollywood, was a big favorite, and Master Lucien La Rue, a Chicago newsboy, received a big hand. The comedy star of the show was Ray (Rubberlegs) Bolger, whose positively wierd contortions betokened an elastic anatomy. The audience worked him into a state of panting exhaustion.

Norma Telma, "eccentric billiardist," opened the evening with a remarkable exhibition of contortionism. Gallarina-Rini and "Sister" played expertly on every known variety of wind instrument except a pipe organ and probably omitted that because of lack of time. Sidney Marion, assisted by Otilie Corday, excited all sorts of laughs. Sidney is a native of Joy street, in the West end, and the way he can wiggle his trained scalp is a marvel.

Back, too, came another old-time favorite described as Sylvia Clark, "Vaudeville's Little Buffoon," whose infectious comicalities drew for her recall after recall. The Eddys, tight wire artists, brought the stage performance to a conclusion. J. E. P.

## 'HAROLD TEEN' MADE INTO COMEDY FILM

Now Playing at Washington St. Olympia

"Harold Teen" is playing at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre this week. And for those few who have not heard or read of Carl Ed's famous comic strip character, on which the picture is based, it is explained that Harold is the famous "drug store cowboy" in history. His Oxford bags, his autographed slicker, his rebuilt flivver, covered with "wise-cracks" are brought to the screen in a way that is guaranteed to convince the most hardened cynic that youth cannot be downed. This comic strip appears in The Sunday Herald and the Boston Traveler.

"Harold Teen" is played by Arthur Lake, whose antics as a juvenile comedian in a number of well-known photoplays shown during the past year have brought him thousands of film fans. "Harold Teen" was directed by Mervyn LeRoy and embraces all of the humorous elements that have made Sheik Harold a household name. Harold's sweetie, Lillums, is played by Mary Brian, while Giggles, the "vamp" of the town, is Alice White. Others in the cast include Jack Duffy, Lucien Littlefield, Fred Kelsey, Lincoln Stedman and Jack Egan.

On the stage there are five acts. Brems-Fitz and Murphy Brothers present "The executive board of the laughlander's union in an extraordinary session. Here is a male quartet all four members of which are comedians. Louise Philson and "Turc" Duncan offer "A melange of mirth and melody." "Turc" Duncan plays six different musical instruments. In The Fantastic the Misses Frampton and Hewett do both classical and eccentric dancing. Ralph Wylie and Frank Booth are their associates. The Misses Frampton and Hewett have recently returned from Australia where they were members of Annette Kellerman's company. The Three Ar-nims are "Novelty Equilibrists."

## HARVARD CLUB PRODUCES 'HASSAN'

BRATTLE HALL—"Hassan," a poetic drama in three acts and nine scenes, by James Elroy Flecker. The cast:

Hassan	H. R. Thayer '29
Selim	B. D. Hankin '30
Yasmin	Doris Sanger '29
Porter	J. C. T. Flexner '29
The Caliph Haroun Al Raschid	K. A. Perry '28
Ishak	F. B. Thurber '30
Jafar	R. H. Jones '30
Masur	H. G. Meyer '30
Rafi	Charles Leatherbee '29
Alder	W. H. Melish '31
Willow	J. C. Bayley '31
Jumper	J. F. Eddy '31
Tamarisk	A. B. Emmott '30
Mira Vubride	Francesca Braggiotti
Abu	H. C. Carter '31
Ali	G. W. Harrington '30
Chief of Police	H. B. Wesselman '31
Captain of the Military	H. B. Wesselman '31
Pervaneh	John Swope '30
First Prison Guard	T. R. Quigley '29
Second Prison Guard	Abbot Peterson '30
The Fountain Ghost	Abbot Peterson '30

No small or easy task is it to call back the golden prime of Haroun al Raschid, to set before our eyes the gorgeous cruel days of the Arabian Nights, where a rash word called forth unspeakable tortures and a chance jest unbelievable riches. Yet James Elroy Flecker has accomplished this seeming impossibility, though he died before "Hassan" ever saw the stage and could never know that what he had created in the theatre of his imagination would flower so splendidly in the theatre of reality.

It did not seem for a time that "Hassan" would ever come within our reach. Despite its nine months' run in London, it failed almost instantly in New York for reasons not altogether easy to understand. Now, thanks to the courage and industry of the Harvard Dramatic Club, we have a brief opportunity to see a play of rare beauty and color, full of poetry and color, against a background of cruelty and horror. The story of Hassan, the confectioner of Bagdad, who, by chance, saved the life of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, mingles and is lost for a time in the terrible beauty and ecstatic tragedy of Rafi and Pervaneh, only to emerge once more as he takes "the golden road to Samarkand," leaving behind him the tigerish, treacherous favor of an unspeakable despot and the love of a worthless woman. There is beauty beyond expression of sight and sound in the story of the lovers who chose death and love rather than life and separation; there is pathos and heartbreak in the despair and disillusion of the gentle spirited Hassan, who sees kindness turn to cruelty and favor turn to scorn, who must witness unspeakable horror visited upon the innocent and finally, a broken man, go forth to exile. There is the splendor of the east in the magnificent caliph with his countless wealth, his obsequious servants and his inflexible will to evil.

Last night's performance had many virtues, the settings were colorful, the acting for the most part excellent, and the dancing of Miss Francesca Braggiotti a thing of beauty and grace. As Haroun al Raschid, Kingsley Perry deserves especial commendation; clear-spoken, forceful in a quiet, sinister way, dignified and splendid in his royal robes, he made the caliph the most vivid character in the play. Mr. Thayer's kindly, bewildered and terrified Hassan was also to be praised. As Rafi, king of the beggars, Mr. Leatherbee began exceedingly well and reached his best moment in the scene of the caliph's judgment. In the prison episode the poignancy and horror of the man's dilemma seemed to elude him. Miss Crandon was an exquisite and passionate Pervaneh, splendid in her final hour of self-immolation.

It seemed a pity that the beautiful poetry of the last moment as the pilgrims go forth on their journey should have been rendered inaudible by the loudness of the off-stage music. E. L. H.

The Harvard Dramatic Club will perform "Hassan," a play in five acts and nine scenes by James Elroy Flecker, in Cambridge this week and at the Repertory Theatre, Boston, next Saturday night.

Flecker died of consumption at the age of 30 in Switzerland, shortly after the breaking out of the world war. He was known to a comparatively small number of people by his poetry and by a fantastic romance in prose. "Hassan" was one of his last works. It was produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, on Sept. 21,

1923, by Basil Dean, to whom, as Mr. Dean said at a "Hassan" dinner on March 16, 1924, Flecker had written many letters, "alternately eager and anxious, as he watched the first war clouds drowning the one great hope of his life."

The chief roles at His Majesty's Theatre were taken as follows: Hassan, Henry Ainley; Ishak, Hassan's minstrel, Leon Quartermaine; Haroun-al-Raschid, Malcolm Keen; Rafi, King of the Beggars, Basil Gill; Yasmin, Cathleen Nesbitt; Pervaneh, Laura Cowle. The part of Yasmin was afterwards taken by Isabel Jeans, who was succeeded in turn by Fay Compton. The play had a long run in London. In March, 1924, it was in its seventh month. It ran about nine months in all.

Music was written by no less a man than Frederick Delius for this play. "It made a strong appeal to me, otherwise I should not have undertaken the musical illustration." The score contained a prelude, four entr'actes, a ballet; chorus and soloists were employed while music supplied a running commentary on certain lines of the spoken dialogue. Delius welcomed the suggestion that the lights should be lowered during the performance of the entr'actes. The score, which bears the date 1920, shows that it was not written as a piece d'occasion, but a musician's contribution to the poet's theme. Delius's original idea, however, was considerably modified for practical purposes in the theatre. There are three scenes in which the music is essential: The ballets, one at the court of the King of the Beggars; the other before the divan of the Caliph; the third is the finale with the haunting refrain, "We Take the Golden Road to Samarkand."

An orchestral suite has been made from this stage music and there is an arrangement for the piano. Additional numbers for the play were composed and scored by dictation to Mrs. Delius for the composer, on account of a recent illness, was then unable to hold a pen. The music for the Harvard production is by F. L. Anderson '29.

"Hassan" begins as a farce—the play was so conceived originally—and ends as a tragedy, which, wrote Hubert Griffith, "if it makes its full effect and is not marred in the playing should be terrible enough to be almost unbelievable," for Flecker introduced the theme of torture; made it his central theme.

Hassan, the confectioner, is in love with Yasmin, who loves him not. The potions he has put in the confections made for her are of no avail. Hassan is homely, but he is gentle and sensitive. The Caliph, wandering in his capital, seeking adventure, is captured by Rafi, the King of the Beggars. Hassan contrives ingeniously the escape of the Caliph and his companions. Thus Hassan becomes a great man, a dweller in a palace, but the cruelties practised on Rafi and Pervaneh convince him that the court is no place for him; he goes back to his shop, resumes his trade and is happy to be a humble man. For he was so foolish as to beg that Rafi and Pervaneh should be spared, with the result that he was banished from the court, but he is obliged to witness the torturing of Rafi and Pervaneh. The Caliph will free Rafi but Pervaneh must return as the Caliph's wife; they must never see one another again; but they have a choice: "They can spend a day and a night together, unwatched and unguarded and will then die together, in relentless torment, watched by the whole court. The lovers choose the day and the night, and death by torture. The situation would be, quite frankly, unforgivable if Flecker had not risen to the height of it."

At the end, Ishak, the minstrel, who has saved his life by the beauty of a song, takes the road to Samarkand; Hassan goes with him, the two clad as pilgrims.

"Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells,  
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,  
And softly through the silence beat the bells  
Along the golden road to Samarkand."

It should be remembered that Flecker described his play as "The Story of Hassan of Bagdad and how he came to make the Golden Journey to Samarkand." The play was published in 1923.

"Hassan" was brought out by A. L. Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on Sept. 22, 1924. The orchestra for the music of Delius was conducted by Milan Roder; the ballets were arranged by Michel Fokine. Hassan, Randal Avrton; the Caliph, James Dale;



Ishak, Murray Kinnell; Rafi, Douglas Burbridge; Yasmin, Mary Nash; Per-vaneh, Violet Kemble Cooper.

The production was a sumptuous one, having cost the producers, it is said, at least \$125,000. That was thought to be a conservative estimate. The play was too poetic for the New York public. Even Mr. John Anderson found "Hassan" the "violent and unhappy blending of two things as widely separated as the poles were the last time they were measured. Flecker's lovely and imaginative poetry is hooked up to something like a circus parade, which, no doubt, might have been enjoyable enough in itself if we couldn't have seen, all the time, that it was crushing the life out of the play."

Was that due to the manner of production in New York? Mr. Ivor Brown wrote that in London, there was an avoidance of the excess of production that might have reduced "Hassan" to the level of a mere spectacle. "There are crowds of Orientals tactfully marshalled, but there is no crowding for crowding's sake. There are exquisite stage pictures, white buildings soar against great vaults of blue, and there are noble spaces through which black spectral trees soar in lonely sadness. There are little dancers with flashing scimitars to cut the sublime capers which M. Fokine has fashioned into a massed fury worthy of the Russian ballet. But there are no camels, no mere exploitation of Asia to make a London holiday."

Let us add that "Hassan" was performed in a German translation at Darmstadt, with the music by Delius, in June or July, 1923, before the production in London.

#### As the World Wags:

I enjoyed the performances of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Plymouth Theatre, and was impressed by the Shylock of Mr. Arliss. Yet I could not help seeing the irony in this excellent actor being obliged by Shakespeare to keep shouting for a pound of flesh when I am told that he is a vegetarian and opposed to vivisection. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

#### BALLAD OF DEAD BOXERS

(For As the World Wags)

Tell me now in what place is  
Grecian pride whose strength seemed  
vaster  
Than human? Where's Hercules of many  
graces,  
Whose strength and skill knew not a  
master,  
And Achilles whose blows were faster  
Than most of their time, far and near,  
And Ajax proud who met disaster?  
"But where are the snows of yester  
year?"

Where's Entelus of Cicily's game  
Who conquered youthful Trojan Dare;  
And Fig, and Crib, of Brittan's fame;  
Dan Donnelly of reach most rare?  
Where is Belcher who was fast and fair;  
Tom Spring; Jem Ward without a fear,  
And Sayers of much greater name?  
"But where are the snows of yester  
year?"

Skilled Tom Hyer, his day is o'er,  
The champion first of our own race.  
Heenan's long passed to some far shore,  
Of perfect form and handsome face.  
Gone is John L. who set such pace,  
Who at his best ne'er had a peer,  
Supreme in wallop, speed and grace.  
"But where are the snows of yester  
year?"

PHILIP H. MCCAIGUE.

Let us now hear from contributors  
who have wondered from day to day  
why their letters have not been pub-  
lished in this column of genteel com-  
ment and miscellaneous misinformation.

#### CONQUERED

As the World Wags:

Ben Ali Amid, animal trainer at the  
Cairo Circus, slid back the steel door of  
the cage and entered. A score of lions,  
tigers and leopards sprang up, and cir-  
cled about growling resentfully, as he  
snapped his whip, flexible as silk, cut-  
ting as steel. Two golden amulets en-  
circled his sinewy arms—charms against  
death. Tall, masterful, brave, the ani-  
mals feared his flashing eyes. Lithe as  
a panther, he trod as lightly. He  
seemed to belong in the animal cage. It  
was being told how he had been clawed  
by the great Nubian lion, and pressed  
the white hot iron into the wounds,  
calmly puffing his cigarette, black as  
midnight, heady as burning poppy fields.

A glorious desert moon turned the  
mosque's dome to silver. Nautch girls  
danced and sang dreamy melodies in the  
casino to the music of zithers and harps.  
Ben Ali had fallen in love with the blonde  
girl who sold flowers at the Theatre  
Anglaise. They were wed. She laid  
down many laws and worst of all, she  
took away his beloved cigarettes. One  
morning he was smoking in secret. "Ben  
Ali drop that cigarette and come up  
here." He climbed the stairs fearfully,  
muttering "Allah be merciful." It was  
well the animals did not see his face.

They would have rolled him around as a  
cat does a mouse. It was the first quar-  
rel. The storm broke. Ruefully rub-  
bing his smarting cheeks and scratched  
chin Ben Ali fled to the circus and  
found peace of mind taming leopards  
fresh from the jungle and dangerous  
as lightning.

Snooping over the great lion who had  
maimed him, he patted his shaggy  
head and whispered forgivingly "By  
the beard of the Prophet thou art not  
so bad after all."

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### AID TO THE LOVELORN

As the World Wags:

Although 1911 is a fairly recent date  
for excavating if you are looking for  
laughs from love letters, try "The New  
Standard Business and Social Letter-  
Writer," by Alfred B. Chambers, pub-  
lished in Chicago (no less!) of that year.  
The title page promises "refined love  
letters, marriage proposals, acceptances  
and refusals" and the table of contents  
titillates one's curiosity with such spec-  
ifics as these: "Marriage proposal from  
a butler to a cook," "Asking a young  
lady for privilege of a correspondence,"  
"Asking permission to address a young  
lady by her Christian name," "Proposal  
to a lady the writer was never introduced  
to," with sample answers, "favorable"  
and "unfavorable"; "Proposal to a lady  
unaware of the writer's intentions." As-  
suming some of the above to have been  
successful, there is a section headed  
"Between Engaged People." I quote:  
"My Own Dearest: It is 9 o'clock  
and I am just home from the office.  
You see I am working hard . . .  
Yesterday night our friend Max took me  
around to a reception at his fiancée's,  
Miss Lord. It was a very pretty affair;  
the ladies were in full dress, and the  
house was decorated in green and red . . .  
But I was only thinking of you  
all the time—you in your little pink  
gingham under the apple tree." To  
think that after this there should be  
letters breaking off engagements! I  
could read no further! E. N. S.

#### "ALVIN JOSLIN"

As the World Wags:

Do you recall that celebrated rube  
comedian of the eighties, Charles Davis,  
who played a bucolic comedy called  
"Alvin Joslin"? He made a fortune,  
built a playhouse in Pittsburgh, named  
it "The Alvin Theatre," and settled  
down as a manager. The theatre exists,  
but I haven't heard of Charles for years.  
He appeared in every city and town  
in the United States and plastered the  
boards with lithographs picturing him-  
self in evening dress and literally cov-  
ered with diamonds—on fingers, waist-  
coat buttons, cuff links, studs—every-  
where. He had an educated watch  
which chimed the hours and did other  
remarkable things. Diamonds were im-  
bedded everywhere in this timepiece.

Charley, or Alvin as he preferred to  
be called, always came to the theatre  
at 7 o'clock and posed around the lobby  
until near curtain time, when he would  
dash for the dressing room and scramble  
into his makeup and be ready for the  
entrance cue. He took himself seriously  
and thrived on adulation. We small  
boy ushers in Milwaukee would help his  
game by asking, "Mr. Joslin would you  
mind showing us your watch?" Alvin  
would reply, "Certainly, my good lad,"  
and proceed to give a loud-voiced lec-  
ture on the marvels of his wonderful  
possession, the while flourishing it and  
himself in such a manner that a thou-  
sand brilliant rays pierced the foyer  
from the watch and his person to the  
amazement of the assembling audience.  
How proud we were to assist in Alvin's  
justifiable and commendable condescen-  
sion.

Once in the old Hoffman House, New  
York, Pony Moore, father-in-law of  
Charley Mitchell, champion pugilist of  
England, was showing a small sack full  
of uncut diamonds, of which he was  
proud, to a group of sporting men and  
actors, when the iceman arrived and  
dumped a heavy cake into the icebox.  
It gave a dull thud. Mitchell asked,  
"What's the noise, old man?" One of  
the actors who had been bored by  
Moore's display hastened to reply (for  
the honor of America): "Nothing, it's  
only Charley Davis putting his diamonds  
into the safe."

Scene from Alvin Joslin (street in  
New York at night. Policeman walking  
beat. Enter Alvin whistling "The Arkan-  
saw Traveller").

A. J.—"How do do, Mister Constable?"  
Policeman—"Don't get fresh with me,  
rube, or I'll run you in and you'll get 10  
days."

A. J.—"Take you 11 days to catch me,  
Mister Constable." (Continues on,  
whistling.)

Then there was the courtroom scene  
where he did some heavy stuff: "For  
I'm wild and woolly and hard to curry."  
Remember?

We had fun in those days.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Civilization is a disease from which  
nations seldom recover.—Dean Inge.

The root of all disease is in bad feed-  
ing.—Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published in  
Everyman's Library seven additional  
volumes of varied and genuine value.  
Darwin's "Origin of Species" may now  
be purchased at a low price by funda-  
mentalists, including that clergyman  
who recently said that the doctrine of  
evolution was directly responsible for  
the world war. Sir Arthur Keith con-  
tributes a new introduction, in which,  
having given an account of how Dar-  
win's book came into being, having stated  
that the book is still "freely abused  
and often misrepresented, just as it  
was when Darwin was alive," he comes  
to the conclusion that no book has yet  
appeared that can replace it; it is still  
the book that contains "the most com-  
plete demonstration that the law of evo-  
lution is true"; he again places Darwin  
in "that small, select group of great  
Englishmen which holds Shakespeare." For  
Darwin "altered and is altering the  
outlook of mankind, lifting from it,  
more than any man has ever done, the  
pall of superstition. . . . Sooner or  
later Darwin's outlook will become uni-  
versal, for men of all grades do desire  
to know the truth. Darwin's mission is  
not finished; this book has still many  
years to live and many converts to  
make."

It is a pleasure to state that Casti-  
glione's "The Courtier" in the brave  
translation by Sir Thomas Hoby is  
now within reach of all. Sir Walter  
Raleigh wrote an admirable intro-  
duction to the volume in the "Tudor  
Translations," but he did not advance  
a theory put before us by W. B. Drayton  
Henderson in his "Note on Castiglione  
and English Literature" in the Every-  
man's edition, viz: that without Casti-  
glione we should not have Hamlet.  
This is interesting, especially as in Eng-  
land they are even now discussing the  
question whether Hamlet was fat;  
whether the Queen's line thus describing  
him was an interpolation for the bene-  
fit of the actor taking the role. Mr.  
Henderson calls attention to the fact  
that Hamlet personifies Castiglione's  
ideal of the courtier, soldier, scholar,  
and has certain characteristics peculiar  
to Castiglione's school: he is a univer-  
sity man, given to the classics; he can  
pun and jest; he is a passionate friend;  
a "sweet" prince, but capable of vio-  
lence; he dresses as Castiglione would  
recommend; he was a musician, poten-  
tially a painter, regarding "the external  
world with that appreciation of line,  
form, mass, chiaroscuro, without which,  
Castiglione says, man cannot be great."  
Above all, Hamlet was shocked by his  
mother's hasty second marriage, par-  
alyzed from the ideal of courtiership,  
"especially from that phase of it which  
regarded women as the inspiration and  
mainstay of courtliness." Fallen from  
this belief, Hamlet abuses women.  
Castiglione was disgusted when they  
had recourse to artifice and trickery.  
"The Courtier" was done into English  
in 1561 and thrice reprinted—the third  
edition dated 1603. So Shakespeare  
could have been familiar with the book.  
As for "The Courtier" itself, there is  
no need of belated eulogy. It is a  
golden, noble book, full also of worldly  
wisdom, not without satirical comment  
and lively jesting, as the lords and  
ladies talked together in the magnifi-  
cent palace at Urbino.

And here is an edition of our old  
friend Sir John Maundeville's "Voieage  
and Travayle," to which "the journal  
of Frier Odoricus" is added. Jules Bra-  
mont gives an entertaining account by  
way of introduction, of Jean d'Outre-  
meuse, who palmed off the book as  
Maundeville or Mandeville's; Outre-  
meuse, "a humorist, a literary mime, at  
the worst an artistic liar who, possibly  
to relieve the monotony of his labors as  
a serious chronicler and a pious scribe,  
took to concocting the 'Travels of Sir  
Jehn Mandeville' by way of a jeu  
d'esprit, to take in the gullible and su-

perstitious Flemish, French and Eng-  
lish folk of his day." Was Mandeville  
the disguised Jean de Bourgogne? But  
the book itself is the thing; "in Eng-  
lish" a book unique, marked by extraor-  
dinary grace of art and style." The text  
is the one published at London in 1568.

In this reprint there are 109 chap-  
ters. In the edition published at Lon-  
don in 1895, profusely illustrated with  
amazing pictures by Arthur Layard, the  
book is divided into 31 chapters. The  
texts in that and in the Everyman's  
editions vary somewhat.

1895: "Another isle is there toward  
the north, in the sea ocean, where that  
be full cruel and evil women of nature.  
And they have precious stones in their  
eyes. And they be of that nature, that  
if they behold any man with wrath,  
they slay him anon with the beholding,  
as doth the basilisk."

1928: "An other yle is there north-  
ward where are many evile and fell  
women and they have precious stones  
in their eyes, & they have suche kinde  
yt if they beholde any man with wrath,  
they sley them of the beholding as the  
Basalysk doeth."

In the same chapter of the 1928 edi-

tion, where Mandeville speaks of giants,  
these lines in the 1895 edition are  
omitted: "And men have seen, many  
times those giants take men in the sea  
out of their ships and bring them to  
land, 2 in one hand and 2 in another,  
eating them going, all raw and alive."

For Flaubert's "Madame Bovary"  
translated by E. Marx-Aveling there is a  
long, critical, illuminating, enthusiastic  
introduction by George Saintsbury, one  
of the best studies of Flaubert we know  
in English or in French; an inquiry into  
his "realism," his position towards the  
characters he drew, searching comments  
on his other books—Mr. Saintsbury says  
that "the temptation of Saint Anthony"  
is his own favorite one—declaring Flau-  
bert to be "a living and writing witness,  
too much of their own to be refused, as  
to the fatal error of the degenerate  
Realist or Naturalist school."

That fascinating "The Sea and the  
Jungle," by H. M. Tomlinson, is added  
to the library, a book long famous for  
its description of scenes and men; one  
that bears repeated reading, a story of  
adventure almost without a parallel.  
For those who are never weary of war  
books there is "Under Fire: the Story of  
a Squad," by Henri Barbusse, already  
known to many, more grim and graphic  
than even some of the novels by Erck-  
mann-Chatrian of the great preceding  
wars.

A useful addition to desk books is "A  
Dictionary of Quotations and Proverbs,"  
in two volumes. The Dictionary of  
Quotations is based on Bartlett's, but  
it is a far larger collection, "and the  
English literature created since 1869  
is not wholly responsible for the addi-  
tional matter." The compiler, "J. K.  
M." points out that Bartlett must have  
been a prude and a teetotaler. Chang-  
ing "nakedness" in a famous line of  
Wordsworth's to "darkness." "There is  
not," says this compiler, "and can never  
be a definitive dictionary of quotations."  
He has not neglected men of compara-  
tively recent years, nor those contem-  
poraneous, Belloc, Bennett, Thomas  
Hardy, Whitman, Wilde. And it is a  
joy to find these lines from Lewis Car-  
roll's "Hiawatha's Photographing":  
"Stating that he would not stand it,  
Stating in emphatic language  
What he'd be before he'd stand it."

## RICHARD DIX AT METROPOLITAN

"Easy Come, Easy Go," a film comedy  
starring Richard Dix, adapted from a  
play by Owen Davis and directed by  
Frank Tuttle, is presented at the Met-  
ropolitan Theatre this week with the  
following cast:

Robert Parker	Richard Dix
Babs Quayle	Nancy Carroll
Jim Bailey	Charles Sellen
Mr. Quayle	Frank Currier
Winthrop	Arnold Kent

Owen Davis is probably the most  
prolific play and scenario writer in  
captivity, the envy of many of his fel-  
low scribes whether they admit it or not  
and in this instance he has written  
amusingly. The merit of the film is  
enhanced by clever direction and Rich-  
ard Dix's keen sense of farce.

Charles Sellen, a mild and respect-  
able-looking crook, is one more reason  
for the success of this present Richard  
Dix entertainment. As crooks go—Mr.  
Sellen is remarkable. His manner is  
kindly, even witty when necessity and  
George Marion, title writer, forces him  
to it. He saves the life of the hero,  
adopts the bag carrying the payroll of  
a bank—and almost keeps it.

The many situations which overlap in  
order to make a comedy are here in  
good measure. It does not sound funny  
to tell of a man in the environs of a  
mud bath disguising himself with the  
product at hand—but it is—rather.  
There are episodes of opening the bag  
containing the money and finding—  
well, other things in place of the bills.  
Some of the subtitles are amusing and  
they have all been audience-proved. If  
one doesn't laugh the fault is not with  
the proof perhaps.

The love interest is offered by Nancy  
Carroll, who is the trusting daughter of  
the banker whose money has been taken.  
Richard Dix gives a good performance  
in a part which he seems to like. The  
picture might be called an amiable  
comedy with intellectual spots.

Gene Rodemich and his band are  
back at the Metropolitan this week in  
a stage show called "Flapperettes." The  
"Flapperettes" are good. There are two  
men who dance as well as it would seem  
possible to dance with strict coherence  
to jazz rhythms. Rodemich and his band  
do some new and clever variations. The  
Old King Cole number was probably  
worth repeating.

Arthur Martel commemorates mother's  
day with an organ solo. Short subjects  
and news reel complete the program.  
C. M. D.



## Petit Lever with Miss Peggy Wood

By RENA GARDNER

Miss Peggy Wood receives, like du Barry, in bed. This is not to say that Miss Wood has a whim, or lives her life after the manner of the mistress of Louis Fifteenth. Though she is certainly pretty enough to be the bien aimée of a king, no beauty could be imagined further in temperament and taste, even in physical type, from the famous du Barry. Miss Wood typifies our modern Anglo-Saxon young woman of quality. Certainly there could be few pictures as charming as her dainty fairness, set off by a most obviously French negligee of peach colored silk and beige lace, against the pillows of the pale green bed and walls provided by the Ritz. Her light-brown hair is parted in the middle and sweeps back from her broad brow in the satiny waves of Portia, her skin is smooth and pale and fine. She has enormous clear gray eyes, set wide apart, with delicately etched eyebrows. The modelling of nose, cheekbones and mouth follows a classic beauty of line, you feel that a sculptor would love to model her. There is more of fineness than seduction in her beauty. She is the perfect example of what every American imagines when he thinks of a wife.

No, none of the storms and caprices of the little milliner of Paris disturb Peggy Wood, nor would she desire that form of temperament. She is one of the amazing young women of our time, amazing because they manage to survive the strain of a life so many-sided, so demanding, that 24 hours seem hardly long enough for a day's activities. Where a beauty of former years lived simply to be beautiful, made that her first consideration, with all other interests decidedly subordinate, to Peggy Wood the care of her beauty forms a mere matter of routine, like cleanliness, a bore "because there are always so many more interesting things to do."

She exists first of all as an actress, and creates as gay, intelligent and charming a Portia as you could wish to see. Every evening at the Elizabethan Theatre, bringing to the Elizabethan lines a thousand nuances, quirks of expression and inflections of tone, she makes Portia live for us as she lived in Shakespeare's time. Besides this, she writes. She has published an "Appreciation of Madame Calve," and her magazine stories are sold before she can finish them.

### HOUSE AND HUSBAND

Now all this may be imaginable, but consider also that Miss Wood does not exist, rootless, like an orchid, in a hotel with every hour of every day to be given to her art, or arts, but presides over a sizeable house in Stamford, Ct., a husband in the person of John V. A. Weaver, the young poet and playwright, and a son. This last item she prefers kept in the background, for she considers that to be known as a wife and mother "dates" an actress, but as the John, Jr., is so very young that he couldn't possibly date anyone for years to come, and as Miss Wood in no way conforms to the old-fashioned mental picture of a "wife and mother," the son is merely mentioned as another considerable facet of her life.

She must run that household with even the best of cooks occasionally getting married or breaking a leg, see about building over the old barn into a garage, make, sure that John, Jr., has flannels when he should have flannels and Arnoldknit nightgowns when he should be cool, and arrange all this so smoothly that her husband can live in the peace essential for a writer. She must entertain of weekends, for the Weavers are popular members of the artistic and literary group of brilliant young people who are doing things in New York. That means a constant supply of cigarettes and salted nuts, clean towels and flowers in the guest rooms, and all the other details that are pushed to the 11th hour or beyond it, from the very pressure of modern life, by most young married women.

### TRAINS HER VOICE

Undeterred by the exigencies of stage and publishers, hot-water heaters and first teeth, Peggy Wood keeps on training her voice. A singer first, she got her stage start as a lovely young musical comedy star. Today her voice has never been better, and she longs to sing again. She cannot let reading go, with her husband's interests entirely among our younger intellectuals. Peggy must

be able to discuss the latest development in music with Deems Taylor, or in books with George Jean Nathan.

Last, but decidedly not least, in point of view of snatching time, a beautiful actress may never appear in public without looking just a little more chic, a bit more soignée than the other women. A female writer may resemble a rag and a bone and a hank of hair; in fact, the public expects it of her, but an actress's beauty forms a part of her reputation and must always present a perfection of surface that means constant care. Where another woman may appear from necessity in gray stockings that are not quite the right shade, or go to a party with her hair uncured when she is tired, it is a matter of no real importance to any one or anything but the eternal feminine in her own soul. When Peggy Wood goes to tea at the Copley Theatre each detail of her costume will be scrutinized by every eye present. She is the "well-known actress," and her gown must be a little different, her skin and hair and fingernails a bit better cared for, and her gloves a trifle cleaner than those of any other woman in the room.

### CROWDED HOUSES

As an actress essentially blooms at night, she must sleep late every morning. One entire afternoon of each week must be devoted to a manicure to soften hands roughened by nightly applications of liquid white, shampoo and curling irons to preserve Portia's smooth coiffure.

With two matinees weekly, there remain three afternoons for the writing, the singing, the public functions that an actress must attend or appear ungraciously, beside the buying of clothes and domestic details that form part of what every woman knows. It is the clothes question that feeds like a worm in the bud on Miss Wood's damask cheek. She has never liked clothes, and she hates to give her time to them. Though she possesses a competent maid, who buys her stockings, mends, and sends the dresses to the cleaners, still she continually finds herself in a position that we imagine an actress somehow miraculously escapes—that of dressing for lunch in tan, and with five minutes to make the lunch, finding the tan coat not yet returned from Lewand's. A blue coat and a gray coat may hang in the closet, and Mrs. Joseph Gonnick might conceivably throw on one or the other, but Miss Peggy Wood must change from head to foot and present a perfect appearance in gray or blue.

Perhaps it is small wonder that Miss Wood's health has broken under the strain of the past year, and that she must receive her callers in bed, not because, like du Barry, a bed seems to be her natural milieu, but because she must save her strength to finish her Boston engagement with George Arliss. After this two weeks will come an operation and a rest, then a summer season at the Cape Cod play house at Dennis. With Glenn Hunter she plans to give "Candida." Barrie's "Mary Rose" (last done here by Ruth Chatterton) and several new plays, now undecided. Because of this contract she was forced, to her great regret, to refuse the lead in the Players' Club annual production, "The Bold Straggle," in September. She would have found restoration comedy great fun, and acting for the Players' Club, utterly regardless of money or management, very exhilarating. In their last year's production of Henry IV, she played Lady Percy, another Portia, a type of Elizabethan woman that Shakespeare apparently knew well—intelligent, fine, very much the equal of her husband and influential in his life and the life about her, in fact the type of Mrs. John V. A. Weaver of the United States of America in the year 1928.

### SHAW, MAYBE

Miss Wood has no plans for next fall. Possibly Shaw. He is her favorite dramatist, and she looks forward some day to "Major Barbara" or "Capt. Brassbound's Conversion." Never "Pygmalion," that is more within Lynn Fontanne's capabilities, says Miss Wood. She, herself, she considers, does not possess the flexibility for it. She has a secret desire for musical comedy, a dreadful unexpressed itch to get right out on the stage and sing a "Mammy" song.

Possibly this low complex is a reaction from the strain of "The Merchant of Venice." Miss Wood finds her part wearing, not really enjoyable. She feels like a pianist doomed to play the fifth

symphony every night and two afternoons a week. At each performance she must be keyed to give the very best she has. Regardless of health, of mood, or of fatigue she must play to the one pedant in the audience who will know every word of her part, every exact slight meaning and value. In addition, she finds more of a creative effort in making the old language of Shakespeare live for us moderns, than in acting a part written in the idiom of today. On one evening her butler and his wife went to see her play. As she spoke her first lines she thought of them with every word, and wondered what they made of "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aware of this great world." As she passed from "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces" to "Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself," the strain of putting herself in her guests' place was too great. She shoved them firmly out of her mind and was relieved to find later on that they had enjoyed Launcelot Gobbo very much indeed.

Let Miss Wood's life seem an anomaly too breathless and hectic to be real, the Weavers live in Stamford among a group where Deems Taylor, the author of "The King's Henchman" is also an architect and designs "heavenly buildings," where Mary Servoss, out of hours in "Behold the Bridegroom," has a real genius for restoring old houses and sells them as fast as they are done, where the editor of the Bookman no doubt is a worker in gold in his odd moments, where John Weaver, after publishing his poems, tried plays, and is now rewriting for the 20th time a new novel, and where moreover they carry on an ordinary social life, visit each other, play over the new opera at the Metropolitan and discuss the price of manure. It is a Renaissance colony, where each man must be a Leonardo in miniature, and do not one, but many things well. These people possess an old world vitality that cannot be confined in any one channel, that rushes eagerly into all the forms of creative art, that lives to the very limit of its strength. Miss Wood might serve for a very model of their spirit.

## BENEFIT PROVES ALL-STAR SHOW

Fourth Annual Affair of Treasurers' Club Held at Colonial

COHAN, MITZI AND CATLETT APPEAR

The fourth annual benefit of the Theatre Treasurers' Club of Boston was given yesterday afternoon at the Colonial Theatre. Players and managers of current attractions playing in Boston were most liberal with their talent. The program was a brilliant one and moved smoothly under the able hand of Walter Catlett, who was master of ceremonies, and William C. Shrode, stage manager.

Mr. Catlett of the "Rio Rita" company announced himself as the prologue and said, in the naive Catlett manner, that it was quite remarkable that treasurers needed a benefit. After several stories, all good ones, he introduced J. Harold Murray, a Boston boy and member of the "Rio Rita" cast, who sang one of his numbers.

### COHAN SINGS

George W. Wilson, comedian of the famous Boston Museum Stock Company, told a whale story—in character. "The whale was large, but he choked to death on the Panama canal." George M. Cohan appeared and sang. A scene from "Fast Company," with Walter Huston, was given.

Mitzi, star of "The Madcap," sang with Harry Puck and played an amusing duet on a miniature piano.

Ada-May, Bert Wheeler and Al Clair, all of the "Rio Rita" company contributed their acts. The Albertina Rasch dancers, Pedro Rubin and the Central American Marimba band, also of "Rio Rita" were present. All of the musical numbers from "Rio Rita" were under the orchestral direction of J. Frank Cori; with the Misses Constance Mering and Muriel Pollack at the pianos.

### CORBETT CANCELS ACT

Francesca Braggiotti gave a dance specialty as did Thayer Roberts of the T. Portory Theatre, "The Dance of the Golden Siamese." James J. Corbett was on the program and reported but had to send a message to the audience as he had to return to his own matinee before he had a chance to appear.

The complete "Good News" company was present, or at least what seemed to be all of it. The comedy scene, featuring William Wayne, Marie Callahan, John Philbrick, Don Rowan, Charles Heffernan, Ed Gallagher and Lew Bellin, was followed by "Baby, What?" with William Wayne and Marie Callahan. "Varsity Drag" with the entire ensemble and featuring Thelma White, Marion Chambers, Claude Stroud and William Russell was encored not several—but many times. George Olsen's "Good News" band under the direction of Harry Neimar gave several selections and accompanied the members of the cast.

Minna Gombell and Lucia Laska gave a scene from "Jimmie's Women" and Gus Edwards contributed his entire review. The managers who extended the courtesy of their players, theatre and productions were Messrs. F. Ziegfeld, Erlanger, Dillingham, George M. Cohan, Shubert, Schwab and Mandel, B. F. Witbeck, Henry Jewett, Jacques Renard and B. F. Keith's, Loew's Orpheum, Hollis Street Theatre Corporation. Every seat in the Colonial Theatre was taken and many stood to see the performance.

## 1000 CHILDREN SING IN SYMPHONY HALL

Conclave of High School Glee Clubs Held

The voices of 1000 school children filled Symphony hall yesterday afternoon when the second annual conclave of high school glee clubs of the New England Music Festival Association, which is sponsoring the fifth annual "music week," was held. The festival was to have been held at Jordan hall, but was changed to Symphony hall when the sponsors became informed of the tremendous interest in the affair about 1200 persons attended.

Ralph L. Baldwin of Hartford, director of music in the public schools of that city, was the guest conductor, directing the ensemble in three songs. The affair is believed to be the biggest of its kind ever held in this country. Those in charge included John A. Shea and Grant Drake, director and assistant director of music in Boston schools, Miss Grace Pierce of the Arlington schools, Wallace Butterfield of the Providence schools and Joseph H. Gildea, assistant supervisor of music for Boston schools.

The school choruses, and their conductors, included: Marlboro junior high school, led by Miss Mary G. Sterzel; Brookline Girls High School Glee Club, led by Lyle R. Ring; Commercial High School Girls Glee Club, led by Mr. Butterfield; Derry Village Girls Junior High School Glee Club, led by Miss Geraldine Daggett; Practical Arts high school chorus, Dorchester high school chorus, Lewis junior high school chorus, and Memorial high school chorus, led by Daniel J. Tierney; Southern Bell Glee Club, led by Miss Lila E. Mann; Fall River High School Glee Club, led by Miss Helen M. Ladd; Fitchburg High School Glee Club, led by J. Edward Bouvier; Arlington high school chorus, led by Miss Pierce, and Girls high school chorus, Dorchester high school for boys chorus and Brighton High School Glee Club, led by Mr. Gildea.

Longmans, Green and Company of New York and London have published "Two Passengers for Chelsea and Other Plays" by Oscar W. Firkins. The first play and the second are of a peculiar nature; the other eleven are entertaining and readable. In the first, Carlyle and his Jane, Lady Harriet Baring of whom Jane was jealous, Tennyson, Mazzini, Milnes and others are the characters. The first two plays, if they were put on the stage would undoubtedly require a selected audience; those already well acquainted with Carlyle, the man, and the long discussed problem of his domestic life for the first; those to whom Hamlet is the subject of inquiry and analysis for the second.

To put men and women, of a later date than those of Greece, Rome, kings and queens of Europe, statesmen and poets, artists and musicians, has been the task of dramatists who apparently wrote without undue anxiety concerning box-office receipts. There is a

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As Shylock, impersonated by Mr. Arliss, leaves the stage at the Plymouth Theatre, the spectator wonders what will become of the Jew thwarted in his revenge by a scurvy trick. Antonio insisted that Shylock should become a Christian. He might be one outwardly in observance and in the catalogue; but he would not be one mentally or physically.

Of course, this compulsory conversion was in Shylock's favor, for as a citizen he could freely move about and own property that was not liable to confiscation. Did he prosper? What became of Portia and Bassanio? Did she keep reminding her husband that she had saved his friend? And Antonio, what became of him? Was he more cautious in the matter of bonds?

St. John Ervine thought on all this and the result of his meditation was a comedy, "The Lady of Belmont," which was published in the season of 1923-24, and performed at the Arts Theatre Club, London, on May 6 of last year, when Shylock was portrayed by Brember Wills; Portia, Barbara Everest; Bassanio, D. A. Clarke-Smith; Antonio, Stanley Drewitt; Gratiano, Osmond Willson; Nerissa, Barbara Horder. Gobbo, Lorenzo, Jessica were in the play; Dr. Bellario was introduced. The time of the play is ten years after the court scene in "The Merchant of Venice."

In Mr. Ervine's comedy Shylock is richer than at the time of his former prosperity. He is sumptuously dressed. He is a senator, and on intimate terms with the Duke. Going one day to Belmont in order to seek news of his runaway daughter Jessica, he falls sick in front of Portia's house and is taken inside to recover. He is not warmly welcomed; least of all by Jessica, who has made an appointment with Bassanio at her own house. Shylock insists on going there, for he is anxious to see his grandchildren. Thus he saves Jessica's good name. A man had been seen entering her house. Shylock says he was the man. (Bassanio had taken himself out of the way through a window.)

Bassanio, Gratiano, Lorenzo, Jessica have turned out a shabby lot. Bassanio is a libertine, a spendthrift, who, tired of Portia, has turned to Jessica. She meets him more than half way. (The part was played by Ellen Hare). Nerissa has lost her slenderness and her beauty; she no longer holds Gratiano. They are quarrelsome, unhappy; Gratiano no longer is merry in conversation. Antonio, who has not married, is a bore of the first water: constantly telling the story of the pound of flesh and reminding Bassanio of the debt of gratitude he owes him; he even expects the Duke of Venice to recompense him—and for what reason? Not without good cause does Portia say to Shylock at the end: "Ah, Shylock, you have gained your pound of flesh!"

The famous Dr. Bellario turns out to be rather vain; he cannot forgive Portia for the trick she played, robbing him of the opportunity to display his own acumen. Portia is dignified, kind, unhappy; a woman blessed with common sense. Lorenzo is a disagreeable fellow whose passion for poetry bores Jessica. He has not told his children their Jewish origin; he has never mentioned the fact that Shylock is their grandfather.

At the end Shylock, who is on good terms with Portia, takes Lorenzo and Jessica to Venice, where they will be supported by him, so that Bassanio will no longer be tempted to ruin Portia's happiness. "There is nothing left but the goodness which a man performs." But Shylock is still a Jew at heart. In one scene he tears off his Christian dress and is revealed in his gabardine worn beneath it. It has been said that in this comedy propaganda creeps in at the end. "The Jew must love a land and be willing to die for it, Portia insists, before he can take root among his fellows—as if he had not loved many lands and died for them."

Christopher Marlowe in his "Jew of Malta" did not allow conjecture concerning the fate of his Barabas. He had

"Made a dainty gallery,  
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,  
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sink  
Into a deep pit past recovery."

But when the cord was cut the floor of the gallery gave way and Barabas fell into the red-hot cauldron he had prepared for others. Nor did his daughter Abigail, running away from him, wed and turn out to be a light-skirt: She had loved Mathias, who with another suitor, Don Lodowick, was killed in their duel; turned Christian, she entered a nunnery, where with other nuns she was poisoned by her father.

"As fatal be it to her as the draught  
Of which Alexander drunk and died:  
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,  
Whereof his side the Pope was poison-ed.  
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane:  
The juice of hebon, and Cocytus' breath,  
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool  
Break from the fiery kingdom; and in this  
Vomit your venom and invenom her  
That like a fiend hath left her father thus."

There was snickering for a moment last Monday night when Portia, thinking of the caskets, exclaimed "O me! The word choose!" Thus was the old comedy brought into the present time, the time of Calvin Coolidge.

In view of conflicting opinions concerning the manner in which Shylock should be portrayed, the remarks of Richard Mansfield are of interest. He played Shylock as a pupil at the Derby school in England in 1870. It was in 1893 that he brought out "The Merchant of Venice" in New York.

"Shylock is really the only natural person in most unnatural surroundings. The play itself, if written today, would be instantly condemned or put down as a farcical comedy. The noble Antonio, the good Antonio, the esteemed merchant prince, cannot find anybody to lend him three thousand ducats, but the man he everlastingly abused, kicked and spat upon. Bas-

sanio is confessedly a fortune-hunter, Gratiano a lick-spittle and time server, Lorenzo is a thief or particeps criminis, Jessica is unspeakable, and the Duke condemns Shylock in open court before the trial. It is difficult for a sincere actor to play Shylock according to modern requirements with sincerity. I should like some day, just for fun, to put Shylock and the whole interpretation of the play back where it belongs—in the realm of poetic farce. . . . However, when all is said, today Shylock must either be a monumental type of the hating and revengeful and much abused Jew, or a joke. Anything else is begging the question. This does not preclude his loving his daughter and his home, his being a fanatic, almost, in his religion and in the justice of his cause, or of his winning some sympathy by departing from the courtroom, when everything is taken from him, with his last and only hope, i.e., to place his grievance at the feet of his creator."

William Archer cited "The Merchant of Venice" as an example of Shakespeare straining the credulity of the audience. "The most notable instance is the disguise of Portia and Nerissa. . . . It passes muster in an action which belongs in its other main incidents, in the device of the caskets and in the forfeit of the pound of flesh, to the realm of fairy-tale." Archer once saw at a performance of the play "Sylok el Judio" at Barcelona, Portia and Nerissa wearing black masks in the trial scene. "But the masks only added a new element of improbability to the scene, for they could not mask their voices or their figures."

Mr. Gilbert Gabriel expressed not only his own opinion when he wrote apropos of the present revival: "The character of Shylock has had conferred on it such different warring meanings it is about time for the gentle low-brows to get together, rush in where tragedians fear to stomp and admit that they know it for a pack of resounding confusion. Shylock's gabardine covers an uncounted multitude of contradictory and right angular remarks. When you get such opposite interpretations as Adler's martyr and Firmin Gemier's grisly ogre out of the same set of sentences, something is foggy in the State of Shakespeariana. If this be reason, make the most of it."

Antar, the hero of the drama that will be given under the direction of Mrs. Maud Cuney-Hare at the Fine Arts Theatre next Tuesday night, is best known in Boston by Rimsky-Korsakov's Symphony that bears Antar's name. Early in 1910 "Antar," a lyrical drama by Chekri-Ganem, was produced at Monte Carlo. In this drama Mata-Hari, afterward shot by the French as a Prussian spy, danced a wonderful fire dance. This drama later in 1910 was brought out at the Odeon in Paris. Maurice Ravel "ingeniously adjusted" music from Rimsky's symphony for the performance. Gabriel Dupont's opera "Antar" was produced in 1921, seven years after the composer's death from the disease of the lungs against which he had fought from his youth.

P. H.

long list of these heroes and heroines from Alexander Hamilton to Rasputin. Chopin, Beethoven, Lincoln, Lee, Mozart, Haydn, Paganini, George Sand, Moliere are only a few in the catalogue. Dr. Samuel Johnson has not escaped. Mr. A. Edward Newton has his "Doctor Johnson," but it is hardly a play; rather a connection of loosely strung episodes in dialogue; agreeable reading, but not for the stage. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has published "The Judgment of Dr. Johnson" and introduced Wilkes, Burke, Boswell and several imaginary characters; moved to do this probably by the fact that he has impersonated the Doctor, to whom he is supposed to bear a resemblance in personal appearance and bow-wow manner of speech and writing. Neither Mr. Newton nor Mr. Chesterton makes the popular mistake of seating Johnson in the Cheshire Cheese, and the equally popular mistake of making him invite some one to walk in Fleet street, an invitation put into his mouth by George Augustus Sala, to serve as a motto for the magazine Temple Bar.

In Mr. Firkins's "Two Passengers for Chelsea," the Carlyles are visiting the Barings. Jane enters and reproaches Thomas for having eaten a cherry tart, to which the sage replies: "At great houses, my dear, one eats the wrong thing while one waits for the right one. . . . The edible universe was reduced for the time being to cherry tart, and I—I was hungry. Thomas is told to save the universe for Cheyne Row; "I am thinking of your stomach." She is ready to leave the house; he thinks of staying. Carlyle—Perhaps. She wishes it. Jane (with pointed innocence)—She? Carlyle (falling, as often, into involuntary dialect)—Dinna play the fool, Jane. It's a part Nature has not qualified ye for.

Jane (very urbanely)—I understand, my dear. There is a time in a man's relations with a woman when "she" becomes a proper name. But I didn't know you'd quite reached that point with Lady Harriet.

Delightful squabbling—delightful to the reader. Thomas abuses fellow-guests who would be agreeable to him. Jane apologizes for him by saying that her husband had his own way of expressing fondness. "When he says 'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon,' all he means is, 'Sit down, my dear fellow, and have another pipe.'" Lady Harriet has a sharp tongue. Resenting one of Milnes's remarks about her sleeplessness, Jane amiably remarks: "Men utter the brutalities that women only think; that is why women are so fond of their company."

All the guests sparkle in conversation. Buller doesn't like serious women; "they are bad enough when they are frivolous." When he says that Lady Harriet would like to play the part of Lady Godiva, Jane answers: "I fancy she

would, but I don't think she would like to see the chance of doing it first snapped up by any other woman. The only proper indecorums are those which begin with the aristocracy." Lady Harriet resents Jane's filling Tennyson's pipe and putting it in his mouth. She calls for the carriage and asks her if she would like to say good-by to Thomas in her own room.

Jane: "No, no, the front steps will do perfectly well. We shall edify all the lady's maids by the sobriety of our endearments."

To the consternation of Lady Harriet, Thomas says: "I'm going with you, Jane." Turning to Lady Harriet he admits that Jane is clean daff; she would be run over by an omnibus, "and mad as the queen is, I should miss her."

Jane is the life of this little play; wit coruscates throughout it, but is it for the stage? Only for a special audience, as we have said.

In "The Undying Prince," Forbes-Robertson, Sothorn, Hampden, Barrymore, dine together at a London inn and discuss the character of Hamlet and the play itself. The ghosts of Booth, Irving, Garrick, Betterton, Burbage come in and join in the discussion. They form the Elsinore Club. "When we heard," says Irving, "that four living Hamlets were to dine in the next room, we felt that their presence was a summons." Burbage, hearing of Bernard Shaw, speaks of a rallied off section in the next life for Abusers of Shakespeare. Hampden insists that Hamlet is the most unhesitating character he knows and advances proofs. The long conversation contains acute and amusing criticism. (It's a pity that Mr. Firkins did not bring Fechter and Rossi into the company.) At last the shade of Hamlet enters, drains his glass and vanishes with a courteous gesture.

"Pale as death, Barrymore leans upon the table for support. Forbes-Robertson, sinking into a chair, buries his face in his hands. Sothorn, half fainting, reels back into the arms of Hampden."

"Hampden (white-lipped, the drops starting from his forehead). God in heaven!"

The other plays, shorter for the most part, are more for the theatre. Some are of domestic life in the New York of the present day, as "An Odd Entanglement," "The Emeralds," "The Reference," with divorce or proposed divorce as a subject lightly treated, at times with pleasing cynicism. Some are tragic, or at least melodramatic, as "The Last Meeting," a scene in a French military hospital, with a young soldier, a doctor and a woman the characters; as "Geoffrey's Wife," an Elizabethan play in verse; as "The Two Men" is a dialogue about to jump into a river.



city; the one down-and-out, the other supposedly successful, but disgusted with his weakness in politics. "The Bloom on the Grape" tells of a French painter, with an American wife, forced to live apart for 11 months in the year, "luxuries to each other." There is a strange dialogue in "The Rim of the Desert" between two French officers in Algiers; a dialogue arising from the mother of one of them alone with a corpse in a chapel. Whimsical are the scenes between the young bride-to-be, Marie, and her Pierre, who leaves her while the wedding march is sounding to follow Jacques, "The Unbidden Guest."

Perhaps some of these plays may find their way to a Little Theatre, though not necessarily for amateurs. Who, among professional actresses, could best portray Jane Carlyle? Would it be possible to bring together the living Hamlets for "The Undying Prince"? Engrossing as the discussion about Hamlet is on the printed page, would the talk of the quick and the dead hold the attention of the audience? Nevertheless these two plays and the others are what Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading."

## Iride Pilla Gives Program at Repertory Theatre

Iride Pilla, soprano, gave a recital of songs at the Repertory Theatre last night, Josef Orosz, accompanist. Her program was as follows: Monsigny, *Il regardait mou bouquet* (Le Roi et le Fermier); Gluck, *Divinites du Styx*; Respighi, *In Alto Mare*; Pesce, *Tarantella*; Puccini, *Tu che di gel sei cinta*; Pagans, *Malagueñas*; Mana-Zucca, *Rachem*; Schubert, *Der Tod und das Mädchen*; Rubinstein, *Der Asra*; Poldowski, *Dansons la Gigue*; Giordano, *La Mamma Morta*; Hamblen, *the Restless Sea*; Jacchia, *Twilight*; Lawson, *Lazy Song*; La Forge, *Hills*; Italian folk songs, *Core Ngrato*; Gambardella, *Tu Soli, De Crtis, Senza Niscuna*; Barone, *Mmezza Festa*.

In the biographical sketch of Miss Pilla provided for the audience it was stated that she was born in Lynn, Mass. of Italian parentage and when she was 6 years of age she made her first appearance at a concert singing three songs in Italian, French and English. Later she studied at the Boston Conservatory of Music and made her debut in opera in Milan. Since her return to America in 1927, Miss Pilla has been engaged in concert and recital work.

The lower register of Miss Pilla's voice is smooth and resonant, and she doubtless has a wealth of emotional ability which would aid her in operatic roles, but Miss Pilla has not learned the art of forceful upper tones which are still musical. With good diction and a pleasant way of making her songs tell their stories, she, nevertheless, loses much that is of value in the hard, full tones she gives with so much gusto.

A large and friendly audience seemed to enjoy Miss Pilla's recital, and Josef Orosz accompanied her well. On this program were two songs which have not been heard in Boston, so far as is known. Another member of the large Tarantella family, this one by Pesce which was realistic enough and finished with a grand whoop. The other was one of the Italian folk songs, *Mmezza Festa* by Barone.

C. M. D.

## 1000 Singers Heard at Symphony Hall in Music Week

Ten choruses numbering 1000 singers, known throughout the state for the quality of their voices, united in presenting a varied program of choral music, ranging from the minuet and the serenade to impressive selections from the great oratorios, before 1300 persons in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon as the feature of Boston's fifth annual civic music week.

The event is considered to have introduced a new epoch in the musical history of the city, and admittedly was one of the greatest of its kind ever to be held in the state and the country. The festival was sponsored by the Civic Music Association, which is attempting to establish Boston as a choral music centre of international prominence.

The singing was opened with an ensemble song, "Thanks Be to God" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Ralph L.

Baldwin of the Mendelssohn Club of New York and the Choral Society of Hartford, was the guest conductor. He also directed "Goin' Home," by Dvorak-Fisher and Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus.

The Mendelssohn Glee Club of Worcester, directed by J. Frank Hartz, sang with Miss Dorothy George of Boston as soprano soloist. The chorus is composed of male voices. This club presented "Sanctus" by Schubert, "The Echo Song" by Orlando D. Lasso, and "Siberia," a lament, by Frederick Ebsen Starke.

Mrs. Amy Young Burns, the only woman conductor, led the combined Park Street Church Choral Society and the Hopedale Choral Society. They presented Gounod's "Gallia," with Marjorie Leadbetter as soprano and John Herman Loud at the organ. Arthur Wilson conducted The Arthur Wilson Singers in three Schubert numbers, "To Music," "Serenade" and "The Almighty." Reginald Boardman accompanied at the piano.

The choral class of the public music department and the orchestral class of the New England Conservatory of Music rendered two of Chadwick's compositions: "A Mexican Serenade" and "Land of Our Hearts," under the direction of Francis Findlay. The Beacon hill chorus of the Women's Republican Club, with J. Edward Bouvier as conductor, sang "A Minuet at Marley" by Beethoven, and "The Seraphic Song (Reve Angelique)" by Anton Rubinstein. Mrs. Julia Lyons was soloist and Mrs. Eulalia Buttelman the pianist.

John A. O'Shea, director of music in Boston schools, conducted the quartet and choir of St. Cecilia's Church, Back Bay, in singing "Kyrie," credo, by Kalilwoda. The quartet included Miss Joan Parsons, soprano; Miss Nora Burns, alto; Thomas A. Quinn, tenor, and William H. O'Brien, baritone. "Kyrie" from "The Mass in A" by Cesar Franck, was presented by the People's Choral Union, led by James R. Houghton. "Great Dagon Hath Subdued Our Foe" from Handel's "Sampson" was the second number. Leland A. Arnold was organist and Mr. Boardman, pianist.

William Ellis Weston conducted the MacDowell Club chorus in singing "Destiny," Foudrain's "Carnival" and Braun's "Ode to Music," with Ethel Harding Durant as accompanist and Mr. Arnold, organist. The Belmont Women's Club chorus sang "A Day at the Fair," "Old English," "A Celt Lullaby," arranged by Robertson, and "Jerusalem," by Parry.

The bridal chorus from "Gwendoline" by Chabrier was given by the North Shore Festival Chorus, composed of singers from Medford, Gloucester and Lynn, with the Salem Oratorio Society, under direction of Arthur B. Keene. The soloists were Miss Ernestine Friend, soprano; Charles H. Hempstead, tenor; George O. Olsen, baritone. "The Celtic Hyman" was the final number. Mr. Loud played on the organ.

may 15 1928

## FADS

(For As the World Wags)

Fads may come and fads may go, Here are some we used to know: Whatnots made out of empty spoons, Pictures painted on milking stools— Frames stuck over with postage stamps, Chandeliers, candles and bracket lamps, Lambrequins hanging from every shelf, Fanciful pitchers made out of delft— The Rogers group on the parlor stand, There on a shelf the marble hand— Souvenir cups and souvenir spoons, The big stuffed owl and a couple of loons— Cat-o-nine tails gilded and ribbon tied, The colored grasses that mother dyed— The stereoscope with its fifty views, The moustache cup only father could use— The little white hen and tooth pick dish, To pick and choose whenever you'd wish— Big wooden shovels painted with scenes Of snowcovered hills—In the corner it leans— Cardboard air castles trimmed with red, Plush covered rolling pin, not used for bread— Slipper case made for grandpa or dad, Big family Bible most every one had— Milk weed throws made out of lace With a big ribbon bow—a picture to grace— Tidies pinned on every chair, Crocheted or knitted with infinite care— Fish-net scarf across the wall Filled with photographs big and small— The clove filled apple whose magic scent Wafted the breath of the orient— The three big ears of gilded corn, A parlor wall space did adorn— These are some of the fads I know, Fads of not many decades ago.

IVA H. DREW.

## PROGRESSION

1907—Ankle peepers.  
1928—Freedom of the Knees.  
1948—Hip! Hip! Hurray!

J. O. M.

## BEHAVE YOURSELF

"The Ladies Pocket-Book of Etiquette" by "A. F." was published at London ninety years ago. It has recently been reprinted. The golden advice therein is for all time. Some of the paragraphs, to be sure, are found in other books on etiquette: as "I need scarcely admonish my fair readers not to use the toothpick, unless under circumstances of the severest necessity"; as "Be careful not to make a noise by strongly inhaling your breath when eating. The habit is exceedingly vulgar—you cannot eat too quietly"; but this counsel is new to us: "A lady should never sing a song that is of a decidedly masculine character."

"A. F." as Byron before him, was shocked by the waltz. "Ask the mother, before the demon of fashion has taken possession of her feelings, and shut her eyes to the unhallowed nature of many of its rites, could she see without the severest self-reproach, the blush of conscious shame, of an intuitive sense of impropriety, mantling in the cheek of her child, until habit and eclat have deadened her sense of what is correct, and destroyed those first and holy and pure feelings, which are the great safeguards of woman's virtue?" The same question is put into the mouths of the father, the husband, the lover.

For this "A. F." thought he had a high and holy mission. "If I am the instrument of sparing one blush to the cheek of modesty and innocence, of averting one half-hour's uneasiness from one fair bosom, of causing one heart to palpitate less wildly, I own myself sufficiently rewarded for any inconvenience to which I may be subjected by the attempt."

"Common sense," says our oracle, "will dictate to a lady of short stature the propriety of patronizing as scanty a proportion of trimmings and flounces as the mode will allow; while, at the same time, she will have her dress as long as it is possible." No lady should sport a street dress of velvet with broad ermine trimmings, nor as she takes her walks abroad should she "present the appearance of a walking jewel case." She should never wear gloves during dinner, nor should she be helped to soup or fish more than once, lest the other guests wax impatient for the next course. She must know the nice management of the finger bowl, but must not boast of her ability to drink much wine. Perfumes are to be used with great discretion. He finds "otto of roses" the most delicate; next to that, "the Heduesmia." (Will some one inform us about this last-named perfume? Dictionaries fail us; we have read in vain the 75 pages devoted to perfumes in that invaluable book, "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," by the gifted Cooley.)

A real lady need not feel obliged to recognize afterwards a gentleman, even a nobleman: the introduction at a ball was simply for a dance. "A lady accustomed to society will go through the formula of introduction with the most bland expression, and perhaps fascinating manner, yet insensibly convey to the introduced an impression that a further intimacy would not be agreeable."

Young ladies in particular should be "specially blind to the appearance in the street" of their partners of the night before: of whom ninety-nine out of a hundred are probably undesirable acquaintances. All of this sound advice is in support of "A. F.'s" maxim, "A lady should be divine, rather than sensual."

## COMMANDER RYAN

As the World Wags:

In the notices of prominent graduates of the old Brimmer school of which the late Joshua Bates was headmaster, I failed to find the name of George Parker Ryan, who received a Franklin medal there in 1858.

From there he went to the English high school, where he gave the first public recitation of "Shamus O'Brien." After graduation he received an appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis with William P. Sampson and "Jack" Philip. He was appointed professor of astronomy at the academy, and later was transferred to the naval observatory at Washington. While he was at Washington he was appointed by the government to head the expedition to the island of Kerguelen, southeast of Africa, to observe the transit of Venus. He made a report that was highly commended. Soon after this he was made commander of the ill-fated U. S. Huron, which sailed away from Boston 50 years ago, to join the southern squadron, and went down off Nag's Head, N. C. in a terrible storm. Commander Ryan went down with his ship. Later his body was recovered. It now lies in the family lot at Holyhood, Brookline.

JOHN W. RYAN.

How would a visitor pronounce the name of the town St. Neots? We read that there are these variations, all of which are said to be correct in different places: "Snouts," "St. Neuts," "St. Nee-ots," "St. Neets." Merry England!

As the World Wags:

You asked about Madeline Smith, the beautiful woman tried for murder and freed by the verdict "Not proven." She died in St. Louis not long ago at the age of 97. Her complete letters are in the Social Law Library of this city. They are entertaining. The fact that she lived to be 97 may or may not prove that it takes more to kill some person than misfortune in love. G. M. M. E.

As the World Wags:

Golfer: "What sort of a player is Mr. McTavish?"

Caddie: "Nae guid. He canna hit ba."

Golfer: "Splendid! I'm playing him this afternoon."

Caddie: "He'll lick ye."

LOOKER ON.

## 'NIGHTSTICK'

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Nightstick," a melodrama in three acts by John Wray, The Nugents and Elaine Carrington. The cast:

Pete Manning	Mark Kent
Mary Manning	Mary Hill
Joan Manning	Clara Joel
Tommy Glennon	Walter Gilbert
Danny McGann	Henry Wadsworth
Daisy Thomas	Edith Speare
Buck Bachman	Frank Charlton
Charles "Chick" Williams	Samuel T. Godfrey
Jack Trask	Julian Noa
Soft Malone	Wayne Nunn
Toots	Madeline La Barr
Nita	Andrina Steele
Blake	Jack Westerman
Ed Brown	Malcolm Arthur

This rip-roaring play full of bullets, bandits, crime and cops was given for the first time in Boston last night and seemed to be much to the liking of the St. James audience. It was well cast, well staged, and played with the indispensable snap and gusto. Samuel Godfrey's recent experience in "Crime" served him well, and he played the brutal crook with the yellow streak to the proper turn, while Walter Gilbert took the part of the detective who loved the girl with precision and heroic fervor.

"Nightstick," which may be roughly grouped with plays on the order of "Chicago" and "Broadway," and which has much in common with detective plays of an older vintage, progresses at a fast and furious pace, and essays to reveal to the mind of the peaceful layman the inward workings of a highly organized gang of professional criminals who have all served "stretches" and who hold life cheaply. To sum the plot up briefly: Policeman's daughter loves a yegg who has shot his friend—she thinks him innocent—marries him—policeman and young plain clothes man who also loves daughter pursue yegg and girl—girl unwittingly tips police hand—right and wrong hover in balance, but at end justice triumphant and young plain clothes man wins girl.

But there is plenty of fireworks in between, and a tense moment with an unexpected turn at the end of the play, when the hero of the piece calmly decides on justifiable homicide. If you like to read detective stories, save your eyes and see "Nightstick." Next week—"Chicago."

H. F. M.

## Continuing Attractions

Colonial—"Rio Rita," return engagement of Ziegfeld's musical comedy with Ethelind Terry, Walter Catlett, Ada-May and others. Second week.

Hollis—"Jimmie's Women," Myron Fagan's farce starring Minna Gombell. Last week.

Majestic—"Good News," Schwab and Mandel collegiate musical comedy. Ninth week.

Plymouth—"The Merchant of Venice," Winthrop Ames presents George Arliss as "Shylock." Peggy Wood is the "Portia." Last week.

Shubert—"The Madcap," Mitzi stars in her latest musical comedy. Third week.

Tremont—"Fast Company," George Cohan-Ring Lardner comedy featuring Walter Huston. Second week.

Wilbur—"Paris," comedy with music starring Irene Bordoni.

Copley—"The Wrecker," Arnold Ridley's thrilling mystery play. Last week.



## HARRY CARROLL HEADS KEITH'S BILL

Harry Carroll, well-known song writer, leads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week with a new revue, containing all the ingredients usually found in a vaudeville act of that type. There is singing, dancing and humor in the act. The real leader in the bill, however, is Ken Murray, acting as "Spokesman" and bearing the burden usually assigned to a master of ceremonies.

When Murray is on the stage, and he is, he is off it during the evening, there is entertainment enough for the most jaded. Murray is a dapper young man, who is supposed to ooze personality, but his chief asset is an aptitude for skillful facial expression. He sings, dances, tells stories, introduces acts, plays musical instruments, and has several impromptu wrestling matches.

The Carroll revue brings back snatches of popular hits, written in the past by Carroll and Ballard MacDonald, and adds a few numbers that may achieve popularity. Miss Ada Reeve, billed as a "world famous comedienne," sings several humorous songs, and a serious number entitled, "My Son." She was well received. The California Collegians, Anr Greenway, and a group of dancing girls complete the program.

## 'THE ENEMY' GIVEN

"The Enemy," is a film drama starring Lillian Gish, adapted from the play of the same name by Channing Pollock which ran for a year in New York with Fay Bainter in the leading role. The film was directed by Fred Niblo and presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Pauli Arndt ..... Lillian Gish  
Carl Behrend ..... Ralph Forbes  
Bruce Gordon ..... Ralph Emerson  
Prof. Arndt ..... Frank Currier  
August Behrend ..... George Fawcett  
Bariska ..... Polly Moran

There are many who will remember the soggy sentimental play from which this film is taken. It was written with the purpose of proving what Sherman said about war. It would seem to be good meat for the movies but its preaching falls a little flat, there is too much of it and it is spread with too lavish a hand.

Lillian Gish rises above the twaddle she is forced to do in behalf of Mr. Pollock and gives a remarkable and sincere performance. She makes Pauli Arndt a human sort of a person. As a bride she loves her young husband who is ruthlessly snatched from her arms and sent to war. She makes her proud and enduring struggle when her idealistic grandfather loses his job at the university for lecturing against hate.

Few actresses of the cinema look so well in a bedraggled costume as Miss Gish and so when she is turned loose on the streets looking for her soldier-husband, after being spurned at her father-in-law's door, she succeeds in being so graceful and pathetic, a rare combination in a shapeless coat for any woman. Then there is a baby. The baby is hungry but still the grandfather is proud and the mother is proud and the marching feet of the soldiers pass on and on with no relief in sight.

The director could not refrain from a few shell holes and a scene at the front on Christmas eve. The Austrians, with the young husband as their officer, and the Russians meet in no man's land and exchange beef and cigarettes and two minutes later they are back fighting each other. This being a propaganda theme against war, it does not mince matters. Red Cross ambulances are blown to pieces and a fiendish look-alike wagon spreads gas. One is made to believe that Pauli's husband is killed. Next the baby dies and above it all Lillian Gish, Frank Currier as her grandfather and George Fawcett as her profiteering father-in-law shape the characters and normalize them.

Ralph Forbes is the young husband. Polly Moran plays a servant girl who works for love. Men students rise in wrath and hurl their books at a kindly old gentleman. But, after the war, all settle down to peace and quiet once more. The professor is allowed to continue his work, the husband who was not killed, returns from an English prison camp and Lillian, looking wan, beautiful and brave finds life is not so hollow as she thought it.

Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer are on the stage in a pleasant bit taken from their last musical comedy. They are assisted by several attractive dancers and the team of Santley and Sawyer is as restful and easy on the eyes and ears as it usually is. C. M. D.

## 'CHICAGO' OPENS AT TWIN THEATRES

"Chicago," a film drama adapted from the stage play by Maurine Watkins, directed by Frank Urson, is presented at the Modern and Beacon Theatres by Cecil B. DeMille with the following cast:

Roxie Hart ..... Phyllis Haver  
Amos Hart ..... Victor Varconi  
Katie ..... Eugene Pallette  
District attorney ..... Virginia Bradford  
Reporter ..... Warner Richmond  
T. R. Barnes  
Matron ..... May Robson

A film which is an adaptation and remains true to the character of the original, leaving no distaste and disappointment is an achievement. "Chicago" is such a film. Phyllis Haver, as Roxie Hart and Victor Varconi as Amos Hart give brilliant performances, silently and dramatically.

The story is not a pretty one, it never was, but it is clever. One might even go so far to say that Maurine Watkins knows her beautiful murderess and has merely transcribed her to the play, using a sure satirical eyeglass on her as well as the jury, which is swayed first one way and then another as the opposing lawyers fight to have a pretty woman saved or to pay the penalty for her hasty and thoughtless shooting of a man.

No one watching the play of emotions on the screen by the blond and fair Phyllis Haver can deny that this young woman is a creditable actress. She swings from a clinging, beguiling creature to a wilful spite-fire and turns as agilely to a hard, selfish Jezebel devoid of feeling, vain, spoiled and without modesty. Her husband, played by Victor Varconi, loves her, steals for her, does all in his power to free her from the evidences of her act and then turns her out.

Maurine Watkins ridicules the jury and at the same time makes them supremely human, ordinary men who are bound to do their duty as they see it. They are putty in the hands of a criminal lawyer, who plays on their emotions, who uses every means from the crushing of a bunch of lilies of the valley under his heel to stopping his intensive argument at the point when the impressionable girl, whose life he is pleading for, faints in a becoming heap on the floor.

The photodrama is a sly dig at sensationalism and yet it does not show the tools it uses so adroitly. Even the slavey who is in love with Amos Hart is not cluttered up with unnatural graces. Climax piles upon climax, there are no holes in the acting, the direction or the continuity. The photography takes care of itself. If it is hard to believe that police matrons spend their time helping young women cut their press notices, here again one is reminded that the play is first and last a satire dressed as it is with tragic furbelows.

## 'Good Morning, Judge' Opens at Boston Theatre

"Good Morning Judge" a film comedy starring Reginald Denny is presented at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre by Universal, story by Harry O. Hoyt, direction by William Seiter. The cast includes Mary Nolan, Dorothy Gulliver, Otis Harlan, William Davidson and Bull Montana.

There was a "Good Morning Judge" several years ago on the stage. The present film may be a distant relation but it was written for the screen and Mr. Denny by Mr. Hoyt and is not an adaptation of the stage play. The comedy is amusing. Denny, in this instance, is a wealthy young man who joins in a fight at a boxing match and finds himself in the hands of the police and facing a judge next morning who also wears a tell-tale patch over his eye.

It seems well within the realm of possibilities to have the heroine an industrious charity worker taking her fun where she finds it (with proper apologies to Mr. Kipling) and reforming crooks by at least the half dozen lots. Denny, as Freddy Grey, does not look like a scion of pride and wealth after a night in jail, so he joins Miss Nolan's proteges and is taken to her mission, where he is reformed with the rest.

For comedy's sake some of the thievary is made over-bold. A lovable reprobate played by Otis Harlan is the bright spot of the film. He is a human and lovable old fellow with scraggy whiskers and baggy clothes. When he discovers the "jewelry" in Freddy Grey's clothes, he carresses it, his fingers long to "lift it," but—he does not. Throughout the film this character is the same. He

leaves a definite impression, an understanding study of one of the ones who have no care beyond the next meal.

Dorothy Gulliver as Freddy Grey's sister, is, next to Denny and Otis Harlan, the best of the players. The episode where she follows her brother through the mission, not knowing he is her brother and hoping that he is a good burglar, train robber or highwayman, is good comedy—well done.

Short subjects and vaudeville complete the program.

## 'LADY BE GOOD' AT OLYMPIA THEATRE

A hilarious farce comedy of backstage life and frantic weeks of life in theatrical boarding houses is now on view at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre. The picture is "Lady Be Good," based on the musical comedy success of that name. Dorothy Mackall and Jack Mulhall are in the featured roles, and a strong supporting cast lends itself commendably to the comedy scenes.

Mulhall plays the role of a vaudeville magician, with two ambitions in life. One is to play engagement at the Palace Theatre in New York—the dream of every vaudeville performer, however lowly—and the other is to marry his assistant, Miss Mackall. Amusing as are the scenes backstage in the theatre, the real fun begins when the magician and his assistant are out of work and must convince the suspicious landlady of a theatrical boarding house that they are rolling in wealth. The supporting cast includes such capable performers as Dot Farley, James Finlayson, Nita Martin, John Miljan and others.

On the stage there are five acts headed by Gladys Joyce and girls. Miss Joyce is one of England's youngest concert pianists, and she presents a lively melange of song, dance and music. Delaney, Creedon & Clayton sum up their combined efforts as "All in Fun." Raymond & Luckie, Jarmann & Greene, and The Three Arnims are novelty equilibrists.

For those who lift up their eyes to the hills in summer, "A Sea Chest: An Anthology of Ships and Sailormen," compiled by Miss C. Fox Smith and published by Houghton Mifflin Company, is a desirable book, pleasant reading; as any record of adventures in mountain climbing would delight dwellers by the July sea. Miss Smith quotes as an Introit the great passage beginning: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," from the 107th Psalm. The book, as she says, is not about the sea, but about ships and sailors; she modestly adds: it is not an anthology; "rather should I call it a kind of hotch-potch or omnium gatherum of all sorts of verse and prose odds and ends of a salty and a tarry flavor—rovin'g, shakin'g, ratline stuff, what you will, a literary junkshop, so to speak." There are no poems and ballads about sea-fights. She hastens to say that "anything in the nature of a tendency toward pacifism" is not among the reasons for the omission. Copyright difficulties obliged her to omit certain passages from the writings of Kipling, Masfield and Conrad. Perhaps this accounts for the omission of vivid passages from H. M. Tomlinson. Neither the Hebrews nor the Romans were ever at heart as seafaring a people as the Greeks, yet she praises the address of Catullus to his galley. "Not until the days of the Tudors did the ship and the seaman 'bulk big' in English literature.

There is much in Miss Smith's introduction to excite discussion. She justly praises Marryat, mentioning his sense of humor, "a modicum of which I cannot help thinking Herman Melville would have been none the worse for." What? no humor in "Moby Dick," "Omoo" and "Mardi"? Has Miss Smith forgotten Queequeg the harpooner, the scenes at the Spouter Inn, the talk of Bildad and Peleg; and in "Mardi" the philosophizing Babbalanja? Miss Smith should read her Melville again. She agrees with Henley that Longfellow wrote of the sea and ships with real love and knowledge, but she cannot abide Thomas Hood's irreverent treatment of sailors. "Who in these days would consider the loss of a man's legs in battle a suitable theme for comic verse?" Remember that Miss Smith finds no humor in Melville, but she is so gracious as to quote from him freely, as she does from Falconer and Dana.

Nothing from Walt Whitman, except his description of Father Taylor; nothing from Swinburne. The excerpts from the Greek Anthology do not console us. Was there here again the question of

copyright? An index of authors is missed, but the book is easy reading, to be taken up again and again: a good veranda or fireside companion.

Houghton Mifflin Company publish another book, which is connected with the sea, a second revised and enlarged edition of "The Story of Old Nantucket" by William F. Macy. The first edition brought the story down to 1915. Mr. Macy's last chapter is now entitled "The World War and Since." One hundred and ninety-two of the inhabitants served in various ways; the total subscriptions to the five Liberty Loans amounted to \$1,665,500. The repeal of the special act excluding automobiles from the islands is noted. Personally we regret the repeal, nor are we favorably impressed by the fact that when Mr. Macy wrote at least 1100 cars and trucks were owned on the island not to mention the hundreds of cars brought by summer residents and visitors each year.

The description of a whole house in Crevecoeur's "Letters from an American Farmer" is mentioned. Now in Crevecoeur's book there is much about the Quakers, the customs of the natives; and there is a page about the islanders being addicted to opium. Mr. Macy has nothing to say about the truth of this statement, which has been denied by others with a show of indignation. James C. Hart's novel "Miriam Coffin" is mentioned, but, incredible as it may seem, there is no allusion in the interesting description of the rise and fall of the whaling industry to Melville and his "Moby Dick." Mr. Macy has not attempted to write a "history" of the island, but he has told its "story" in an agreeable and informing manner, which should appeal to visitors, either casual "trippers" or summer sojourners.

Other books published by Houghton Mifflin Company, which are good reading for cottagers by the sea or in the mountains, dwellers in city apartments or suburban houses are "Kit Carson: the Happy Warrior of the Old West," by Stanley Vestal, and "Soldier of the South: Gen. Pickett's War Letters to His Wife," edited by Arthur Crew Inman. These books as well as the one about Nantucket are illustrated. We believe that "Kit Carson" has already been reviewed at considerable length in The Herald. It is a story of exciting adventures, brave deeds, and is valuable as a picture of life on the plains; descriptive of beaver-trapping, expeditions, Indian campaigns. It was then thought highly commendable for a white man to scalp Indians and take an Indian woman for a companion, temporary or as a wife.

Carson, represented by Samuel Cozens, as "a little weazen-faced, light-haired, wiry, active frontiersman, who wore his hair long, and swore in a horrible jargon of Spanish and English, and who didn't fear no Injun a-livin'"; by those who knew him later as a natural, modest, quiet gentleman, was an ideal hero for a boy's book, to be ranked with Seth Jones and other daring fellows in the long series of Beadle's Dime Novels. As a boy he ran away, anxious to put notches on his gun. As he could neither read nor write, it is not likely that when he joyfully scalped an Indian, he found a precedent in the custom of the old Scythians graphically described by Herodotus. "The Scyth is proud of these scalps and hangs them from his bridle-rein"; but Carson probably did not make for himself a cloak by sewing a quantity of the scalps together. The story of Kit's adventures, which would make a good film play, is told in a picturesque manner from start to finish. One likes to think of the hero about to die, warned by the army surgeon that a hearty meal would be fatal, exclaiming: "Cook me some fust-rate doin's. A buffalo steak and a bowl of coffee and a pipe are what I need."

Gen. Pickett was a hero of a gentler nature, who often doubting in his letters, whether the civil war was necessary, deploring the conflict and the bloodshed, was as gallant in courtship as in the charge at Gettysburg. He bore his foes no malice; he loved his old comrades arrayed against him; they loved him. While his remarks about the engagements, the strategy, the generalship on both sides, will interest students of the war, the romantic will be charmed by the fervor of his love letters, a fervor that may seem to those of New England temperament as at times almost hysterical. They may even ask, as some have said of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne: "Why should they have been given to the public?" We should all be the poorer if we were not thus able to hold a southerner in affection for his devotion to the woman he loved, as for his bravery and humanity in war.



# 188 AMATEURS PRESENT "ANTAR OF ARABY"

"Antar of Araby," a romantic play in four acts and prologue adapted from The Romance of Antar, companion piece to The Arabian Nights, and presented at the Fine Arts Theatre last night by the Allied Arts Players with the following cast:

Narrator	Granville Stewart
Antar	Lucian R. Ayers
Shedad	Newman Smith
Seemah	Aurora Edwards
Abla	Thelma Thornton
Sulaymah	Numa Rousseau
Rahab	Marie Brown
King Zohair	Ralph Coleman
Court singer	Granville Bantock
Solo dancers	Ruby Keeble, Mildred Davenport

There is no denying that this play, translated from the Arabic and with Antar's verses quoted as literally as possible, would be a difficult achievement for professional players, but the sincere effort made by the Allied Arts Players deserves commendation.

The story is of Antar, a poet who lived in Arabia in the sixth century and whose verses were preserved and hung in the Holy Temple of Mecca. He was the son of an Abyssinian slave girl and Shedad, a prince of the tribe of Abs, but was not acknowledged as the son of the noble. He tended the flocks of the tribe and lived in the servants' quarters.

He loved Abla, the daughter of a noble and she returned his love, but his position was such that he could not claim her so he made his verses about her, tended his flocks unhappily until his physical prowess and courage made a place for him in the tribe. The nobles were forced to appeal to him to save them. He was victorious and despair turned into triumph.

Incidental music was woven into the text of the play, the music arranged by Maud Cuney-Hare, general director of the allied group. Solo dances and cymbal girls also broke into the brooding of Antar. The voices of the players deserve mention. Not only were the singers capable, including Granville Bantock and the unnamed chanter behind scenes at the beginning of the third act, but most of the speaking voices were melodious. Cues could have been picked up faster with better effect and the women of the company, with the exception of Thelma Thornton, would do well to cultivate a more natural delivery of their lines. Thelma Thornton in the role of Abla, the beloved, did exceptional work for a non-professional. Ralf Coleman as King Zohair was another member of the cast whose work was excellent. Other work of this organization, perhaps not so difficult, may be anticipated. C. M. D.

## 2000 CHILDREN IN FESTIVAL

The music festival of the Boston public schools with a chorus of 1800 children as well as orchestral and band groups was given yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. Those assisting were Ida McCarthy O'Shea and Elsie M. Eckman at the pianos and Agnes Marie Kearn at the organ. John A. O'Shea, director of the department of music in the Boston public schools, presided.

The floor of Symphony hall was filled with boys and girls while their teachers and elders looked on from the balconies. Mr. O'Shea and his able assistants have given these young people a good and understanding knowledge of music. Their performance was neat, precise and musical. It might be said that they turned the tables on the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The first selections on a long and varied program were the Rakoczy March by Berlioz and Sarabande by Bohm. These were played by the junior Symphony Orchestra, M. Dana Strother, conductor. Pupils of the violin classes next played a Mendelssohn Nocturne from "Midsummer Night's Dream." These pupils have not been studying a full year and their work has been done entirely in the class room.

In order to illustrate what is accomplished by unusual instruments, a solo on a French horn was given by Carl Burgstaller, accompanied on the piano by Izobel Burgstaller. This was Walter's prize song from "The Master-singers" by Wagner. Demonstration of a rhythmic orchestra by 150 pupils of the first three grades in charge of Helen A. Brick was next on the program. Two selections were played, one was conducted by a small boy, the other by a girl. A victrola played the music and the children kept time and accompanied it with what is generally

known as percussion instruments. There were tambourines, cymbals, triangles, bells and a new instrument known to this orchestra as "jingle sticks." Each group would play their part as the music seemed to call for it, and the small conductors used their batons like veterans.

### BAND AND CHORUS

The Boston Public School Symphony Band is under the direction of Fortunato Sordillo, for many years a member of Sousa's organization, and the music played by this band speaks well for the pupils, their conductor and Mr. Sousa. They played an overture by George Wiegand and a march, "Our Director," by F. E. Bigelow.

Spring, the Piper, music by Schubert and words by Margaret T. Foster; A Song of You, by Cadman, and Soldier's Chorus, by Gounod, were sung by the large chorus led by Mr. O'Shea. Schubert's Twenty-Third Psalm was also sung by the chorus, assisted by the glee club of Dorchester high school for girls and Girls' high school.

Other selections on the program included the Masaniello overture by Auber played by the Boston Public School Symphony orchestra, Joseph F. Wagner, conductor; Fairy Pipers, by Brewer, sung by the chorus; Gounod's Lovely Appearance (The Redemption) with solos by Olive Day, Helen M. Forest, Irene Gregoire, Eleanor Riley, Barbara Ryan and the chorus; an Italian folk song, The Fair of Mast' Andrea by the chorus, and When the Foeman Bares his Steel, from "The Pirates of Penzance," by the glee clubs.

Gov. Fuller was scheduled to address the young people but he was unable to attend and Mrs. Fuller spoke in his stead. Mayor Nichols also addressed the children. C. M. D.

May 18 '928

Apropos of the corn-planting at Plymouth last Tuesday, The Herald has received an interesting article from Mrs. George R. Briggs of that town. The article is prefaced by this note: "The recent run of spring herring in the rivers and streams of the Massachusetts coast may serve to bring that humble but useful fish into public notice."

### HISTORICAL HERRING

Herring rightly deserve recognition; they have too long been held in slight esteem; the phrase "I don't care a red herring" reflects a limit of careless contempt, and their mummy-like remains, impaled on horizontal sticks outside the village grocery store, certainly impart no savory odor to their memory.

It is true that the humble herring has too often been ignored by our own thrifless generation, but in the old seaport towns, when the 6 o'clock bell rang in the April evenings, how many of our grandfathers have sat down with content to a good dish of fresh herring? How many times in the depths of a New England winter have the patient faces of our grandmothers lightened with a wistful smile at the thought that "February is a short month, and the March herring will soon run?"

The tale of the herring run is an episode of history. If Plymouth rock is the corner-stone of a nation, Plymouth herring must share with Plymouth clams a proud distinction as preservers of the Pilgrim colony. They were almost its sole reliance against famine in the spring of 1621. On land and sea they rendered great service.

Before planting their first crops, the Pilgrims were wise enough to learn from the Indians the importance of their Indian corn, and to utilize the abandoned cornfields about the brook for the purpose of planting crops. When the spring sun had revived hope and courage after the suffering of the first winter, William Brewster writes in his journal: "The month of April being now come, on all hands we begin to prepare for corn," in which Squanto, the Indian guide, stood them in good stead. "He told them that except they got fish to sett with the corn (in these old grounds) it would come to nothing, and he showed them yt in ye middle of April, they should have store enough come up the brook by which they began to build." "all of which they found true by trial and experience." Their English seed "came not to good," but the corn, fertilized by the herring in the hills, "gave them good increase" and was an important factor in the success of the settlement.

Others also gave the herring praise: Edward Winslow, writing to England, says: "that according to the manner of the Indians we manured our grounds with herring." And Morton, the clerk of the colony, records: "You may see in one township a hundred acres together set with these fish, every acre taking a 1000 of them, and an acre thus dressed will produce and yield so much corn as 3 acres without them."

In 1639 welrs were set in Jones river, Kingston, and Morton's brook, as they had been in the Town brook. Here nearly 300 years later still come in their accustomed season hordes of flashing,

flapping, shining herring.

The town records are full of allusions to the herring. In 1637 a keeper of the weir was appointed, "who should draw and repair the nets, and receive for his services, four and forty bushels of Indian corn." Thus the herring and the corn are again associated.

In 1659 the fish were divided among all the townspeople, who should claim by their rights as householders, "according to the number of persons in their families." Later "foreigners" were charged ninepence, and townspeople sixpence—except those families that in the opinion of the committee were not able to purchase them, "who shall have them gratis as also the families of those Soldiers, who are in the Continental Army." Again the herring goes on record for patriotic service, not only to rescue the founders of a nation from starvation, fertilize crops, nourish the widows and children of revolutionary soldiers, but they were soon applied to the cause of education, and were sold at auction to provide a fund to establish in Plymouth one of the earliest of the free public schools in the country.

The public schools of Plymouth today believe in the visualizing of history; so does the Plymouth Antiquarian Society, whose purpose is to preserve old landmarks and show to the present generation the life and customs of the past. Under its direction a pretty scene might have been witnessed on a bright spring morning of this week. There was great activity in the field back of one of the oldest houses. Built in 1677, it seemed to have revived its inhabitants, and their occupations.

Pilgrim girls and boys ran in and out of the doorway, and invaded the "little plot of ground," which lay ploughed, harrowed and ready for planting; a barrel of herring, fresh from the Town brook, stood near. They had been bought of the compliant selectmen for sixpence, according to the old, and now obsolete, agreement to the householders of the town. For the Antiquarian Society are now owners of the house that William Harlow built 250 years ago from timbers granted him from the Pilgrims' fort when it was demolished. The children had their bags of seed, and in their Pilgrim dresses looked and felt their part; the boys faithfully planted in every hill two herrings for fertilizer, and five kernels of corn.

"One for the black bird  
One for the crow,  
One for the cutworm  
And two to grow."

While the girls carefully sowed broadcast a patch of flax, and one of hemp, to furnish material for the spinning wheels and the loom, on which the busy housewives in the Harlow House made the clothing and linen cloth for their families. The corn will be ground for Indian meal and be used for johnny-cakes, hominy and "hulled corn," and the corn husks shredded and dried, to stuff the mattresses of the beds. To watch the children at their work seemed a piece of real life of the 17th century, and the occupations which filled the days of the Pilgrim pioneers. It was the fixed purpose of these men and women to make and keep their homes in the wilderness of a new world, and the task demanded high courage, steadfastness to an ideal, and hard labor under primitive conditions; Plymouth children may well learn to be proud of their inheritance.

As for the herring, all honor for their share, and in the closing words of a report on New England, written by that sturdy navigator and adventurer, Capt. John Smith, "some time Admirall of New England": "Therefore (honorary and worthy country men) let not the meanness of the word Fish distaste you, for it will afford as good gold as the mines of Guiana or Tumbatu, with less hazard and charge, and more certaintee and facilitie—and so I humbly rest."

Let us add to this article by saying that on Jan. 7, 1725, a petition was handed in to the House of Representatives, signed by Nathaniel Norden, John Oulton and 95 others, inhabitants of Marblehead, praying that this Great and General Court would take some speedy care for preventing the great destruction of herring at Cape Cod by "saines."

Common sayings: Neither barrel better herring, never a barrel the better herring (i.e., nothing to choose between them). Neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. Dead as a herring. I like not barrel or herring. Every herring should hang by its own head. Thick as herrings. Thin as a herring. To throw a sprat to catch a herring.

Was Dunton in 1686 the first to call the Atlantic the herring pond? Thomas d'Urvey, born in 1653, wrote: "Nay, I'll send Printed Scrowls beyond To Neighbors o'er the Herring Pond."

## 'AL SMITH NIGHT'

"Al Smith Night" at the Pops in Symphony hall last night attracted a capacity audience of more than 2500 persons, and aside from its success as entertainment the affair proved an effective "rally" for the New York Gov-

ernor's candidacy for the presidency.

A Pop concert by the orchestra, of symphony players, led by Arthur Fiedler, was the opening feature of a program that continued until long after midnight. Ex-Mayor John F. Fitzgerald was on hand, and sang his old favorite, Sweet Adeline, and Mayor Edward W. Quinn of Cambridge, likewise contributed to the entertainment with two vocal numbers.

### 44 GIRLS IN PAGEANT

The program included a pageant in which 44 girls took part. Twelve of the girls were dressed in the native attire of various countries, and 32 other girls appeared with the placards of 32 states which the Democrats hope Al Smith will carry.

A sextet presented a song, "Our Al to Succeed Cal," written for the occasion. The words were by Eddie MacHugh, who adapted the music from an old Welsh air. In the sextet were Mr. MacHugh, John J. Noreau, Jr., former Mayor Fitzgerald, Mayor Quinn, William H. O'Brien and John Shaughnessy "Al," a song written by William J. McDonald and Al Frazzini, was sung by a quartet composed of Al J. Riley, Ralph Jamieson, Charles Visocchi and John Johnston.

The program closed with vaudeville acts and entertainment from various theatres in Boston.

The Pops program included a group of old time waltzes, among them the song particularly associated with Gov. Smith, "The Sidewalks of New York." The last number on the program was Al Smith's victory parade and as an encore, Mayor "Jimmy" Walker's song was played, Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May? Mayor Walker himself had hoped to be present, but at the last minute wired his inability to come because of press of duties in New York. Former Mayor James M. Curley attended and on entering the hall was warmly applauded.

Members of the audience were supplied with armbands bearing the likeness of Smith.

May 19 '928  
"And sez I to them, sez I, I don't care a d— what color you paint the engine-house as long as you paint her red."—Jake Keiser in 1853.

### PAINTED FOR BATTLE

As the World Wags:

Recently there has been some discussion in The Boston Herald of the original color-scheme of the frigate "Constitution," now undergoing restoration at the Charlestown navy yard.

At her launch in 1797 the "Constitution" was probably painted in the mode then practically universal for ships-of-war of all classes in the navies of England, France and the United States. The bulwarks inside and the inboard works, such as ladders, capstans, etc., were painted red or vermilion. Outside the hulls were coppered to the waterline. At or just above the waterline were the "wales," a strake of extra-heavy planking running the length of the vessel. To preserve them they were daubed with a mixture of lamp-black and tar, which gave the effect of black paint. Above the wales and in the line of the ports, the ship's sides were left unpainted, or scraped bright and then covered or varnished with a composition of turpentine, linseed oil and yellow ochre, which produced the effect of a broad yellow streak or band. Above this streak to the rail the sides were either black, red or blue, sometimes decorated. The ships of this time generally carried elaborate figureheads with much carving and gilt-work about the bows, and equally elaborate and highly-decorated stern and quarter-galleries.

This was the general style, but there were many variations from it, up to Nelson's time there being no uniform rule for painting ships. At the Nile in 1798 the sides of the British ships varied from light yellow to dark yellow, some of them with horizontal black stripes between the tiers of ports. The Zealous had broad red sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports. The Theseus had light yellow sides with a black streak between the upper and lower deck ports and hammock cloths yellow with ports painted on them to resemble a three-decker. Even then, camouflage and deception were practised to some slight extent.

In their painting the French ships seem to have been almost indistinguishable from the English, as their sides also ran from light yellow to dark yellow, while several of them, like the English, had red sides. Le Genereux had dark red sides, Le Timoleon very dark red sides and L'Aquilon red sides with a black streak between the upper and



To avoid the obvious confusion Nelson ordered all the ships of his fleet to be painted alike. He was the first to insist on this practice, ships in his fleet being given black hulls with yellow streaks along the line of the gunports and black portlids. As the ships were chequer-boarded, this system of painting was called "double-yellow" or "chequer painting"; it was also called the "Nelson stripe," or mode.

The French painted their masts and hoops black; as a further distinguishing mark Nelson had his masts and hoops painted white.

After Trafalgar the yellow streaks in the line of the gunports gradually merged into white, thus giving the black-and-white effect of the old "wooden walls."

By 1812 the "Constitution" probably had a broad white stripe along the line of her main-deck battery. Colored reproductions of two of Pocock's engravings of the action of the "Constitution" and the "Java" (Dec. 29, 1812) show both vessels with white streaks along the line of the lower deck guns.

Camouflage on the whole was but little known and less resorted to in Nelson's time. Cannon-range was very short; ships fought at a hundred yards distance or less, and half the time commanders depended on boarding and carrying the other vessel by sheer weight of muscle and hand-to-hand fighting with cutlass and boarding-pike to win the day. In this, the British had a peculiar advantage over their traditional enemies the French, as the French seamen being not infrequently undernourished and sickly stood little chance against the brawny English jack-tars. This led the English to neglect their marksmanship with the great guns and in 1812 the Americans, through superior gunnery and seamanship, repeatedly defeated them at sea.

Ships as a rule fought in a huddle, their yard-arms locked, sometimes so close aboard each other that the gunports could not be triced up and the guns run out. So on the first volley the gun-crews fired through their own portlids and blew them away, and ran their swabbers and rammers into the enemy's ports to load their guns after the discharges; they fought stripped to the buff, sometimes bare-footed, with buckets of rum by the train-tackles of each gun, their pig-tails whipping about their shoulders as they loaded, aimed and ran out the long eighteen or twenty-four-pounders on their cumbersome wooden carriages. Under the pull of the tackles and the roll of the ship the guns brought up with a crash against the oaken sides, and when fired the recoil drove them back into position for re-loading and firing again.

Seamen wore their hair long in those days and elaborate accounts are to be found in old books for powdering, greasing and braiding pig-tails, in which they took great pride. Sometimes the pig-tails were encased in snake-skin or oiled silk; prime seamen were known by the first class condition of their pig-tails.

Engagements between single ships sometimes were conducted with all the ceremony and punctilio that marked duels ashore between gentlemen or officers of the two services.

E. W. OTTIE.

We have in times past quoted amusing verses by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright have published a collection of them with the title "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing." Admirers of A. E. Housman should not resent Mr. Hoffenstein's parody:

When I go to the circus,  
My heart is full of woe,  
For thinking of the people  
Who used to see the show,  
And now are laid below.

They stood beneath the tent-cloth,  
And heard the lion roar;  
They saw the striped hyena  
Revolve upon the floor;  
And now they are no more.

I think of all the corpses  
Worm-eaten in the shade;  
I cannot chew my peanuts  
Or drink my lemonade;  
Good God, I am afraid.

As the World Wags:

We wanted a book to put down the names of people and restaurants and things in London and Paris and a kind friend said what everybody carried when they went abroad was an "Address Book." At the first place we asked for an address book the lovely young clerk brought out a lovely hand-tooled, morocco, gilt-edged affair with the words "Address Book" in gold all over the front cover. The price was \$25. (Arrow shows where the body was found). When we recovered consciousness we crawled into a taxi and went to another store. There we found a very nice "Address Book" for only 18 bucks. "But we just wanted a book to write names of people and places in," said we. "Oh," said the clerk, "you mean a note book." We got a peach for 65 cents. R.H.L.

## Francesca Braggiotti Presents Program

Francesca Braggiotti, director of the Braggiotti-Denishawn school, presented A Review of Dance at the Repertory Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening. The program was as follows: (1) Christmas Eve; Children, lullaby, danced by Francesca Braggiotti, voice, Dorothy Richardson, cello, Louis Dalbeck; Frost Fairies, Christmas Sprites, Candles, Flame danced Rosamond Higgins, Slaves and Sirenata by Helen Crowley. (2) In a Mushroom Glen, wild roses, rain drops, mushrooms, the frog danced by Janet Gray; the American Beauty by Jean Ferguson; Cambodienne, Gertrude Blunt and Sunrise by Olive Mayer. (3) In a California grove; orange leaves, orange maiden danced by Virginia Rice; Spirit of the Orange by Dana Sieveling and Thayer Roberts; orange blossoms by Rosamond Pierce, Doro Symington and Phyllis Gammons; orange buds, Patricia Pierce, Bella Sheinkopf; orange pickers; nymph of the grove by Dana Sieveling; Japanese, Dorothy Sayer; butterfly etude, Beatrice Allen. (4) At Palm Beach, the strollers, danced by Virginia Macloed and Robert Bergh; the five step by Polly Godfrey, Leslie Blake; from Cataline by Miriam Winslow; sport girls, from the Lido, Gloria Braggiotti; sport boys, from the Riviera by Lillian Duncan.

(4) Divertissement: Petite Polka by Virginia Macloed; Poisson D'Or by Lillian Duncan; Tragedy, by Dana Sieveling and Miriam Winslow; Awakening by Barbara Johnson, Floods of Spring; Summer by Doro Symington; Nocturne by Francesca Braggiotti; Sunbeams and Dewdrops, Maid of the Mist, by Lillian Duncan, and Sisters by Francesca and Gloria Braggiotti. (5) Street Fiesta, Russian Gypsies; Frolic, Priscilla Gallan, Lillian Siblo, Margaret Littell, Gertrude Band; Carnaval, Olive Cousins; Tunisians; Madras Nautch, by Gloria Braggiotti; Flower Girls; Maria Mari by Ellen Mae Stetson; Nocheita, Jessica Allen; Sevillanas; Tango Fantasia by Francesca and Gloria Braggiotti; Wishing Ring; the Rosary, last dance creation of Berthe Braggiotti, interpreted by Francesca Braggiotti with Lillian Duncan, Doro Symington, Dana Sieveling, Gloria Braggiotti; D'une Prison, music by S. B. Schlesinger, sung by Dorothy Richardson. (6) Against the Sky; Rainbow, music by McDowell, arranged by Mary Campbell, ballet including Francesca and Gloria Braggiotti.

Nothing but the warmest praise can be given to the beauty, grace and youth which was present in abundance at this review of the dance. Such perfection and ease in the art of dancing show a thorough schooling in technique, and not only were the steps arranged with imaginative and in interpretive ability, but the staging, costuming and lights were in pleasing harmony.

It is difficult to make selections for special comment. The talent and accomplishments of Francesca and Gloria Braggiotti are well known. Their pupils, from the smallest one to those who are now teaching in the school, dance with keen enjoyment. They are imbued with the spirit of the dance.

C. M. D.

## 'FOOLS FOR LUCK'

"Fools for Luck" a film comedy starring W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin, written by Harry Fried, directed by Charles Reisner and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Richard Whitehead..... W. C. Fields  
Samuel Hunter..... Chester Conklin  
Louise Hunter..... Sally Blane  
Ray Caldwell..... Jack Lunden  
Mrs. Hunter..... Mary Alden

Leaving off where they stopped several weeks ago Fields and Conklin continue their particular kind of comedy, the kind which is not tiring. So long as one has Fields with his remarkable gifts for arguing himself out of trouble and Conklin appearing in a night shirt and a large dress suit, there is sure humor, even, if at times, it becomes the sympathetic kind.

There is only one Fields and one Conklin. In the present film, Conklin is an old-fashioned husband while Fields promotes an oil well. The subtitles are at times funny and then again they are not, but nothing can detract from Fields and Conklin, even the same grain in the story.

The surrounding program is excellent. "Seeing Things" is on the stage with several novelties, a review surrounding the imperturbable Gene Rodemich and his orchestra. One of the music-master series, this one of Franz Schubert is accompanied by his songs played by Arthur Geissler and his orchestra. A delightful color-art film, a Martel organ solo and short subjects complete the program.

Eva Le Gallienne will open her season of a fortnight at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night with "The Good Hope," a play by the Dutch dramatist, Hermann Heijermans. On the same night at the Shubert Theatre Walter Hampden will take the part of Caponsacchi in the play of the same name, the play that Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer adapted from Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

"He Walked in Her Sleep," by Norman Cannon, will be performed tomorrow night at the Copley Theatre for the first time on any stage.

"The Good Hope" was written in Dutch nearly 28 years ago. The English translation is by Lillian Saunders and Caroline Heijermans-Houwink. Ellen Terry added the play to her repertoire in England and in the United States in 1903. The present revival by the Civic Repertory Theatre, 105 West Fourteenth street, New York, took place on October 18, 1927. There were 49 performances.

This tragedy of fisher-folk in a Dutch village is grimly realistic in its portrayal of the owner of rotten ships; of sailors who know the danger of embarking in his vessels, of women on the shore left without husbands, lovers or sons. It is said that the play brought a reform in the Dutch statutes concerning inspection of shipping. Other dramatists have taken this subject of unseaworthy vessels and greedy, callous owners, as Ibsen in his "Pillars of Society," but "The Good Hope" is interesting today, not so much as a protest, as it is a study of life, bravery, hatred, suffering. The rotten vessel is to set sail. Much of the action takes place in the cottage of Kniertje, a woman who has already lost her husband and two sons at sea. Two sons are left; the elder is imbued with the spirit of revolt; he knows that once on board he will not return to his sweetheart; the younger, also knowing the condition of the ship, has to be dragged aboard. The part of Kniertje was taken by Ellen Terry; in New York by Alma Kruger. Miss Le Gallienne played Jo, the betrothed of the elder son.

It is a bitter play, hot with resentment, yet there is the rough humor of revelling sailors; and on a night of raging storm, women gather together within the cottage to talk of what the sea and heartless owners have done to them. The Good Hope is lost, but Clemens Bos, the shipowner (Egon Brecher), who is comfortably insured, indifferent to human loss, manages to avoid scandal by the manner in which the news of the going-down is reported, and talks of charity to the bereft on shore.

The portrayal of Hedda Gabler by Miss Le Gallienne should excite curiosity. It is to be hoped that in "La Locandiera" the suitors will not be presented again as farcical characters. "The Cradle Song" will be seen again.

Mr. Hampden brought out "Caponsacchi" in its present form at Hampden's Theatre, New York, on Oct. 26, 1926. It is not everyone that has had the courage to read "The Ring and the Book." It is therefore pardonable to tell the story of the adaptation.

Caponsacchi of Arezzo, nobly born, a priest with the adventurous spirit of a cavalier, has seen Pompilia only once, but the beauty of her soul appeals to him. She is the wife of Count Guido Francheschini, who married her for her money. This detestable person wishes to get rid of her. To justify himself he forges a correspondence between his wife and Caponsacchi, intending to put her before the world as unfaithful, therefore a woman to be killed. Caponsacchi does not interfere with Guido's plan until he hears that she is to bear a child. To be safe from Guido, she must join her family in Rome. Caponsacchi contrives her escape and accompanies her. Guido, following, bribes the landlord of an inn, and thus has false evidence at hand. The couple are arrested. A papal court sends Pompilia to her parents and throws Caponsacchi into prison. When Guido later learns that Pompilia has been delivered of her child, he pretends it is not his, and, going to her home, murders Pompilia's parents and orders his men to slay her. Guido and Caponsacchi are brought before the papal court. Guido's excuse for the murder is self-defence. The evidence in the whole matter is not clear. The judges find Caponsacchi's story an improbable one. The Roman people sympathize with Guido, who apparently is to be acquitted. Pope Innocent XII, concealed behind a great curtain, has heard all that has been said; he gives his verdict in favor of the priest, pronouncing the slain Pompilia "perfect in whiteness, marvel of a soul."

"If there be any virtue, any praise,  
Then will this woman-child have proved earth's flower,  
She holds up to the softened gaze of God."

Guido, dragged from the court, foresees the headsman, the knife, "the swift descending blow." He even calls on the dead Pompilia to save him. Caponsacchi is told by the Pope to find new courage, work; "be unhappy, but bear life my son."

Browning's lines have been preserved when possible. Mr. Goodrich's first attempt at a dramatization of "The Ring and the Book" was tried out by Mr. Hampden, as "The Ring of Truth" at Indianapolis in the spring of 1923. Mr. Clayton Hamilton says that when he saw a performance at Buffalo a few weeks later, sitting by Mr. Goodrich, he said every now and then that Browning after all was a great poet and was answered: "That isn't Browning; it's Goodrich, all of it." On other occasions when Mr. Hamilton was constrained to say: "Arthur, we can't get by with that; it's too awkward; the verse is really bad." Mr. Goodrich "would smile beatifically and remark 'That's Browning, every word of it.'"

Judge John Marshall Gest in his "The Old Yellow Book: Sources of Browning's 'The Ring and the Book,'" published in 1927 by the University of Pennsylvania Press, proves from the facts that the characters in the real tragedy were not those portrayed by Browning. Pompilia was no paragon of virtue; she was "an ordinary girl, deprived of advantages in childhood, with sufficient good looks to attract and insufficient character to resist temptation and with instincts stronger than her principles." Guido was not Browning's monster; "merely a weak and avaricious man, vicious by force of circumstances as well as from inherent defects of character." As for Caponsacchi, he was "a frivolous young fellow, on the outlook for adventure, light in thought and unscrupulous in action."

Browning, according to Judge Gest, knew nothing of the law in this case, was unable to state correctly the facts, and ridiculed the legal profession without just cause. The judge came to the conclusion: "So far, then, as the facts of the Old Yellow Book are concerned, we see that Browning produced at the end of his book not the pure gold of truth, but the gilded ring of his imagination." The judge said further that Browning missed "the opportunity of portraying the majesty of the Law as the controlling



force, the savior of human society, ruling and overruling the passions of men and women, even the strongest of all, the sex impulse." The learned judge thus wrote as for a treatise on the domestic relations, not as a man of imagination and a lover of dramatic poetry.

Mr. Hampden will also appear as Stockmann in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," which was first played in this country by Beerbohm Tree and his company in 1895. There will also be two performances of "Hamlet," but they will not be in modern dress.

On Thursday evening, May 24, at Steinert hall, William Dietrich Strong, pianist, will give a recital in aid of the MacDowell Colony League. The program will be made up exclusively of MacDowell's compositions: the "Keltic" sonata, E minor, and 16 smaller pieces.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist; Mr. Heifitz, violinist; Rosa Ponselle, soprano; Sophie Braslau, contralto; John C. Thomas, baritone, and Mr. Chaliapin, bass, will be the artists next season in a series of Morning Musicales under the auspices of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. These musicales will be given in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler at 11 o'clock, with the exception of Mr. Chaliapin's, which will be at 2:30 P. M. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Nov. 14; Miss Braslau, Dec. 5; Mr. Chaliapin, Jan. 10; Miss Ponselle, Feb. 14; Mr. Heifitz, Feb. 27; Mr. Thomas, March 7.

## O, THE SAD DAY

(By Thomas Flatman, 1674)

O, the sad day!  
When friends shall shake their heads  
and say  
Of miserable me:—  
"Hark, how he groans!  
Look, how he pants for breath!  
See how he struggles with the pangs of death!"

When they shall say of these dear eyes:—  
"How hollow, O, how dim they be!  
Mark how his breast doth rise and swell  
Against his potent enemy!"

When some old friend shall step to my bedside,  
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently stride,

But, when his next companions say:—  
"How does he do? What hopes?" Shall turn away,  
Answering only, with a lift-up hand:—  
"Who can his fate withstand?"

Then shall a gasp or two do more  
Than e'er my rhetoric could before:  
Persuade the world to trouble me no more—

Persuade the world to trouble me no more.

We spoke a few days ago of Josephine Baker, dressed in a few feathers, dancing before governmental and civic authorities of Budapest and so delighting them by cavortings of the African jungle that they gave her permission to show her art to the inhabitants in public. Some of the good people still object to her scanty attire; even to the sight of her as she passes in the streets by day; her carriage drawn by an ostrich.

It now appears that a presumably gallant Hungarian officer of cavalry, one Andrew Czolovoydi, addressed to her a passionate poem in French, calling her "The Black Sun of the City of Light." This did not please the Count Pepito di Abatino, who is said to be her proud and happy husband. A duel followed mutual slapping of faces. This duel took place in a graveyard, with the customary seconds, a surgeon and no doubt an undertaker. The services of the last named were not required, for the duel was in the French manner; a scratch or two and honor satisfied. Of course, Josephine was present—Nature had put her in mourning at her birth—present and screaming dramatically. Whether she objected to the characterization "The Black Sun" or was highly complimented is not revealed. A remarkable woman, this Josephine; her press agent is still more remarkable.

Objection is made by sensitive souls to the Chamber of Horrors in the new Madame Tussaud's exhibition in London on the ground that it will pain the relatives of notorious criminals shown there in wax.

Lucien Muratore, the operatic tenor, is reported as suffering from a severe cold. It is also stated that on April 5 he married Marie Louise Brivaud, a 23-year-old Parisian. According to the records he was born at Marseilles in 1878, but the birth year of a singer, male or female, is a movable feast.

Marie Louise is Muratore's third wife, unless we have lost count. The first was Margherita Beriza, a pretty and agreeable young soprano; the second was Lina Cavalieri, famed for her beauty rather than for her voice and histrionic skill.

Muratore and Mme. Beriza were both members of the Boston Opera company in the season of 1913-14. They had then separated. It happened on Feb. 28, 1914, that Muratore was announced for the role of Priniville in "Monna Vanna," with Miss Garden as the heroine. She was taken sick; Mme. Beriza was substituted. There was no sign of resent-

ment on the part of either one in the performance. There was the expected declaration of mutual esteem and love.

Lina, while Muratore was serving in the world war, became a hospital nurse at Rome. Not long ago it was reported that they had agreed to disagree; that they had been obliged to sell their pictures, objects d'art, jewels; that she had opened a beauty shop in Paris; that he was no longer able to secure an engagement; some said his voice would fail him after one act; he told a friend of ours that he suffered from stage fright. He and Lina were divorced last year.

Muratore had a commanding figure and a voice for heroic roles; not suited to music demanding grace, elegance, and fine diction.

And so when he took the part of Des Grieux in Massenet's "Manon" at the Boston Opera House on March 18, 1914, he sang the beautiful "Reve" with monotonous force, so that one longed for the admirable Clement as Manon's infatuated lover.

We fail to find in the obituaries of Edmund Gosse, who chatted pleasantly, in a gossiping manner, about books, any allusion to his interest in French symbolists or his acquaintance with Verlaine, Mallarme and others. Nor do we find any allusion to the savage attack on Gosse's "Short History of Modern English Literature" published by John Churton Collins, who exposed pitilessly the inaccuracies in that book; the "sheer audacity with which mere inferences are substituted for facts and simple assumptions for deduced generalizations." Those who enjoy well-deserved and slashing adverse criticism should read the chapter "Our Literary Guides" in Collins's "Ephemera Critica."

"Only a woman's hair," wrote Swift with regard to a lock from Stella's head; to which an irreverent American humorist, added many years ago; "and yet we do not like to find it in the soup."

A lock of Gen. George Washington's hair was recently presented to a museum. Nothing was said about a price it commanded, if any, during the wanderings. Is a great man's worth to be estimated by a lock of his hair auctioned after death? This is the centenary of Schubert's death, yet a lock offered at Vienna with a reserve price of \$45 found not a single bidder. A wisp of Nelson's hair, the Manchester Guardian tells us, was sold for \$1175; one of Wellington's for only \$5; one of Byron's curls brought \$65; "clippings from Sir Walter Scott's head have never been valued at over \$21."

"Perhaps there is some connection between baldness and bargain prices—after all, musicians, who usually have a lot of hair, may spoil their own relic market by the very profusion of their supply. On the other hand, an authentic clipping from the sparse remaining fringe of a Julius Caesar's pate would have an almost fabulous value."

As the World Wags:

The office boy, on beholding Dallin's bust of Lindbergh, which is being housed temporarily in our office, said: "Eccc homo!" He actually did say it. Have you got an office boy like that?

M. E.

As the World Wags:

I noted with deep interest in The Traveler the following A. P. dispatch concerning an active volcanic island.

"Batavia, Java, May 15. The volcanic island of Krakatoa has been extremely active for 24 hours, erupting 7000 times."

Seven thousand—count 'em—in 24 hours. One every 13 seconds, with no time out for eats or sleep! Hope the A. P. supplies its Javanese representatives with automatic eruptometers.

OTTO B. SCHOTT.

REFRESHING CANDOR

(Lynn Daily Evening Item reporting

the State Federation of Women's Clubs.)

"Nothing whatever could keep Mrs. Packard away from this monotonous occasion."

## "Scarlattiana" Introduced by Mr. Casella

Alfredo Casella, conductor of Pops Symphony orchestra, arranged the following excellent program for his concert last night: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72; Casella, "Scarlattiana" with piano solo by Mr. Casella (first performance in Boston); Respighi, "Pines at Rome"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," op. 74.

Mr. Casella introduced his composition "Scarlattiana," for piano and small orchestra based on the themes of Domenico Scarlatti, in good company. The program was reminiscent of the winter. Mr. Casella has remained true to the spirit of Scarlatti in this composition. He does not modernize his theme or toss cords about, in fact, so straight has he steered his course, so carefully has he avoided angles that "Scarlattiana" remains pleasantly in periwig and knee breeches like the best of his ancestors.

The piano was placed in the centre of the stage with a small orchestra grouped about it in an intimate fashion. Mr. Casella conducted and played without effort. The first movement of his composition started calmly, even with great dignity and quickened to brightness.

The minueto, capriccio, pastorale and finale followed naturally, pleasantly, sweetened with their own grace.

Even in the Capriccio, the fire was eaten with relish, there was no sign of indigestion. The audience was generous with its applause and gave unqualified approval of Mr. Casella and his work.

The rest of the program was familiar to Boston musical audiences. The symphonic poem "Pines of Rome," by Respighi, was most welcome once again. There was a time when it had become a part of too many programs and although its beauty cannot be dimmed, it is pleasant to hear it once again after a suitable rest. The Beethoven overture needs no comment here or does the Tchaikovsky symphony, both beautiful, inspiring music. C. M. D.

The death of Henry Franklin Belknap Gilbert of Cambridge is a loss to music in the United States, for it may justly be said that he was one of this country's leading composers, one of striking originality in his views, purpose and achievements. He wrote in the face of many discouragements and bravely held fast to his belief in "American" music, striving to free himself from all European influences. His leaving his employment to hear Charpentier's opera "Louise" in Paris, knowing that Parisian street cries had been used by Charpentier, and returning to Boston immediately after the performance was characteristic of the man. His nature was rugged, nor in his music was he inclined to offer sacrifice to the graces. His compositions were distinguished first of all by virility. The music of the negro and the Indian appealed to him as a musician and a writer about music, but he was not wholly dependent on this music for themes in composition. A man who read widely, and often enthusiastically, he drew inspiration in more than one instance from European and American authors, as Flaubert, Whitman, Cable, Synge. In the early years of his activity, working to support himself, that he might compose, his music attracted little attention, but in 1911 when his "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" was performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra, his talent was recognized. His reputation from that time on grew till his name was known in European cities. His ballet, "The Dance in Place Congo," was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House and performed in Boston as a ballet, also as a symphonic poem. Seven of his compositions were played here at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra: The last, a "Symphonic Piece," in 1926. He then wrote this explanatory of his music—

...ever since beginning to write music, I have been

written in any other country, and which should reflect, or express, certain aspects of the American character, or spirit, as felt by myself. That spirit, as I see it, is energetic, optimistic, nervous, impatient of restraint, and, in its highest aspect, a mighty protest against the benumbing traditions of the past. This new birth, renaissance of the human spirit, which is America, is a joyous, wildly shouting demonstration. Plenty of jingoism, vulgarity, and 'Hurrah boys!' attaches to it, but the spirit of the new-birth underlies all, for him who can see it."

Requested by Mr. Montoux, a guest conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra, at the end of last season to send a composition for performance, Gilbert sent his "Nocturne" inspired by Walt Whitman's superb apostrophe to a summer night. Accompanying the Nocturne was a letter in which he insisted strenuously on the need of melody in composition, especially in these days when "rhythm" is thought by the ultra-moderns to be the one thing needful; in these days of atonality, polytonality and unrelieved dissonance.

Pleasant and gratifying episodes of the last days in Boston, complimentary exchanges of good will, recall an adventure of Artemus Ward in Richmond, Va., shortly after the civil war.

"I met a man to-day,—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is an old and infuential citizen of Richmond, and sez he, 'Why! we've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor bless me, how sing-lar!' He then borrod five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears."

Bessie Van Vorst, who died at Paris on May 19, worked, with her sister Marie, in cotton mills in South Carolina and shoe factories in Lynn to write their book "The Woman Who Tolls." A housekeeper, known to us, gave this book to her maid of all work, thinking it would content her with her lot, for she was adequately paid, besides having a comfortable room and the food prepared for the family. This girl had shown signs of leaving her mistress. When the book was returned Mrs. Johnson said: "Those girls in the factories have a hard time, haven't they?" "No, mum, I don't think so; I'd like to work in a factory. Here, I never know when my work's done. In a factory when you're through, you're through and done with it."

We are inclined to applaud the Italians for prohibiting the Tyrolese from yodeling in public. Enjoyment of this singing or warbling the syllabic "jo" with interchange of the ordinary and falsetto voice is to many an acquired taste, yet there was a time when audiences in variety shows applauded a yodeler, as they applauded "Dutch" slap-stick comedians and dancers in wooden shoes. There were yodelers in the college glee clubs, as "Jed" Wilson at Yale in the seventies. Those were the days when the Yale Glee Club sang, in collar and elbow fashion, i. e., by main strength, "The Black Brigade." "The Bulldog on the Bank," the old waltz, "Hark, hark! Now Rumbles the Bass" with the baritone solo "Thou loveliest maiden, with charms richly laden"; the "Soldiers' Farewell." College glee clubs in those years were not up to Paestralina.

Tourists in mountains of Switzerland and Tyrol have recorded their delight at the yodeling as an addition to the scenery, but Sir Walter Scott in 1830, staying at home, wrote in his journal: "Anne wants me to go to hear the Tyrolese Minstrels, but... I cannot but think their yodeling... is a variation... upon the tones of a jackass."

The Tyrolese Minstrels, the Swiss Family Bell Ringers, the Bohemian Glass Blowers—what's become of them all? Is there any survivor of the Rainer Family? The wandering yodelers and bell-ringers who came to the town hall in our little village were an aggressively cheerful lot; the yodeler with his announcement that he was "merry" followed by high pitched whoops and yells. The glass-blowers were serious, intent on sales to the gaping crowd.

Did not James Huneker write an amusing story about a yodeler?

## MORE INTROSPECTION

(For As the World Wags, with apologies to the late W. E. Henley.)

Out of the clothes that cover me  
Tight as the paper on the wall,  
I think whatever god may be  
That I have any shape at all.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not whined at my sad fate,  
All that inheritance has given  
Has made me what I am to date.

It matters not how much I eat,  
How much I walk each night and morn,  
I'm not the mistress of my fate,  
I cannot alter my poor form.

ELSTE.

## FAILURE

He fought the battle bravely,  
And if at last he failed  
To capture a best-seller,  
It was because he trailed



A wraith of vagrant beauty  
Across the miry field  
Of crime and sex and passion,  
Because he would not yield

A single inch of leeway  
To popular demand  
Now all his dreams are buried  
In literary sand!

E. LESLIE SPAULDING.

As the World Wags:  
"King George Finds Ford Interesting for 2 Hours."—Headline in the Brooklyn Eagle. And then, of course, he said, "Here's your hat, Henry, sorry you have to go."

H. T. W.

## HAMPDEN OPENS IN 'CAPONSACCHI'

By PHILIP HALE

Shubert Theatre—First performance in Boston of "Caponsacchi," a play in three acts and six scenes with prologue and epilogue adapted by Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer from Robert Browning's poetic narrative, "The Ring and the Book." First dramatization, "The Ring of Truth," at Indianapolis in the spring of 1923; a few weeks later at Buffalo; as "Caponsacchi" at Hampden's Theatre, New York, Oct. 1926.

The cast was as follows:

Glottis	Jack Gilchrist
Melchior	Tom Gomez
Andrea	Gordon Hart
Montini	Louis Polan
Pope Innocent XII	Stanley Howlett
Guido Franceschini	Ernest Rowan
Caponsacchi	Walter Hampden
Tommati	Gabe Bennett
Venturini	P. J. Kelly
Scalchi	W. H. Sams
Chorvadi	Dallas Anderson
His Companion	Joseph Latham
Pietro Comparini	Franklin Salisbury
Violante Comparini	Caroline Meade
Pomplia	Edith Barrett
Canon Conti	Cecil Yapp
Governor of Arezzo	C. Norinand Hammond
Archbishop of Arezzo	Edwin Cushman
Margherita	Mabel Moore
Salvatore	Peter Bracco
Peppina	Marienne Peck
Knicker at Castlenovo	W. H. Sams
His servant	Robert C. Schnitzer
Malinetta	Evelyn Goodrich
Guard at Castlenovo	Thomas Gomez
Duchesse	
Evelyn Goodrich and Harriet Ingersoll	
Messenger	Randolph Carleton

It is not necessary to ask how closely the dramatists adhere to Browning's story, or which lines in the play are Browning's and which were written by the adapters; or whose is the more swollen verse; nor is it now pertinent to point out that Browning in his portrayal of the characters relied more on imagination than on facts. The only question that concerns us is: What sort of a play is "Caponsacchi"? For it is no reflection on the intelligence of last night's audience to say that the great majority of the spectators probably had not read Browning's "Ring and the Book"; or having begun it, had not patiently endured to the end.

"Caponsacchi," while it might courteously be described as a tragedy in verse, is in truth a melodrama, one of the old school. A heroic priest worships the wife of a villainous husband. Not in any play that once filled Drury Lane was there ever a more desperate doer of dark and dirty deeds than this Guido Franceschini. One meets old friends and greets old stage tricks: The fat comedian of jesting speech, this time he Canon Conti; the villain's mistress and tool, sensual Margherita; the landowner of an inn ready to serve the villain's fell design after his palm is greased; forged incriminating letters and rank perjury; exciting sword play; three murders, one of them the disposal of the pathetic heroine; prejudiced judges, foolish in reasoning; the leus ex machina in the shape of no less a person than His Holiness Pope Innocent II. Add more or less flowery speeches which are at bottom only latitudes; bombast sonorously delivered.

And yet—and yet this play in spite of its well-worn form, a play which for its improbabilities and the character and the behavior of the villain might ear the Elizabethan stamp, has interested audiences for many months. Perhaps by its picturesqueness, perhaps by the struggle between love and duty; perhaps because the play is simply melodrama with a hero, gallant especially in his adoration of a woman who to him sainted and enskied; with a heroine cruelly tortured in mind and body; with a good old-fashioned mouthy, scoundrel, a villain in look, walk and speech. Nor should it be forgotten that the role of the priest, slandered and in danger of his life, is taken by no less an actor than Mr. Hampden.

His portrayal of Caponsacchi is refreshingly natural in a play stuffed with improbabilities. He is in turn a ght comedian when a thoughtless mon he disports himself in the carnival. Seeing Pomplia, he is another man. Not a word of love escapes his chaste lips; his love is spiritual ecstasy.

At the inn, he is the knight, not the priest, the accomplished swordsman in the encounter with Guido. His voice and face under the window of Pomplia are fervently eloquent; as is his dignity when brought before the judges, as is his final scene with the knowing compassionate, admiring Pope. The "supporting" company gave true support. There was no mistake about Guido's villainy as revealed by Mr. Rowan. Mr.

Yapp played the part of the Joose canon in the approved, traditional manner. It was a pleasure to hear English spoken as Mr. Howlett delivered the lines given to the Pope. Miss Barrett was a pleasing figure who hardly convinced us of her outrageous persecution and abiding anguish. The other parts were taken in a manner to give plausibility to the action, the succession of events.

In the second act Messrs. Hampden and Yapp with the audience were so disturbed by the setting off of the belated fireworks without the theatre that the curtain was lowered for a time. After the second act the applause was so insistent that Mr. Hampden felt himself obliged to step out of his role and address the spectators, not as a priest, but as a thankful actor. Would that he had withstood this temptation as he had steeled himself against earthly love for Pomplia.

## "THE GOOD HOPE"

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Good Hope," a drama of the sea, by Hermann Heljermans. The cast was as follows:

Clementine	Josephina Hutchinson
Cobins	Savoy Crayner
Deantje	Robert Ross
Barend	John Eldredge
Kniertje	Charles McCarthy
Jo	Alma Kruger
Clemens Bos	Eva Le Gallienne
Geert	Egon Brecher
Marietje	Donald Cameron
Simon	Beatrice de Neergaard
Saart	J. Edward Bromberg
Mees	Margaret Love
First coastguard	Walter Beck
Second coastguard	Walter Tunper Jones
Truus	Robert Ross
Kans	Leona Roberts
Mathilde	Leo Bulgakof
	Mary Ward

This play was written in the days and ways of Hauptmann and Ibsen, when social evils were attacked by a grim sledge hammer of realism rather than the rapier point of irony. Hermann Heljermans is said to have changed the shipping laws of Holland, and they certainly needed attention. You leave the Hollis Street Theatre with the baffled feeling of a crusader whose cause has been won.

But in spite of a purpose, stalking unconcealed through four acts, Miss Le Gallienne chose wisely in adding this drama to her Civic Theatre's repertory. It is a very real, intensely moving picture of the lives of the people of a fishing village, poor men and women who live and die by the sea. "The Good Hope" is an old ship, sent on an impossible voyage by a villainous shipowner whom we seem to have met before in "Fillars of Society." Through the sailing of the ship, a night of storm, and the washing ashore of a sailor's body six weeks later, we see an exact picture, a painting in the Dutch manner of the inner life of these North Sea people.

In the cottage of Kniertje, a widow who has already given a husband and two sons to the sea, we see her remaining sons. Geert, her elder boy, is home from six months in a prison that certainly cannot exist today, after 25 years of this play. A true son of the ocean he ships again on the Good Hope. Barend, the younger son, high-strung, afraid of the sea, is goaded by necessity and public opinion into signing with his brother.

The second act shows the party given for the departing sailors. In spite of gin and cookies, jokes from the old men, laughter from the girls, the hysterical air of a gaiety attenuated almost to the breaking point becomes apparent. Kniertje is losing two sons. Toto, her niece, who has married her Geert before the legal time has elapsed, the safety of the Good Hope means quite as much. The act ends in a horrible scene as coast guards carry off a shrieking Barend. He has heard from drunken workmen of the rot in the heart of the ship, and is torn from his Spartan peasant mother, crying "You will never see me again."

In the third act, the women of the fishing village huddle together during a storm at sea. The separate tragedy of each is revealed. Each shows her own individual traits, her separate manner of meeting life. The strain, the terrible anxiety, the inescapable tragedy in the lives of these women, couldn't be better done. As they drink coffee, with sugar, too, against the background of gay red curtains and bright peasant crockery, with the wind outside only making the little hut seem cheerier and more peaceful, the inner tension of each woman in turn breaks her control. The play is well within the capabilities of the company. Not a note of incompetence mars the picture. Alma

Kruger, as Kniertje, gives an excellent picture of the old wife and daughter of the sea, resigned to the will of God and the charity of the shipowner. Miss Le Gallienne plays Jo and makes her a real peasant girl, with real dirt on her hands. Egon Brecher, as the rich man, gives a perfect materialization of the expression "Business is business." He is a smiling, no a laughing, "damned villain," who preserves both his reputation and his insurance without even a loss of appetite. The nervous fear and hysteria of Barend seem like stretching a point for the sake of purpose, but Charles McCarthy is able to make Barend live.

In "The Good Hope" there are several stretches where you seem to exist only with the people on the stage, and that's a great deal to say for any play.

R. E. N. A.

## Clever Comedy Shown in "He Walked in Her Sleep"

COPLEY THEATRE—"He Walked in Her Sleep," a farce comedy in three acts and four scenes. By Norman Cannon. The cast:

Sir Andrew Tankerton	Ralph Roberts
Lady Henrietta Tankerton	Gaby Fay
Marie	May Edies
Anne Tankerton	Cecile Dixon
Jeffrey Deacon	Charles Courtneidge
Charles Quarterhouse	Norman Cannon

To look at Sir Andrew Tankerton one would hardly have credited him with the ability to kick a husky young man fully twice his size, out the window with such force that the cucumber frames in the garden beneath suffered severely. Perhaps it was the inspiring, though unexpected sight of the tiger skin, put beside his bed as a surprise from his wife, that roused him to such fire-eyed fury.

Unfortunately, his courage, like his stature, was of the briefest, and smitten with horror at the noisy descent of his late foe, Sir Andrew bolted, to the garden and spent the rest of the night under a bush. Meanwhile his wife slumbered, quite undisturbed and peaceful.

The trouble began when Sir Andrew, a weak soul whose only vice was that he would go to sleep at the bridge table after a hard day's golf, thought he saw his daughter's suitor making love to his wife. It so happened that she was merely congratulating the young man with stepmotherly warmth on his non-existent engagement to Anne Tankerton.

The demon of jealousy thus aroused was given additional encouragement by the new butler, formerly a barrister who specialized in divorce cases. His suggestion was that Sir Andrew give his wife a shock—run away, kiss the maid or attempt to kill himself—in order to see whether or not his wife loved him. Which method Sir Andrew chose must not be revealed here—it should be seen to be appreciated. Suffice it to say that Lady Tankerton was almost the only one who did not receive a shock.

This amusing farce by Norman Cannon, one of the Copley Theatre's leading actors, was rapturously received last night by a large and responsive audience, so well entertained that chuckles were to be heard even before the curtain went up. For a first night, the play progressed remarkably smoothly. Most generous to his fellow-actors, Mr. Cannon gave them all the best lines, reserving for himself the more or less serious part of the butler-barrister, who endeavored to run his own love affair with Anne on the one hand while he endeavored to help Sir Andrew find grounds to divorce his wife on the other.

Under the double stress of authorship and first performance, he played admirably. Highest honors, however, should go to Ralph Roberts, who acted the bewildered Sir Andrew with great skill—never descending to buffoonery, but completely convulsing the spectators, especially during the course of the second act, when he played a whole scene in pantomime.

Charles Courtneidge, as the victim of the cucumber frames and Anne's practical joke, deserves much praise for his exuberant gamboing and his eloquent by-play with Sir Andrew when the latter was hidden in the great vase in the dining room. The rest of the cast were well in the spirit.

Without making any great pretensions "He Walked in Her Sleep" is most excellent entertainment and should serve the Copley players well. Mr. Cannon is to be congratulated on his achievement.

E. L. H.

## LON CHANEY IN FILM AT LOEW'S ORPHEUM

Interesting Portrayal of Underworld in "The Big City"

Lon Chaney gives another interesting portrayal, a New York gangster leader, in his underworld film, "The Big City," which is being shown at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week. The supporting cast includes Marceline Day, James Murray, Betty Compson and Virginia Pearson.

The story hinges on a love between the young gangster, his sweetheart and the gangster chief, with the hold-up, a sensational police battle, and a gangster war as thrilling incidents. Ted Browning wrote the story and directed the picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Fifteen of the strangest freaks of nature perhaps ever assembled in one congreess, with "Concy Island Charlie," famous barker, directing the act, excite more than ordinary interest as the headline vaudeville attraction this week.

"A Night at Concy Island" is the title of the turn, which is one of vaudeville's strangest novelties. It is headed by Albert-Alberta, half man, half woman. Other features with this big act are the human skeleton, the spider boy, the armless wonder, "Cuckoo," the bird girl, the smallest mother in the world, Princess Nina, snake charger; Ajax, the sword swallower and others.

## ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Broadway,"

by Philip Dunning and George Abbott. Staged by Samuel T. Godfrey and Julian Noa. The cast:

Nick Verdis	Gustave Rolland
Roy Lane	Henry Wadsworth
Lil Rice	Mary Hill
Katie	Betty Warner
Joe	Emil Hirsch
Mae	Sydney Landrew
Smith	Lucille Kenton
Ruby	Dorothy Russell
Pearl	Madriane La Barr
Grace	Mae Downey
Ann	Harriet MacGibbon
"Billie" Moore	Frank Charlton
Steve Crandall	Clyde Veaux
Dolph	Jack Westerman
"Porky" Thompson	Julian Noa
"Scar" Edwards	Walter Gilbert
Dan McCorn	Maxon Mellinger
Benny	James Marlow
Larry	Robert Alcorn
Mike	

Augmented for the occasion by four men and three women from various "Broadway" companies, the St. James players last night presented the sensational play of New York night club life which has met with pronounced success and inspired many similarly constructed plays of crooks and bootleggers. From the time it started in New York this play has drawn the "repeater" trade, and judging by talk in the lobby between the acts, many of last night's audience were revisiting a favorite. "Broadway" is a play one can sit through twice without distress. The overweening "hoover" conceit of Roy Lane, the backstage atmosphere of girls who wrangle and swing fists, the next moment to don ingenue smiles as they prance on to do their stuff, the swiftly moving drama of bootleg intrigue, all claim attention afresh.

First honors for this production must be evenly divided between the local people and their temporary colleagues. Walter Gilbert and Frank Charlton as Dan McCorn and Steve Crandall cannot fail to win the approval of "Broadway" fans. Gilbert as the calm detective who plays the good fellow in an unobtrusive way, clicked throughout, and his final "Pull yourself together, kid," was delivered with just the proper air of diffidence. Charlton adapted himself admirably to the part of the bootleg king, playing it much in the manner of the creator of the role. Gustave Rolland, who was the Nicky Verdis of the Chicago company, is perfect. He is not an actor—he is a Greek who runs a night club, always with a solicitous mind on his business, and with merely oblique attention directed at the bothersome bootleggers and their troubles. Harriet MacGibbon, who formerly played the part of little Billy in the Chicago company, scores both for her face and figure and for her realistic portrayal of the naive and well-meaning chorus girl.

Henry Wadsworth gagged and changed his way through the piece with spirit and youthful fire. His Lane is not a "hoover" at heart—his conceit is plain juvenile, and scores in a different way. The laughs he gets are tempered with sympathy for the young fellow trying to get on, and he does not get the deep roars caused by the preposterous nerve of the real dyed-in-the-wool breed of hoofers. Julian Noa also played "Scar" Edwards in a slightly different manner—a manner a bit more melodramatic, and lacking the reserve, the suggestion of unlimited "guts" associated with the part. Dorothy Russell was "Pearl," played straight, a bit quiet, a bit hard-boiled, in short—"the kid herself."

The play was well staged and timed, and a packed house laughed and applauded with great enjoyment.

H. F. M.

## CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

Majestic—"Good News," collegiate musical comedy. Tenth week.

Tremont—"Fast Company," Cohan-Lardner comedy, with Walter Huston. Third week.

Wilbur—"Paris," comedy with music, starring Irene Bordoni, and featuring Louise Closser Hale. Third week.



## 'DRUMS OF LOVE' AT STATE THEATRE

"Drums of Love," a D. W. Griffith production made for United Artists is presented at the State Theatre with the following cast:

Princess Emanuella..... Mary Philbin  
Duke Cathos de Alvia..... Lionel Barrymore  
Count Leonardo de Alvia..... Don Alvarado  
Bop..... Tully Marshall

Mr. Griffith, in this instance of his return to United Artists, has given the screen a photodrama with interesting characters, slow moving drama and beautiful photography. The scenes pass in front of one as placidly as a gallery of excellent prints. Dante's legend of the lovers of Rimini has always been popular with dramatists, poets and artists. Liberties have been taken with it by Mr. Griffith, as is the custom for the motion pictures. The Francesca and Paolo we have learned to know have been transplanted to South American soil and the deformed husband is made into a lovable soul who is glad to die so that the lovers may have their happiness. One wonders if Peter Tschaikowsky could have written the music he did to the present lukewarm theme. His 'Fantaisie d'après Dante,' tells of greater belief in unquenchable passions of which the flesh is heir, but these would not do for the motion picture. The tragedy turns calmly entertaining for the films.

Mary Philbin is a beautiful Francesca or Emanuella, as she is rechristened. Don Alvarado is the handsome Paolo or Count Leonardo de Alvia, but the work of making the film more than a graceful gesture is heaped upon Lionel Barrymore and Tully Marshall. Barrymore is the grotesque husband of the fair Emanuella, the devoted brother of the weak and elegant Leonardo. Marshall is the snooping jester who so cordially hates his master that he takes delight in tracking down the lovers and reporting them.

It is doubtful whether in any other hands but Griffith's and Barrymore's this role could have been made so strong. Barrymore has made Cathos a man of extraordinary courage, differing from the historical Lord of Rimini who put to death his brother and young wife when he discovered their love. Rimini was also guilty of the human failing of envy but the film Cathos does not want his brother's beauty and cares for him almost like a mother. Voltaire ridiculed the pathos of the stage version of the same theme "Champion des Dames," by Martin de Frac. One can not help but wonder what he would have thought of the present perfect character of Cathos, who could fight so grandly, love gently, knock men about heartlessly and forgive easily.

Griffith has always been a master at grouping his scenes for picture value. In "Drums of Love" he has a romantic background of castles and the glamor of pomp and ceremony. His battle scenes may be a little reminiscent of Napoleon at Waterloo but they are scenes worthy of attention. He uses water effectively, the rushing surf. He puts a cape on Barrymore as he swings down a dark hall. With inspired treatment of such scenes as these, the picture deserves a place among the cinemas which are worth while. C. M. D.

## LENORE ULRIC ON BILL AT KEITH'S

Boston audiences were unable to see Lenore Ulric in her famous play, "Lulu Belle," because of the censorship laws. Ulric fans who feel that they were cheated this season, however, can go to Keith's this week and see the lady as the star of a sketch by Michael Arlen. It is billed as "A Legend of London," and is based on "When the Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," one of the short stories in Arlen's book, "These Charming People."

With the name of Arlen attached to a vaudeville sketch one is led to believe that at last something different, something smart and Mayfairish, will make a jaded and sketch weary vaudeville audience sit up and take notice. Do not be deceived. The present Arlen sketch while no better than the average can be faintly praised by stating that it, thankfully, is no worse. A husband pretends he is dead in order that the yellow streak and caddish qualities in his wife's lover may be brought home to her.

Miss Ulric is discovered gracefully draped on a couch in a revealing white panne velvet creation with a train as long as the body of the gown itself. She is given an opportunity for an emo-

tional scene or two and the business also calls for some excellent pacing back and forth when the audience's attention is divided between the character Miss Ulric is portraying and the length of a gracefully managed train. Sydney Blackmer is featured in the cast. Miss Ulric is interesting every moment she is on. The act is well staged.

Honors for stopping the show, however, go to Jay Velle, a young chap whose last Boston appearance was as one of the featured players in Rosalie Stewart's revue, "A La Carte," at the Tremont last summer. This is the first time that Velle has appeared alone in vaudeville. He usually works with a company of dancers and singers.

He now plays his own accompaniments, gives the audience sure-fire songs, "A Little Bit of Heaven," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," Irving Berlin's new one, and several others. He has a baritone voice of pleasing quality which shows a decided improvement over last summer. He sings intelligently and does the ordinary vaudeville songs in an agreeable manner. The audience warmed to him immediately yesterday and called him out again and again.

Other standard vaudeville acts which reaped hearty applause were Brown and Whitaker, and Claude and Marion, two unusually popular acts. There were other entertaining features to round out a first rate bill. A. F.

## 'VAMPING VENUS'

There's real scope for imagination in the film comedy field, and "Vamping Venus," playing at the Washington Street and Scollay Square Olymphas this week, takes advantage of it. The story starts in New York in 1928 and goes back for most of its action to ancient Greece.

Thelma Todd, Charlie Murray and Louise Fazenda head a great cast. Miss Todd plays Venus. Murray goes to a night club to escape his nagging wife. A rap on his head precipitates him right into the middle of old Greece. There he meets all the characters of the New York days in different roles. The wife, for instance, is Circe. And, of course, with his knowledge of modern inventions and politics, he becomes dictator of the land, wages war, wins Venus—and comes to New York with someone pouring water on his head.

A fine supporting cast includes Joe Bonomo, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Big Boy Williams, Yola d'Avril and Spec O'Donnell.

## A WINGED PHILOSOPHER

(For As the World Wags)  
Rain from the north, by wild winds blown,  
Streams down the rattling window-pane;  
"Drenching plumps," by the rain-god thrown.  
Assault our roof with might and main.  
Out in the heart of the raging blast,  
Rumpled and tossed and well-nigh drowned,  
A song-sparrow sings 'mid the tumult vast,  
Over and over, a gallant sound!

The wise one he, and I the fool!  
Philosopher with neat brown wings,  
He does not let the weather rule!  
He takes it as it comes, and sings!  
I. E. H.

We read, but not in the life of Mus-solini now publishing in the Saturday Evening Post, a life in which we trace the fine Italian hand of Mr. Richard W. Child, that Il Duce was an accomplished violinist at the age of 12. The surprise is that he did not choose the slide trombone or key bugle.

## WITH DOUGHNUTS

An article about the manufacture of cider apple sauce is going the rounds of the press. In our peaceful village of the sixties this delectable dish was known as Shaker apple sauce. There were the visiting Shaker apple sauce man, the hulled corn man, also the yeast man, who blew a horn on his arrival and ladled yeast into a tin cup. This apple sauce went especially well with doughnuts, was wedded to them, as Dr. Maginn said of "the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water." It is "beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of nature's most exquisite achievements." Best of all was this apple sauce when it was laid in thick slabs between doughnut slices forming a pyramid six to nine inches high. This was called a "Tunbridge Tart"; why it was so called—whether the name came from Tunbridge, Vt., or the English town, we have never been able to find out.

## FROM GALAPAGOS ISLES

Mr. Charles H. Townsend has written an account of the Galapagos expedition, directed by him. One hundred and eighty of the justly celebrated tortoises were brought to this country. Mr. Townsend refers to Dampier's account of the tortoises, and also mentions Darwin, but he does not cite Hernan Melville's adaptation in "The Encantadas" (the fifth of "The Piazza Tales") of three huge antediluvian-looking tortoises of the Galapagos landed, after much straining, on the deck of the whaler: tortoises "black as widower's weeds, heavy as chests of plate, with vast shells medallioned and orb'd like shields, and dented and blistered like shields that have breasted a battle; shaggy, too, here and there, with dark green moss, and slimy with the spray of the sea." They seemed newly crawled forth from beneath the foundations of the world. Yes, they seemed the identical tortoises whereon the Hindoo plants this total sphere. . . . I no more saw three tortoises. They expanded—became transfused. I seemed to see three Roman Colosseums in magnificent decay. . . . The great feeling inspired by these creatures was that of age; dateless, indefinite endurance. . . . Consider that impregnable armor of their living mail. What other bodily being possesses such a citadel wherein to resist the assaults of Time? With them I lost myself in volcanic mazes; brushed away endless boughs of rotting thickets, till finally in a dream I found myself sitting cross-legged upon the foremost, a Brahmin similarly mounted upon either side, forming a tripod of foreheads which upheld the universal cope."

## SPRING

(For As the World Wags)

The furnace still is burning bright,  
The ground is frozen every night,  
The whirling dust obscures one's sight,  
But, lo, 'tis Spring!

A bluebird tries to sing its lay,  
The lambskins shiver at their play,  
A snow storm threatens all the day,  
But, lo, 'tis Spring!

The men are dressed in big fur coats,  
With woollen mufflers 'round their throats,  
The girls, in silk, crowd the Swan Boats,  
Gosh, what a Spring!  
JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## ON MOTHER'S DAY

As the World Wags:

Down in the country where the "old folks" have something of the slow and steady swing of the seasons about them, I have spent this day, May 13, with a mother whose company is as refreshing as cool spring water to one just come from the din and rush, "the beating the other fellow to it" in that puzzling game called "making good." I had chosen to honor her on May 13 quite unintentionally, for she is not a Mother's day mother, as she is not my mother.

What is the origin of Mother's day? If it has worthy mothers, who were its fathers? Did loving sons and daughters who had an honest fear of forgetting to remember their mothers set it apart? No, it was "put over" on a simple and good natured portion of our people by penny-minded fellows who pull heart-strings to increase profits—an old and pretty cheap trick!

These sharp promoters of merchandise would have us have Grease Your Car day, Mother's day, Bridal night and heaven knows what. But an old American sense of decency and comedy will give "the hook" or the army "raz" to these boosters with their wormy apology, "One must live." Righto, but hands off mother! JOHN QUILL.

Forrest F. Harbour wondered on Mother's day: "at what well known hustling and pridefully modern churches has Al Joison been engaged to sing his Mammy songs."—Ed.

The Daily Chronicle of London calls the practice in the United States of sending greeting cards on Mother's day a national institution. "Naturally, the manufacturers of greeting cards, with many 'nation-wide' campaigns, have had something to do with this popularity. Whistler's famous portrait of his mother, remembered by most people here as an advertisement for war savings' certificates, is the favorite design for the day. But the Americans love being organized, especially in the sacred cause of sentiment. As I see it, there will soon be as many domestic days in the United States calendar as there are saints in our own. One hears of such things as 'Baby day,' 'Graduate day' and 'Father's day.'"

The emotional character of modern plays, novels and films, with their appeals to the baser passions, inevitably tends to overstrain, with results which are reflected in the enormously increased number of deaths from heart disease.—Dr. J. Strickland Goodall.

## 'HEDDA GABLER'

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "Hedda Gabler," a drama in four acts by Henrik Ibsen. Revised translation by Julie Le Gallienne and Paul Leyssac. Performed by the New York Civic Repertory Theatre, Eva Le Gallienne, director.

The cast was as follows:

George Tesman..... Paul Leyssac  
Mrs. Hedda Tesman (born Gabler)..... Eva Le Gallienne  
Juliana Tesman..... Alma Kruger  
Mrs. Elvsted..... Josephine Hutchinson  
Judge Brack..... Sayre Crawley  
Eliert Loevborg..... Donald Cameron  
Bertha..... Leona Roberts

The time is past for a preparatory lecture to a performance of "Hedda Gabler." An explanatory talk by Jules Lemaitre was thought necessary before the first in Paris, which was at the Vaudeville Theatre. Even after the brilliant lecture, probably the finest analysis of play and characters that remains, critics and spectators were somewhat mystified and that fine actress Mme. Brandes, who took the part of Hedda, confessed that she did not understand at all what she was forced to say and do.

The play, which has tempted many actresses, is no longer a mystery. There is not even an attempt to find in it the symbolism which was for years supposed to be Ibsen's favorite dramatic expression. Tesman, Brack, Aunt Juliana are human beings; Hedda, inhuman from crown to foot, is not an impossible creature, though she is in spite of her fair exterior and mental activity as detestable a woman as ever lived in history or was imagined by novelist or playwright.

Let us speak for a moment of Miss Le Gallienne's conception of the character as it found life in her portrayal. She was bored beyond endurance. Her husband was a book-worm, passionate only for research; vain of his doctor's degree, even on his honeymoon thinking first of archives to be visited. She coveted the luxuries that wealth can give. She despised middle-class happiness; so she was cruel towards the kind old aunt. Her ambition was to exert power; to shape the destiny of a man, to rule imperiously without regard for others; a shining example of what the French call "Neronisme."

Her passion was in no way of the flesh. Even Eliert before her marriage was too daring in his numerous advances she pointed a pistol at him. The reminder that she was with child by her husband drives her frantic; when the manuscript of Eliert's book on which Mrs. Elvsted had labored with him was referred to as "their child." Hedda's physical condition was brought home to her, and in this short scene Miss Le Gallienne by a simple gesture was poignantly dramatic.

She loved no one but herself; at times she despised herself, but only when her plans went awry, when her hopes were crushed. It was easy for her to tempt Eliert to his ruin; thinking of him and Mrs. Elvsted as "comrades and pals," it was easy for her after a short mental

struggle to burn his manuscript.

It was necessary that she should kill herself; she feared Brack, for she was in his power; she could not bear the sight of her husband and Mrs. Elvsted working together for the re-writing of the destroyed manuscript. No vulgar intriguer, she could not stoop to a sneaking liaison with Brack to save herself from police inquiries and public scandal; nor could she endure the thought of another woman for the second time being an inspiration to the man that had killed himself. Did she regret that she had put the pistol in Eliert's hand? No, for she thus shaped a destiny. Was she ashamed of her lies? No, for, like Becky Sharp, she was a magnificent liar. With a genius for destruction, she exulted in her fancied power over human beings, ruthless in her exercise of it, reckless of the unhappiness it caused herself. At the end she saw no relief from the boredom that possessed her. To this boredom was added fear with accompanying disgust at her own failure.

Thus in the person of Miss Le Gallienne Hedda moved and spoke and planned from the moment she insulted

Aunt Juliana to her restless exit to end it all.

Seldom has a Boston audience seen so full a revelation of character, one in which every detail contributed to this revelation, as the portrayal of Hedda Gabler by this actress, conspic-



ous for dramatic intelligence and the ability to bestow intelligent comprehension on those this side of the foot-  
gths.  
Excellent were Miss Kruger as Jullana and Mr. Leyssac, a Tesman who, for once, was not represented as a comic character. Miss Hutchinson was sufficiently pathetic as Mrs. Elvstead, one of Ibsen's women whose nature is not sharply defined. One wished a more arduous Brack than Mr. Crawley's, one with more Mephistophelian subtlety. Mr. Camoron Ellert Lovborg was a prominent feature of a performance that will be remembered.

### BOSTON ORCHARDS

(For As the World Wags)

The apple trees in Boston are not wild. They stand like statues of the trees I know. Once flared the tragic forests long ago. When earth to city was not reconciled. Yet one tree is more beautiful by far. Than droves of orchards herded to the shore:  
A statue is much less, but says much more.  
Than things that merely happen and that are.

The apple trees in Boston are serene. They take their bloom discreetly in the spring. I never got to know what orchards mean. On country slopes in May when poets sing. Until I came to Boston and saw there. One apple tree in bloom near Copley Square.  
Brookline. M. S.

### WHAT IS EDUCATION?

(From a South African journal)

"And what do you do?" the 14-year-old American girl asked the late Sir David Gill, the famous astronomer. "I study astronomy," he answered. "Gosh! Ah finished astrawmimy lest year," said she.

"Hash has been called a true aristocrat among foods because it belongs to such an old family. It is referred to in cook books which are over a thousand years old."—(Boston Herald).

True, O learned Theban! There is mention of hash in a comedy of Aristophanes who coined for the dish the longest word in Greek. There is nothing better than refined corn-beef hash with a dressing of chopped beets, but hash has other uses than the pleasing of the palate.

As the old family servant in "The Moonstone" turned to "Robinson Crusoe" for consolation and advice when so perplexed, using that book as *Sortes Virgilianae*, so we turn to the complete works of Artemus Ward.

"My wife's father lives with us. His intellect totters a little, and he saves the papers contain the proceedings of our State Legislature. The old gen'lman likes to read out loud, and he reads to be well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he on-fortnightly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Wall, whenever this lawyer makes his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the Legislativ reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a drawbridge away orf in the last part of the State, havin sent my daughter to bed at half-past 8. He hasn't bin there since, and I understand he says I go round swindlin the public."

Reading aloud. Mr. G. K. Chesterton recently remarked: "I always feel, and look, and no doubt am, a fool when reading my own verse." As yet no one of his willing or unwilling hearers has met the fate of Charles McNaulty reported from Saskatchewan. One J. Findlay was charged with the murder of McNaulty.

"The tragedy was occasioned by the occupants of the shack refusing to listen to Findlay's tragic recital of 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew.' Findlay, becoming incensed at the lack of appreciation on the part of his audience, launched the attack which ended with such dire results."

### THE BOOTLEGGERS' WIFE

(For As the World Wags)

I'd take a bath in asses' milk.  
As the Empress did in Rome;  
I'd take a bath in bright champagne,  
And float around in foam;  
I'd bathe my toes in tea rose dew,  
Out in the sheer moonlight;  
I'd bathe my soul in the Milky Way—  
But it isn't Saturday night.

F. F. H.

As the World Wags:

Oh, goody! Senator Fess of Ohio is going to be the keynoter of the Republican convention at Kansas City. Listen, senator, above all you must try to

be original. We've got a few brand new things for you to put in your speech. Here they are, all new, and you're welcome. "We view with alarm—" "Under the wise and beneficent rule of the Grand Old Party—" "Our forefathers with prophetic vision—" "Let the common people rule—" "The Star-Spangled Banner—" "And with a righteous cause press on to a certain and glorious victory—" If you like these, senator, we'll think up some more for you.

R. H. L.

### THE OLD MADE NEW

As the World Wags:

My safety razor having belied its name and incised my chin, I was shaven by a barber during the next few days thereafter. On each of these days, I was urgently reminded that my most pressing hirsute need was a "facial massage": my complexion craved it; once I had had it, I should be a new man. As a favor to myself, would I not kindly allow it to be done? Weakening that I am—not vain, being a man—I yielded. The gods of torture must have laughed.

First, an emulsion splattered over my face. Two hands, taking position on my cheeks, mauled the stuff into the skin, the while my head rolled and jerked. Helplessly in the barber's toils, I asked that the wet towel that was to be applied next should be "lukewarm." The "lukewarm" towel landed; tears popped from my eyes; my cheeks distended, and I was suddenly erect in the chair. The masseur's idea of making a steaming cloth tepid was to wave it in the air once, as it came from the steam dome, before applying it to my face.

After a few soothing and apologetic remarks from the amazed barber, I subsided, only to grip the chair and set my jaw firmly, not forgetting to squint my eyes. A pulsating, rubber-covered, massage machine suddenly roared over my agonized countenance. From forehead to cheek, to jaw, to forehead, and over my eyelids, with a side trip down my nose; across my mouth and chin to my neck the monster thrummed.

Another towel—more machine excursions around my face; more emulsions—another hand-kneading. By this time I felt past earthly help. My torturer suddenly adjured me to "hold tight"; my fists were about to clench when a million needles hit my already pounding skin—the last process, the liquid skin freshener was being poured on me. I writhed, but it availed not. An ice-cold towel blobbed down on top of the freshener.

After my face was dried and powdered the chair brought me to an upright position, and the job was finished. The barber said I never felt better.

Boston.

PICARDY.

### ANNIE LAURIE: 1928 MODEL

(For As the World Wags)

Her hair will never tarnish,  
Her neck is like the swan,  
Her lips are like floor-varnish  
That men have walked upon.

A. N. O. N.

### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

One day an old relative, fond of meat, visited Tolstoi, the vegetarian, at Isaia-Poliana. Sitting at table, she found a chicken tied to her chair. "That's for you," said Tolstoi, "but you must kill it yourself. No one here has the courage."

Abel Faivre once sent to Figaro a drawing representing an old woman saying to a young one: "My dear, at the first wrinkle, I shall kill myself."

In the section "C" of the great Oxford Dictionary—this section was published in 1893—the word "colorful" is included, but defined as "rare." The only quotation given under it is from the Temple Bar Magazine of February, 1890. Today this word is used ad nauseam; not only in the news columns of respectable journals, but, we regret to say, in editorial articles and by novelists and essayists of this country and of England.

The word "colorful" will no doubt be applied by readers and reviewers—these words are not always synonymous—of volumes by the late Vicente Blasco Ibanez, published recently by E. P. Dutton & Co. The novel "Blood and Sand" is now printed for the 15th time. "Reeds and Mud" ("Canas y Barro"), translated by Isaac Goldberg, is now published for the first time in English, as far as this country is concerned. "In the Land of Art" ("En el Pais del Arte"), translated by Frances Douglas, is in its second printing. "A Novelist's Tour of the World," illustrated, is translated by Leo Ongly and Arthur Livingston.

"Blood and Sand," the story of the bull-ring, is known as a novel and by the play in which Otis Skinner took the part of the hero. It is hardly neces-

sary to speak of it at this late day. Mr. Goldberg in his analytical and enthusiastic introduction cannot refrain from describing the story as "colorful." There is no brilliant coloring in "Reeds and Mud," to us a more impressive novel, though the story is drab and grim, with men and women of the lowest nature toiling, drinking, plotting, making love as the animal passion is known to them, squalid human beings in squalid surroundings. Here is a story of avarice, lust, drink, anger and revenge. Villagers live, if they can be said to live, on the shores of the lake of Albufera, supporting themselves by fishing for eels which are taken to the market of Valencia. They eat the lake fish; they drink the lake water, except when, rebelling against their dismal life of toil, they find consolation in strong liquor. The story is remarkable by the portrayal of character and by the vividness of description. The tavern keeper, Canamel, and his wife Neleta, "a small woman with red disheveled hair and warm greenish eyes" that are as a carcass; Sangonera the drunkard; Tono, ambitious to better himself, preferring rice fields to eels, thus incurring the hatred of his father; old Tio Paloma, who finds the lake the cause and the excuse for living; Tonet, a pleasure seeking, reckless fellow of the third generation, who after a horrid deed kills himself. La Borda, La Samaruca, the woman suspicious of the inn-keeper's wanton wife; the rude catchers of eels—all these primitive folk, some of them beastly, are portrayed by their own talk and actions as well as by the novelist's description of their characters. Tonet's father realizes at the end that all his labor has been in vain. "His life was over. So many years of battling against the lake, believing that he was accumulating a fortune, and without knowing it, all the time, preparing his son's grave." The grandfather exults over the vengeance that the lake has taken on those who left her.

The lake is also one of the chief characters, as the lake in George Moore's powerful, beautiful romance; but in this novel by Ibanez, the foul water is malignant. There are vivid descriptions in this novel: as the scene of the boat with its passengers in the first chapter; descriptions of the eel catcher's life. The scene in which Neleta, fearing her husband's savage sister-in-law, begs Tonet to aid her in concealing her condition, the result of their adulterous love, is Zolaesque. There are other pages that show the influence of Zola: the disposal of their new born child, the flight of Tonet; the recovery of the body by the dog—these are pages that for directness in the tragic telling are not easily forgotten.

When Ibanez in 1896 took the side of Cuban independence and opposed the possible war between Spain and this country he was obliged to flee from Spain. Disguised, he made his way to Italy. His excursion was "an intoxication of art; a surfetting of; masterpieces; an interminable banquet of memories, of colors and of music." During this journey he sketched the chapters of "In the Land of Art." Imprisoned on his return he found comfort in the memory of what he had seen, and when he visited Italy later but in comfort, he wrote in 1923: "Never again shall I see the Italy I saw then when I was wandering with only a few lire in the pocket of my only suit of clothes with the happy poverty of my twenty-eight years."

"In the Land of Art" might be called a glorified guidebook, but a guidebook after the manner of the first edition of Richard Ford's "Spain." Each city visited from Genoa to Venice awakened in Ibanez memories of historical events, eloquent descriptions of what had happened, inquiries into Italian life as he saw it, rhapsodies over paintings, statues, buildings, scenery. His never-failing curiosity led him at Pompeii to the street of the Lupenar, "a narrow alley at whose corner the foreign ladies who visit the ruins, guidebook in hand, hesitate in confusion, with a flush suffusing their cheeks"; but Ibanez, in his account of the corruption here revealed, passes over the frescoes, "as the three priests passed over them—after having gazed at them with upturned eyes for ten minutes." A fascinating book, even if occasionally the eloquence of the writer is dangerously near hifalutin by the wealth of purple phrases. The book is provided with a full index; the illustrations are in the prose of Ibanez.

"A Novelist's Tour of the World" contains over 50 illustrations. Leaving Menton in the fall of 1923, Ibanez landed in New York, and to "the city that conquered Night" he addresses a glowing apostrophe in his most Corinthian style. Cuba, the Panama canal, Hawaii, then Japan—here writing of the great disaster at Yokohama—and of many other pages Ibanez might say with Byron, "description is my forte." China, the Philippines—"the battle ground between a generous American tradition of

sympathy and aid to young peoples in search of freedom and the more selfish purposes of a government which may have to develop imperialistic policies of its own. It is always easy to say that a nation is not yet ready for independence"—Java, Rangoon, cities of India, Egypt—the book of an unusually shrewd observer, with a mind stored with historical and ethnological knowledge, an independent thinker, a man of quick imagination that vivified what he saw and enabled his readers to see and think with him; a born narrator who wrote untrillingly with gusto.

The illustrations accompany well the text. One misses an index and regrets that the wandering Ibanez did not visit mysterious Angkor.

### ADD "HAPPY HOMES"

"He admitted grabbing her foot and upsetting her when she directed several kicks at him, and said he struck her in the eye once in order to force her to release the hold she had on his leg with her teeth. . . . There were many fights in the house all started by his wife in which the implements of war included tea kettles, coffee percolators, mirrors, a smoking set and fireplace tongs."

In other words, the air was full of moving things.

## "An Enemy of the People"

Here with Hampden as  
Dr. Stockmann

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE: "An Enemy of the People," a play in five acts by Henrik Ibsen. Staged and revived by Walter Hampden; settings by Claude Bragdon. Produced by Mr. Hampden as the opening bill of a new season at his theatre in New York, Oct. 3, 1927.

The play was performed at the Christiantia theatre on Jan. 13, 1883. The first performance in an English translation was at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on June 14, 1893, with Beer-bohm Tree as Dr. Stockmann. William Archer then wrote that the text was "monstrously mutilated." Tree brought the English version to New York (Abbey's Theatre), on April 8, 1895; and he was seen in Boston as Dr. Stockmann. When the play was produced at L'Oeuvre, Paris, in 1893, with Lugne-Poe as the hero, the performance was followed by anarchistic riots. The play has been performed in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia—where has it not been played?

The cast last night was as follows:

Dr. Thomas Stockmann . . . . . Walter Hampden  
Mrs. Stockmann . . . . . Mabel Moore  
Petra . . . . . Edith Barrett  
Ellif . . . . . Leroy Wade  
Morten . . . . . Omar Le Gant  
Peter Stockmann . . . . . C. Norman Hammond  
Morten Kil . . . . . W. H. Sams  
Hovstad . . . . . Dallas Anderson  
Billing . . . . . Stanley Howlett  
Horster . . . . . Ernest Rowan  
Aslaksen . . . . . Cecil Tapp  
Mr. Vik . . . . . Leland Wright  
A Drunken Man . . . . . P. J. Kelly

Searchers after symbolism in nearly all of Ibsen's plays have found pleasure in the belief that Stockmann stands for Ibsen himself, the seaside town for Norway, the impure water supply for the "unexamined current morality," and the "compact majority" for the Liberal party and press who had not taken Ibsen's side in the absurd controversy over "Ghosts." No doubt Ibsen had himself in mind when he invented Dr. Stockmann, as Richard Strauss freed himself in his opera "Feuersnot" concerning the poker-backed philistinism of the Munich public with regard to his own music. Ibsen wrote to a friend that for "An Enemy of the People" he had made use of comedy situations that accompanied the protests against "Ghosts." He wrote to his publishers that Stockmann and the dramatists agreed on many subjects, "but the doctor is a more muddle-head person than I am."

But this play does not depend on symbolism, real or fancied; its value did not die with the local events and discussions that gave the play birth. No one today is interested in the controversy over "Ghosts." The subject of "An Enemy of the People" is of lasting interest and importance. There will always be a Dr. Stockmann protesting against the criminal timidity and selfishness of the "compact majority;" Dr. Stockmann will in nine cases out of ten be defeated, in his hope to better his town, by the local Babbitts, Rotarians, and assembled boosters.

Ibsen's satire in this play has not been blunted by time. The attacks on officials, on time-serving editors, grafters, hypocrites in high and low stations, the timid knowing the truth but not daring to say or follow it—are they not



needed today? But would the "strongest man," i. e., "the one that stands alone," fare better than Dr. Stockmann? Would not a diatribe against the "compact majority" now provoke a riot? And what would be said of the doctor's comparison of a party to a sausage machine grinding all the brains together in one mash?

The performance by Mr. Hampden's company was brisk, with the various characters well portrayed. Mr. Hampden's Stockmann was the sanguine, hot-headed, naturally genial, talkative man that Ibsen drew. His joy over his discovery of the polluted baths and drinking water, his confidence in the support of a grateful people, then the disillusionment, the knowledge of treachery, the contempt for the cowardice of those on whom he relied, the struggle for a moment between his set purpose and regard for his family—these were brought vividly before the audience. His speech at the meeting he had called was dramatic, oratorical, not as if it had been painfully elaborated—it was the outpouring of flaming indignation. This Dr. Stockmann was not merely a symbolical type, not merely the mouthpiece of Ibsen; he was a man that might have lived and acted thus in any country in any age.

Excellent too were the Burgomaster of Mr. Hammond and The Aslaksen of Mr. Yapp. One mentions these actors especially because to them the dramatist allotted roles that demand the most careful portrayal. The other comedians were adequate. The women play a minor part. When Mme. Nazimova was once cast as Petra she said that Stockmann's daughter is Ibsen's most advanced woman—a statement that might easily be disputed; but Mme. Nazimova also said that Petra was a straightforward character, easy to act, to which all will agree.

The handling of the mob at the meeting in the fourth act was masterly; a mob of individuals, not a band trained to shout and groan and act as if controlled by a conductor's baton.

## LA LOCANDIERA AT HOLLIS THEATRE

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne in La Locandiera, a comedy by Goldoni in three acts. The cast was as follows:**

The Marquis of Forlipopoli... Savra Crawley  
The Count of Alabon... Paul Levysac  
Fabrizio, a servant at the inn... Robert E. Ross  
The Cavalier of Ripafatta... Egon Brecher  
Mirandolina, the mistress of the inn...  
Eva Le Gallienne  
Servant to the Cavalier... J. Edward Bromberg  
Ortensia, actress... Josephine Hutchinson  
Dejanira, actress... Beatrice de Neergaard

Eighteenth century Italy must have been a gay place, and Mirandolina's Inn one of its brightest spots. This old comedy by Goldoni remains as fresh and charming as it ever could have been, two centuries ago. There is satisfaction in being transported to a time when satin-clad gentlemen in lace ruffles and knee breeches lived unaffected by the rush of industry, and either had money or borrowed it, when common people kept "their station," and actresses were never by any chance ladies, but always, as Irene Bordoni would say, "What-nots." In those days emotions flared quickly, and subsided in a burst of rage, throwing furniture or stabbing someone, or merely in a laugh. There was a lighter way of taking life, a gaiety in merely existing, that has disappeared today. The Count of Alabon might laugh on the street and wave his arms about, if he would, without collecting a crowd.

Even the asides, such a creaking mechanism nowadays in a Pinero play, brought back the flavor of a more effervescent age. So deftly were they spoken by Miss Le Gallienne as Mirandolina, and Mr. Brecher as the Cavalier of Ripafatta, that they added a naive charm, instead of an irritating interruption, to the comedy. In fact, the germ of Eugene O'Neill's latest phase can be found in La Locandiera, for Mirandolina's psychology is made clear, beyond the shadow of a doubt, by her remarks to the audience. When the impecunious Marquis of Forlipopoli promises her a present, she replies, with a devastating sweep of black lashes, "But what shall I say? The Marquis is too kind!" and aside, "He is too stingy, I shall never get anything out of him."

Mirandolina is a minx, a light-hearted and clever jade, who plays with the hearts of men and slides the consequences neatly. The Marquis and the Count, like every other guest at her inn, languish for her. She finds them dull, takes their gifts—"What shall I say? I do not wish to offend the Count. Very well, then, not to offend the Count, I shall accept the diamond

earrings." She is far more interested in the Cavalier, a famous woman-hater, a bear. He presents an advanced problem in allure to Mirandolina, and her efforts to conquer him furnish the fun of the play.

There is a delightful scene where Ortensia and Dejanira, the little actresses, try to pass themselves off as Countess Thls of Palermo, and Lady That of Rome. The idea is so very amusing that they cannot suppress their giggles, and are soon dining in state if not in dignity with rich Count of Alabon, extracting promises of a call from his bootmaker, various lace handkerchiefs, and a tiny gold bottle with 10 sequins.

Miss Le Gallienne makes a delightful and wise daughter of the people. She has turned brunette, with dark hair curling under a handkerchief, olive skin, and her usual slender grace in a tight-flowered bodice and a voluminous quilted skirt of peach-colored satin. She is ironic, demure, melting and cold in turn, and runs her inn, irons her linen and disposes of her destiny with a sturdy independence. An orchestra plays bright little airs, like the tinkle of a music-box. All in all, if ever you have felt the charm of the 18th century, you may live there tonight at the Hollis Street Theatre. R. E. N. A.

Eva Le Gallienne's entrance as Hedda, in an odd clinging gown of dull yellow silk, brings forth a good many involuntary "Ohs" and "Ahs" from her audience. She has a strange, graceful beauty, like a lean, aristocratic and intangibly evil cat. With shining ripples of brown hair swept severely back, great black pearls dangling from her ears, a slender neck, a pale little face with brilliant lips, and delicate restless hands, she is entirely a mondaine. Her beauty, quite perfect of its kind, is an old beauty. Her Hedda, who could never have looked at the world through rose-colored glasses, must have mentally come of age when other little girls were wheeling doll-carriages.

Seeking an off-the-stage Miss Le Gallienne the morning after, you somehow expect to be ushered by a discreet French maid into the presence of a weary beauty in an intricate and subtle negligee. Instead the door is opened by a very slim young person, who bids, you be seated, rescues you from the attentions of a small but fierce white terrier and hops nimbly back into bed all in one breath. Her short blond hair is tossed carelessly back from a broad brow, her gray eyes survey you with a direct and interested look, her face is fresh and guileless of so much as a coating of powder. She wears the simplest tailored dressing gown of a dark bright blue. Beside the shaggy and suspicious little dog lies an opened book whose green and gold binding proclaims Philip Guedalla.

### A SIMPLE GIRL

Her face, her room, the very air surrounding her express the last two qualities you expect to find here—youth and leisure. As to the first, of course you are aware that, as years go, Miss Le Gallienne must be young, but in the "Directorate of the New York Civic Repertory Company," a person whose views on art and the future of the theatre have been quoted with the most unadulterated gravity for two years from the New Republic to the tabloids, and with the image of Hedda's somewhat terrifying maturity fresh in your mind, you hardly expect to find a girl who talks simply and smiles, without an eye to effect, but because things amuse her.

She has the quick kindling interest and sympathy of a young person. Her manner is unaffectedly the manner of a young woman in good society. For one somewhat accustomed to ladies of the stage whose sojourn in the public eye has developed an impervious surface to any subject unconnected with "Me" or "My Career," it is hard to believe she is an actress at all. She does not even avoid the dread subject of age, but announces hers casually, in passing, as a matter of no importance.

Then, in the matter of leisure, everyone knows that Eva Le Gallienne not only acts in three or four plays each week, but directs her company as well. A layman trying to imagine the simple mechanics of scenery, costume and lighting for a repertory company, let alone the acting itself, feels the same baffled weariness that overcomes him in the presence of an income tax blank.

## CALLING ON HEDDA GABLER

By RENA GARDNER

Miss Le Gallienne should by rights be surrounded by five telephones, all busy, like a clerk in Horriek's. Her desk should be piled with papers, and she should be somewhat haggard and able to give you only 10 minutes, as she must be at the theatre by 12. Actually, her room wears an expression of absolute peace and order, a calm, as though she could sit in bed and read Philip Guedalla all day, if she chose.

There are flowers in a glass vase on her bureau, not American Beauties, but lavender bachelor's buttons, and a litter of silver things, an odd carved necklace or two, a photograph in a blue leather frame. Her 'cello in its black case leans against the wall, the chaise longue contains, not a negligee, but hairs from the dog. On a table and low bench, at opposite sides of the room, stand two long rows of books. Several volumes of Amy Lowell, Heloise and Abelard, the plays of Chekov, Ludwig Lewisohn's new novel, more Guedalla, Walt Whitman, Peter and Wendy—old favorites and new curiosities. Wherever she goes, she buys books. The catholic collection shows her eager interest in all the facets of life, and her trained intelligence. When she makes a long tour she carries a small portable bookcase, whose sliding front panels close with padlocks.

### TOWN AND COUNTRY

As she sits talking quietly of her coming summer vacation in the country with "lots of animals, working in the garden, lying in the sun, that sort of thing," in the same atmosphere of leisure always so noticeable in the office of a really big man of affairs, the telephone rings. It is her manager, a long-distance call from New York and at this end the replies are casual and charming.

"What are they doing to the theatre? (Her Fourteenth Street Theatre, which houses her company.) I do hope they won't do anything frightful. You know, the samples they sent me were unspeakable, the most dreadful greens, hideous. I wanted a flat French green, you know, nothing that looks like—er—calves' brains. And don't let them forget Nazimova's dressing-room." Then, "June third? Well, no, I'm afraid I can't, because when we close here, I must go direct to Stockbridge, because I promised—that man is opening a theatre there, or something or other. And you see, I've two new nuns and a new Marcella for the 'Cradle Song,' and that means rehearsals Saturday and Sunday. Then the morning after Stockbridge I must be at Tufts College, yes, they are giving me that A. M. degree and they do something or other there in the morning, and in the afternoon we open with the vaudeville." "Oh, the sketch is coming along, we're rehearsing that one-act play by Suro, only two characters, you know, Cameron will act with me." "Well, why not book it for Buffalo and Detroit, towns like that somewhere or other, whatever you like."

Miss Le Gallienne, obviously, has the power, so essential in any business enterprise, of choosing efficient subordinates, able to work her quickly sketched ideas into a finished picture.

The few weeks in vaudeville will support her during the coming year. Her theatre is her hobby and her passion. She does not expect it to reward her in terms of money, and will never raise her admission prices out of the reach of "the people." She is content if one or two popular successes in her repertory season allow her to carry on or two artistic experiments that are bound to be caviar to the vulgar. Vaudeville pays \$3500 a week, and she can "worry along" for a while, free to do as she pleases in her theatre.

### FOR NEXT YEAR

Her plans for next season are already made. In addition to their present 12 plays, her company will give five new ones—Molier's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," an elaborate production with music and ballet, "L'Invitation au Voyage," a modern French play; "The Cherry Orchard," Andreyev's "Katerina," and "The Sea Gull." Nazimova will join the company, and Mary Morris, who played in "Desire Under the Elms." Even Nazimova comes to the Repertory Theatre, not as a star, but like Miss Le Gallienne herself, simply as a unit of the company. To make this clear, Nazimova will open her season as Luba in "The Cherry Orchard," with Miss Le Gallienne playing the younger sister, Varya. Chekov's realistic method seems peculiarly adapted to

repertory, for his characters have an almost equal importance.

"L'Invitation au Voyage," Miss Le Gallienne considers as an extravagance, an artistic indulgence. It possesses only four characters, no action, many moods, is most interesting and certain to be a box-office failure. Miss Le Gallienne will play "The Woman." But like the wistful "Cradle Song," so simple that no Broadway manager would touch it, "L'Invitation au Voyage" may next winter be taken to the inexplicable heart of the public.

Miss Le Gallienne seems above all a happy person. Her poise is more than a social manner, it comes from within. She is busy doing the thing she loves best to do, her life filled with an absorbing interest. Like a musician the immaterial beauty she is creating comes immeasurably first with her. She has the calm radiance of a woman in love, and she is in love, with an intellectual passion impossible to most women, with her work. It must be this contentment that preserves, in spite of the mental and physical strains of her life, the fresh air and appearance of a young girl. For her the days seem to fly. It seems hardly a week since she opened in New York last fall with "The Good Hope." The hours go so fast that she thinks "Another year gone, and so much that I want to do!" You wonder how this exuberant spirit, this vitality, can sink itself in the hopeless inaction of "The Cherry Orchard" or the devastating boredom of "Hedda."

### TO RETIRE IN FIVE YEARS

The reason for this is evident. Living is an adventure. Life interests and amuses her, in all its forms. Though the theatre has been the centre of her existence since her childhood, it does not seem incongruous to hear her say that in five years more she will be through with the stage. When the Civic Repertory Theatre is standing sturdily on its own feet, she plans to withdraw. Her first steps are already planned. Next season the play bills of the company, like those of the Metropolitan opera, will read "The Cherry Orchard. Nazimova, Le Gallienne, Brecher, Kruger." In this way the enterprise will already become less identified with her name.

And what will she do then? "Oh, just live"—with a wave of the hand—"you know, just live my life the way I want to live." There is always an intense interest in discovering what constitutes "living my life the way I want to live" for any new person, and particularly for a definite personality like Eva Le Gallienne, but she can explain no more definitely than "Oh, lots of animals and playing the fiddle—you know, playing to a few friends—and watching a bud come out. Don't you ever watch buds come out?" She evokes another age, far removed from our restless today, a time when Leonardo lay for hours watching one tiny flower unfold, when living was in itself a fine art. It is quite possible to picture Miss Le Gallienne, five years from now, bending her slender neck over a book in some quiet garden. She will have heavy earrings of turquoise or carved gold in her ears, and her own strange beauty like a pale little Russian princess, and she will sit very quietly in her garden without a single pricking thought about wasting her sweetness on the desert air.

## CASELLA CONDUCTS 217 HIGH SCHOOL PLAYERS

Rehearsal of Juvenile Symphony Held in Hotel Statler

Alfredo Casella, leader of the Pops concerts, was conductor yesterday of 217 picked high school players who comprise the juvenile symphony orchestra that is to present a concert at Mechanics hall tomorrow night.

Dr. Victor L. F. Robmann rehearsal conductor introduced Mr. Casella to the players, who had gathered in the Georgian room at the Hotel Statler for their first rehearsal as a single orchestra.

When he gave the "attacking note" signal with his baton the youngsters broke into Berlioz' march "Racoczy" from "The Damnation of Faust." He tried them with many signals and found that they responded promptly and in unison.

"It would be difficult for professionals to play as well under the same conditions," he said after the conclusion of the piece.



# WINS REPERTORY \$1000 PLAY PRIZE

Competing with students in many of the leading colleges and universities of the country, Verne Roosevelt Jay of Cedar Falls, Ia., won the prize of \$1000 offered by the trustees of the Repertory Theatre of Boston for the best play upholding to American youth a concept of faith in life.

Mr. Jay, a student during the past year in the playwriting division of the Repertory Theatre Workshop, was the unanimous choice of the judges, who were unaware of the identity of any of the 50 or more contestants who submitted manuscripts.

## JUDGES PROMINENT

The judges were Winthrop Ames, Dr. John H. Finlay of the New York Times, David Belasco, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman and Mrs. Henry Jewett. These judged the best of the plays selected for their final separate reading.

The prize play is entitled "S. S. Incorporated." It will be put in production at the opening of the Repertory Theatre season next October.

The competition was open to students in all colleges, universities and dramatic schools throughout the country. Jan. 1 of this year was the closing date for submitting manuscripts.

The award of the prize was made last night at an informal reception to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hampden and other guests in the library of the Repertory Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Hampden came directly from the Shubert Theatre following the performance of "An Enemy of the People."

Other guests included Edith Barrett, who has played leading parts in Mr. Hampden's company, and who will be with the Repertory company next season, and Dallas Anderson, formerly of the Repertory company, and now with Mr. Hampden.

J. Weston Allen presided at the simple exercises incidental to the award. Mr. Jay received the felicitations of the gathering.

Before coming to Boston, he attended Cornell College, at Mt. Vernon, Ia., and spent three seasons in dramatic companies on the middle western Chautauquas. During the last two years he has written a number of amateur modern plays around religious themes, which have been given in churches in New England and Chicago. While in Boston he has made his home at 207 Huntington avenue.

May 26 1928

When was the statement that witches were burned alive in Salem first made; how first published it? This question may now be asked, for certain reviews of Esther Forbes's singular novel, "A Mirror for Witches," speak of burning instead of hanging, reviewers who should be better informed. The novel, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, is a singular one. Written in an archaic manner, with woodcuts by Robert Gibbings that remind one of the pictures in coarsely printed chap-books, the full title is in the old vein:

"A Mirror for Witches, in which is relected the Life, Machinations and cath of Famous Doll Bilby, who with more than feminine perversity, preferred a Demon to a Mortal Lover. ere is also told how and why a Righteous and Most Awful JUDGEMENT befall her, destroying both Corporeal body and Immortal Soul."

Doll was not burned or hanged: she died in prison. "She lay with her round eyes open to the ceiling, and her expression was one of peace and content," wrote Goody Goochey, who proved to be a woman, but a man, was found half-drowned in her cell: he averred to his dying day that he had seen "the scaly black demon come at him with great hands outstretched to his throat, and that was the last he could really remember until certain ones tumbled him out into the snow." He was sure that a great concourse of "spectrals and infernals" had filled the cell. They had danced, sung and made much of the witch, praising her, encouraging her, etc. Because the man was known to be an impostor (he had for many years made it his habit to impersonate a woman) and because of his swinish, drunken ways, many did not believe what he said.

Doll was born of a wicked witch-woman and a warlock. The two with others were burned at Mount Hoel in Brittany. "Black smoke, screams of death, stench of flesh settled down over town and harbor, causing sickness and even vomiting." A wild child, more animal or goblin than human being, would have followed her mother, but Captain Ared Bilby, an Englishman, the owner of a brig in the harbor, took her in his arms, and in 1663 brought her to the colony at Massachusetts Bay. He made his home a few miles from Salem. The child for days after she was rescued would scream, "Le feu! Le feu!" and laugh horribly. Had she been to the Black Mass with her mother and sworn to serve the Prince of Hell? Bilby was fond of Doll. She bewitched him. "Nor did the affection which Bilby gave his Doll ever seem like the love which men feel to their children, but rather the darker and often unholy passion which is evoked by mature, or almost mature women—a passion which witches, when young and comely, have often engendered with ferocious intensity." Bilby's wife Hannah, a jealous, sterile woman, hated Doll.

Has Miss Forbes read a story by Algernon Blackwood, of an Englishman who passed a long time, as he thought, in a French village where witches had once been burned; where his landlady and her daughter dreaded fire; where at night the villagers took the shape of cats—the story told by the haunted traveler to John Silence, who found out that years before witches had been burned there? Not that there is any close relation between Blackwood's hair-raising story and the fantastic novel by Miss Forbes, except the survival in Doll's mind of scenes at the Sabbath and the burning.

As Doll grew up her pranks were surely inspired by the Black Man whose name was without doubt in his book, his Social Register. Young men fell under her spell, as Mr. Titus Thumb, who was somewhat surprised when seeing an Indian riding Ahab the vicious bull he fired at him with a sure aim, but, lo! the savage was there no more; instead Doll stood with her hands clasped to her heart. There was no mark of blood on her gray gown; not a hole or tear in it; yet when Doll next wore it, there was above the heart a patch to cover a hole no larger than a sixpence.

Doll cared for no human lover. She sighed for the Prince of Darkness; not alluring him to her at first, she was contented with one of his retainers. Could Goody Greene aid her in her wooing? On top of a haystack, at the burning of a barn—Doll sickened at the smell of swine caught in the flames—for she could not forget the holocaust of Mount Hoel—she had strange talk with one of the fallen angels. He told her the only souls that suffered in hell were those of God's subjects who had angered him and had not promised to serve Satan. Her parents roamed happily in hell and found cool breezes there. They conversed with great princes and kings; her mother, a kindly woman, gave water to those who were burning and fanned away the smoke. Was this unearthly visitor a fiend, or a jocose pirate who had shortly before escaped from punishment? And was good Mr. Zelley, who defended her when she was brought to trial, himself bewitched?

Among the finest pages in this wild tale is the account of the trial at which Judge Lollimour and Judge Bride of the Court of Assistants, Boston, sat in state, refreshing themselves at noon by eating bloaters and drinking rum punch at the Black Moon, Bride saying to Lollimour that the miserable affair was due to the town's need of excitement, the jealous widow Bilby, the wench herself who in her own ungodly way was a pretty mouse. At the trial Mr. Mather of Boston "prayed most decently, and as if in sight of God's most awful throne." The testimony of the witnesses is given in full. Doll was questioned. Asked to recite the Lord's prayer, she began, "Ever for, glory the and, power the, kingdom the," continuing in this backward order, though she did not err in reciting until she came to "Lead us not into temptation." No wonder Mr. Zelley clenched his hands until his knuckles went white. Goody Greene screamed to the judges that Doll never saw or talked with a devil. "She saw my own son, Shadrach; he was wanted for pravity—Heaven help me, I hid him by day, but he prowled by night."

Judge Bride to Doll: "Did not your conscience hurt? Did you not know that you lived with this strange lover in sin?"

Doll: "I begged him to marry me. So he did."

Judge Bride: "A most virtuous and homely friend. And did you find clerk or magistrate to register your vows?"

Doll: "No, we married ourselves."

Judge Bride: "Ah, the Governor of Connecticut but recently gave you an example."

And what is the conclusion of the story?

"In those days there were signs and wonders that will not come again. In those days God was nearer to man than He is to-day, and where God is there also must be His Evil Opponent—the Prince of Lies, for show me Paradise, and there, around a corner, I will show you Hell."

As the World Wags:

We're packing, and we're packing fast,

after reading that a Kansas woman is suing Congress for \$200,000 because her son died "after partaking of alcohol as a beverage, said alcohol having been poisoned by order of the secretary of the treasury." Britannia, here we come!

R. H. L.

# HAS NO HOBBY, SAYS HAMPDEN

By RENA GARDNER

If Polonius is right, and the apparel oft proclaims the man, Walter Hampden is in all outward respects a gentleman of the first rank and fashion. That is, he wears a well-worn suit of a tweedish material, comfortable shoes, inconspicuous linen and necktie, and carries his cigarettes in a paper package. They are one of those brands that you walk a mile for.

He looks like a country gentleman, except for a general aura of intelligence. In fact, his appearance is in all respects neat but not gaudy. As for the face that has moved a thousand audiences and raz'd the indifference of Boston down, it is the same face whose play of expression you watch breathlessly as Guido or Hamlet—keen, fine, with thin mobile lips, a well-formed aquiline nose, and humorous gray eyes.

He has that somewhat disconcerting air of observing all the little human frailties and follies behind your best social manner, but kindly, with a large lack of judgment. There is something of sitting apart on a height about Walter Hampden, an impersonality. It may accompany a constant association with the mind of Shakespeare.

## A SIMPLE MAN

The most striking single thing about Hampden is his simplicity. You are in the presence, theatrically speaking, of Zeus—and there are no heralds, nor even a rose-colored shade to the light. His dressing room wears a bleak air of perfect efficiency. Two straight and ugly cane chairs, naked glaring electric bulbs over an orderly make-up shelf, four drab walls with the soft pastels of Guido's costumes the only spot of color. Even the bright green-and-white-checked oilcloth about the wash basin he supplied himself.

You feel an impulse to send him a gardenia, but you know he'd never wear it. A page boy in a tunic of forest green and mauve tights enters and whispers "Your valet?" hopelessly, thinking of frilly French maids and pet monkeys in the rooms of various beautiful divas or actresses. "No, I have no valet, not even a secretary. I do everything myself," says Walter Hampden.

## ALL WORK FOR THIS PLAYER

He does, literally, do everything himself. He directs, manages, selects new plays, chooses the actors and actresses for his company, and acts himself, eight performances each week. In 10 years he has had but one vacation. When he is not acting he is reading new plays, for his next season, or planning the coming production. There is never a minute that his mind is away from the theatre. He feels a constant sense of pressure and hurry simply because he is so busy, but he is never really nervously upset unless something goes wrong on the stage during a performance. If the lights are bad, or an expected off-stage noise horribly fails to occur, then he feels very harried, and ashamed, and altogether upset. For the rest of the time his system of all work and no play seems to agree with him, and certainly it has made him anything but a dull boy.

Walter Hampden really can't think of any outside interests. He hasn't time for them. He is as great a specialist as a bacteriologist. He never reads, and regrets that. "In fact," he says, "I've never read all the plays of Shakespeare. Imagine that!" "But," he continues, "I have read the ones I've acted in."

## THE ONCE OVER

He has also read "The Ring and the Book" once. On that one three months' vacation he took a slow boat to Europe, and during the eight days at sea he read every word of "The Ring and the Book," and enjoyed it, too.

For exercise he rolls over in bed, and then rolls back again, or he walks to the theatre or from the theatre. And in the summer when he is busy with new plays and plans for production, he plays tennis with Mrs. Hampden, at his home in Ridgefield, Ct. Or he helps wash the dishes, for Walter Hampden's country estate is one of those isolated affairs where servants are but creatures of the moment. In the winters, when he can, he fences. He is very fond of fencing, which accounts for a certain realism in Cyrano and Hamlet.

His next play will apparently offer little opportunity for the foils. It is based on the story of Buddha, and takes place a good many years ago, in India. Buddha leaves his home and friends, to seek truth and knowledge. Buddha also loves, and leaves his love.

Again Mr. Hampden is to lose or leave his lady—Cyrano lost Roxanne, Hamlet, Ophelia; Guido, Pompilia. Always the loveliness of the maiden on the Grecian urn, that poignant beauty of the unattainable. But it doesn't seem quite right for Mr. Hampden, who is eminently fitted to attain almost any lady. However, he says, "We do but play a part," and in so-called real life he succeeded in marrying Mrs. Hampden, so there you are.

When you see a man who has reached the top of his path in life, whatever it may be, you wonder whether he is content. If he is the most famous scientist of the Rockefeller Foundation, perhaps he has always thought he would have made a better soft-shoe dancer than Jack Donohue, or if he is a Wall street genius, there may be a gnawing sense that a second John Singer Sargent is lost to the world. Walter Hampden has arrived at the peak. Although he himself "does not feel that he is anywhere in particular," in the minds of the vulgar he is certainly the leading figure of our stage. If he had his life over again he would never be an actor, nor will he have his son an actor.

He has, however, no hidden longing to be anything else. Perhaps, if he were to be an artist, a musician would be his choice (the "fools on the cello a little," now) but what he really would like to be in his next incarnation, is a shepherd. He considers that sitting on a warm rock in a green field, playing a pipe to little lambs and things, sounds very attractive. He'd like to do a great

deal of lying down in the pasture, when not playing to the lambs, and possibly look at the sky. In fact complete idleness would suit him admirably.

## "OH, IT'S NICE," ETC.

There is one thing to be said, however, in Mr. Hampden's opinion, for the actor's profession. The magnet, the intangible, fatal attraction that holds the children of Thespis, is the fact that they never need get up early in the morning. This basic fact Mr. Hampden considers as far more fascinating than applause. In fact, applause and the bowing an answer to it make him feel rather foolish. He is never quite happy when answering curtain calls. On the other hand, if the curtain fell in an absolute silence he'd feel somewhat like Lincoln after the Gettysburg address. Therefore applause, though not his reason for living, is necessary to an actor's happiness.

The art of acting, Mr. Hampden says, is a difficult one, deceptive, as it looks so very simple. One is always learning, and can never say "Now that is finished." With each of his plays one that calls for the most finished and perfect expression of this art, you might imagine that Mr. Hampden would long for a vacation in something glittering and ephemeral, some Noel Cowardish piece of brilliance.

But, "Why should I?" he says. "I have bits of comedy in Shakespeare, and I love them. There is a light scene in Caposacchi and I love doing it."

As for any lowering of his standard of taste, playing about in the middle reaches of the drama, that does not even occur to Mr. Hampden. Shakespeare is his enthusiasm—"the only dramatist worth giving." Even if he hasn't read all the plays, for those he has read he knows every phrase, understands each word. "But my problem is not to know the Shakespearean play myself, but to make the public know it, to make it clear to everyone in the audience." "Do you like Hamlet?" continues Mr. Hampden, and on receiving an affirmative, "So do I. And you and I are in the minority, unfortunately today we are in the minority. But for those who like Hamlet, on Saturday they will see more Hamlet than they have ever seen. We are playing almost an uncut version."

To use an overworked and sadly misapplied word, Mr. Hampden leaves an impression of "culture," a quality apart from education. He has learned enough to realize that he knows very little. He would be at a loss in the presence of H. L. Mencken, and undoubtedly would be constantly saying "I never heard of him," or "I'm sorry to say I never read it." But if he should be moved to express an opinion, all conversation would cease while he spoke.

As for education, Mr. Hampden has that, too. He is not only a Harvard graduate, but a Wellesley girl, an honorary member of the class of 1926. In fact, he beat out the Prince of Wales for the position.

# 'THE DRAG NET' AT THE METROPOLITAN

"The Drag Net," a film melodrama starring George Bancroft from an original story written for the screen by Oliver H. P. Garrett, directed by Josef von Sternberg, is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:



The Mazie  
Two-Gun Nolan  
Tapper Frank Trent  
"Gabby" Steve  
Sinner Dawson  
Shakespeare  
Evelyn Brent  
George Bancroft  
William Powell  
Fred Kohler  
Francis MacDonald  
Leslie Fenton

The idea of having "The Drag Net" dug up by future generations and shown to an astonished public with perhaps the conviction that the newspaper man who wrote it knew all about the way the best crooks lived, is a bit startling. Perhaps our children's grandchildren will approve of the rather novel method the host used in silencing an over-talkative guest. He took him away from the dinner table and shot him. There may be other things which will give a good impression of our sense and taste and according to this latest "Underworld," night clubs are still peopled with desperate characters.

The last scene in Hamlet had better look to its laurels. The movies are putting it all over that rather mild display of emotion, sword-play and poison.

Director Von Sternberg is master of the situation. With most of the same characters and business which helped to make him in "Underworld" he, once again, keeps his drama at white heat. George Bancroft molds his virile accomplishments to the form of a detective captain whose business it is to round up the gang headed by the elegant William Powell.

In the work in which they have been specialized, these two players have no equals on the screen. It takes no mean talent to kill and be killed every few months and always do it with zest and conviction. Evelyn Brent is as calmly practical as ever—in startling costumes and with a strong will all of her own.

There is a lack of story material in this film which is not missed because of the players and the directors. It is incredible stuff which holds one spell-bound.

The revue this week is "Sunny Skies" featuring Gene Rodemich and his band.  
C. M. D.

## TRY-OUT THEATRE TO GIVE 'RAT TRAP'

Will Open Spring Season in  
Wellesley May 29

The first play on the spring season program of the Try-Out Theatre, Wellesley, will be Noel Coward's "The Rat Trap," scheduled for presentation on Tuesday evening, May 29.

The purpose of the Try-Out Theatre is to produce new plays that heretofore have never been set on any stage, plays which, so far as is possible, have been written by American playwrights. Also, the Try-Out Theatre wishes to sponsor exhibitions of art by local artists and to give recitals of music, poetry, and the dance. A full week of activity at the theatre was well received last fall.

The second concert of the spring season takes place today. Soloists of the Harvard Glee Club will sing. Special attention will be given to the music of Harvard's young composer, Clair T. Leonard. Miss Katherine Warren, a graduate of Dana Hall, Wellesley, and a member of the company of the Repertory Theatre of Boston will read.

"The Rat Trap," will be given on three successive evenings, May 29, May 30 and May 31. It will then be given on alternate evenings, the odd dates being devoted to the presentation of a series of one-act plays, with concerts occasionally interspersed.

All the artists appearing at the Try-Out Theatre will give their services without charge.

The directors of the theatre are Judith Elder, Katherine Warren and Leighton Rollins. The manager is Robert Cass. The guarantors are Dr. and Mrs. William Hewson Baltzell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis Beebe, Mr. and Mrs. Gamaliel Bradford, Miss Helen Temple Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H. Curtiss, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee Higginson II, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond E. Huntington, Mrs. John E. Oldham, Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Purdy, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Rollins, Daniel Sargent, Robert Gould Shaw, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shaw.

### THE LECTURER AT THE CLUB

(For As the World Wags)

The lady who lectures the ladies today is reading Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay—

The poetess of kitchen geranium pots,  
Of father's old trousers and lots and lots

Love and naughtiness set into sonnets  
Prickly verses that sting you like hornets,

Classical, homely, dramatic together,

And whether the poetry club likes it,  
or whether  
It says to itself, "For goodness' sakes,  
dear,  
How very much weaker than William  
Shakespeare!"  
Still it will be found that the lady's new  
verse  
Is classical, homely, dramatic and terse.  
MARSHALL SCHACHT.

"The Oxford Book of American Verse," chosen and edited by Bliss Carman, has been reviewed by an astonishing contributor to the Literary Supplement of the London Times. Let us examine the gentleman's bumps. His treatment of Edgar Allan Poe is enough—more than enough. "Poetically he is the inferior even of Longfellow . . . Nature is completely absent from his work . . . He had no roots, and he withered away . . . The power to endure, that was not in Poe. He gave a new shudder to fiction, but not a new beauty to poetry."

Compare this comment with the opinion of William Ernest Henley, a poet himself of no mean order, and a master of criticism. This criticism is expressed in the preface to his anthology of "English Lyrics: Chaucer to Poe." "After Keats there is no fresher note, until we hear from over the Atlantic, the artful, subtle, irresistible song of Poe: the New Music which none that has heard it can forget, and which, if you listen for it, you will catch in much of the melody that has since found utterance since Mr. Swinburne, working after Baudelaire, shocked and enchanted the world with his First Series of 'Poems and Ballads.'"

Mr. Herkimer Johnson would be glad to receive a list of the men who married snake charmers of circus side shows and dime museums; also the name of the Two-Headed Nightingale's husband, with short biographical sketches if possible. He will give credit in his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast," to those furnishing any information.

"Looker On" in the Daily Chronicle (London): "The other day I saw an old lady pick up a piece of coal, put it to her lips and place it carefully in her handbag. When I got home an authority informed me that this was for luck, and I discovered that there are people who keep pieces of coal permanently about their persons. If coal is lucky, may-blossom, which is now out, is unlucky, and strong men shudder when their innocent children bring sprays into the house. On the other hand, it must be disconcerting to students of this sort of thing that some superstitions are dying out. One no longer sees children making a cross on the toe of the boot on meeting a white horse. We shall soon have to think of a Superstition Survival Society."

### MR. AND MRS. SKAT

As the World Wags:

This is station SPAT. Mr. and Mrs. Skat are sitting in their respective corners of the domestic prize ring. We will have the orchestra supply atmosphere by playing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"John, when we die, where are we going to be buried?"

"Oh, I don't know, Gettysburg or somewhere."

"No more of that, I am serious. My folks have a lovely large lot at Gulls-ville, on the Maine coast. The view is lovely—it overlooks the ocean."

"What odds does the view make? We ain't going to see it."

"Oh, I know, but it's the thought."

"You won't be thinking, will you? Besides, me buried next to your mother, nothing doing. We didn't speak for 10 years."

"It was all your fault."

"Of course, of course, it always is—not. Besides, why not be buried in my family lot in Bassville?"

"Who, me? Don't make me laugh. It is swampy and damp, rheumatism and everything."

"What do you think, you would be going there to live? Besides, all these places are so peaceful we would both be homesick. Cut it out, about graveyards, and let's go to the movies."

Exit march by orchestra, "Peace at Last."  
JAMES L. EDWARDS.

### ONE EDISON

As the World Wags:

Tom Edison never worked at 109 State street. He blew into 83 State street one December day, wearing a straw hat. The boys thought him a fine subject for some fun, so they sat him down at my old wire and put a huge pile of blanks under his nose, called up New York on another wire;

The production of "Caponsacchi," the stage settings and stage business, and the performance were more striking than the play itself. One expects improbabilities in melodrama, but they should not be too glaring. Take, for instance, the scene beneath Pompilia's chamber window in Guido's house. The scoundrel has laid a trap for the priest, and gloats over the revenge to come. His men are ready. What does he do? He enters the house. Caponsacchi and Conti come beneath the window. There is talk loud enough to awaken the inmates. The wife and the priest plan her deliverance after an interchange of compliments. Where are Guido and his men? There is no interruption, much less a scene of attempted murder.

The centenary of Ibsen's birth has called forth many critical essays in the European press. Perhaps the most appreciative were those published in Paris, where for several years Ibsen and his plays were scorned, held up to ridicule. More than one critic deplored the fact that a Scandinavian fog had chilled and darkened the Parisian theatres to which courageous managers had welcomed the Norwegian. The government of Norway has issued Ibsen postage stamps in honor of its great dramatist. In Boston last week we were fortunate in seeing two of his plays, "Hedda Gabler," in which Miss Le Gallienne gave an admirable portrayal of the detestable heroine; the "Enemy of the People," with Mr. Hampden as Dr. Stockmann.

What sort of a woman was Ibsen's wife? This is a pertinent question, when the character of his respective heroines is taken into consideration. A contributor to a Paris journal says that she was authoritative, free from vanity, disliking publicity, little known, not caring to be known. In the years of Ibsen's poverty, she cooked for him, and continued to do so until his death. Even when they were in comfortable circumstances she was thrifty, always traveling third class. She never shared in honors paid him. When his 70th year was celebrated she refused to attend a gala performance and would not appear on the balcony with him in response to the acclamations of the crowd. Crippled by rheumatism, she kept the house for 14 years. "I lived so much in the air when I was young," she said, "I do not need it now." Unable to visit her husband's tomb, she awaited calmly the end. Never having passed a day in bed, she wished to die upright; she died at the age of 78, seated in an arm chair. She took pride in having, at the risk of making many enemies for herself, kept away all those who would have taken up uselessly her husband's time and prevented him from working. "Does she not also, this woman who voluntarily effaced herself, deserve remembrance in these days of commemoration?"

A strange story about Ibsen is told in the German newspapers. He lived for some years at Munich where he took daily his afternoon coffee at the Cafe Maximilian. Visitors went there to see him. Once he took a holiday of six weeks. During his absence the cafe was less frequented. The despondent landlord had an idea. He engaged an actor to make himself up as Ibsen—white whiskers, gold spectacles, old-fashioned clothes—to sit in Ibsen's corner, drink coffee and read the Norwegian newspapers. Again the cafe was crowded. As the story goes, Ibsen returned in time to see his double, who rose from his seat undisturbed and left the room.

Now comes a more incredible story. This actor, rejoicing in his success as an impersonator of the dramatist, crossed the Atlantic to appear before the curtain at the end of a play by Ibsen, as "the author"; and not discouraged by Ibsen's death, he played this joke for many years afterwards.

Stories are now told of M. de Curel, the leading French dramatist, who died a few weeks ago. It was his habit to visit circuses and moving picture houses to lose himself in the crowd. He said to a friend, "It helps me in my work. Spectacular revues aid me more than anything else in arranging my ideas." Edouard Schneider was in Switzerland in 1917 to visit Carl Spitteler, the poet and essayist. Curel was in the house. A room had been given to him for writing; it was adjoining the one in which the poet's daughters played the piano, for Curel liked to work in noisy surroundings; and music was to him a stimulant. The father was driven frantic by his girls practising their exercises, but Curel, joyful, would shout to them: "Louder! Louder! Pound more! More force!"

Professor Strnad of Vienna wishes Reinhardt to produce a modern version of "Don Giovanni." Purists should not object because "Mozart does not mention any definite date or time in his opera." True; probably he could not find appropriate music for it. While Don Giovanni is singing the "champagne" air, Leporello, his valet, will be putting him into evening dress. At the supper for the Statue, Don Giovanni will wear a smoking jacket; the ladies will dress sumptuously in the modern manner, exposing arms, backs and legs.

We read that Professor Strnad is "one of the most original artists in Vienna." Perhaps he has a scheme for a modernized "Tristan and Isolde."

This reminds us that somebody in New York objected to dressing the men and women of "Hedda Gabler" in the costumes of today. Why not? They are men and women of any period. Besides, the costumes of 1928 well became Miss Le Gallienne.

"Social" differences between theatre and cinema are discussed in London. Some think cloakroom fees suffer in the cinemas because clothes do not matter in a hall where they cannot be seen. "Opera glasses, too, can hardly be in request; was it not 'Punch' who described as a 'gourmand' the man watching a close-up of the heroine through opera-glasses? And who wants programs of a film which is all too self-explanatory. As for chocolates, the cinema-goer's appetite is probably larger than the theatre-goer's, but there is not the same social pressure to eat them out of a decorative and unnecessary box. In all ways, it will be seen, the film makes for simplicity of life."

Boston is, indeed, off the map as far as visiting theatrical companies are concerned. London saw "The Show Boat" on May 3. When will Bostonians see it in their own city?



Mr. James Agate found the telling of the story inept and clumsy; and the whole pith and essence of the play was the story, it was distressing to see the story frittered away. "You were left to guess at the main structure of the tale while attention was focussed upon the unimportant and essential. The result was rather like living in a house which is complete with sun-blinds, flower-boxes and ornamental door-knocker, but lacks stairs and a roof. . . . It is typical of the piece that Mr. Robeson, magnificent actor, exquisite singer and a man cut out in such pattern as Michael Angelo might have designed, had to be given nothing whatever to do except doddle about with a duster."

An exhibition of autographed pictures of famous contemporary musicians is on view at the Boston Public Library, through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Y. Porter of Boston. The collection, which embraces over 300 autographed pictures, is one of the largest of its kind. It includes composers, orchestral conductors, jazz orchestra conductors, bandmasters, orchestral groups, instrumental ensembles and artists well known through the operatic and concert platform, phonograph and radio. Pianists, organists, harpists and choral groups of international fame are all represented. In addition to the autographed pictures there are many pictures of artists of the past, unautographed. The exhibition will last through June 3.

I am certain that we are on the verge of a great revival of all intellectual life in this country. Our theatre will ascend again to glory when the revival comes and one of the proudest pleasures I shall then enjoy—for I must live to see the revival in full force—will be the spectacle of the ex-counter jumpers and lard-merchants and marine-store dealers who now govern our theatre selling matches in the streets.—St. John Ervine in the Observer (London).

Cyril Scott, who, when he visited Boston, told an astonished hostess complimenting him on his music, that he was only a tube through which passing spiritual messages turned into music, is now quoted as saying: "At one time music was an art; it has now become a vice." This would not matter so much, he added, if it could be seen and not heard; but there is no way of escaping it, except, perhaps, in Parliament and the law courts. "While admiring gramophones and wireless, he did not equally admire the people who used them. Gramophones and wireless have become habits instead of pleasures."

Where do producers of revues and musical comedies find so many shapely girls for their chorus, is a question often asked. It was put to the late George Edwardes of the Gaiety. He used to say that his best recruiting ground was the West end shops of London. He begged women he knew when they were out shopping to keep their eyes open for girls of outstanding appearance or figure. "It does not matter a fig," he declared, "whether they can sing or dance or not. So long as they look well and know how to wear their clothes, I'll see they are taught the rest."

asked them to put their fastest sender in No. 1 and rush the stuff like lightning. Then they gathered round to watch the fun. Tom was not worried a bit. At the end of half an hour or so the New York man, not getting any breaks, asked: "Are you there?" Tom's reply was: "Try the other foot."

Tom was a beautiful penman. It was a mystery how he could write that way at high speed. Finally it was found out that the faster the sending, the finer he wrote—that is, the smaller. He was a wonderful operator. I had gone into the hat business. One day I sold him a silk hat. I asked him years afterward if he remembered it, but he couldn't recall the hat. I had expected to find him wearing it. He was never particular about his apparel.

OLD TELEGRAPHER.

As the World Wags:

In the barber shop Saturday morning the fella in the chair next to me suddenly emitted a howl and shouted: "Wow! but that towel's hot!" And the barber calmly replied: "Yes, that's why I couldn't hold it; I had to drop it some place."

C. S. P. of Brockton, an earnest student of ornithology, sends us these lines:

I like to lie when the day is done,  
At ease in the hammock's pleasant hollows.  
And idly mark how one by one  
The chimney swallows the chimney-swallows.

#### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

Georges de la Fouchardiere with other pupils at school in Paris was asked to write in Latin a theme on old age. He thought of nothing better than to copy two pages of Cicero's "De Senectute," and, knowing that Cicero was regarded as an able writer, he expected to receive the highest mark. He was awarded the sixth in order. His teacher in rhetoric was Rene Doumic, who long afterwards won a reputation as a critic and entered the French Academy. Remy de Gourmont in a savage article described him as "a poor fellow who revenges himself as best he can for his lack of creative imagination and incapability of writing anything except confused and prolix bibliographies."

Letters have been received asking information about Herman Heijermans, the Dutch dramatist, whose tragic play, "The Good Hope," has been revived at the Hollis Street Theatre by Miss Le Gallienne. Heijermans wrote novels, detective stories, as well as plays; a hack jour-

nalist, who barely made a living, for, though he was loved in Amsterdam, there was a small public for his writings. The Dutch in 1900, when "The Good Hope" was written, "had not dropped the ancestral habit of wasting 90 per cent. of their energy upon theological controversies." When Heijermans died of a "long and terrible" sickness he was distressed about the future of his family.

Ellen Terry, by the way, was not the first to take the part of Kniertje in the translation by Miss Christopher St. John of "Op Hoop van Zegen." The first performance in London was by the Stage Society on April 27, 1903. Rosina Filippi played Kniertje; Granville Barker, the justifiably cowardly Barend; Margaret Halston, Jo.

When the play was revived, not for the first time, in 1912, the Referee said that in all the 12 years since the play was written, no public-spirited Dutchman had enforced its lesson. "Apparently the Dutch smackowner can still send men to their death in his over-insured coffin-ships and patched-up sieves of boats. Surely the struggle between man and the ocean is unequal enough . . . without the greed of human sharks being flung into the wrong side of the balance."

Nearly 25 years before the writing of "The Good Hope," Samuel Plimsoll had dealt in the House of Commons with the question of heavily insured "coffin-ships," with the result that the merchant shipping act was passed in 1876. The compulsory load-line is still known as the plimsoll mark.

Mr. Lucien Price of Williamstown saw "The Good Hope" at the Hollis Street Theatre last week. He writes to us as follows:

"Twenty-one years ago it ('The Good Hope') was being played in the self-same theatre, with Ellen Terry as the old widow of the fisherman, and Suzanne Sheldon as the peasant girl. Seeing it then, I did not remember ever to have been so moved by a play." It set Mr. Price "exploring the wharves of Boston and Gloucester, and the fishing ports of Maine and Nova Scotia to learn whether such tragic and heroic lives of seafarers existed on our own coast, and I quickly discovered that they did. Curious to see how the play would sound after 21 years, I found that it makes a dozen points to every one that, as a boy, I was able to get. What is more, hardly an incident in it but could be duplicated by what I have heard from the lips of seafarers of our own coast. One of these related how he and his mates were told by a shipowner: 'We risk our ships. All you risk is your lives.'"

"This is so close to life that the dram-

atist must have lived with and intimately known all the people in it. There are speeches, such as the old fisherman's by the cottage fire on the night of the storm, which I do not believe could be made up. They require years of background-experience to have been formulated, and I think Heijermans must have heard them on some deck or wharf and set them down verbatim. Such work makes even Ibsen seem pallid and literary. Besides, Ibsen's view of his fellow-man was mostly one of cold contempt. Heijermans loves his fellows and takes their part with white-hot passion. When it comes to the last act of 'The Good Hope,' I do not remember ever to have heard capitalism attacked with such concentrated ferocity. He does not seem to miss a possible point that can be scored, and the object of his scorn seems positively to writhe and shrivel, which may explain why the London reviews of the play in pre-war days used to be so gingerly. There is a depth of passion and sincerity in this work which surprises an answering sincerity out of the listener.

"It was interesting to read the reviews of the play on Tuesday morning. Every reviewer wrote better than usual. There is one remarkable feat in the performance which, however, they did not accent and that is Mr. Charles McCarthy's playing of the boy who was afraid to go to sea. The youngster who played this part with Miss Terry made it a ghastly spectacle of sheer physical cowardice." Mr. McCarthy gives this scene a tragic dignity: he shows a fear that is not ignoble. The thing is somehow spiritualized: it is the horror of a fine nature at being destroyed by coarser ones, and, as such, is a horror which lies close to the very heart of tragedy; and one suspects that the reason this spirited young actor can give such a moving exhibition of fear is because there is so little of it in his make-up."

Surely Mr. Price did not read all the London reviews, or he would not have characterized them as "gingerly." Those published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 4, 1912, the Daily Telegraph of the same date, also of April 28, 1903, the Referee of Nov. 10, 1912, were long and fully appreciative of the tragic power of the play. H. M. Walbrook of the Pall Mall Gazette found Miss Terry's portrayal of Kniertje entirely inadequate and attacked it violently. The Daily Telegraph said of Granville Barker, who took the part of Barend in 1903: "An exceedingly vivid study of cowardice carried out with an appealing effect almost too much for our nerves." Did the dramatist intend that Barend should show a naturally "fine nature"?

"Lucio" of the Manchester Guardian wrote these verses apropos of Henry Ford sailing for this country:

#### AN APT SOBRIQUET

"Traveling in the names of Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford sailed home in the White Star liner Majestic."—News item.

Mr. Robinson has left us;  
Mr. Robinson, our John,  
Has deliberately bereft us  
Of his presence and is gone!  
U. S. A. and things domestic  
Must have called him from our group,  
So he booked by the Majestic  
And has simply "flew the coop."

"Like the snowfall in the river"  
(Which is Burns, I ought to say),  
Or the earliest sort of flivver,  
He has vanished clean away:  
Which is not unusual hearing  
In the case of Master John,  
For the art of disappearing  
Was an art at which he shone.

Skilled reporters sought him daily  
Every instant of his trip—  
Unperturbed and even gaily  
He could give them all the slip;  
So this tribute one may pay to  
Mr. Robinson, our John—  
Ere one could say "Jack Robinson"  
Jack Robinson had gone!  
"Flew the coop"—elegant Americanism, inserted out of compliment to Mr. John Robinson's home country, and signifying a sudden departure from any place or dwelling without formal notice or leave-taking.

Art, like morality, consists in drawing the line somewhere.—G. K. Chesterton.

Young folks want a positive religion, and are not much interested in most of the Ten Commandments.—The Rev. M. E. Aubrey.

I have never expected the millennium as a result of the women's vote.—Mrs. Philip Snowden.

Lord Aylesford, stopped by a policeman inquisitive about his motor speed, observed: "I hope I get my photograph into the papers for this." It is a humble ambition, and easily achieved—if he is not particular as to his company.—The Observer.

## SOCIETY SEES BOXING BOUTS

By RENA GARDNER

The Copley-Plaza ballroom last night retained its rose-shaded side-lights and great crystal chandeliers, but it was enlivened by the addition of a brilliantly illuminated ring. Around the ring spread a sea of gold chairs, the same chairs that form an orderly ring along the walls at a ball, or politely encircle small tables at a Foreign Policy lunch. Occupants spread in patches—a dinner party of the younger married set, white satin and pearls, sleek bobbed heads, dinner coats and white carnations, come for the novelty or for something to do on Monday evening. Then a group of young men about town, whose interest in fighters dates from their Harvard days, when they rowed, struggled on a football field, or put the shot. They take their boxing seriously, even if it is in the Copley-Plaza, and are dressed in street clothes.

In one corner sit an older group, with the unvarying beautiful white waved heads that form one of Boston's prides and peculiarities, looking as though they were watching "Rigoletto"—glittering brocade evening cloaks over stately black gowns. Large stretches of empty little gold chairs indicate those who subscribe to the Olympic fund, but not to boxing as an amusement. Here and there cluster four or five debutante ushers. With smooth unmarked young faces, red ribbons across their chests, curls over each pretty ear, they watch seriously, holding piles of programmes "worth as much as you care to give."

#### JACK SHARKEY THERE

The front rows, just under the worn red ropes of the ring, are filled. In addition to some very pretty women they contain Jack Sharkey, whose black hair is the very shiniest in the Copley-Plaza, Tex Rickard, pink and prosperous in a well-cut dinner coat, and Joe Champagne's dark eyes and Italian smile. Boston's stars of the tennis world seem to be all ranged in the first row. George Peabody Gardner and George Wightman hold the best possible position to receive a falling body through the ropes.

At the end of the ballroom, behind an unseen deadline of price, there's a solid mass of the true boxing enthusiasts, here to see the fights. These are all males, not "dressed," caps and sweaters here. The boxers' handlers and the fighters themselves, coats or towels over their bare shoulders, leap forward tensely, hands on knees, or sprawling casually, according to the bout or their natures. This part of the audience has an air of restraint, feels a little repressed by unfamiliar surroundings.

The portion wearing evening clothes, though interested, either know too little or feel too isolated to shout. Bill Hines perches restlessly on one empty chair and then on another. He wears his customary dinner coat, hanging in its usual folds from his bent shoulders—He is easily one of the outstanding characters of the scene—but the ballroom atmosphere has inhibited him. He is silent as the grave, and except for one irrepressible croak of exhortation, might

be posing as "The Boxers' Manager" in the movies. As each pair of fighters slip through the long curtains at the end of the room, his craggy face follows, and a vented rumbling shows that his voice has returned.

#### BANTAMWEIGHTS FIRST

If this show is primarily designed as "boxing for those who have never known it," the ignorant are shown everything fought. First come the bantamweights—118-pound class. They are not old enough to have developed chests and still wear a fragile air left over from childhood. But they are far from delicate; they give and take fiercely for their three rounds. Pale little Joe Sterrett, the winner of the first round, hardly exerts himself to take the decision from Luke Record of Charlestown. These young men lack skill in defence. The audience is treated to an



exhibition of wild swinging, with no very tragic outcome, and in the second round, in the person of Young Robert Baker, to a fighter somewhat handicapped by a flopping fringe of dark curls. Perhaps due to lack of visibility, Baker loses to Robert O'Connell.

Next comes a knockout; that is, one Babe Frayan of Brockton takes the count in the second round for Charles Longo—but this knockout is more technical than actual, as he walks briskly out of the ring. In the 135-pound final the audience sees a foul, a very real and painful one. A complete hush descends as the handlers cluster about Gus Russo in his corner.

#### NO SWOONING

The audience even sees blood, and a great deal of it. Nick Sansa, who makes two appearances and win the 147-pound finals, possesses a large nose and a tender one. Blood on his face, brilliant red, blood on his body, on the gloves of Eddie Button, his opponent, even blood on the tougher Eddie, who avoids bleeding himself. No one swoons, or shrieks, or even gasps at any of the more primitive details of the ring. The beautiful blonde in pink and gold and diamond earrings at the corner of the ring sit immobile as the sweaty fighter turns his head her way and spits into his pair. We have become acclimated to athletics.

We have seen too many limp bodies carried off football fields, or panting on the ground after a two-mile race, to regard boxing as a novelty in brutality. It is undoubtedly a novelty in a new sort of skill—but of too intricate a variety to appreciate without practice. The novices in the audience can imagine the grace of the footwork, and the technique of the blows, but their eyes are too unaccustomed, they cannot follow the dancing hands and feet. To wake them out of that politely interested calm, and have the rafters resound with the shrieks of the fair and the bellows of the brave, the Olympic fund should promote a bull-fight. Or perhaps keep the ring, which is really most picturesque in its setting, and add two quite hungry lions, and a martyr ready to die for his faith.

### "Abie's Irish Rose" Opens at the Plymouth

By PHILIP HALE

**PLYMOUTH THEATRE**—"Abie's Irish Rose," a comedy in three acts by Anne Nichols. When this play was produced in New York at the Fulton Theatre on May 23, 1922, the Cohens were Bernard Gorcey and Mathilde Cotterly; Dr. Samuels, Howard Lang; Solomon Levy, Alfred Wiseman; Abraham Levy, Robert B. Williams; Rosemary Murphy, Marie Carroll; Patrick Murphy, John Cope; Father Whalen, Harry Bradley; Flower Girl, Dorothy Grau.

The cast last night, erroneously advertised as "the original New York cast," was as follows:

Isaac Cohen.....	Bernard Gorcey
Mrs. Isaac Cohen.....	Ida Kramer
Rabbi Jacob Samuels.....	Jack Bertin
Solomon Levy.....	Alfred White
Abraham Levy.....	Harold Shubert
Rosemary Murphy.....	Patricia Quinn
Patrick Murphy.....	John McCabe
Father Whalen.....	Harry Bradley
Flower Girl.....	Clara Burns
Bridesmaids: Phyllis Pintel, Ethel Brown, Dorothy Grau, Olga Jackson.	

Anne Nichols was shrewder, more far-seeing than the managers who contemptuously rejected her play. She knew that by treating humorously and kindly racial and religious differences and prejudices, by reconciling the Jew and the Irishman through their baby grandchildren, by introducing the expected "love interest" at the beginning with a marriage first blessed by a Methodist parson, confirmed later by a rabbi, and made triply sure by a priest of the holy church, she would appeal to thousands of two races and religions. She knew the value of hokum in liberal doses—as in the friendly talk of priest and rabbi who had consoled the dying in the world war irrespective of their faith or want of faith; as in the discourse of the priest concerning human brotherhood. She added for good measure Mr. and Mrs. Cohen with their jests and behavior—Mrs. Cohen unable to forget her operation for appendicitis; her husband with his vaudeville gulps and acrobatics; Mrs. Cohen finally persuaded to watch the cooking of the ham; her husband smacking his lips at the thought of eating it. Obvious as the humor is, audiences for years have guffawed all the heartier; Jews applauding Solomon Levy's cracks at Murphy's expense; the Irish cheering the "come-backs" of the bellicose Murphy; many of neither race amused by the duel of word-play. A shrewd woman this Anne Nichols; great has been her reward. The audience last night enjoyed the

performance without thought or the dramatic unities, rules for the structure of a play, the "long arm of coincidence," subtlety of expression and epigrammatic dialogue. Laughter was hearty and continuous, except when Mr. Bradley as the priest discoursed nobly of religions; then there was rapt attention followed by approving applause. Mr. White's portrayal of Solomon Levy was excellent in characterization, in bringing out racial traits, in affection, in rage, and in the moments of tender recollection. A worthy companion was the Patrick Murphy of Mr. McCabe who is playing the part until Andrew Mack recovers from his illness. Mr. Gorcey's Cohen excited Homeric laughter by his slap-stick methods; the lovers moved the audience to sympathy. We repeat, a shrewd woman is this Anne Nichols.

### "THE CRADLE SONG"

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE**—Eva Le Gallienne in "The Cradle Song" by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra, translated into English by John Garrett Underhill. Presented by the New York Civic Repertory Theatre, with the following cast:

Sister Sacario.....	Jocelyn Gordon
Sister Marcella.....	Beatrice de Neergaard
The Priores.....	Alma Kruser
Sister Joanna of the Cross.....	Eva Le Gallienne
The Mistress of Novices.....	Mary Ward
Sister Crucifixion (The Vicarress).....	Leona Roberts
Sister Tornera.....	Margaret Love
Sister Inez.....	Agnes McCarthy
A Countryman.....	J. Edward Bromberg
Sister Maria Jesus.....	Oahlee Hubbard
The Doctor.....	Egon Brecher
Teresa.....	Josephine Hutchinson
Antonio.....	Donald Cameron
Monitors: Nuns.....	Frances DuMoulin, Pearl Miller, Constance Ross, Mildred Lincoln, Cicely Hamilton.
The Poet.....	Sayre Crawley

It was in 1911 that this simply planned and delicately sentimental drama of convent life first made its appearance in Madrid. It received wide acclaim, and served in some measure to assure the future of Senor Sierra, then a novice at the writing of plays. It was given matinee performances in English in 1921 and last year was revived by Miss Le Gallienne and her company.

The plot of "The Cradle Song," is negligible; its charm is fragrant and fascinating. The cheerful yet restrained glamor of consecration envelops it, and the sweetly calm amenities of lives of sheltered devotion build up an atmosphere which is as much the mainstay of the piece as the demurely ordered lives of Barrie's ladies are to "Quality Street." Carefully managed tempo and hair's breadth differences of characterization are essential, and are admirably accomplished.

Considered in its entirety, however, "The Cradle Song" is like nothing else of this or many other seasons. It is an uncomplicated story, told in two acts, with an interlude in which "the poet" summarizes the philosophy of the play and prepares the audience for the second act. The curtain of the first act rises on the cloister of a convent of enclosed Dominican nuns. There is a door with a grilled peephole, and a revolving box in the wall through which objects may be passed through from the outside. There are four novices in white whose girlish spirits are held in check by the serene prioress, although on this day she has granted a dispensation. It is something of a gala day—the prioress's birthday, in fact—and relaxation is permitted while one novice reads her schoolgirlish poem of felicitation, and gifts are received through the wall compartment. One of the novices in particular (played by Miss Le Gallienne) can hardly restrain her longing to be back with her brothers and sisters.

A curious parcel is introduced through the aperture. It is a girl baby, left by a despairing woman of the streets with a note imploring that the nuns take charge of the child's upbringing. There is a conference, and much to the delight of the novices, and especially of Sister Joanna, it is decided to bring up the child, the impious but warm-hearted doctor assisting in a legal way by adopting her and entrusting her to the sisters.

The second act shows her grown to naive and delightful young womanhood, with Sister Joanna yearningly doing her best to fill the role of mother, and all others striving for her happiness. There isn't much more. They wipe away secret tears as they prepare her trousseau, for she is to be married. Sister Joanna, by dint of the repression which is eloquent expression at the hands of Miss Le Gallienne, subtly betrays her breaking heart, and Sister Tornera, who is something of a scold, rails severely to hide her emotion.

Teresa's lover comes for her, and she goes, leaving behind her an almost visible atmosphere of hope, and fear, and tender love—leaving behind her Sister Joanna, alone and weeping upon a darkened stage.

H. F. M.

### ESTELLE TAYLOR IN "THE WHIP WOMAN"

A powerful dramatic story of a little spitfire on the banks of the Danube is "The Whip Woman," a First National picture which is playing at the Washington Street Olympia Theatre this week.

Estelle Taylor, who has not been seen on the screen since "Don Juan," is the girl who wields her whip so effectively in warding off those who would spoil her dream of love, while Antonio Moreno is the man who makes her dream come true after a stormy voyage on the seas of romance.

An excellent supporting cast includes Lowell Sherman, Hedda Hopper, Julianne Johnston and Loretta Young.

Other actors in the cast include the

#### CONTINUING

#### ATTRACTIONS

Majestic—"Good News," musical comedy with collegiate background. Eleventh week.

St. James—"Broadway." Keith-Albee St. James players with augmented cast. Second week.

Tremont—"Fast Company," George Cohan-Ring Lardner comedy, starring Walter Huston. Fourth week.

Wilbur—"Paris," comedy with music, starring Irene Bordoni. Fourth week.

Copley—"He Walked in Her Sleep," Norman Cannon's amusing farce. Second week.

### MISS GREENWOOD HEADS KEITH BILL

Charlotte Greenwood, versatile comedienne who "needs no introduction," as the toastmasters say, shares honors and the bulk of the applause at B. F. Keith's this week with Robert Chisholm, mellow-voiced baritone from Australia.

Miss Greenwood, with the aid of a bath tub and a towel, and limber, long limbs, works the audience up to a high pitch of glee, not to mention a sense of getting their money's worth. The act is entitled "Her Morning Bath," and it's just that sort of thing—except, of course, she doesn't actually take the bath. She appears ready enough to turn on the water for the space of 15 minutes or so, but is constantly being interrupted by telephone calls, visits from the ice man, messengers, etc., and herein lies the point of her droll, "clean" performance. She was most warmly received last night. Assisting her at the piano is Martin Broones.

Robert Chisholm, in the faded uniform of a French army officer, sings a number of ballads to striking effect, and finds himself in such good favor as to be required to give several encores.

Manuel Vega, combining clowning with acrobatics, and employing two dummies, gives the audience a rare bit of entertainment.

Don Cummings, youthful lariat tosser, a la W. Rogers, is another strong factor on the bill. His clever feats with the rope win him a warm reception. Others on the program include McKay & Ardine, in a dancing and dialogue act; Hamtree Harrington and Cora Green, colored comedians, and Ralph Lohse and Nan Sterling, archobats.

### "THE ENEMY" FEATURE AT ORPHEUM THEATRE

Lillian Gish Star of Film of Wartime Vienna

"The Enemy," feature photoplay at Loew's Orpheum Theatre this week, presents Lillian Gish in the star role of the tragic Pauli. It is an exciting story of the havoc of war hatreds and hysteria, laid in Austria, and based on Channing Pollock's famous stage success. Ralph Forbes plays the leading male role, and the cast includes Ralph Emerson, Frank Currier, Polly Moran, Karl Dane, Fritz Ridgeway and George Fawcett. The film was produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and directed by Fred Niblo, of "Ben-Hur" fame.

Lt. Gitz-Rice and his "Northwest Mounties" are headliners on the vaudeville bill. They offer an entertaining act of songs and dances. "Marie," petite Canadiane, contributes to the success of the act.

### "THE PATSY" OPENS AT STATE THEATRE

"The Patsy," a film comedy starring Marion Davies adapted from a play of the same name by Barry Connors, directed by King Vidor and presented at the State Theatre, with the following cast:

Patricia Harrington.....	Marion Davies
Tony Anderson.....	Orville Caldwell
Pa Harrington.....	Marie Dressler
Bill.....	Del Henderson
Grace Harrington.....	Lawrence Gray
	Jane Winton

An advance notice of "The Patsy" indicates that "director of 'Big Parade' wields megaphone over Marion Davies."

It makes no difference what King Vidor has wielded over Marion Davies, it is the result that counts. "The Patsy" is a refreshing, zestful, joyous, natural, funny, enthusiastic and earnest comedy. There isn't a custard pie in the film. There are good subtleties. With all of these virtues it does not seem right that Marion Davies should imitate certain well known film stars and do it so well, so amusingly—that the whole wide world will be better because of the laughter she generates.

The play may not be called an innocuous little thing. King Vidor is director and so it takes on a semblance of drama, shot with bright patches of humorous and diverting situations. Marion Davies is a modern Cinderella in a middle class family, with her share of good sense. She loves Tony, a serious youth, who, in turn, adores her older sister. Cinderella only needed the initiative of the flapper to make her less tiring at any time, so given her splendid opportunities with the fair Marion, she makes the most of her opportunities. King Vidor's unmistakable hand is visible in the moods of the star, but abundant praise should go to Miss Davies for her interpretation of "The Patsy." After all, it was Marion Davies who appeared as Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Lillian Gish and Mae Murray, only to return as Marion Davies—grinning.

Del Henderson also deserves praise for the careful work of "Pa" Harrington, picked on and scorned by his wife, played by the indefatigable Marie Dressler. There will be many a mild little man who will enjoy the tempestuous outbreak in the household. All is very well that ends well. C. M. D.

### CLIVE BROOK AT BOSTON THEATRE

"Midnight Madness," a film drama based on the stage play "The Lion Trap," written by Robert N. Lee, directed by F. Harmon Weight, is presented at the Keith-Albee Boston Theatre by Pathe-DeMille.

Jacquelin Logan, Clive Brook, Walter McGrail and Louis Nathaux are in the cast. About sun-set there was a good idea for a motion picture but by midnight the cause was lost because of the old failing of the movies to rub in their points until they become dull and blunt.

Dramatic interest is aroused at the possibilities offered in this film. There is a young woman who lives at the rear of her father's shooting gallery in abject poverty, who, nevertheless, leaves for her work as secretary looking trim and modish. She loves her employer and is in turn loved by a rich diamond mine owner. She marries the mine owner after her employer had acted in a regrettably rude manner and boasts that she has traveled second class all of her life and was going to enter the first class. Her fiancé hears her boast and undertakes to train her to want to travel second-class with him. After Africa and lions she succumbs.

Clive Brook as the person who believes in all the good there is in human nature and enjoys the will of a woman understandingly—is excellent. But Clive Brook is always excellent. Jacqueline Logan is not convincing and Walter McGrail does not leave enough of an impression one way or another.

Short subjects and vaudeville complete the program. Next week Tom Mix and his pony "Tony" will appear in person on the stage at this theatre three times daily.

### "SAILORS' WIVES"

If sailors have sweethearts in every port, it is only logical to assume that sailors' wives look elsewhere for diversion while their seagoing husbands are away from home. Such is the sentiment expressed by one of the characters of the picture now playing at the Scollay Square Olympia, and from it is taken the title, "Sailors' Wives," First National's picturization of Warner Fabian's novel of the same name.

Those responsible for the production of this story have woven from the novel an intensely dramatic and gripping tale of a familiar level of American society, dealing with a highly-strung and sensitive girl doomed to certain bitter disappointments because of an unescapable fate and who determines to make the most of life while she may.



A new Mary Astor, vastly different from her customary screen personality, seen in the leading feminine role. Lloyd Hughes, in the masculine lead, has opportunities for a performance of high-dramatic quality. The large supporting cast contributes several outstanding performances, including those by Earle Foxe, Olive Tell and Gayne Whitman.

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### THE PENNY ARCADE

(For As the World Wags)

Willie Simpson's mother was a widow, he had also two maiden sisters, with these he lived in pastoral peace. Truly the child was bathed in innocence, and nine he read "Our Duty to the Heavens."

At thirteen he lead the May-pole dance, at fifteen he sang tenor in the choir, at sixteen he taught in Sunday school, at seventeen he begun to study for the seminary, at eighteen he fell with a dull thud.

He came to Boston with his class to see "Ben Hur."

He saw Clark, a rollicking blade of his own age,

persuaded him to visit mysterious Howard Street.

His shooting galleries, pawn shops and movies.

Their heads were turned by the automobiles.

Which lure the young to dreams of romance.

With guilty looks they plunged into an Arcade.

Forgetting everything Willie dropped a penny in the slot.

And with a gasp turned the handle wildly.

It was a bunch of bathing beauties.

Parading before the judges at Miami.

It was Willie's first view of sin, or what have you.

With a mysterious light in his eyes he reached home.

That night he left a note on the table and fled.

Eight years passed, the lost lamb did not return.

The sisters wept over his copy of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Trouble came and the auction flag showed its sinister red.

As the bidding began, a cloud of dust was seen.

A glittering car dashed into the crowd.

A personage stepped calmly to the ground from the crook of his arm swung a malacca stick.

Look! it is William Judson Simpson.

Proprietor of Simpson's Bathing Pools and Movie Toyland.

The editor of the Bee bowed almost cringingly.

Mr. Simpson, how did you attain such success?"

"Oh," said our hero, with real Broadway aplomb.

"I was born here, but I got my eyes open in Boston."

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

### As the World Wags:

Man cannot defeat nature; when fashion lengthens the skirt nature strengthens the wind.

The opening of the baseball season greatly increases the mortality of grandmothers.

Concerning cynicism: tender skins have the hardest callouses. Most youths get to the blister stage and then recover.

The man who keeps his nose to the grindstone may make money, but he won't see much.

Comprehension of ignorance is the highest wisdom we can attain.

It is easy enough to see that the world is governed by no human conception of justice. What is harder to see is that neither is it governed by injustice.

Death weeds the world with a clumsy hoe.

### FROM A YOUNG MAN'S CUFF.

### THREE WISE MONKEYS VISIT AMERICA

### As the World Wags:

The Three Wise Monkeys were traveling in United States. One day the first monkey said to the other two: "One of us has shirked his duty, for evil has entered into us. I can feel it."

"It is not I," said the second monkey.

"I have seen no evil."

"It is not I," said the third, "I have heard no evil."

"Well, it certainly is not I," said the first. "I have spoken no evil. Yet evil has entered into us since we came to this country. It is the first time in all the history of our lives."

Being unable to solve the problem themselves, they finally decided to question a native sage.

"O wise one, we are the Three Wise Monkeys. We are traveling through your country and something terrible has happened to us. We have spoken no evil, seen no evil and heard no evil. Yet evil has entered into us. Can you tell us how this could be?"

"Easily," replied the old sage with a

sad smile. "In this country three wise monkeys are not enough to ward off evil. We have Prohibition. You need a fourth companion who can SMELL no evil." THE MOCK TURTLE.

### REC'D BY OUR TAILOR

"Gentlemen! Am sending you back the belt of the overcoat purchased a few days ago from you. It is too short. One with the shortest button placed where the end one ought to be on this one would be about right, as when the end button on this one is used in connection with where there could be an end button on this belt, it is a good fit, but there are none. Other than the above the belt is all right. Yours, etc."

### As the World Wags:

Who is the authority on circus history in Boston? Perhaps he could tell me in what year, in the mid-70's, Barnum's great Hippodrome and Congress of Nations exhibited in a wooden structure somewhere in the Back Bay. Was that structure the old Pat Gilmore Peace Jubilee building? I remember as a boy seeing the great show there. All the ring performers came on for their acts in style, conveyed in a barouche with liveried driver and footman. An act that made a great impression on my juvenile mind was the hoisting of a strong man several feet into the air; a horse was led in under him, and the Samson performed the (to me) incredible feat of lifting the animal several feet into the air. No doubt the horse wasn't as heavy as he appeared to my childish way of thinking. BARRY MALLISTON.

### As the World Wags:

"Mrs. Henry Racicot, whose husband is the proprietor of a Bridge street filling station opposite the Gun Club grounds which was carried away in the November flood while looking for personal effects in the mud which covered the foundations, came across a deposit of fine textured sand which contained many glittering particles.

This sample of English as she is wrote—rarely we hope—was part of a front page story in that w. k. journal the Concord, N. H., Monitor and Patriot of Wednesday, March 28, 1928. I hope you and your Argonauts will elucidate. It is still joyous in memory how the Worldwags voyaged in their hollow ship, over the wine dark sea, and discovered what made the wildcat wild. E. F. K.

### As the World Wags:

By noon yesterday I'd been able to count only 5283 times that the reliable old word, intrepid, had been hung on the latest batch of ocean flyers, but then, of course, I'd only seen five papers and two news reels. OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

## WELLESLEY TRYOUT THEATRE OPENED

### Spring Lesson Starts with American Premiere of "The Rat Trap"

The Tryout Theatre, Wellesley, opened its spring season last night with the American premiere of Noel Coward's "The Rat Trap."

The purpose of the theatre is to produce new plays that have never been set on any stage, as much as possible by American playwrights. The theatre wishes to sponsor exhibitions of art by local artists and to give recitals of music, poetry and dancing.

Noel Coward's play was interpreted with a sincerity and vitality which made a convincing drama, though held in a barn. Edith Elder, who worked at the theatre last fall and is one of the directors, played the role of the woman, caught in the trap, struggling between her identity as a creative artist and her love, which involves subordination to her husband's interests. Katherine Warren, a member of the Repertory theatre company, acted with finish. Barbara Boyd, who played the part of Ann Hathaway in the London revival of William Shakespeare, visiting director at the Tryout Theatre for his season, also acted well. Dan Van Tracy took the part of the husband. Other members of the cast were convincing.

The directors of the theatre are Edith Elder, Katherine Warren and Leighton Rollins.

### THE HAG

(From Robert Herrick)

The hag is astride  
This night for to ride—  
The devil and she together;  
Through thick and thin,  
Now out and then in,  
Though ne'er so foul be the weather,

### CRUEL MAGISTRATES DEFENDED

#### As the World Wags:

I read your interesting article in today's (May 26), Herald on Esther Forbes' new book, "A Mirror for Witches."

I suppose you will be horrified to hear that far from being cruel in condemning "witches to death, the magistrates, in my opinion, were doing their duty to the state and society. People take "one thing" out of the historic past and talk learnedly about it without even taking the trouble to see how that "thing" logically arose out of its surroundings.

Now there is not the slightest doubt, you can read it in old books and histories, that for at least 100 years Europe was infested with evil people, who took advantage of their neighbors' fears to do them great harm. The vast majority of people of that day (both in Europe and New England), believed that a concentrated evil thought could injure and even kill its victim, so clever, evil people took advantage of this state of mind to gain enormous and evil power over hundreds of decent people and bend them to their bad plans. The little figure of wax that witches and wizards used was simply for the purpose of concentration (like the rosary). The man who wanted to hurt his neighbor paid the witch to make a small figure of wax in a rough likeness of his neighbor; both witch and client kept their eyes fixed on this wax figure while they sent mental curses through the air to the original wireless telegraphy, in fact to say nothing of modern psychology!

Why people like yourself laugh at these things nowadays and pity the "poor witches" is because your imagination cannot picture the terrible hold these evil people had over the mass of people in Europe and America at that time. The witches, wizards, etc., were the leaders, and very prosperous leaders, of the crime group of the Middle Ages and later. The governments and magistrates were entirely right in their crusade against witches. It was their duty to bring to justice these evil people. Of course, as witchcraft became less profitable through the strong measures taken against it, the cleverest persons got out of the profession and took to some new and more profitable criminal profession. No doubt a few harmless old women were unjustly ducked and killed because they had tried to copy their fellows and had learnt some of the magic formulas, but without understanding them or having the brains to do a "good business" at it. The governments did good work indeed; they saved their peoples from a nightmare of horror and by drastic means jerked them back to sanity. . . . Mental healing and mental evil are not at all the modern discoveries that psychoanalysts would have us believe. They are as old as the Witch of Endor. ANONYMUNCULE.

### NOTE AND COMMENT

We are not horrified by our correspondent's defense of magistrates hanging, burning, and in other ways disposing of witches, genuine or alleged; we are amused.

"Concentration." That's the word used by the good Rabbi in "Abie's Irish Rose." He urges Mr. and Mrs. Cohen to concentrate, in order that they may be in a more amiable state of mind and listen to the voice of reason.

We have a childlike faith in witches, so that we crush egg shells, and burn nail parings that the hags may have no power over us. Years ago we shuddered when riding in a buckboard over the corduroy road leading from Westport to Elizabethtown, N. Y. We passed Witches Hollow, where witches used to brew tea at the foot of that sinister hill called Raven.

Our correspondent in her description of wax images, the sorcery known to the French as "envoutement," forgets to say that the image was pierced with needles so that the hated man or woman might suffer in the region corresponding to the place where the wax was pierced. It is an old form of sorcery known to the Greeks and Romans, the North American Indians; it is still practised in English provinces, and there have been instances in New England within comparatively recent years. (See Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native.") Sometimes the image was slowly melted—see Rossetti's "Sister Helen.") English and French history abound with cases in which the sorcery was used against royal persons and men of high degree.

So witches headed and inspired wicked men and women to horrid deeds! We urge our correspondent to chasten, if not discard, her strange belief by reading Michelet's terrible book "La Sorciere"—no doubt Miss Forbes at least peeped into it—"Daemonologie in Forme of a Dialogue" by King James I; the pages about witchcraft in Lecky's "His-

tory of Rationalism in Europe;" "De Daemonialitate, et Incubis, et Succubis" by the Rev. Father Sinistrari, which has been translated into French and English—books to be recommended for reading in bed when one is alone in the house and the wind howls and the floors and stairs creak and crack—not to mention Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," and Algernon Blackwood's stories of which John Silence is the hero.

Not believe in witches? Judelal decisions, critical tribunals, the Old Testament, the investigations of some of the ablest men of several centuries believed in these friends and servants of the Black Man and did not associate them with vulgar, ordinary criminals. And witches, persecuted in this world, believing in eternal damnation in the next, often committed suicide in the agony of their despair.

Perhaps our correspondent thinks that the Witch of Endor was the Queen of robbers and bandits who dwelt in caves.

### THE AGE OLD CRY

When the story broke that Adam's rib

Had now become his wife,

All Eden was in uproar.

Discontent was rife.

The giraffe and the elephant

Who with Adam had a pull

Said the story was a frame-up

While the bullfrogs all said bull.

When Samson took the jaw bone

Of a poor old army mule

And killed a million Philistines,

Which you've read about in school,

A lot of dubiting Thomases

And guys in on the know

Said the Philly boys laid down to Sam

Just to get a return go.

PAUL FOGARTY

### As the World Wags:

"No one should stand still and see a real nullificationist turn the nation over to a gang of bootleggers."—Dr. Clarence True Wilson.

Won't some one kindly inform Dr. Wilson that the nation was "turned over to a gang of bootleggers" long ago? F. W. S.

### FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1928

## As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Harford Powel, Jr., has written a novel, "The Virgin Queene." It is published by Little, Brown & Co. in association with the Atlantic Monthly Company. The hero, Barnham Dunn, is "the high priest of modern advertising."

Mr. Powel for three years was associated with an advertising agency in New York. This was after he had been an editor of Vogue, Harper's Bazar and Collier's. Since 1925 he has been the editor of the Youth's Companion. He therefore does not evolve from his inner consciousness the eloquent writer of advertisements. He has known him personally; has summered and wintered with him; been through him with a dark lantern, as the saying is. It is therefore not surprising that, with Mr. Kenneth M. Goode, he wrote "What About Advertising?" which was published last year as a book as amusing as it is informative about America's most valuable contribution to literature in these days. Did Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when he was happy in this country, find solace purchasing our magazines, then throwing away the essays, stories and poems and reading with chuckles of delight the advertisements, illustrated or barren of pictures, from corsets to coffee, from depilatories to the only safe and sanitary dentifrice? It's an entertaining book, this treatise on the great art of advertising—it is published by Harper & Bros.—open it at random as you will.

For example take the case of the man appointed to write copy about an edition of Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography: "Nasty old character, Benvenuto, but quick on the draw . . . made good silverware, too; better than Paul Revere did"; the man that achieved these head lines for bringing the autobiography to the attention of the public: "Lover, swordsman, debauchee

"Supreme artist in gold and silver

"Here is your chance to own the complete unexpurgated autobiography of



## Benvenuto Cellini.

Sociologists of the future, reconstructing the history of manners and customs in the United States of the Twenties in the 20th century cannot overlook this treatise, stuffed with statistics and designedly sober, nevertheless amusing, information.

It is not surprising then that the hero of "The Virgin Queene," our Barnham Dunn, won fame and fortune as an inspired writer of advertisements: as when he enlarged on this sentence in a letter addressed to the editor of Home Arts Magazine: "I was about to become a mother, and I didn't want to be." After an upward glance at the ceiling Barnham wrote: "These are the words of a young matron in Boco Boco, Florida. When she wrote them she was frightened and depressed. Now she is the joyful mother of a son. If you feel toward motherhood as she did, the Wee Visitors Department of Home Arts Magazine has a message for you. Send no money. Merely use the coupon below." The brilliant man was tired; his work was slavery; could he invent a new thought about the distribution of Mr. Eckwitz's molasses candy—"Mother's Kisses"? Disgusted with his treadmill life, he told his stenographer to ask a steamship line if it had a clean boat with a sober skipper leaving the next day for Europe.

Yes, he would go to England. On the boat he met Mr. Cecil De La Poer Brenton, Litt. D., of Oxford, who had read American advertisements, sounding "like the Book of Revelations, rewritten by Dr. Frank Crane." He told Barnham of an old house in Warwickshire which he could buy. The freehold was purchased. Entering, he found no fire, no food. He walked to the market village. On the way a white-bearded old man drove slowly by. "Good evening. I am Mr. Dunn, the new owner of Keene." "What say?" "I said that I am Mr. Dunn." "I know it," said the old man, and whipped up his horse.

This welcome was the first of Barnham's adventures in England. They are narrated with unflinching gusto and humor. But why the title of this uncommonly joyous and satirical romance? What a remarkable manservant was Mr. Grey! Why did not Barnham's daughter Ann join her father? She could go to Normandy for pleasure with her aunt and bathe in coves. "No bathing suits are required, and this innocent if aboriginal fun seems to appeal to the modern girl." (Ann had greatly enjoyed visiting Sherborn, "one of our most refined prisons for women," but her heart, after all, was in art.) She came, but would not look out of the window at Kenilworth. "Why should I see it? I've read the book." An adorable girl, this Ann; but she was not "The Virgin Queene."

Living in the country of Shakespeare, this Barnham wondered why Shakespeare wrote so poorly, wasted time on Italian farces, did not choose Queen Elizabeth as the heroine of a play. And so Barnham wrote the play that Shakespeare should have written. Grey assured him that it was better than much of Shakespeare, and persuaded the dramatist to play a practical joke. A penman copied the text in supposedly Shakespearean handwriting on paper that appeared to be ancient. The manuscript was buried under the tennis court. Guests came to play tennis. For an hour Barnham concocted Fish House punch, the New Bedford whaler, the Marine Taylor, the Charleston fizz, the wickety, the swizzle and the Blue Blazer. A great Shakespearean scholar, when the curious Benton, digging to find why of the court was sinking, pronounced the discovered manuscript to be undoubtedly Shakespeare's work. What an international sensation! What unforeseen, incredible results of a practical in-joke! Barnham was offered \$50,000 for the play. After all, to whom did the manuscript, treasure trove, belong? The bribe was invoked; the lord chancellor had his say. The sum of £75,000 was offered and accepted.

Barnham, arriving in New York, saw, to his horror, a bust of Shakespeare with 500 copies of the play in pyramids about it. Over the door of the Empire Theatre he saw in staring letters:

"THE VIRGIN QUEENE  
with  
JOHN, LIONEL AND ETHEL  
BARRYMORE  
ALL-STAR CAST."

There was a long queue at the ticket office. Barnham, proclaiming himself the author, asked for a pass. "Oh, sure. There have been three Shake-

speares here today. Some people never get tired of that joke. . . . Seats now selling six weeks ahead," added the box-office man. "The President's coming over from Washington tonight." Alexander Woolcott's head line in his review the next day was "Shakespeare Wows Them Again." No one would believe that Barnham was the dramatist. He went back to the old office, slipped a sheet of copy paper into the machine, and wrote: "I was about to become a mother, and I didn't want to be," resolved to use the letter he had torn up a year before.

June 2 1928  
So I am glad when the north pole turns back our aeroplanes. The day will come when they will land there, no doubt. A quantity of black grease, our mark of trade, will be left on the snow, as evidence that man at last has come. But it is just as certain that he will not stay there. Nothing can be done with that place, and it will be left to stare in white emptiness at the stars.—H. M. Tomlinson in "Gifts of Fortune" (1926).

## SLANTINDICULAR

Has the Mussolini straw hat arrived in Boston? It has been described as "sober and elegant," but in London as a revival of the women's straw hats which were fashionable many years ago; for the Fascist is "slapped on the front of the head in exactly the same way." Should a stiff straw be pulled down over the forehead to shield the eyes, or be worn rakishly on one side of the head. Stella Benson said she could always tell a Londoner from a provincial: the former always wore his hat on the front of his head; the provincial tilted it backward.

Even a learned, staid theologian may have a dissipated air by wearing a hat in a "slantindicular" manner. "Slantindicular" is a good word. Was it not first used in this country by Richard Grant White in "The New Gospel of Peace According to St. Benjamin," published July 27, 1863? White was describing Phernandivud (Fernando Wood, a mayor of New York, member of Congress, who was sued for falsifying his accounts, and escaped criminal process because it was begun one day too late, according to law).

"And he was a just man and a righteous; and he walked uprightly before the world."

"But when he was not before the world his walk was slantindicular."

"And he loved the people."  
"And Phernandivud said within himself: Of a truth I love the people; but am I not one of the people; yea, verily, am I not number one of the people? And shall I not therefore first love myself?"

The fourth and last book of "The New Gospel of Peace" was published in May, 1866. The bitter satire is still good reading. When the pamphlets were collected in one volume, the long introduction contained a curious letter from White, in which he tried to throw dust in the eyes of those who looked on him as the author; but he wrote this "Gospel of Peace," and should have been proud of it. The violence of the satire was justified and righteous. What he had to say of the extravagance shown by "Pshawdee" and "Sussah-ettee" after the civil war might be written with equal justice today.

The times need a satirist like Richard Grant White, but satire here and in England is apparently out of date. We have Will Rogers, but he is first of all a humorist, too kind a soul to scourge and flay.

The world is suffering from admirable people.—Prebendary Gough.

## THROUGH THE CENTURIES

As the World Wags:

Out in the old-fashioned town where I live there is an old-fashioned city park. Around the four sides of this public square are friendly shade trees, and under the trees are benches where old men come and sit in the afternoon sun.

Often taking the "short cut" through this park, I have wondered to myself what those old men found to talk about. Hour after hour, day after day, they sat there—nodding and drowsing, or rowing and nodding. With the chill of early autumn they disappear, but they are back again with the first sign of springtime. Talking and nodding, drowsing away in the afternoon sun.

"Some time," I thought to myself, "I am going to sit down on one of those benches beside those old men and listen to what they talk about." I imagined tales of other and bygone days, days of picturesque excitement. "Those old men," thought I, "must have some wonderful memories to go over, and one day I am going to listen to them."

So today I did. I walked over and sat down in the sunshine beside two old men on a bench. As I seated myself a young girl passed along, her step light, her head high as she walked.

The two old men followed her with their eyes. "A darn pretty girl!" said one of the old men in a thin, wheezy voice. "Yep," replied the other, "but she's a bit too skinny. I like 'em plumper." And then they both sighed. So did I.

And so it was at the siege of Troy. All grave old men: and soldiers they had been, but for age.

Now left the wars; yet counsellors they were exceeding sage.

And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers

Sit chirping, and send voices out, that scarce can pierce our ears

For softness and their weak, faint sounds; so talking on the tow'r,

These seniors of the people sat; who when they saw the pow'r

Of beauty, in the queen, ascend, ev'n those cold-spirited peers,

Those wise and almost wither'd men, found this heat in their years,

That they were forc'd (though whispering) to say: What man can blame

The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so admir'd a dame,

So many mis'ticks and so long? In her sweet count'nance shine

Looks like the Goddesses.

As the World Wags:  
Being escorted to the train recently, a cab drew up alongside and the driver said, "Checker?" And my very polite escort promptly replied: "No, thank you, I'll take her with me."

RUTH LESLEE.

As the World Wags:

In an "eating emporium" I overheard a customer ask the head-waiter: "Just as a point of information, did the waiter who took my order leave any family?"

MOX THE AD-MAN.

A correspondent of the Sunday Times (London) asks the rules of the card game "Khano." "I have the packs and scorers."

Do any of our readers know this game? It surely is not "Keno," said to be purely American, the origin of the word unknown.

As the World Wags:

Why, oh why, must we always write "Enclosed please find check," when what we really want to do is to give 'em a swift kick? This is one of my pet peaves. I suggest the following to be adopted: "Here's your money, darn you. Now shut up!"

TEEJAY.

As the World Wags:

So the Washington Daily News will henceforth "publish as news the appearance on duty of any so-called dry members of the House or Senate in an obviously intoxicated condition."

Let's hope the notices will be brief enough to leave space for the ordinary news of the day.

F. FAW.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

(From Good Hardware)  
Visiting Relative: "And when was the baby born?"

Modern Father: "Between the second payment on the radio and the tenth on the car."

Flappers make traditionally expensive company.—Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

"I CANNOT EAT BUT LITTLE MEAT"

(Adv. in the Clarion, La. Monitor)  
Wanted—Any number of old or crippled horses at \$1 and up, according to meat condition, for packing house purposes.

'FIFTY-FIFTY GIRL'

"The Fifty-Fifty Girl," a film comedy starring Bebe Daniels, an original story by John McDermott, directed by Clarence Badger and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

Kathleen O'Hara.....Bebe Daniels  
Jim Donahue.....James Hall  
Engineer.....William Austin  
Buck.....George Kotsouaros  
Oscar.....Johnnie Morris

A motion picture which does not trot along the well worn paths of comedy where the ideas have been worn into graceless stubble is always welcome and such a one is the present offering of Miss Daniels, Messrs. Badger and McDermott. Fresh situations are snatched, almost by their hair, from the modern woman movement, but the helplessness of mere man with a pot and a pint of rice is not overlooked by the maker of this amusing fantasia.

There is a frank use of suspenders by the young woman when she undertakes to run a mine, the same mine which had been idle for 10 years because of controversial tendency of the elder O'Hara and Donahue. The inheritors of the mine and the dispositions are, of course, young—a man and a girl. The pace of the film is deliberate. There is besides the generous sprinkling of comedy, a good, rousing melodramatic business of mine tunnels and dynamite.

A wealth of material is well timed and turned by the comical Bebe. Something has lately developed in this young

woman which is most gratifying to those who like their comedienne delicate while funny. She has ceased to make a visible effort. It is pleasant. She settled into her current role as if she grew there.

One would say off-hand that James Hall should not watch William Haines but then it might have been Mr. Hall who first wore his hat on the side of his head when flirting. He lives this down later when Bebe bcts him her share of the mine: that she can run it as well as any man without a call for help—and succeeds in calling loudly enough to be saved just in time.

Now that the great international film fellowship has come to pass, those who have been English are made Bostonian, so there is in this film the longish William Austin, who is one of the "hottest beans" of the Back Bay. It makes no difference from whence he came, or where he goes, he is the kind of a character who is made for laughs, the deep rooted kind. A little advertising is good, there is no mention of the book censorship but this particular shoe is too transparently transplanted to be very helpful.

The revusical—newly coined—this week is "Xylophonia," staged by John Murray Anderson, with Gene Rodemich, his band, a nicely costumed chorus and others. A Colorart film "Mission Bells," short subjects and music make up the rest of the program.

C. M. D.

TRUE SONS OF THE SOIL

(For As the World Wags)

Every male suburbanite Seems to think it's only right That he should have a garden plot On his much divided lot.

A most intensive piece of land Where each twilight he can stand, And, arms akimbo, stare and stare At the soil with feudal air.

On holidays by the hour He looks upon one little flower, Usually he calls a neighbor To show the product of his labor.

His proud heart within him swells As he nonchalantly tells That as a boy he milked a cow On the farm, and that was how He came to be such a success As an agriculturist.

And the neighbor nods his head As if he'd listened to all he said; Then the neighbor gives advice On destroying malicious mice.

Thus the two with solemn mien Talk and talk of weed and bean, Gazing the while at the plot Of this much divided lot, As if the looking made things grow Rather than a busy hoe.

THE MOCK TURTLE.

SUMMER NECKLACES

We asked a few days ago if any one of our readers could furnish us with a list of the courageous men who had married snake charmers; the fascinating women who have excited wonder in dime museums or in the side shows of circuses.

L. R. R. writes:

"I never knew any men who married them but a very intimate pal of mine was sued by a celebrated snake charmer for breach of promise. He told me he loved the girl, but found the snakes annoying, particularly when he was embracing his sweetheart, for one of them would poke his head up from her bodice."

Truly a timid wooer. Fair women of ancient Rome wore little snakes around their necks and found them pleasingly cool in summer. "Gelidum collo nectit Glacilla draconem," says Martial. Seneca and Pliny tell the same story. Lucian speaks of uncommonly large serpents at Pella, the birthplace of the great Alexander. They were so tame that some of the women nourished them like domestic animals; these serpents slept with the children. Would American girls exchange their summer furs for a cool and ornamental serpent?

L. R. R.'s friend may have read Mortimer Collins's essay on "The Nice Girls of Rome" in which he speaks of their necklaces, and says: "Pleasant for the eager lover to approach within osculating distance, and to find the glassy eyes of a snake fixed on him, its forked tongue quivering near him! This kind of partnership between Eve and her tempter is not altogether desirable."

As the World Wags:

The owner of one of these high powered gasoline Juggernauts was discoursing to a party of friends in regard to the superior qualities of said machine "That bus can pass anything on the road," says he. "Yes," said a cynical



June 3 1928

Much has been written about "The Mikado," that delightful comic opera which will be performed at the Shubert Theatre tomorrow night by the Winthrop Ames Company. It has been said that it is one of the few Savoy operettas of which the leading idea cannot be traced back to Gilbert's "Bab Ballads." He took great pains with the scenery and costumes for the production, being assisted by Lord Redesdale and some Japanese craftsmen who happened to be showing their skill at Knightsbridge. These Japanese taught the principals and chorus the use of the fan. (Will one soon forget the marvelous employment of fans by the chorus women in the balcony at the performance of "Carmencita and the Soldier" by the Russians—how this or that movement of the fans gave emphasis to the dramatic situation staged below?)

There are various versions of the story that performances of "The Mikado" were forbidden in London, lest they should wound the susceptibilities of the Japanese allies. This revival was in 1907. Gilbert, who complained that the prohibition would cost him at least £5000, at first believed that the King "with his unfailing tact," was responsible, but he was afterwards told that the Japanese had complained. "The rights in the piece do not revert to me for three years," wrote Gilbert; by that time we shall probably be at war with Japan about India, and they will offer me a high price to permit it to be played." Gilbert also wrote that the Mikado was an imaginary monarch of a remote period, having "no more actuality than a pantomime king." Mr. G. K. Chesterton was amazed at the prohibition: "All the jokes in the play fit the English, if they would put on the cap. . . . Pooh-Bah is something more than a satire; he is the truth. It is true of British politics (probably not of Japanese), that we meet the same man 20 times as 20 different officials."

On the other hand it has been stated that when the Japanese prince visited London he at once expressed a wish to see "The Mikado" and enjoyed the performance hugely.

Pooh-Bah has become the common name for a pluralist, yet it is not in the great Oxford Dictionary nor in the latest English dictionary of slang. In that extravagantly enthusiastic "appreciation" of the Savoy operas, "Gilbert and Sullivan" by A. H. Godwin, the character of Pooh-Bah, "an Olympian who grovels to pocket the coppers," is analyzed as minutely as Hamlet has been studied by Shakespearian commentators.

It is said that Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte each drew £30,000 in profits annually from the London and touring productions of "The Mikado."

Gilbert was greatly annoyed when in December, 1893, at a revival of "The Mikado" in Berlin "a female performer" took the part of Nanki-Poo. He protested, but in vain. This "female performer," as Percy Fitzgerald contemptuously calls her, was no less a person than the accomplished and spritling soubrette Ilka Palmay, the Hungarian, long an idol of the Viennese public.

Gilbert shortly before his death re-wrote for children the story of "The Mikado." Here are sample lines from the "little list song."

"The donkey who of nine-times-six and eight-times-seven prates  
And stumps you with inquiries on geography and dates,  
And asks for your ideas on spelling 'parallelogram'—  
All narrow-minded people who are stingy with their jam.  
And the torture-dealing dentist, with the forceps in his fist—  
They'd none of them be missed—they'd none of them be missed."

Of late years horse-play, we regret to say, has found its way into this operetta to make the libretto more acceptable to the great American public. "What happens in America," says Mr. Godwin confidently, "could not happen in England. . . . In New York a comedian, an Englishman, quite recently—" Mr. Godwin's book was published in 1926—"had to turn Ko-Ko into a gymnastic, spring-heeled Jack. He did 'cartwheels,' somersaults and sundry other acrobatics, all of them apparently immensely diverting. Irrelevancies of this kind show a deplorable lack of appreciation of the underlying spirit of these plays."

Who was this unfortunate Ko-Ko condemned by an unesthetic manager to burlesque the part? Lupino Lane. He was the Ko-Ko in the revival at New York in April, 1925.

To the music critic of The Boston Herald:

I read with great interest what you had to say the other day about Lucien Muratore, the operatic tenor, the year of whose birth is given as 1878. Truly a "movable feast!" Ten years ago Muratore told me that he was then 44, and certainly he could have been no less than that. Have you examined the various dates (some less improbable than others), given in dictionaries and encyclopaedias of music for the births of Sembrich, Melba, Nordica, Eames, Tetrazzini, Fremstad, Calve, etc? If not, don't. 'Twere most ungallant. I have reason to believe, however, that Dec. 25, 1874, is the authentic date of the birth of Lina (Natalina) Cavalieri, and that Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar are correctly attributed.

Muratore acted as manager for the fair Lina's beauty shop in Paris, meanwhile seeking guest engagements at the Opera and the Opera Comique. He became infatuated with Yvonne Printemps, the Folies Bergere girl whom the French Jew, Sasha Guitry (infatuated and jealous), married en secondes nocces and turned into an actress (How charming she was as Mozart—the true Cherubino!). Lina in her turn was furiously jealous.

But the break between them came through Lina's project for marrying the son whom she bore when only 16 or 17 to the daughter whom Muratore had by a dancer at the Opera (not by his first wife, Beriza—soprano, but ex-contralto). Muratore, during the war, had "recognized" Lina's son (though there could be no question of his being the real father), and the son was known as Capt. (?) Muratore. Lucien used to refer to him feelingly as "notre fils!" Now, they say that he haughtily refused to give his daughter (aged 18 or so), to the "nameless" son of his wife, though the daughter likewise was born out of wedlock. A curious, a Mediterranean confusion!

When Muratore sang in New York elegance, polish, and fine diction were present, though the voice itself (in old-fashioned parlance, a "made voice"), was often intractable and off key. His Des Grieux as revealed here was a notable impersonation, superior in every respect except the "Reve" to little M. Clement's. That accomplished octoroon (news to you, perhaps, but none the less true), did the "Reve" incomparably—illustrating to perfection not only the virtues of the French style, but the curious hybrid which the French

regard as a lyric tenor voice—a light high baritone supplemented by a miraculously trained falsetto.

I recall a performance at the Lexington Theatre in which Mary Garden and Muratore co-operated in the most surpassing operatic achievement of my experience. The opera was "Carmen," and with a minimum of demonstration they soared together to unbelievable heights. And yet Mary's Carmen, ordinarily, while intelligent and interesting, has been open to dispute, and on a later occasion Muratore stepped over from art to vanity by representing the Don Jose of act IV—the desperate tramp and jail bird—as a phthisical seminararian!

All of which is a far cry from the birth year of vocalists.

J. MOUNTFORT.

A symphony by Edward Burlingame Hill was performed for the first time last season at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The performance attracted the attention of the Menestrel, Paris, and was noted as follows in the issue of May 11:

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra has played at Carnegie hall the Hill's Symphony by Edward Burlingame."

Cyril Scott's book, "The Influence of Music on History and Morals," comes from the Theosophical Publishing House of London. His thesis is that all life is one and that one human activity is very much like another. The London Times is thus led to the "astonishing proposition that one of the most 'palpable effects of Beethoven's genius' was the founding of the Y. M. C. A., that owing to the 'law of correspondence,' Handel was responsible for the horsehair sofas and the bowdlerization of the classics in Victorian times; and Schumann for the Montessori system of education. . . .

"Where Mr. Scott errs is in assigning the relationship of cause and effect to two phenomena which resemble one another in that both are products of some larger movement of thought: Beethoven did not found the Y. M. C. A., but it is at least arguable that both Beethoven and the Y. M. C. A. were products of the humanitarianism which preceded them. In the second and third parts of his book Mr. Scott discusses music in reference to occultism."

P. H.

crape-hanger, "anything but a filling station."  
N. C. MENTIS.

#### DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:

Then there was the Scotch father who found it necessary to buy his son a new pair of shoes. As they came out of the shop he said: "Robert, you must take longer steps now." AILSA.

#### FOR THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

As the World Wags:

I think it is unmitigated nonsense to say that prohibition cannot be enforced. I can go farther and tell exactly how it can be enforced.

FIRST—Make the possession of alcohol in any form a capital crime.

SECOND—Extend this regulation to include all people with guilty knowledge of the fact that raisins, yeast and fruit or grain will ferment and produce alcohol.

THIRD—Let all the remaining men in the country out of the state institutions in which they are immured and put them and their keepers to work cutting down all trees, shrubs, bushes, plants and vines producing fermentable fruit, berries or seed.

FOURTH—Apply capital punishment to all of these men who have happened to guess why this regulation is being carried out.

FIFTH—Let the remaining man enforce prohibition or repeal the amendment, as he prefers.

He can do as he darn pleases for all I shall care, because long before that time I'll be sitting in the back room of some disreputable dive in Mount Olympus, drinking nectar with the rest of the boys and girls. F. F. H.

"You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher. But I don't know how; cheerfulness was always breaking in."—Oliver Edwards, "a decent-looking, elderly man in gray clothes and a wig of many curls."

#### SEPARATION

(For As the World Wags)

The world has built a wall between our hearts—

Dim gardens where the birds awake and sing;

Yet can it not forbid the scent of flowers

To rise above in swift commingling.

When you are gay, I'd have you think of me.

When I am dead, I'd have you do the same.

So, 'mid the flowers of your memory, May thoughts of me like tulips burst aflame.

#### ATTENTION OF TOXICOLOGISTS

(High Point, N. C., Enterprise)

The poisons used in fighting the bean beetles are a mixture of one part of calcium arsenate and nine parts lime, and a newer poison called calcium fkyukucate cinojbdm.

#### A VILLAGE MYSTERY

As the World Wags:

Some six months ago, I forsook a metropolitan community for a rural

one. Needless to say I have not as yet learned all the ways of the rustic people. Perhaps you can set me right on the following episode:

Today the town constable arrived in a sport suit resplendent with a silver badge bearing the device "Police" which peeped surreptitiously but portentously from his waistcoat. It was the first time I had ever seen this august personage. He informed me that he was making his annual collection of dog license fees. As he was about to re-enter his car (with the fee, of course), he asked: "Do you know how to make some good wine?" To which I replied in the negative. He then gave me verbally a simple recipe. At the end of which he cautioned, "Don't yer drink too much to onct for it's got a awful powerful kick."

What I want to know is, is the town constable endeavoring to be friendly or is he trying to frame me after the manner of some metropolitan guardians of the law? V. S. B.

## 'MIKADO' REVIVED AT THE SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—A revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta in two acts, presented by Winthrop Ames's Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company. Staged by Mr. Ames. Scenery and costumes by Raymond Sovey. Sepp Morscher, conductor. Revived by this company at the Royale Theatre, New York, on Sept. 18, 1927.

The cast last night was as follows:

The Mikado of Japan	John Barclay
Nanki-Poo	William Williams
Ko-Ko	Fred Wright
Pooh-Bah	William C. Gordon
Pish-Tush, a noble lord	J. Humbird Duffey
Yum-Yum	Lois Bennett
Pettit-Sing	S. Suissabell Sterling
Peep-Bo	Bettina Hall
Katisha	Vera Ross

The first question to be asked about a revival of an operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan is, was the playacted with the seriousness demanded by the librettist and long observed even in this country? Last night the entrance of the Mikado was well nigh spoiled by the silly antics of an umbrella bearer and a sword bearer and by impertinent clowning after the Mikado's song. Otherwise as a rule the whimsical logic of Gilbert was allowed to make its way, without wild efforts of the comedians to be "funnier" than the text. Sullivan's music is still fresh and delightful; Gilbert's humor in this operetta now seem labored. Is Katisha's enumeration of her good points really amusing? Are the complications resulting from Pooh-Bah's holding various offices of a nature to excite Homeric laughter?

Mr. Ames gave the operetta a handsome setting; the chorus was well-trained and effective, graceful in its evolutions; with the women picturesquely costumed and with their fresh voices alone or with the male section doing full justice to the ensembles.

The singing of Miss Ross was vocally the feature of the performance; her portrayal of Katisha was in accordance with the old and sound traditions. Miss Bennett sang prettily. Her speaking voice did not have the same charm. Mr. Barclay's Mikado was approximately now sardonic, now plausibly benignant. Mr. Gordon's Pooh-Bah was dramatically inadequate; not the man invented by Gilbert, not the man revealed to us



they had both felt a presentiment before breakfast. Also, each appeared to think that the other had eloped with Maurice, and broke the news tearfully to the unsuspecting husbands.

At least that is what we thought, but it appears that it was all a put-up job, a carefully laid plot to make Fred and Willie jealous. Or was it? Even the entrance of the bone of contention, namely, Maurice, helped very little. The husbands called him names, and the wives had hysterics, but ended by going off together to help Maurice choose a wallpaper for his apartment. To be sure they had both been in love with him before, though Julia had pushed him off the train at Pisa very gently so as not to hurt him, and were pleasantly afraid they might be again. That was where everything began—and ended. A rather slim plot and not a very amusing one, either—Noel Coward can do better than this.

The Little Theatre Company of Boston struggled valiantly through the foolish vagaries of the story. Miss Edith Coburn Noyes made Julia Sterroll amusing and likable even in her hysterics, and Miss Edith Stearns was a properly intense Julia. The others might to advantage work up a little more enthusiasm for their parts.

E. L. H.

## 'FALLEN ANGELS' AT HOLLIS THEATRE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Fallen Angels," a comedy in three acts, by Noel Coward. The cast:

Julia Sterroll.....Edith Coburn Noyes  
Frederick Sterroll.....Leverett D. G. Bentley  
Saunders.....Elizabeth Cooley  
William Banbury.....Edward E. Whiting  
Jane Banbury.....Edith Bond Stearns  
Maurice Duclos.....Arthur Fielder

It is always a good idea to keep your audience guessing, but they do like to know what it's all about eventually, and it must be confessed that last night matters were more than a trifle involved even at the final curtain. One thing at least was evident: Julia and Jane, in the absence of their affectionate but unexcited husbands, managed to get thoroughly drunk, to quarrel violently over nothing, or perhaps it was over Maurice Duclos—perhaps Noel Coward could explain. Oh, yes, and

by the earlier predecessors in the role. Mr. Williams was an attractive Nanki-Poo. He sang freely, at times—romantically, as in his opening song, one of Sullivan's most musical inventions. Mr. Duffey's Pish-Tush was satisfactory in every way. It was a pleasure to hear his clear enunciation.

And Ko-Ko? This role has been played in various ways; as straight comedy, as if he were a character in burlesque. Mr. Wright was amusing, though at times it was as if he were the funny man in a musical comedy.

The large audience welcomed the revival. Several numbers were repeated. The old jokes were applauded. It must be said that the liberties taken in the acting pleased perhaps even more than Sullivan's charming music, though this, too, was appreciated. Mr. Morscher conducted well an orchestra of good size.

### KEITH-ALBEE-BOSTON THEATRE

"We Americans," based on the stage play of the same name written by Milton Herbert Gropper and Max Siegel, directed by Edward Sloman and made by Universal. The cast includes George Sidney, Patsy Ruth Miller, George Lewis, Eddie Phillips, Beryl Mercer, John Boles, Albert Grant and Michael Visaroff.

Tom Mix, in person, and his pony Tony are at the theatre this week. The place is overrun with cowboys. The first one you meet tells you "the line forms to the left," another takes your ticket and another shows you your seat.

Tom Mix, the western motion picture star, is not disappointing. He is all that one hoped he might be. Tony looked bored, but that again is as it should be. Mr. Mix is in character and boots. He talks easily in his Texas drawl, which Hollywood has not curbed, and tells, as if the joke is on him, about his gentleman's estate and his butler. He gives an exhibition of shooting with gun and pistol and it makes no difference whether his target is still or moving, his skill is the same—he hits it.

A mild little lecture which has found its way from the stage to the screen does not suffer a great deal from its transference of celluloid. It stirs in its melting pot colonial Americans, Germans, Jews and Italians. The war is fought once more, the benefits of night

school are stressed and the younger generation is shown in all of its progression, exuberance and whatnot.

Although sentiment flows thickly through this photoplay the clearly and sympathetically defined characterization of the elder Levine by George Sidney is sincere and deeply moving. He has come from Russia to America to find that he is still toiling maddening hours in a tailoring shop. Sidney does not let the emotional morass engulf him nor does Patsy Ruth Miller who plays the part of his daughter who lets the tug of American opportunity carry her away from the environment to which her family clings. Other players did commendable work in spite of the patriotic orgy the producers allowed themselves but as most of the audience will be present to see and hear Tom Mix, the picture will undoubtedly be good for them disguised as it is from a well-intentioned lesson on filial duty.

The surrounding program is entertaining and has been carefully selected, a clever animal act of dogs and monkeys, a girls' jazz orchestra, a clown dog and his boss, a pleasing singer and a film comedy.

STATE THEATRE—"Circus Rookies," a screen comedy starring Karl Dane and George K. Arthur, written by Edward Sedwick and Lew Lipton, directed by

Edward Sedwick, made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The action continued from a few months ago and put in a circus instead of a war, the comedy team of Karl Dane and George K. Arthur go about their business as usual. The mixture of comedy tactics is ambitious. Leaving out the subtitles one has the sledgehammer manner of Karl Dane set off by the dapper antics of the petite Arthur and a pretty girl with the back-ground of the circus. This was to be expected. Charlie Chaplin rooked successfully in a circus and taking it all in all, it is not flat although the yeast is not so fresh as it would have been if the Chaplin film had not been seen first.

WASHINGTON STREET AND SCOLLAY SQUARE THEATRES—"The Hawk's Nest," a screen drama, starring Milton Sills, made by First National Pictures, written by Wid Gunning, directed by Benjamin Christensen, with the following cast: Doris Kenyon, Montagu Love, Stuart Holmes, Mitchell Lewis and Sojin.

For almost two reels Milton Sills buried his manly virility and pleasing personality for art's sweet sake and went Lon Chaney in "The Hawk's Nest." More than that, this latest of the swarm of underworld pictures which have made night clubs the denizens of thieves, murderers and robbers offers something new in treatment, something so almost rational that it shines forth like a "good deed in a naughty world." Having fought the world war and become disgraced for life, Milton Sills and his pal, who saved his life, end up at a table in a restaurant in New York Chinatown, broke but ambitious. Milton Sills, who is "The Hawk," sees a sight-seeing bus full of tourists and is inspired with the idea of giving them thrills—at a price, and then there a new and prosperous night club where hold-ups and fights are staged along with the ham and eggs is hatched. The Hawk, the Hawk's Nest and the pal prosper until an envious and brutal competitor in the Chinatown business

undertakes to rifle the Hawk's Nest of its golden eggs.

Because of the excellent and imaginative camera treatment, the use of silhouettes which are vastly becoming to the screen, the careful and wise manipulation of detail such as the worst villain putting on spectacles before reading a letter, and the sustained interest at the beginning of the film, this last of Mr. Sill's storms in a teacup is worthy of notice by those interested in the film play's progression. The court room scenes with impressionistic views of the witnesses in the best German manner is a variation and pleasing phenomenon.

It is unfortunate that the intelligent use of the materials at hand does not last the full length of the photoplay. There is a flourish of plastic surgery and a third degree in Chinatown; a tiring and intricate study of whose friend is who and why and Mr. Sills blossoming forth finally in all of his heroism and grandeur and about to bestow another wedding ring upon the ethereal looking Doris Kenyon.

One should say in passing that Miss Kenyon is a good and dutiful wife, allowing most of the long and close close-ups to go to Mr. Sills. Vaudeville and well selected short subjects, timely and interesting newsreel make up the rest of the program.

### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

"The Scarlet Dove," a screen drama made by Tiffany-Stahl Productions, Inc., written and directed by Arthur Gregor, with the following cast:

Col. Ivan Petroff.....Lowell Sherman  
Eve.....Margaret Livingston  
Lt. Alex. Orloff.....Robert Frazer  
Anna Andriana.....Josephine Borio  
Her Aunt.....Julia Swayne Gordon

This film play of the Russias was made in Hollywood, but it is said that a former Russian nobleman, exiled and making his way as best he could as an "extra" player in the Hollywood ranks, acted as technical director and assisted the author-director in the "perfect and authentic Russian atmosphere he gave the sets." After seeing Emil Jannings in "The Last Command," which was a picture version of the same theme, one is entirely sympathetic with Gen. Lodysensky and grateful for the things which he doubtless thought into this picture. He has, with his trick telephone, his hallways looking strangely foreign like all those found in the best "brown-stone fronts" in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, his sleighs drawn by fur-capped drivers in front of forbidding looking walls and the costumes of all the players contributed much that is of value in the film.

The story grew ostrich feathers before going far. At the wedding feast the bride's aunt called the groom down publicly and the bride left the arms of the man she loved and showed plainly to her film guests and the audience that she did not like her new husband in the manner of what is supposed to be the best Russian and is only Hollywoodian.

The escape of the bride, the clever and finished work of Lowell Sherman as he thought up his revenge and preferred a murder charge against her rescuer—the acting of all the principals, with the exception of Miss Gordon, retrieved "The Scarlet Dove" from the chaos the enthusiasm of the director stirred up. The naughty lady of the film is called Eve.

C. M. D.

## CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

Majestic—"Good News," Collegiate musical comedy. Twelfth week.

Tremont—"Elmer the Great" with Walter Huston. The Cohan-Lardner comedy formerly known as "Fast Company." Fifth week.

Wilbur—"Paris," comedy with music, starring Irene Bordoni and featuring Louise Closser Hale. Fifth week.

Plymouth—"Abie's Irish Rose," Anne Nichols' famous comedy with original New York cast headed by Andrew Mack. Last week.

Copley—"He Walked in Her Sleep" Norman Cannon's amusing farce. Fourth week.

## BILL AT KEITH'S FINELY DIVERSIFIED

Miss Patricola, Clifford and Marion, Renard's Orchestra Please

Vaudeville goes of all preferences should find something to become enthusiastic over in the diversity of entertainment offered at B. F. Keith's this week. In addition to the offerings of singing and dancing and comedy, the program includes a very excellent trick dog act, a "quick change" turn that is conspicuously better than the run of such, and a jazz orchestra of local repute.

For laugh-provoking quality Clifford and Marion in "Just Dumb," take all the medals this week.

Miss Marie Marion, the "dumb" half of the act, brought down the house with her clever and hilarious performance last night. To a rare collection of gags that keeps the audience in high glee, she adds a mirth provoking appearance and manner, as of one dying on her feet, and being constantly propped up by her companion.

Miss Patricola, the "scintillating melodist," appears as her usual lively self in a program of catchy character songs, some of which she accompanies with violin. She was warmly received last night and was called back for several encores.

In "Hector, the Lovable Pup and His Gang," the audience is treated to an unusual performance by 10 dogs. Several of them trot down the aisles in response to their master's commands and even go to balcony boxes with which they are entirely unfamiliar.

The Norman Thomas Quintette of singers and dancers give an entertaining skit, in which a drummer does a sort of epileptic fit among his instruments, accompanied by two dancers and the pianist. Others on the program include Nathane & Sully, in a dance offering, Doc Baker, the quick change artist in a skit "The Wishing Well," Mayo & Lynn, in an amusing dialogue, and Jacques Renard and his Coconut Grove orchestra.

## GRAVES AND WAVES

(For As the World Wags)

When I beneath the sod am gone,  
Just turn your curling-iron on,  
For you'll discover other men—  
There's always another worm for the  
wren.

So powder up your nose, and say  
"They're making new ones every day,  
And what's the use of a vain lament?  
Life is as brief as a rose's scent,  
And only a wave is permanent."

A. N. O. N.

## NEW CANDIDATES

The following gentlemen are now being considered by the elections committee of our Hall of Fame:

Mr. Gory Hogg, Democratic candidate for Governor of West Virginia.

Mr. F. C. Fender, general manager of the Western Auto Supply Company of East San Diego, Cal.

The president of the Stretch and Strain Motor Company, Wichita, Kas.

They all have been proposed for election by M. E. C.

## A FAR-SEEING WIFE

As the World Wags:

No matter what befell any one in her household, the accurate and ever-right wife was always there with the "WELL, I told you not to do it." One time her husband was out of town and at a hotel suffered by robbery the loss of his trousers. The first thing the constant wife cracked when he told her the bad news was: "Well, I TOLD you not to wear 'em, didn't I?" JAZBO.

## AT THE WILBUR

How fortunate is Miss Bordoni in her leading man, Mr. Arthur Margetson! He speaks distinctly and with the proper emphasis. He attracts the eyes of the spectator by the gentlemanly ease of his movements even when he is placed by the dramatist in absurd situations. He wears good clothes as if he were accustomed to them in his daily walks abroad and on formal occasions. What a contrast he is to so many lovers and supposedly "light" but really heavy comedians in our musical comedies, who comport themselves awkwardly, or with offensive self-satisfaction, and in vocal explosions display the long, glittering line of American dentistry.

The Englishmen in roles like that of Guy Pennel in "Paris" put the great majority of our American leading men to shame. Is it because these Englishmen are "younger sons" well-bred, as some would have us believe; or have they been better trained in the art of acting; men who have never been obliged to hire a "dress suit"?

Miss Louise Closser Hale is delightful as Cora Sabot of West Newton. Has her dwelling place when the play was on the road always been West Newton? Or is the choice of the place a local incentive to laughter? The details of her portrayal must have been carefully thought out, but they seem of the moment; they have not hardened into mannerisms. She shows us a woman overcome by brandy without becoming farcical, without leading one to wish that she would shorten the scene.

One of the features of the performance is the silence, the stony look of disapproval on the faces of Miss Chester and Andrew as they sit on a sofa; not at all amused by the singing and dancing at Vivienne's entertainment. Prim and prudish is the Brenda of Miss Chester, yet one feels that she knows suppressed desires; that there is a flame within her cold exterior.

As for Miss Bordoni, she is the same, yesterday, today and forever; nor would her many admirers have her otherwise. "Nods, and becks, and wreath smiles"—wriggles and eye-play, alluring gestures—a woman not incapable of dramatic force—as in the scene where hysterical laughter turns to tears.

"What is there left to me," said George Moore to Andre Maurois in Paris. "The memory of a flower, of a beautiful face; perhaps, of some picture."

## HOOPS AND BALLS

As the World Wags:

Who keeps unstylish breeds of dogs, such as pugs and cocker spaniels, till they are in favor again is, I believe, a largely unanswered question.

Anent the editorial of mournful title, "The Decay of Croquet"—in a recent issue of The Herald—I can tell you where croquet mallets are carefully kept in mothballs for the duration of the winter, only and joyfully brought out each spring. Two hundred miles from your office beneath the stately elms of Washington Park (slightly east of where Snipe street used to run), in Albany, N. Y., lies a velvety green sward where echoes all during the warm months the click of croquet balls. On the days of the annual drill of the boys' academy the wickets are taken up, and the glum



devotees of the sport your editorial writer would have us believe extinct, must perforce sit on the benches and twiddle their thumbs, no doubt meditating the while on the evils of military training in the schools. Mowing is done with greatest circumspection so the games may be disturbed as little as possible during the rest of the season.

Not everybody in Albany plays croquet; not everybody can get the chance! My time there was limited to five years and the best I could do was take a whack at tennis (a very accurate description of my game!) on the free courts beyond the pond. Croquet costs 10 cents an hour, mallets provided, and I understand there is always a waiting list.

A gentlemanly quiet game? Your correspondent has surrounded it with the glamour we give to those things we believe departed! No such idyllic scene as he pictures greets the eye (much less the ear) as the retired state clerks and other beings (masculine) argue and contend: "He pushed the ball with his foot." "That's not the wicket you're for!" "You nudged it!" "If you don't quit cheating I won't play any more!" The most choleric have been observed to throw down their mallets and start to leave—only to be coaxed back again by partners who must finish this exhilarating game. Women sit on the benches and watch; and the aristocratic pigeons strut demurely by on the gravel paths. It's great fun for all concerned.

In some places croquet may be decayed—but not in Albany. E. N. S.

We well remember when croquet was first played in our little village. The balls were huge affairs; the mallets clumsy. There were rival croquet clubs. Some of the members prided themselves in the course of time on mallets of lignum vitae, or rosewood, but they played none the better. Mayne Reid's book on the game was then the authority, first published in London in '63. The long skirted women were coquettish in putting a foot on a ball. The men were gallantly aiding them. Did the game go from Ireland, where they say it was played in the middle '30's, to England, where it came into fashion 20 years later? Did it go from a French convent into Ireland? Anthony Trollope's Mr. Crosbie complained in 1862 that he had not had his game of croquet. Even in our village there was a dispute as to whether a grassless croquet ground was better than one of turf.—Ed.

No prudent man recommends to a friend a play, a novel, or a tailor. "Tell me who your tailor is, so that I can avoid him," said Jones, who confounds rudeness with wit, to Robinson, who prides himself on his natty dress. Mrs. Goightly has learned the sad, sad story of recommending a dress-maker and a physician. Mrs. Delancy Holcomb-Smith no longer speaks to her, yet they had been close friends for intimate gossip.

Yet, one would not be disobliging. We have received a letter asking us to name some good novels. "Some that are not for railway reading only. I have read too many detective stories. I want a few novels that are well written, but not too highbrow; novels that are worth keeping; that will bear re-reading." So here goes, but remember, O inquirer, that you may find our taste peculiar and wonder at it, as you toss the book aside after laboring through the first chapter.

We have read with great pleasure these novels published by E. P. Dutton & Company: "A Girl Adoring," by Viola Meynell; "The Friend of Antaeus," by Gerard Hopkins; "Trevely the River," by Leslie Reid; with moderate pleasure, "The River Between," by Louis Forgnone.

Viola Meynell, a daughter of the late Alice Meynell, tells a story of English men and women, their love affairs, their mental adventures. She tells it quietly, simply, with a humor that is often subtly ironical. The story is to be read slowly, lest some detail in the portrayal of the various widely differing characters be missed. There is Gilda, a seductive creature, who had known guilty love, but this "dark, exciting" beauty could discuss the love affairs of her friends without uttering "one single word that was even remotely influenced by the separate history that was using up her life." Claire, the "girl adoring," living with Moreley, her brother and his wife Laura, loved them as she loved her sister Gilda. The awakening of the greater love that was to bring supreme happiness is described with a restraint, an absence of sentimentalism and a knowledge of a young girl's heart that bring Claire before the reader as a girl to be adored as she herself is adoring.

self is adoring.

Miss Meynell is equally fortunate in her analysis of Moreley's character and of Hague's. There is a pitiless description of the former's selfishness—Moreley outwardly a fine fellow, so self-indulgent that he was "slightly jealous of other people's bright expectations," happy in checking their enthusiasms, denying their little satisfactions, sometimes by reticence, sometimes by an apparently careless word; a man who laid himself out to be liked in hotels and shops. Laura, his wife, was inscrutable in her attitude toward him. "Her light manner did not suggest an unhappy consciousness of Moreley's defects, but neither did it suggest the absorbed love that would make her oblivious to them."

The novel abounds in sentences that are illuminating, though merely hints, suggestions; sentences that reveal character, while other novelists would write a page for the revelation. "A Girl Adoring" is an uncommon novel, one to be read with unflinching admiration for Miss Meynell's wit.

"The Friend of Antaeus" is a study of human conduct. We become acquainted with Magdalena Callender and Ian Wace, with Evadne Lucas and Aunt Ruth only from what Glenner Passingham thought about them, suspected in his prying, indefatigable curiosity. Passingham, ultra-sophisticated, prided himself on collecting "conducts" as well as pictures, books, objets d'art. It is hardly unfair to describe him as detestable, for his callousness, his lack of truly human interest in man or woman. He might be a character in one of Henry James's latest and most labored novels. Passingham liked to know what others were doing, suffering, without joining them in joy or sorrow. He wondered why Wace married Magdalena; why she consented to be his wife; why Wace, who really loved her, had Evadne for a mistress, Evadne who is powerfully described, so that she is the one character in the book that is not a shadowy figure introduced to gratify Passingham's speculations: honest, coarse, passionate, hoping to find in love after love the man who would respond to her devotion. The scenes between Evadne and Passingham and the one scene of the two women meeting are in strong contrast with the Jamesian pages of analysis. Only once did Passingham desert his role—when he administered a mustard emetic to Evadne who wished to kill herself. When his curiosity was finally appeased, he is shown asking his valet to press carefully the trousers worn the night before. The scene with Evadne had been disturbing. He dismissed the valet.

"Don't bother about my breakfast, but I shall be in to lunch." "Very good, sir." "The door closed. The sheets were cool and calming. Glenner Passingham slept."

The river that affected the life of Trevely and "the river that flowed between" the Palisades and Manhattan are very different streams. Those who have read Mr. Reid's "Rector of Maliseet" and "Saltacres" will welcome his latest novel and be prepared for unusual characters and for the poetic spirit in which the tale is told. Trevely's parentage was mysterious; villagers thought he had no mortal father; perhaps the river that flowed past Trevely's home was his father; it was acknowledged that the boy was an accomplished swimmer, happiest when he was in the water or reading or wandering along its banks. It's a strange story of strange adventures; strange, even, when they seemed to others common and to be expected; a fascinating novel with memorable descriptions of men, women—Lady Ryland, for example—and, above all, of the river. Mr. Arnoldy said to Trevely at the end: "You have not completed your journey. Rivers end in the sea."

But Mr. Forgnone tells of Italians, hot-blooded, transplanted. Demitrio, blind, superstitious, colossal, half-mad. Oreste, his son, who succeeded his father, as foreman of a gang of workmen. Rose, the wife of Oreste, who leaves him and becomes a prostitute. The disappearance of Demitrio to beg in the streets, and his finding Rose, are told, one might say, with brutal force. A melodramatic novel written at times sensorially, with scenes for the cinema; interesting by its description of an Italian community; a book not to be taken too seriously; a book that might have been written in a more convincing manner, with less pile-driving emphasis.

#### LET JOY BE UNCONFINED

As the World Wags:

I have been trying to find out something about the good old hoochee-coochee dance and its music, but libraries here and in New York have nothing to tell. And Poole's Index of Magazine Literature contains no mention of it.

The hoochee-coochee was introduced in this country at the world's fair (Chicago, 1893), but where did it originate, and where did the music come from? There have been agreeable songs about the hoochee-coochee from "The Streets of Cairo" to "Mariutcha Make-a de Hooch-a-ma-Kooch" (Down at Coney Isle), but where may one find a solemn, informative discussion of the subject?

#### THE PROFESSOR.

Miss Louella D. Everett writes:

"Have you room for this tribute to Horatio Alger, Jr., in As the World Wags, while there is a revival of interest in Alger? One of the joys of my childhood was the discovery of 'Ragged Dick' and 'Tattered Tom' in a barrel of old books in our attic at home, and I'd like to share this poem, treasured for seven years, with others who feel indebted to Horatio Alger, Jr."

These verses by Malcolm Douglas were published in the New York Herald of Dec. 12, 1920:

#### HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Horatio Alger, Jr., you were once my greatest joy; I revelled in your stories when a happy, care-free boy; There was William Makpeace Thackeray, a novelist of note; There were Bulwer, Scott and Dickens, but they got my childish goat; They didn't have the pep and zip. Horatio, that you did, For you got underneath the vest of every blooming kid, And a myriad young critics felt your fascinating punch, So they crowned you king, Horatio, of the literary bunch!

Horatio Alger, Jr., all the types of boys you drew, Poor urchins of the streets, revealed the gentle soul of you; There were "Ragged Dick" and "Tattered Tom," with others of their kind, Who all bespoke an honest heart, a pure, unselfish mind; Through trials and temptations they most perilously passed Till virtue was triumphant, good Horatio, at the last; And as their thorny paths through life your humble heroes trod Each chapter was illumined by your simple faith in God!

Horatio Alger, Jr., long ago your busy pen Was laid aside, but to the hearts of grizzled, gray-haired men Come visions of their idol, and your name they often bless, For you helped them not a little in their measure of success; You were loved by hosts, Horatio, and you filled an honored place; The memory of all your good time never can efface; And, if but a single blossom each old boy admirer gave, What a mountain of sweet fragrance there would rise above your grave!

#### SOAP VS. BUTTER

As lovers of art, rejoicing in the development of any branch of it in this country, exulting in the steadily increasing interest shown by the pee-pul, we gladly call attention to the fact that there is in New York an exhibition of sculpture carved in white soap. Busts, as one of Silvie Deryn Macdermot, a singer of Pittsburgh, Pa. (where soap is needed—yes, needed every hour)—which took the first prize, \$300; figures as the "Hop! Bride"; "Creation," representing a m-m-mother and her child—perhaps m-m-mother is pasting the soap on her offspring; "The Three Marys"—this opens a field for speculation. Biblical Marys? Is the Mary that called the cattle home, but did not return herself, one of the three—or three of Mary Stuart's attendants—Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Carmichael, in place of Mary Hamilton?

There was an old street gag, "How are you off for soap?" Readers of Maryatt will remember that a forward girl put this question to Peter Simple. Now put to a sculptor it will not be deemed impertinent, but a token of friendly interest and encouragement.

We are inclined to think that soap is a better material for sculpture than butter. The visitor to the Philadelphia exposition of 1876 was struck dumb by two works of art: The magnificent Corliss engine silently powerful, and the statue of "Dreaming Iolanthe," done in butter—the best family butter—by a gifted female sculptor. The day we gazed awe-struck upon this masterpiece was hot, piping hot, and so affected unfavorably the classic outline of Iolanthe's face. What became of this statue? Was it sold to a grocer? Horrid thought!

E. D. R. writes from a town in Illinois: "Our grandmothers made their weather charts for the year on Christmas eve by taking a perfect onion, cutting it in half, peeling off 12 layers, one for each of the 12 months to come, and filling each one with salt. On the following morning the peelings which

contained damp salt indicated rainy months, and those containing dry salt indicated fair months."

Was this ever done in New England?

#### As the World Wags:

It will be remembered by our good people that Quincy Kilby, the theatrical historian and author of fetching verse de societe, suffered a broken hip while on a trip abroad some time ago and is still more or less confined to his apartment, though no longer depending upon crutches. In a recent note to a friend, describing his condition, "Quinny" writes:

I get up on my crutches, And I stumble 'round the flat. I try to do a mile a week And let it go at that. The reason for my lack of speed I easily can state: I simply do not choose to run in nineteen twenty-eight!

EDWARD BRECK.

#### ENDEAVOR

I'd like to join a woman's club—by high ideals led— But who would kiss the baby when he falls and bumps his head? I'd like to go to lectures and to learn to live just right, But I must hear the baby's prayers and tuck him in at night.

ELLA M.

#### MEDICAL QUERY

As the World Wags:

Will some psychoanalyst inform me what I can do about my old friend Porter? I am disturbed over some of his mental attributes. He comes of a splendid family and has had ample cultural advantages, but he is an anomaly. He asked to sit in our pew Sunday and did a cross-word puzzle until I protested. In the silent prayer period he started to put on his rubbers, breathing heavily, meanwhile, as he is stout. It sounded like a horse getting up in an empty barn. We rode in town together this morning from Harvard square. There was only one seat left unoccupied. Before it two elderly ladies, who know me well, of delightful mid-Victorian charm, were courtesying to one another, saying, "Oh, no, you take it." "I beg you to be seated, Annabelle, dear."

Porter glanced at them indifferently and then slipped into the seat himself. Opening the latest novel proscribed by the literary board of the police department, he was at once oblivious of everything. I recall with what cheerfulness he often divided his spending money with me at prep school and I cannot cut him, I want to help him. I would recommend matrimony, but it might look like revenge. I think of Frankenstein and the synthetic man he created. I feel I am lost. Where will it all end?

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### As the World Wags:

"Did you hear about that bridge player who died?" inquired Tom, Jr. who is acquiring education and other knowledge at the academy. As we all ways feared something like that might happen to us at the hands of our partner, considering the game we play, we answered: "No, what was it?" and Tom Jr., responded: "Well, they buried him with simple honors." H. T. W.

#### "SAND PIPERS"

(For As the World Wags)

I caught the beach in disarray, Or being washed, that is to say, And rather than embarrass her I hurried where the big rocks were; But Wind was sweeping them, and he Left but little place for me. Of course, there were the Sea and Sky, But one could see with half an eye That they were busy matching Blue And would be hours in getting through.

But taking wing so to eschew This tidying, sand pipers flew Into a square formation, brown Against the blue, all darting down In unison, and as they wheeled, Their bodies flashed a moment silver, keeled With sharpest veering and were gone To nothingness, before my eyes had drawn Their course, to drop like rain on land And speck the spotless sand.

H. D. BATES.

#### "COME, RISE UP, WILLIAM RILEY"

Headlines in the New York Times: "83 TO BE GRADUATED AT UNION CEMETERY"

#### DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:

I wonder how some old popular songs would go in this sophisticated age? We used to think this was an agreeable song:

#### JUST BECAUSE SHE MADE DEM GOO GOO EYES

A black man in a minstrel show was sittin' on the end, A nice black gal in the very front row with heaps of dough to spend Looked up at him, with a silly smile.



He started singin' his end song, forgot most every line.  
The manager hurried back and said,  
"You've got to stand a fine  
Or lose your job for quite a while."

Chorus:

Just because she made dem goo goo eyes  
He thought he'd won a home and copped a prize.  
"She was the best what is  
And I need her in ma biz,  
Just because she made dem goo goo eyes."  
etc., etc., etc.

And this serio-comic mock heroic number was good for encores when sung by a lugubrious comedian of dignified mien:

#### GONE TO HIS LAST FIRE

'Tis twenty years since father joined  
the good old fire brigade,  
But like other brave men papa passed away.  
He heard the cry of "Help, help, help!"  
and went to give his aid.  
Ever since I've heard my dear old mother say:

Chorus:

He has gone, gone, gone, and oh, how we cried  
When the neighbors dropped in just to inquire.  
He has gone, gone, gone, but we're satisfied;  
He has gone to his last fire.

Oh, Carrie was my wife's mother's name;  
they've carried her away,  
For one day she lit the fire with kerosene,  
There was a big explosion, and I'm happy now to say  
That ever since poor Carrie's not been seen.

Chorus:

She has gone, gone, gone, to another world,  
Where she may rest her soul and twang her lyre;  
She has gone, gone, gone, this rare old bird,  
She has gone to her last fire.  
Here was a popular ditty of the early nineties:

#### WHEN MISTER SHAKESPEARE COMES TO TOWN

Oh, I don't like those minstrel folks,  
And I doesn't care for the end men's jokes,  
I've got no use for the musical mokes,  
And I don't like a circus clown.  
Mister Johnson, I'll tell you what to do,  
Just save up your money—every solitary sou—  
And I promise like a lady that I'll go along with you  
When Mister Shakespeare comes to town.  
I likes that play they calls McBeth;  
My brother Selh got scared to death,  
It nearly took away his breath  
And he fainted right on the floor.  
But when that Shakespeare man comes 'round  
You've got to chain me down to the ground.  
Way up in front I'm always found;  
He's a man I do adore.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

#### MORE BUSINESS FOR THE BLACK-SMITH

As the World Wags:

The forthcoming celebration of the 125th anniversary of Bradford Academy brings to the mind of one centenarian an interesting anecdote regarding Benjamin Greenleaf, the famous founder of Bradford.

Mr. Greenleaf was most fastidious in his regard for the dress and manners of the boys that lived in his house, and rebuked in his own odd way any one of them who showed a want of neatness or courtesy. One day, a small printer's devil, in his ink-stained clothes, entered the schoolroom as Mr. Greenleaf was about to begin his class. Quite breathless from running, he asked Mr. Greenleaf to verify a correction or two on the final proofs of his new grammar. As Mr. Greenleaf handed the pages back to the boy, he solemnly admonished him: "Young man, stop at the blacksmith's on the your way down the street. Stop at the blacksmith's, boy." In complete surprise and innocence, the boy ventured to ask "What for, sir?"  
"To have a handle put on your hat, young man!" S. S. S.

As the World Wags:

He dropped asleep on a park bench, and when he awoke it was pitch dark and raining. As he awoke the wet pavement produced the impression of a sheet of water on his muddled brain.  
"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "the sea!"  
Whereupon he took a header and dropped heavily on the concrete. Bruised

and badly shaken, he scrambled to his feet and murmured in a surprised voice:  
"Frozen!" MOX THE AD. MAN.

As the World Wags:

As a choice of two evils, perhaps "Teejay" (appearing in your column June 2) would prefer to be grammatically correct and use his refreshing slang instead of being polite. His complaint leads me to say that we certainly must not always write "Enclosed please find check." It is permissible to use that phrase with the insertion of "you will" after the first word but I have been brought up to believe that "find" should not be left unsupported.

B. E. K.

## 'HOLD 'EM, YALE' AT THE METROPOLITAN

### Rod La Rocque Acts Football Comedy Pleasantly

"Hold 'Em Yale," a screen comedy-drama starring Rod La Rocque based on the stage play "At Yale" by Owen Davis, directed by Edward H. Griffith and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre by Pathe with the following cast:

Jaime Alvarado Montez..... Rod La Rocque  
Helen..... Jeanette Loff  
Oscar..... Hugh Allan  
Professor..... Joseph Cawthorn  
Detective..... Tom Kennedy  
Senor Montez..... Lawrence Grant

Most of the motion pictures using the background of college and college life, which have been made have used fictitious places and names, but "Hold 'Em Yale" is bred in the bone Eli with the Yale bowl, the Yale bull dog, pen-nants, campus and students, football practice and a football game between Yale and Princeton to add to the general impression that Rod La Rocque might possibly be a freshman at college. To do him justice, he makes one believe that, perhaps, in the Argentine, his home, the men do not enter college until they have reached a man's estate and his presence in New Haven, with that in mind, is interesting.

Rod La Rocque plays the part of Jaime Alvarado Montez. The rescue of a pretty girl and her father from bandits in the Argentine decides the matter which had been under discussion at his home of whether he should go to Yale as his father wished him to do or go to Paris, as he wished to do. The young woman and her father are from New Haven, the father being none other than Joseph Cawthorn of musical comedy fame and so schooled is he in dramatics than in the part of a professor, which he plays in the present film, he not only makes him seem possible, but human, intelligent and tolerant.

That all should be pleased and made merry there are several kinds of comedy. A detective blunders through the length

of the film for the hearty laughs; a few humorous scenes are snatched at a football game; a monkey in his wise and unconcerned manner scales a wall to give a corsage to a lady and gives a ticket for the ice man's ball to an usher at a football game. There is, also, a new and novel method of football training practiced by Rod La Rocque before he catches a kick and rushes down the length of the field to a touchdown, winning the day for Eli.

Rod La Rocque is pleasantly himself and voluble as the freshman. Jeanette Loff is not yet experienced enough to cause comment. Lawrence Grant in a small part is excellent—as usual.

"Hoboemia," with Gene Rodemich and his band, is on the stage, a revue carefully staged with good talent and pretty girls.

C. M. D.

## THEATRE COMIQUE

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

On May 7 1859, one James A. Cutting of Chelsea, who had been an ambro-type and later photographer, at 123 Washington street, and 10 Tremont row, being presumably of sound mind, and possessed of surplus cash, opened the sketches for which in Gleason's "Grand Aquaria" at 21 Bromfield street, Pictorial, were made by no less a person than Winslow Homer. Ever hear of him? Tanks, fish, salt water, ocean, marines—see the connection?

Cutting interested H. D. Butler in the project, and they later branched out, removing to Central court, then 240 Washington street, where they opened the "Boston Aquarial and Zoological

Mr. Ames's Gilbert and Sullivan Company will perform "The Mikado," "Iolanthe," and "The Pirates of Penzance" this week at the Shubert Theatre. The latter two were revived by Mr. Ames last season.

Perhaps some of our readers remember the immediate popularity of "Iolanthe" when it was first performed in Boston. Musicians and laymen were delighted with the music. The late Ernst Perabo made his own arrangement for the piano and played it enthusiastically in recitals.

But how many recall the fact that the plot of this operetta is taken from "George and the Fairies," a "Bab Ballad" in which a fairy is wedded to a mortal with the result that the offspring partakes of the nature of both his father and his mother. In the ballad the father is an attorney; in the operetta he is the "highly susceptible Chancellor." This union of fairy and mortal shocked Punch; at least the reviewer for that weekly said that the fantastic idea was "something not quite pleasant." Punch also said that "as a musical or dramatic work 'Iolanthe' is not within a mile of 'Pinafore' or a patch on 'Patience.'" Yet when "Pinafore" was first performed in London the majority of the critics were perplexed—did not know what to make of it—and one or two of the leading journals did not take the trouble to review it.

Mr. H. M. Walbrook, writing recently in the Observer about the "Pinafore" jubilee—the first performance was on May 25, 1878—said that the opening weeks were not successful and there was talk of taking the operetta off the stage. Was this description of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., calculated to bring a long line to the box office? "The central figure of the story is a Radical First Lord of the Admiralty, who having by diligence in office work and by successful speculation risen to the position of a millionaire and, thanks to his slavish demeanor in the presence of his constituents, acquired such popularity that he is appointed by the government to be Chief of the Navy."

In like solemn manner two or three critics of leading London newspapers, reviewing "The Road to Rome," say that Hannibal was not deterred from marching on to that city through the wiles of a seductive woman, but because he lacked reinforcements and some of his soldiers were possibly fever-stricken; that in the play there is talk of elephants, but as a matter of fact only one remained after the battle of Cannae.

To go back to "Iolanthe." The "Nightmare" song is said by some to be Gilbert's "supreme achievement" as a patter song. He had written verses for Fun fifteen years before in the same metre, under the title "Sixty-three and Sixty-four." They began:

"Oh, you who complain that the drawing's insane, or too much for your noddles have found it,  
But listen a minute, I'll tell you what's in it—completely explain and expound it."

At the dress rehearsal of "Iolanthe" Gilbert said to the male chorus representing the House of Lords: "For heaven's sake, wear your coronets as if you were used to them."

Even in 1894 Mr. Percy Fitzgerald in his "Savoy Opera," saying that Gilbert seemed at home in fairyland, added: "It may be doubted if such subjects and such topics are now 'up to date,' as it is called. Audiences are hardly so confiding as they were in the days of the 'Palace of Truth.'" Yet Peter Pan is accepted and his questioning the audience as to its belief in fairies is always answered "Yes." Besides, did not Conan Doyle exhibit not long ago a photograph of fairies at play?

As many know, the first performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" was a matinee at Paignton to protect the rights to the operetta in England. "D'Oyly Carte chose Paignton because one of his 'Pinafore' touring companies was playing at Torquay. The members of this company were transferred for the afternoon to Paignton to present the original production of 'The Pirates.' Richard Mansfield, then an unknown young actor, was with Gilbert, Sullivan and Carte in the same railway carriage.

What does Mr. Paul Wilstach mean by saying in his life of Mansfield that in the fall of 1880 when "The Pirates" was added to the repertoire of one of Carte's travelling companies Richard "resumed his original character 'the very pattern of a modern major-general'?" Surely Mr. Wilstach knows that George Grossmith was the first to take this part.

When Gilbert was at work on the libretto he wrote to Sullivan that he had made great use of the "Tarantara" business. "The police always sing 'Tarantara' when they desire to work their courage to sticking-point. They are naturally timid, but through the agency of this talisman they are enabled to acquit themselves well when concealed . . . I mention this that you may bear it in mind in setting the General's 'Tarantara' song. I mean that it may be treated as an important feature and not as a mere incidental effect. I need not say that this is mere suggestion. If you don't like it, it won't be done."

When "The Pirates" was performed here by Mr. Ames's company, soldiers and policemen acted as if in a burlesque, and there was a lot of silly stage business, so silly it is a wonder that the ghost of Gilbert did not visit Mr. Winthrop Ames in the night watches, and, standing by his bed, reproachful, indignant, outraged, shake a spectral fist at the producer.

William Archer, admitting that Gilbert's Pirate King seems an almost inconceivable caricature, wrote: "He does not exaggerate the poses and gestures which had been accepted as serious art until well on in the nineteenth century." Did Gilbert first give the title "Perola, or the Peer and the Peri" to "Iolanthe"?

A correspondent writes: "Last evening one friend of mine was very positive that he had seen Richard Mansfield in the role of Pooh Bah. Another friend of mine was equally positive that he had seen him in the role of Ko-Ko, and I was equally positive that I saw him in the role of the Mikado. Will your records show what are the facts of the case? I think that it is possible that he played both Ko-Ko and the Mikado, but I am very sure that he never played Pooh Bah."



Mansfield succeeded John Howson and F. A. Leon as Ko-Ko at the 76th performance of "The Mikado" at the Hollis Street Theatre. He had taken the part of the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe" at Baltimore in 1882. He was cast for Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore" in 1885, but resigned and returned to England. We have no record of his appearing as Pooh Bah or the Mikado.

Margaret Anglin will produce the "Electra" of Sophocles at the Benedict Monument to Music, Roger Williams park, Providence, R. I., on Tuesday evening, June 26, and Wednesday evening, June 27, under the auspices of the Providence Music League, a non-profit making organization devoted to music and other arts. The production will be as complete as the one given by her at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and in the open air theatre at Berkeley, Cal. Miss Anglin's first revival of a great classic play was the "Antigone" of Sophocles (Berkeley, Cal., 1910.) Four years later she gave "Electra" there. "Medea," "Electra" and "Iphigenia in Aulis" were performed during the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. "Medea" and "Electra" were performed in New York with the New York Symphony Orchestra. "Iphigenia in Aulis" was repeated later at the Manhattan Opera House; "Electra" was given a few seasons ago at the new Garden Theatre in St. Louis. Last May "Electra" was given with great popular success at the Metropolitan.

Inquiries with regard to mail orders should be addressed to the Providence Music League, P. O. box 802, Providence, R. I.

Looking over clippings, we found this criticism of a sonata for piano and violoncello by John Ireland played at a Salzburg music festival four years ago. "The performance was soulful in a manner essentially Victorian. So was the sonata. One thought of a damp and sorrowful scene in an English novel when the father of the family for the sixth time announced that he had changed his religion."

The Montagspost of Berlin asks why musicians should wear stiff collars, hard-boiled shirts and claw-hammer coats when athletes and acrobats are comfortably dressed; why female singers should feel obliged to purchase expensive concert dresses when the dancers, their sisters, cavort on the stage wearing "less than a bathing suit."

Long ago we suggested in The Herald that pianists characterized as "formidable" should dress as professional athletes.

Sir Gerald du Maurier complained last month of the injustice in permitting cinemas to be open on Sunday while the opening of legitimate playhouses is not allowed in England. "If our theatres were open you would not have people walking about any longer on Sundays in the streets looking miserable." He also protested against the continuance of graveyards, and this without thought of the many plays that have been buried.

Garden" Oct. 4, 1860, where once wild but now sociable fish disported themselves, without pay or privacy. They were good fish, but not edible, and in the basement there was a zoo, with the usual constituency that comprises one—you know, monkeys and things like that; and a white whale, possibly a lineal descendant of Moby Dick; and it was gentle enough to allow itself to be driven around its tank, by Miss Emma Leone, in a conch-shell boat; "attired as Venus."

That may have been true, but truth to tell, no Venus of my extensive acquaintance ever wore such voluminous apparel, for having seen Emma's picture, it did much to cool any desire on my part to see Venus herself.

Now another great name becomes associated with Cutting, when Prof. Louis Agassiz endorsed the whale in a letter to the Boston Journal, May 25, 1861, which settled the whale's standing instantaneously. It was a whale.

On Feb. 25, 1861, the drama became mixed up with the sculpins, the said whale, and the monkeys; and on a small stage, some capable thespians, barred temporarily from the "Big Time" houses, presented "Latakoo," and later

"The Robbers of Bagdad," and I will bet a corky they were the 40 thieves in disguise; which enjoyed a run of three successive weeks.

April, 1861, saw the finish of Cutting et al., but think of the opposition he had, for on Oct. 18, 1860, came the Prince of Wales's ball, and on Oct. 24th began the auction sale of all those Back Bay lots where you now live in such affluence and splendor.

It was not a fool who rushed in to follow, nor was Cutting an angel; they are not in the Boston directory, but P. T. Barnum stepped in, and opened June 16, 1862, still calling it the Aquarial Gardens, preceding it with the name of "Barnum's" as a guarantee that you would not be humbugged, at all events.

He had a dog show, and later changed it to a baby show; he had Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, the Alleghanian Swiss Bell Ringers, also Kelly and Lean. On Dec. 15 he started performances, presenting "Ruthven," which he called a "legendary drama, produced on a scale of unparalleled splendor." (His stage was about 7 x 9) but for good weight, he threw in Jane Campbell, a "mountain of human flesh," weighing 628 pounds, and 9 feet 1½ inches around. Oh Jane!

He had a very good company, but returns were slow coming in, fat ladies were expensive, so on Feb. 7 he advertised the whole shooting match as either "for sale or to let," and on Feb. 14, 1863, put on the padlock. An ominous and unprofitable silence then reigned with spasmodic eruptions, by "Macallister's Soiree Magiques et Mysterieuses," a ball, or a fair; under the name of Andrew's Hall, until Jason Wentworth,

who had been in the "Jewelry" business on Washington street since 1846, emerged from obscurity, took over the premises, renamed them the "Theatre Comique" and opened Oct. 2, 1865.

Wentworth entirely re-everythinged the place, and had with him Jas. S. Maffit, W. H. Bartholomew, Sig. Constantine, Mlle. Angeline Zanfretta, Kate Pennoyer, the Infant Ravel, and a "Grand Ballet" in "La Statue Blanc" and a vaudeville bill. (Do not run away with the idea the word "vaudeville" is

new; I have run across it back in the dark ages.)

The season run until July 13, 1866, presenting "Ali Pasha," "Mazulme," "Red Riding Hood," "Old Dame Trot," in which latter piece appeared the original, dyed-in-the-wool "Yankee Doodle" whistler, and other plays of that type.

The season of 1866 and 1867 opened Sept. 3 and ran along the same grooves; Mlle. Augusta, Mary Blake, and Signorita Pepita being added to the dancers, the new plays including "Jocko the Brazilian Ape," "Imp of Darkness," "Green Monster," "Aladdin," etc. Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal also appeared in "The Child of the Regiment." They closed June 23, '67.

The season of 1867 and 1868 continued similarly; with the Buislay Family, J. H. Budworth, Mlle. Theresa Wood, Mlle. Guiseppina Morlacchi and the Viennoise Children as features at odd intervals. Among the new plays, were "La Nymph du Bois," "Esmeraldi," "La Biche au Bois," "Devil's Auction," "The Black-imp," with the "Can-Can" rage more rampant than "Black Bottom" ever dared to be. For five weeks the company gave the unsophisticated New Yorkers an opportunity to see a real Boston institution, during which time Ben Cotton and Sam Sharpley's minstrels and others occupied the place, the season closing June 1, 1868.

During that summer Eva Brent displayed her magnetism in an English adaptation of "La Grande Duchesse."

Wentworth's last season, that of 1868 and 1869, opened Oct. 12, the first venture being "Undine," with Bonfanti and Betty Regl, followed by "Carnival of Venice," the Can-Can; Edwin Ruppert giving imitations of Lingard, then at his height, with later the redoubtable William Horace Lingard himself, the beautiful Alice Dunning his wife, and the delicate and charming Dickie Lingard (still living and lovely). Jan. 31, 1869, prematurely ended the season.

Some seven months later, the said Lingard evidently having much money, more in fact than he knew what to do with, took over the cold remains, and "entirely rebuilt" the interior, changing the name to the "New Adelphi," began his season of 1869 and 1870 on Sept. 6 with the announcement, "William Horace Lingard was the 'see and manager'."

Aside from his own family, Lingard had an excellent dramatic company, which included C. W. Coudock, Henry Crisp, J. P. Cathcart, Amelie Harris, Edith Challis, Lizzie Wilmott, and Miss Coudock, with John Brahms as the musical director. On Oct. 11 E. L. Davenport came for one week, in "David

Garrick," and "Black Eyed Susan," when he was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul for another week, but in spite of this excellent fare, the jig was up, and Nov. 24 saw their finish.

Hopefully, George F. McDonald reopened the shop Nov. 30, 1869, after having changed the name to "The Adelphi-Theatre Comique," and succeeded in keeping the doors open until June 5, 1870, by presenting the "Great Lauri Troupe," the Hanlons, Lisa Weber, the Kiralfys, Elise Holt, and the Morris Bros.

We are now about to enter the Niagara rapids, with the not far distant roar of the torrent in our ears.

The Worrell Sisters, having re-named the place—"Worrell Sisters Adelphi," with Miss Sophie Worrell, directress, announced their season to open Aug. 29, 1870, with George H. Tyler as the business manager, and Frederic Robinson, leading man. They presented Morlacchi, the "Boatman of Deal," "Forty Thieves," and Joseph Murphy; and lasted until Oct. 9.

H. G. Clarke on Oct. 25, removed the name of the Worrells, and enjoyed the glories of management for one consecutive week, presenting Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the then less than five-year-old Minnie Maddern as Eva. The following week James S. Maffitt and George H. Tyler joined forces and drew a little nearer the falls, during which brief career they presented "Nick-Nack," Gus Williams, Kiralfy, "Devil's Auction," Adah Richmond, and "The Black Crook," but leaped ashore before the boat went over.

Blindly, hopefully, merrily John L. Hall jumped in and took the tiller Jan. 24, 1871, and presented "Meg's Diversion," "Blind Beggars" and "Jack and the Beanstalk." Hall's heroic venture lasted nearly two weeks, when, at about 11:40 P. M., on Friday, Feb. 4, 1871, a fire started in the rear of the theatre, in some sheds on Avon street, and was not extinguished until it had destroyed the theatre and the "L" of Billy Park's Hotel next the Adelphi, creating a loss of about \$75,000. John Stetson was the lessee of the theatre at that time.

I can trace Jason Wentworth for 50

years, 1846 to 1896, but have been unable to learn where he began this life or ended it.

George H. Tyler later became manager of the Park and the Bijou theatres, and while fleet captain of the Hull Yacht Club was accidentally killed on the night of Aug. 17, 1884.

The Jordan Marsh establishment now covers all that once was Central court, the Adelphi Theatre and Billy Park's famous hostelry.

#### NOW IS THE TIME

Now is the time to roll the lawn,  
(I'd so much rather just sit and yawn.)

Now is the time to plant some peas,  
(I'd really prefer to take my ease.)

Now is the time to watch your chicks,  
(Come down to the store and talk politics.)

Now is the time to plow and sow,  
(But hark to the breezes, soft and low.)

Now is the time to clean the barn,  
(If it's dirty, who gives a darn?)

Now is the time to prune and spray,  
(But look at that great cloud, far away.)

F. F. H.

Mr. Alex Krippel, who wishes to purchase "old and crippled horses," according to his advertisement in the Pon-tiac (Ill.) Daily Leader, is proposed for membership in our Hall of Fame.

F. O. P. is not alone in his wish to prevent the use in daily speech and in "literatoor" of the pet phrases "by and large," "as yet," "personality." We should add "well known," for in nine cases out of ten the "well known" person named in the newspaper is known, often unfavorably, only to his family, villagers, or his companions in the office. "Exclusive" is another word that is overworked. One reads that the late James Bulfinch Hurlcomb was a member of several exclusive clubs. If one takes the trouble to investigate the matter, it is found that the late lamented Hurlcomb belonged to the B. A. A. and the Boston City Club, excellent clubs.

but surely not of limited membership. In this use of "exclusive" snobbery lurks, snobbery of the cheapest sort.

#### ART NOTE

As the World Wags:

The talking movies are going to be an awful blow to the folks who get their chief kick out of reading the subtitles out loud. JAZZBO.

#### THE FIRST JOSEPHINE

Now that Gilbert and Sullivan are on the Boston stage for a fortnight, it is not impertinent to note the death of Emma Howson, which took place on June 4th at Brooklyn, N. Y. She "created" the part of Josephine in "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Opera Comique, London, on May 28, 1878. Jessie Bond, the Hebe in that performance, is still living. Miss Howson was of a musical family. Her grandfather taught Balfe harmony and counterpoint; her aunt was a famous singer, Madame Albertazzi; her father, Frank, an actor, produced "Ernani" at Sydney in 1857; this was the first Italian opera heard in Australia. Emma and her brother Charles were born at Hobart, Tasmania. Another brother, John was often seen in Boston. He was an excellent Mourzouk in "Girofle-Girofla" and was celebrated for his portrayal of Gaspard, the miser, in "The Chimes of Normandy." We said a few days ago that he was the first Ko-Ko in "The Mikado" at the Hollis Street Theatre; the stage manager found fault with his stage "business" and irritated him so that he withdrew from the company. After Emma left the stage, she taught singing in Brooklyn. She was 84 years old when she died.

#### A BOHEMIAN KING

Newspapers in London have had much to say of E. J. Odell, versatile actor of years ago, who was in his last years "the King of Bohemia." He died on May 26 at Charterhouse, where he had been a "brother" for 20 years. In some respects he was a mysterious character. No one ever knew what the initials "E. J." stood for. (By the way, it is said that the "A. Z." in the Rev. Mr. Conrad's name stand for Arcturus Zodiac.) When Odell walked in the Strand, with a snow white beard, benevolent face, frock coat, sombrero, he attracted attention. Last year when he was 93 years old he ate bravely, boldly at a dinner in his honor at the Yorkick Club. He asked for a second help of pudding, smoked two strong cigars and had his proper amount of whiskey; then he made an admirable after dinner speech, sang three songs and gave two recitations.

Specimens of his wit are given, but as Queen Victoria once remarked at a "command" entertainment, we are not amused. Perhaps the wit was in the manner of telling. No doubt if we were to read the gibes and flashes of merriment by which poor Yorick set the table on a roar, we could not force a smile.

There was a Bohemia once in New York; Henry Clapp, Jr. was its king. This Bohemia with Pfaff's cellar its Capitol had a queen, a brilliant woman, actress and writer, Ada Clare, whose real name was Jane McEthenney. Mullen often drew her portrait for Vanity Fair in the early sixties, to illustrate an article in that brilliant weekly. She was introduced in "Avery Glibun," a strange and interesting romance by Robert H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr), one of Adah Isaacs Menken's husbands. Ada Clare died horribly, as the result of a dog bite, tortured, delirious, begging her attendants to kill her. This was at Rochester, N. Y., in 1871, when she was acting with Lucille Western. We doubt if there is in this country today the Bohemia so lovingly described by Thackeray, nor is this so on account of the Volstead act. Authors clubs and social clubs are a sorry substitute for the tavern and the beer-halls. Even in the newspapers there is too much smugness. Would Henry Clapp, Jr., Ned Wilkins, George Arnold, Frank Wood, Charles Dawson Shanley, Fitz James O'Brien, anyone of them be welcomed by the editor—that is to say, the proprietor of a prosperous daily? Would he not look on these writers as dangerous persons, needing constant watching lest they might write something that would offend the readers?

#### FASHIONS

(For as the World Wags)

In the town where I began  
We loathe the word, "Victorian"—  
The heavy windows and the doors  
That arched to dim interiors.  
For now, it seems, we all prefer  
Simple, sunny furniture—  
The perfect, clear simplicity  
That Salem wore beside the sea.

The towered palace with its halls  
Is empty, Dutch colonials  
Are wedged in white along the street,  
So very smart, we think, and sweet  
We quite forget tomorrow may  
Have its scorn for us today,



When beauty is decreed a thing  
Less simple and more flourishing,  
When stained glass windows in the rain  
Are thought lovely once again.

MARSHALL SCHACHT.

#### SPEAKING OF RACE HORSES

As the World Wags:

Our Sunday school teacher had been lengthily narrating the story of the Good Shepherd . . . how a little lamb had gotten astray from the others and had become lost . . . how the Good Shepherd had spent hours searching and had been rewarded for his diligence . . . how he had put his robe around that little lamb and had fed and kept him and made him well again.

"And now my dear children," finished our teacher, "what do you think of that?" One little boy shyly raised his hand and eagerly informed "Please, teacher, my father put his shirt on a horse that was scratched, he did!"

KITTEN.

#### HIAWATHA'S FAILURE

(For As the World Wags)

Keen of wit was Hiawatha;  
He was strong on knotty problems;  
Mathematics, cross-word puzzles;  
He could solve as quick as lightning  
Every sort of mental twister,  
Till the old New Haven railroad,  
The revered New Haven railroad,  
Gave the dear, confiding public,  
In the guise of a timetable,  
Much the most confusing puzzle  
Hiawatha e'er had tackled.

Long he sat within his wigwam,  
And, by light of glowing embers,  
Racked his brain to solve the puzzle,  
Racked his brain until his head ached;  
Then unto himself he muttered:  
"My old moccasins enchanted  
I will bind about my ankles,  
At a stride a mile I'll measure,  
And the trains can go to blazes."  
—Charles Edgar Allen.

The discoveries of science have made this world hardly worth living in.—Lord Darling.

As the World Wags:

I nominate for the Hall of Fame, operative section, Mr. Tenora Queena; and for the gynaecological section, Mr. Bride Kidney, both of Lynn.

OTTO B. SCHOTT.

#### BARNUM IN THE MID-SEVENTIES

As the World Wags:

While not presuming to be an authority on circus history in Boston, I beg to present to your correspondent whose letter of inquiry appeared in The Herald some reasons why in the mid-seventies "Barnum's Great Hippodrome and Congress of Nations" could not have "exhibited in a wooden structure somewhere in the Back Bay." There existed at that time, it is fairly certain, no building of any sort in that then outlying section of the city which would have suited his purpose, and I think it will be agreed that he did not build one.

The "old Pat Gilmore Peace Jubilee building" is mentioned as possibly the one Barnum used, meaning, of course, the 1872 Coliseum, since the one of 1869 (built for Gilmore's first Peace Jubilee) was demolished before the other was started. Setting aside the matter of scale on which the great showman was then disposed to indulge, it is clear that this particular Peace Jubilee structure would scarcely have served—even if it still existed, which is exceedingly doubtful—as an arena for any circus; because, though perhaps spacious enough even for an up-to-date Barnum aggregation, its interior was cluttered up by two rows of centrally prominent wooden posts which ran the whole length of the building to serve as roof support, following an emergency plan urgently chosen after the blowing down and destruction in a spring gale of the immense wooden trusses that had been assembled and raised, but not well secured.

Yet Barnum did undoubtedly bring to Boston at that period a newly organized show bearing the above high-sounding appellation. It was in the late spring or early summer of 1875, I think. According to my recollection, he brought with him on that noted occasion his own means of sheltering his new show—a means quite in keeping with summer traveling circuses from time immemorial. It was a tent. But when and where was there ever before one so big? Moreover, he personally superintended the erection and furnishing of it himself, with a careful eye to many new and special arrangements (where wood was freely used) of its interior.

Happening, one morning near the announced date of public opening, to be loitering about the grounds and inside the tent, and while the spry old gentle-

man of bent figure was present on one of his final tours of inspection, I as a youth personally witnessed a little incident that may be worth recording here. Though trifling in itself, it revealed significantly one side of the showman's character, as did many others of similar vein that have been told about him. While he was conferring with his industrious foreman on the job a number of small boys, eager and active as young boys will be when the circus spirit is rampant among them, huddled in groups rather close to where the work was going on, and so incurred the loud disfavor of this foreman, who apparently had thought it an opportune moment to get some credit for loyalty as well as diligence in the master's regard. He got only unappreciative words in return; for the kindly showman—a friend to children always—said the boys were doing no harm whatever. A few minutes later he returned to his cab and directed "To the Parker House."

This Barnum circus enterprise, installed under its own enormous canvas covering in Boston's Back Bay, and exhibiting twice every week day for three highly profitable weeks—thus duplicating the stay but not the financial failure of the last Peace Jubilee (in 1872)—is most probably the event your correspondent was just inquiring about. A vast wooden structure, I feel assured, did not figure in it. G. S. F.

As the World Wags:

"Dr. Bigelow said: 'Five thousand dentists in this state should be seen by each of the children at least once a year.'"—Boston Herald.

It looks like a busy year for the dentists—also the children. We believe in caring for the teeth of our children, Dr. Bigelow; but isn't this going to be overdoing it just a bit? W. N. A.

#### THE WEAKER SEX

As the World Wags:

The newly elected president of the Arts and Letters Club arose, and, gazing reminiscently at the chandelier, said:

"Dear Club Members: I will try to recall the days of my innocent young womanhood." Defeated candidate: "Do you think you can do it?" President: "I hope so; I have an excellent memory." Voice in the third row: "You'll need it." The president then continued her speech, stressing her extreme fondness for every single member of the club, and begging their friendly co-operation during the coming year. A unanimous vote of good will toward the president was passed. Mrs. Winthrop Hollis then arose and stated that she had accidentally discovered in her husband's pocket a poem which he had written and intended to read at his golf club dinner. She said she had wept in secret, but when the members learned she had it with her, they demanded that she read it, so that if it was libellous proper action might be taken. Amid deathlike stillness, save for Mrs. Hollis's sobs, she read the verses.

MEOW!

Women in their clubs remind us

They can make their lives sublime,  
They won't change—they'll still be women

Till the very end of time.

Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the club is not its goal;  
"Tea and tattle be our watchword"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Let us, men, be up and golfing  
Till the hour is getting late,  
And for every meal we're getting  
Learn to labor and to wait.

There was a moment's pause, then laughter, which comforted Mrs. Hollis. It was voted to hold a Husband and Wife dinner in October. Mr. Hollis to write and read another poem.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

PEA JAY

I may have to put up on the door of the Minister: "Men, take your hats off; women, put your skirts on."—The Archdeacon of Nottingham.

#### 'TOLANTHE' PLAYS AT THE SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—Winthrop Ames' revival of the operetta in two acts, "Iolanthe" or the Pier and the Peri. By W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. First performance of the operetta at the Savoy Theatre, London under the management of R. D'Oyly Carte on Nov. 23, 1882. The cast last night was as follows:

The Lord Chancellor . . . . .	Fred Wright
Earl of Mountararat . . . . .	John Barcla
Earl of Tolleroll . . . . .	J. Humbird Duffe
Private Willis . . . . .	Wm. C. Gordon
Strephon . . . . .	William Vera Ros
Queen of the Fairies . . . . .	Bertina Hall
Iolanthe . . . . .	Virginia Fo
Celia . . . . .	Suziebell Sterlin
Lelia . . . . .	Pathe Lancel
Phyllis . . . . .	Lois Bennet

Conductor, Sepp Mescher. An audience that filled the theatre hearing Sullivan's delightful music laughing again at Gilbert's thrusts at British institutions and the pretension of the nobility, was as greatly please

as if "Iolanthe" were then performed for the first time. The libretto wears well, in spite of the fact that the joke about the deceased wife's sister, the bitter reflection on the possibility of women entering the field of politics, and the allusion to Capt. Shaw and his brigade of firemen are of years long past. It now seems incredible that Punch was shocked by the union of a fairy with a mortal and the consequent result; found the idea unpleasant; but Punch never was enthusiastic over Gilbert possibly because he, as a humorist, a former contributor to

Punch's rival, Fun, did not appreciate the jokes of Mr. Punch.

Yes, "Iolanthe" bears revival more than some of the Gilbert-Sullivan operettas. It is free from such verbal quips as the confounding of "orphan" and "often," which becomes boresome in "The Pirates of Penzance." Would "Patience" be found amusing today? Bunthorne is still with us; there is still what Artemus Ward once called "pretty shop-keeping talk" about art; the operetta contains some of Sullivan's best music.

The performance last night was spirited and for the most part in accordance with the traditions and in the Gilbertian spirit. In one respect the performance was better than those of "Iolanthe," as first given here by Mr. Ames. Then the part of the Lord Chancellor was allotted to an excellent actor in spoken comedy, but in light opera he was at sea, for he could not sing, nor was he light on his feet. He made a mess of the songs that required volubility, nor did he portray fully the character of the susceptible chancellor. Mr. Wright was much more at home in the part.

Mr. Gordon, who was a disappointment as Pooch-Bah last week except for his sonorous voice, was a capital Pvt. Willis, vocally and as an example of philosophic indifference. The other principals were in the vein, acting with the appropriate seriousness, giving due emphasis to the whimsicality of Gilbert's topsy-turvy logic. Miss Bennett was a charming Phyllis; Miss Hall, a fairy mother whose youthful appearance may well have disconcerted the peers; her sister fairies graceful and joyous in the dance, pleasing in song. Mr. Duffey was again conspicuous for vocal art, distinct enunciation, and as Tolleroll was humorous without descending to buffoonery.

The ensemble pages were effectively sung. The great chorus of the peers, which has been called the "brassiest" of Sullivans; the finale of the first act; the fairy music, and the lesser numbers were loudly and justly applauded. Again Miss Ross proved herself a singer of fine parts. She is also to be praised for not over-doing the scene with Priv. Willis. There were repetitions; there was evident enjoyment throughout the performance.

Tonight, Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee the operetta will be "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe" will be repeated on Friday night and at Wednesday's matinee. On Wednesday and Thursday nights "The Mikado" will be performed.

#### MADDOCK'S TRICKS

##### REVUE AT KEITH'S

A miniature revue, "Maddock's Tricks," brings to the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week the freshness, youth, and sparkling sophistication which one usually associates only with some such high priced entertainment as Charlot's Revue. The ballet dance of the street cleaners was last night a delightful bit of burlesque. The boys and girls in the production are boys and girls of today—not of yesterday. They dance, sing, and mime with the enthusiasm that is found only in the teens and very early 20s. Wally Cris-ham, partly hampered by an over-elaborate make-up, excelled in a version of the varsity drag.

For straight, downright fun there are Jesse Block and Eve Sully. Mr. Block, it seemed, has a girl who is skinny, even "in the best places." Then there is Al Shean, whom a certain song made famous. This time he has for his partner a young woman, Lynn Canter, very tall and songful. They have an act, "Business is Business," which becomes more uproarious and more uproarious as income tax problems are pleasantly drowned in potent bootleg whiskey—at least, it is the color of whiskey. Joe Browning is pretty funny and his stuff pretty "blue."

Joseph Reagan, billed as "the sensational Irish-American" tenor, received by far the heartiest applause of the evening. He has a very powerful voice which he uses most effectively. He made a little speech in which he claimed Roxbury as his native town.

Others who may be seen and heard this week at Keith's are Garcinetti and Miller, who put hats where they belong with amazing speed and precision; Combe and Nevins, vocal harmonizers; and The Emulons, gymnasts. The ever-reliable Pathe shows the Prince of Wales, going to the air.

## THE SCREEN

STATE THE TRUTH—"Ramona," a screen drama starring Dolores del Rio, adapted from the novel of Helen Hunt Jackson, directed by Edwin Carewe for United Artists. The cast: Ramona, Dolores del Rio; Alessandro, Warner Baxter; Felipe, Roland Drew; Senora Moreno, Vera Lewis.

Propaganda did not make its initial and sweeping bow during the late war, it probably started with the Great Stone age, but two examples of novels written with ulterior purposes at a time when such a thing was not supposed to be done, have been put on the screen. One is "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and this is the other, "Ramona," published in 1880, and written by Helen Hunt Jackson, who wished to open the eyes of the people and Congress to the need and treatment of the poor American Indian.

No such motive could have inspired Mr. Carewe, especially as most of the American Indians are riding around in comfortable automobiles now, but the story of the half-breed girl is a good one for his warmly histrionic star, and she does well by it.

The story is of southern California at a time when the country belonged to the Spaniards and Indians and was first invaded by the rougher element who went West seeking adventures and gold.

The heroine is called Ramona. She has grown to womanhood on a vast rancho, given every advantage as the adopted daughter of the haughty Senora Moreno and raised in ignorance that her mother was an Indian. But blood asserts itself and she falls in love with Alessandro, a young Indian who had come to the rancho to take charge of the shearing of the sheep. Against the senora's wishes and giving up the fortune in jewels left her by her father, she slips away with the Indian and marries him.

For three years life was good to Alessandro and the fair Ramona. The beautiful Dolores del Rio rolling out dough and patting little floury cakes into shape is something that the picture has that the novel is without but just as one settles comfortably to enjoy the little pastoral, the lovely little daughter of Ramona and Alessandro sickens and dies, the white man comes and burns the Indian village, killing the people and taking the cattle and sheep. Ramona and Alessandro escape but are left without home or cattle. Ramona points to a mountain and says courageously that they will build their home where the eagle builds his, but even there they do not find protection. Alessandro is killed and Ramona is left stunned and broken mentally to be taken back to the rancho by her adopted brother, who had loved her always.

It is doubtful whether anything flagrantly propagandic can ever be as dramatically moving as something which does not strive to reform, refute or moralize. The acting in the present film is good. The star is gorgeous, and even when the time comes for her to look like a mummified cameo, she does that better than most. The scenery and the photography are beautiful. Missions, mountains and soft backgrounds lend themselves to a camera with good effect. C. M. D.

KEITH-ALBEE, BOSTON—"The Escape," a screen drama, adapted from the stage play by Paul Armstrong, directed by Richard Ross, made by Fox Film Company. The cast: Jerry Magee, William Russell, Max Joyce, Nancy Drexel; Dr. Don Elliott, George Meeker; Trigger Caswell, William Demarest.

A study of contrasts has absorbed the director of this photoplay, which, incidentally, should not be confused with the stage play of the same name written by John Galsworthy. Paul Armstrong's play was an underworld melodrama and the present film is a modernized version of it.

Again the night club is brought into the film business with its attendant shooting match but there are not so many out-and-out robbers and thugs in "The Escape," the more gentlemanly business of bootlegging is the warp, if not the woof of the present drama. There is also a study of how a self-possessed bootlegger acts when he pulls out a gin cork from a whiskey bottle.

Twined seductively in the story is a nice little lecture on prohibition, talk of the country, while gazing out on the teeming hundreds of New York's lower East side and—Virginia Valli. Miss Valli is beautiful and impressive in even so trite a combination of circumstances. Her emotional scenes do not carry her into a whirlpool, but she handles them so adroitly that one is left with an impression of character, depth of feeling, taste and intelligence.

Nancy Drexel as the younger sister who is inclined to the giddy paths of gaiety is fresh of face and pretty. She plays her part well as does William Russell as the business head of the bootleggers. George Meeker only lives up to his name.



Eight vaudeville acts, selected screen comedy and Pathe news complete the program.

"Brass Knuckles," a Warner Bros. production, starring Monte Blue and Betty Bronson, is the feature picture now showing at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. Both story and scenario were done by Harvey Gates. It is a melodrama, and has to do with a crook who wasn't really so crooked. Others in the cast are William Russell, Georgie Stone, Paul Panzer and Jack Curtis.

The companion picture, "The News Parade," featuring Nick Stuart and Jolly Phipps, depicts the experiences of a young newsreel cameraman.

"The Yellow Lily," Billy Dove's latest starring vehicle for First National, directed by Alexander Korda, at Washington Street and Scollay Square Olynpias.

The picture was adapted from Lojas Biro's stage play of the same title. The plot is full of thrills and new twists, and there's an exotic flavor in the fine photography. Striking character types abound in the cast, as well as colorful costumes, imported from Hungary.

Gustav von Seffertitz, Jane Winton and Nicholas Soussanin vie for histrionic honors at the head of an unusually large and notable cast.

"The Patsy," an entertaining comedy-drama, taken from a famous stage play that amused Broadway for more than a year, is Marion Davies' latest starring photoplay, and is being shown at Loew's Apheum Theatre all this week. Included in the cast are Marie Dressler, Neville Caldwell, Jane Winton, Del Henderson and Lawrence Gray. King Vidor directed the new feature for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Short film subjects and M-G-M news complete the program.

## CONTINUING

### ATTRACTIONS

Majestic—"Good News," collegiate musical comedy. Thirteenth week.

Tremont—"Elmer the Great," with Walter Huston. The Cohan-Lardner comedy, formerly known as "Fast Company." Last week.

Wilbur—"Paris," comedy with songs, starring Irene Bordoni, and featuring Louise Closser Hale. Sixth week.

Shubert—Winthrop Ames's Gilbert and Sullivan opera company in a repertoire, including "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Iolanthe." Last week.

Copley—"He Walked in Her Sleep," Norman Cannon's amusing farce. Fifth week.

## THOUSANDS CROWD SULLIVAN SQ. TENT

Disappointment was expressed by a large number of persons who visited the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus at Sullivan square, Charlestown, yesterday, at their failure to have opportunity to view at close range and make a study of the much heralded "Goliath," the 4½-ton sea elephant, the first one ever to be on exhibition here.

It seemed as though they were bent on a minute examination of that almost extinct inhabitant of the southern hemisphere that was captured at a tremendous cost and made a part of the circus for educational purposes.

The giraffes, with their elongated necks and their optical delusion legs, for the hind ones are as long as the much taller appearing front ones, were only given a casual glance and the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ, as the circus press agents used to refer to the hippopotamus, paled into insignificance in the desire of the crowd to look at Goliath.

### HE WAS THERE

Goliath was there, but not in the menagerie. He disported himself on a big truck hauled by four horses around the hippodrome track and halted before each section of seats in order that the audience might get a look.

But to get back to the circus. There's the alluring utterances of the side show ballyhoo men, the smell of the sawdust, the death-defying roll of the hot dog over live coals, the hawk who vends the peanuts, of which the elephants inhale oodles through their muscular proboscis before conveying them into their mouths, and ever so many other

things that are familiar incidents and sounds when the circus comes to town.

One amazing feat follows the other in the vast arena, with its rings, stages, trapeze and hippodrome track. Tense-ness brought on by a particular daring act is broken by the buffoonery of the clowns.

Lillian Leitzel, hailed as the world's foremost and most daring aerial star, did somersaults suspended by one wrist from the uppermost part of the big top while the audience looked on in wonder at the test of physical endurance of this dainty star of the air.

Berta Beeson, a whirlwind of the high wire, coolly performed the most intricate feats at breakneck speed, and in startling contrast, dancing gracefully with merely a slender thread of steel for a "floor."

The Wallenda troupe of high wire performers presented their act with a nicety. From dizzy heights they accomplished feats never before seen on a high wire. This troupe was a sensation in Europe and it bids fair to be highly regarded in this country.

Acrobats, horses, dogs, elephants and monkeys are included in the great program of entertainment furnished by the "greatest show on earth."

Mabel Stark, animal trainer, knocked down and savagely slashed by two of seven tigers, is in a hospital at Bangor, Me. A few years ago she was with the the Ringling Brothers-Barnum show, wrestling with a tiger; but the management cut out the "cat acts," for there is still the erroneous belief that lions and tigers can be trained only by cruelty.

An interesting story of circus life, of a woman's adventures with elephants and cats, has been published by Little, Brown & Co.: "Sawdust and Solitude," by Lucia Zora, edited by Courtney Ryley Cooper. The book is illustrated. Mr. Cooper, running away from school, became a clown in a circus. He has since been known as a special writer for prominent newspapers, a contributor to magazines, and the author of books, some of them dealing with circus life. As a newspaper man visiting Sells-Floto circus 15 years ago—he was at one time a press-agent for the show—he met Zora with her elephants: "a powerful woman both in physique and in mental dominance," with "Junoesque proportions of a body which instinctively reminded one of the fabled Amazons." Her ankles were small; her hands well-formed; her complexion clear-skinned, peach blot; her wealth of hair was golden chestnut; "a beautiful woman whose face showed the unmistakable evidences of birth and breeding, and whose clear blue eyes spoke of an extraordinary intelligence." It is Mr. Cooper's opinion that she only thought she wanted to be a circus performer; that, weary of applause for her courage, she longed for a home on a ranch which "by her own hands, she had helped to wrest from the wilderness."

Lucia Zora was named after a tramp steamer in Boston harbor, named by her father on his return from the arctic. As a child of 5 in Cazenovia, N. Y., she wished to be an elephant trainer, for the elephant was to her the personification of childhood's dreams. Her parents hoped she would be a singer. She took music lessons, studied Latin, French and German, but when she was 19 in New Orleans, a soprano in a light opera company, she joined a circus as a "generally useful" woman. The show "went broke." She supported herself by frying flapjacks in the window of a second rate restaurant until she again was "generally useful" in the Sells-Floto circus. There she met Fred Alispaw, who "worked on elephants." She married him; studied with him that she might in time "work" with animals.

There are many pages concerning the habits and the training of elephants to do "sagacious feats," as the circus announcers put it. No woman had hitherto worked an entire herd—women by instinct are timid and animals were quick to find this out; they lacked knowledge of each individual beast. Lucia succeeded in doing what had been thought impossible, incredible. Her account of her training and her analysis of the elephant's character—more favorable to the beast than that given in Charles Reade's "Jack of All Trades," are as instructive as they are exciting.

Then followed her life with the cats, trained to the whip. The blow does not touch them; if it does there is not enough strength in it to cause pain. She narrowly escaped death from a tight-rope walking tigress who was suffering from a headache and there-fore "walked" roughly. Lucia lived "HITCHCOCK RETURN" than 10 years.

\$12,000 in cash; she had valuable diamonds which are the circus man's bank. The circus was left behind. Land was bought in northwestern Colorado. There were six years of poverty, toil; a lonely life with heart-breaking failures, but now the indomitable man and wife own a ranch of 2400 acres, nor do they regret their refusal to accept enriching contracts from circuses. A brave woman in the ring, this Lucia Zora; a still braver woman who fought with the soil, the elements, and loneliness. The story of the later years is as engrossing as that of her triumphs and her danger with the animals.

Little, Brown & Co. also publish "Famous Prize Fights; or Epics of 'The Fancy,'" by Jeffery Farnol, who acknowledges his indebtedness to E. V. Chandler in consulting records of early "mills" and procuring "forgotten pictures of almost forgotten champions." Mr. Farnol is also indebted to the referee, J. B. Angle for divers photographs.

Going back to the fights described by Homer and Virgil, Mr. Farnol begins in England with Broughton and Slack; and ends in the United States with Carpenter and Dempsey. Short biographical sketches precede the stories of famous fights told in an exalted strain, with emphasis on the blood drawn in the encounters. This hero or that one is covered with blood, which statement is not always corroborated by contemporaneous accounts, especially of fights which Mr. Farnol did not see, could not have seen. Remarks, taunts, of the men in the ring are quoted with the license of a novelist, yet we miss the advice of Fitzsimmons's devoted wife: "Poke him in the slats, Bob." The account of the fight between Heenan and Sayers is unfair to the former; nothing is said about the backers of Sayers breaking into the ring and stopping the fight when they thought he would be defeated. Nothing is said of Mitchell's behavior in the ring, as when he would not stand up with Sullivan: "No champion ever fought more terrifically or more gamely than brave Charles Mitchell." Bosh! All that is said of his fight with Sullivan in France is that the contest ended in a draw. And why? Because Mitchell would not fight. There probably will be no denial of the statement that Peter Jackson was for his size "the most finished and beautiful boxer ever seen." The very best of his type, delightfully modest and thoroughly sportsmanlike.

Vivid as are the descriptions in this book, there is nothing to approach Hazlitt's account of Neate's final lunge at Hickman, whose "face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood." Nothing so graphic as Victor Hugo's description of the fight between Phelemghe-Madone and Helmsgail with the Rev. Dr. Grumdrath, one of the Forty Fellows of All Souls, disgusted by ineffectual blows, exclaiming: "Pour some gin into them." But Mr. Farnol speaks enthusiastically of the blood shed in the encounters, and applauds the brutality of the early prize fights under the London prize-ring rules. It was of these fights that Fitz-James O'Brien sang:

"These are 'the Fancy,' gentle sir. The Fancy? What are they to her? O, 'tis their fancy to look at a fight, To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.

Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes— These are the things the Fancy prize. And so they get men, lusty and tall, With nothing between them of hate or wrongs.

To come together to battle and maul To come and fight till one shall fall— Hammer and tongs!"

Today prize fights are genteel affairs, witnessed by our "best people," male and female, after their kind.

## Winthrop Ames Stages Revival of Operetta, "Pirates of Penzance"

SHUBERT THEATRE—Winthrop, Ames's revival of "The Pirates of Penzance," operetta in two acts, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. The opera had its first production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, on Dec. 31, 1879. The cast last night was as follows:

Richard, pirate chief.....	John Barclay
Samuel, his lieutenant.....	J. Humbird Duffey
Frederic.....	William Williams
Frederic.....	Fred Wright
Maj. Gen. Stanley.....	Lois Bennett
Kate.....	Sussiebell Sterling
Edith.....	Betina Fox
Isabel.....	Paula Lenlen
Maud.....	Vera Koss
Ruth.....	

Surely Gilbert and Sullivan meant their gentle buccaneers to be gay but never skittish and yet the Pirates of Penzance, delectable men with consciences and so tender a feeling toward orphans that they could not make the business of pirating pay, were extremely skittish last evening when the operetta was offered once again with its tuneful music, its subtle humor, but, with modern furbelows. One might say that the jazz age had made Gilbert and Sullivan jump.

There was not, however, a complete robbing of the seriousness which is due this piece. Fred Wright as Maj.-Gen. Stanley of the British army, played the

part and sang his songs with what might be called the genuine Gilbert and Sullivan mood. He did not move briskly but he treated all of the situations wherein he found himself, gently, quietly and efficiently.

Then there was, also, the charming Mabel, played by Lois Bennett, who did not try any pranks but contented herself with singing well and playing with sincerity and delicacy the part of the young woman who had more courage than the rest. She left an agreeable impression of a pleasant and comely young woman.

Vocally the choruses were well equipped and the women in the company were exceedingly fair. The small parts were well taken, costumes and manners lending themselves to the occasion of the pleasantest of all piratical doings. The policemen were given innumerable and unnecessary things to carry with them on their march against the pirates and especially when packages of cotton and other impedimenta of the surgeon's trade were bandied about one was reminded of the high school play. The entrance of a minister like nothing else but a jumping-jack was the last stand against modernism and if it is true that we are reverting back to the Victorian era may it include "The Pirates of Penzance," as Gilbert and Sullivan wrote and staged it but with the generous production of Mr. Ames. C. M. D.

## FROM "THIS BLIND ROSE"

By Humbert Wolfe

They danced under candles, they rode out, and were not,

the loved and the lovers in all those eves,

and now the snow stirs for those who stir not,

for those who grieve not, the high wind grieves.

They do not dance now, but the snow dances;

They are only heard in the wind's tall scandals—

a sob in the snow, the wind's wild fancies—

and the moon in heaven is the last of their candles.

Celebrating the centenary of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's birth, some have wondered what he meant by calling a woman's hair in one of his poems "dizzy." Some have gone to the Greek word "aiolochaites," which has been translated "with wavy hair," also "with parti-colored hair." "So, perhaps, Rossetti's siren may merely have had her hair braided in ringlets." This is the opinion of Mr. Alexander MacKenzie, who points out that Rossetti also spoke of "coruscating" hair and "sultry" hair; that he had a fondness for eddies and whirlpools. Mr. George Glasgow writes of the siren's hair: "to watch her slowly winding it to the accompaniment of incantations may well have a mesmeric, dizzying effect on the beholder." Mr. H. D'A. Hart speaks of "dizzy" as "unsteady." "Does not the poet refer to the wavy locks (the word 'waved' unfortunately nowadays suggests artificial manipulation) so characteristic of many of his portrait subjects?"

One of the meanings of "dizzy" is "wildly whirling." Is it not possible that Rossetti thought "dizzy" a good word without troubling himself as to its precise meaning in connection with the siren's hair?

## ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

(Told by Tristan Bernard)

Jacob, 6 years old, met his father, Abraham, and said: "Papa, I dreamed last night that you gave me 10 sous."

Abraham, patting the curly head of his eldest son, replied: "As you've been a very good boy this week, my dear, keep them."

## DUMBELL POMES

(By Jazbo)

Count that day lost  
Whose low descending sun  
Finds not some brand-new Flyer Crew  
On old Page One.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags:  
Sweet young thing attending a national teachers' convention. Crowds milling around the elevators of a huge Chicago hotel. Sweet young thing calls out contentedly to elevator pilot: "Let me off on the mayonnaise floor, please."

## PHOENIX MORT.

Should an American regard the Scotch pronunciation of "golf" and make the word rhyme with "loaf"?

## ASK THEM A HARD ONE

As the World Wags:

"Guggenheim Aeronautical Laboratory" has nearly as long a name as Tech herself. What will the boys call it for short?

Gug-Lab.  
Cambridge.

A. C. L.



## As the World Wags:

As the coming presidential campaign threatens to interfere with traffic, why not drop it for four years and invite a great president from abroad, with Mr. Lowden and Mr. Jim Reed as twin vice-presidents? Surely the Prince of Wales would be willing to come over here and rule us for four years as our guest.

We have had a number of visiting professors in our colleges advancing learning to the great benefit and delight of our students. The visitors have lectured on psychology and psychiatry in a manner fully as amusing as our own native Cagliostro. If so humble a person as a Doctor of Intelligence can get away with the guest stuff without sweating, why cannot His Royal Highness, the Prince, step into our largest pair of political shoes and fill them? The experiment is largely worth trying as a novelty with a kick in it. Not Mussolini, mind you, just the quiet little Prince. We might send Senator Heflin over to England to take his place.

A professional gentleman tells me that the oracles, auspices, portents and horoscopes all point to the success of this scheme. If this is so, a committee should be sent over to get the Prince and his horse.

Of course His Royal Highness should be assured that he will get his board and lodging free while here, in exchange for his services in laying corner stones, welcoming aviators and opening Bess.

May I not hope that this suggestion will be received with joy and approval and not with senseless opposition and ignorance?

LORD ELPUS.

We have thought better of Mussolini since a cablegram stated that he played the violin "secretly."—Ed.

## PURE ENGLISH

## As the World Wags:

A Western Union lass refused to accept the following night letter message, protesting that "plain English" only was admitted. What is "plain English" and to whom shall I appeal for satisfaction?

"Your pauciloquy arrides the incolumity of our immarcescible consanguinity have you no agency of inwit afraid lepid mulierosity rendered your ludibund inkhorn insolent and sufflaminated your eximious solerousness do not subsannate my immidgerous sesquipedalianisms unconstritate my inopious balagan with a splendidiously clancular message."

NICOLAS SLIMSKY.

The greatest of all sea-stories is undoubtedly Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." It has been imitated and pillaged but remains alone. It has no class. It stands as much by itself as Emily Bronte's "Wuthering Heights."—Morley Roberts.

## As the World Wags:

An automobile owner went into a salesroom and said: "You sold me a car about two weeks ago." "Yes, how do you like it?" inquired the salesman. "Well," said the owner, "I just want you to tell me everything you said about the car all over again. I'm getting discouraged."

HORACE B.

## As the World Wags:

In a catalogue of book bargains just published by a Boston firm, I find listed: "A Book of Timely Interest: 'Bottlescrew Days,'" with this comment: "The fascinating story of very thirsty, very human days, the 18th century in England."

Cannot this title alone in its that eminent sociologist, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, to produce erudite comment on the better, stronger times than "these pale days and wan"? Will it not inspire in Woolf Wool a new Chanson des Guzleus? Or Snow-Shoc Al to an illuminating Bedtime Story?

CHARLES ST. C. WADE.

Taunton.

Our language is suffering severely from the modern habit of too rapid composition and from the pernicious practice of dictation.—Dean Inge.

I have always regarded it as one of the advantages of being dead that public opinion ceases to operate.—Lord Buckmaster.

THE GRAVES OF THE ARGONAUTS  
(For As the World Wags)

Under the seas of the tropics,  
Under the Arctic's ice,  
Men lay their bones the wide world o'er  
Nor deem it sacrifice.

For Adventure holds their heartstrings,  
Wherever they may roam,  
Rather they chance the Seven Seas  
Than rest in sloth at home.

Thus ever their frames are scattered  
In foreign soil or sea—  
Men with the yearn for Adventure  
And souls forever free.  
YOUNG OF WAKEFIELD.

Writin' about "A Mirror for Witches," that remarkable novel by Edna Forbes, we said without shame that we believe in witches, incubes and succubus, good and wicked spirits, the evil eye, signs and omens, the stars fighting for or against poor mortals: we accept the whole box of supernatural tools and playthings.

Do our readers smile a pitying smile? Do they talk of sending an alienist to our room in The Herald building?

The ministry of health at Belgrade has issued an order against witches, and, we regret to say, there is a round-up of them in the country. Anoukade Pish-tonia, bent by the years, with a sharp nose "insolently pointing from the shadow of her kerchief, and re-enforced behind by two bird-like black eyes gleaming from cavernous sockets," has been arrested near the Rumanian frontier, and for what? For the magic water she sold; water to cleanse men of bad temper and the craving for drink and card play. What if her holy water did contain arsenic? Did it not produce the desired effect?

We are glad to learn that witchcraft is common in Belgrade itself. Even there hens and cocks, too scrawny for the table, are used for burying alive, or smearing blood on lintels to work a spell.

Our request for a list of men that married snake-charmers in side shows or dime museums is disregarded. One would think that these husbands would proudly disclose their identity. We have received, however, a letter which we hasten to publish verb. et lit.

MAMY AND HARRY

## As the World Wags:

Marrying a snake charmer isn't so bad if you don't mind losing your wife. Now you take a fella I knew his name was Harry usually sometimes it was other names or maybe NOT other names such as he was never George Wattles in N. Y. state only once after that he was always somebody else in N. Y. state for private reasons of his own. Harry worked in a circus as Jo-Jo the Dogman what is he man or beast ten men were killed in the capture of Jo-Jo the Dogman. Harry said it was a good job only the wig and skin itched on hot days. Well, Mamy was the unofficial name of the snake charmer the ballyhoo man calling her Atrosia or something like that the Fearless Female. She was very fond of her snakes where a woman would wear a diamond necklace Mamy would loop a chummy little Cobra around her neck who had his vital organs removed of course and he was drugged and probably not a real cobra anyway but it looked very horrible to see her be so conjugal with snakes. She even wore garter snakes to keep her stockings up. Well, Harry was a very virile sort of man you might say. He said a man had a right to all the women he could hold and he was pretty strong which was his joking way. Mamy was not so bad in a soft light or none at all when she took off her snakes so Harry took to her right away because he said his N. Y. wife had died unexpected and he needed somebody to assuage his grief because his other wives weren't very close by. He almost got fired sometimes because he would forget to be ferocious because Mamy's act was next to his and he'd look more like a sick sheep than Jo-Jo the Dogman what is he man or beast because he was looking at Mamy. Mamy took to Harry too. Of course he looked a lot like an ape and had a cauliflower ear but she liked the hair on his chest and his white and shiny set of teeth which he wore when he went to see her other times keeping them in a glass of kerosene. So it turned out they got married and they were very happy until Mamy had a baby. Harry wasn't used to them and when he saw how it always had his mouth open he said it was too much like the Sword Swallower and acted that way too trying to eat tinware and trinkets or anything it saw. So Harry got red and bulgy and went off to the Zoo and bought a half a dozen fresh rattlers which still had their vital organs and he put them in Mamy's box of snakes which made a very exciting performance but poor Mamy died. Harry took it very well saying it was her own fault for being a fakir because if she was a real snake charmer she wouldn't mind a few rattlers. So marrying a snake charmer isn't so bad if you don't mind losing your wife.

BEN BOOZLENOOT.

## CLASS REUNION

## As the World Wags:

First Grad—Well, well, well, the old boy himself. How are you?  
Second Grad—Well, well, fine, and how are you?

First Grad—You're looking fine. A little stouter, aren't you?

Second Grad—Now, weighed the same for 15 years.

First Grad—Hear you've done well in the world.

Second Grad—Heard same about you.

First Grad—Ha, ha, ha!

Second Grad—Ha, ha, ha!

First Grad—The old place ain't like it used to be.

Second Grad—I'll say it ain't.

First Grad—We had a great old gang.

Second Grad—I'll say we did.

First Grad—Don't make 'em like that any more.

Second Grad—I'll say they don't.

First Grad—Well, I'll see you a little later.

Second Grad—Sure, glad to have seen you again.

First Grad (to himself)—Now, who the deuce was that?

Second Grad (ditto)—Who do you suppose that guy was?

PAUL FOGARTY.

## As the World Wags:

Your explanation of why all poetical contributions are not published is mathematically satisfactory. Now will you figure out how comes a black cow eats green grass and gives white milk which makes yellow butter?

X. X. DICK.

## THE LATEST CANDIDATES

Emil L. has proposed for membership in our Hall of Fame:

Bury M. Deep, physician and undertaker at 711 Dice avenue, Ventura, Cal. Sewt and Sewe, dressmakers in Mexico, Mo., are proposed by "Gift for the annex."

## As the World Wags:

When the smart stenographer asked, "Have you got a nickel?" I gladly handed over the coin, thinking she was hard up for chewing gum. She then handed me a slip with the following neatly written on it:

"You are now a member of the Jewish Navy. Your small donation will be used to build ships to sail to the Dead Sea. Don't be a sorehead—try to collect your nickel the way I did."

Yours for bigger and better dictaphones, TAD.

## GRADUATION: 1888

(For As the World Wags)

The starlit night is warm,  
And through the open window floats  
The fragrance of syringas.  
The old town hall is overflowed  
With relatives; the women ply their fans.

Big June bugs hum like battle planes,  
And blinded by the lights crash audibly.  
In come the School Committee led by  
Rev. Mr. Starr.

The carryalls and buggies stand outside,  
Their horses hitched to posts, stamp off  
the flies.

The music starts with "Hasten, Hasten,  
Springtime."

In march the class, the girls in white,  
The boys in new store clothes.

A lengthy prayer is read by Rev. Mr. Starr.

Then off they go, with "Curfew shall  
not ring."

Why is it Big Chicago Bill has never  
roared at "England's sun was slowly  
setting."

"Do them darned English claim the  
sun?"

"I always knew they hoped to grab the  
earth."

Next Barbara Freitchie saves the flag,  
And Maybelle Hersey sings "I am a  
Bird."

But she is fat and Ernest Tarbell says,  
"You mean a truck."

At last they homeward go, diplomas in  
their hands.

Much happier than poor mortals often  
are.

To take at length the places that we fill,  
As, one by one, we disappear beyond the  
hill.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

## "I'D BE A PARODY"

There has been an attempt in England to parody Gilbert and Sullivan by producing a comic opera, "The Merchant Prince," libretto by A. B. Cox, music by J. J. Sterling Hill. Mr. Cox shows a future in which the only aristocracy will be that of wealth; where the impoverished nobility will be despised as "the lowest dregs of society." In their parody the authors have not hesitated to help themselves, the reviewers say, to some of Gilbert's whimsical ideas and to Sullivan's musical ideas. Thus the merchant squire surrounds himself with "professional villagers" prepared to take part in any rustic revels. (Compare the "professional bridesmaids" in "Ruddigore.") In the music, tunes after the hymnal manner of Sullivan are often used; Savoy

phrases are borrowed, and the chorus of merchants reminds one of the music for the peers in "Iolanthe." All these borrowings and suggestions are evidently intentional.

## O TEMPORA! O MORES!

## As the World Wags:

It is with considerable sorrow and no little trepidation that I report these two incidents—incidents which are all too typical of present day humor. When the world's wit falls to such depths as these is it not a sign that society is about to crumble, that our civilization is doomed to an early dissolution?

The first incident occurred in one of the most dignified, conservative office buildings in this city. I was waiting patiently for an elevator. (I always wait "patiently"; it being futile to wait for Boston elevators in any other frame of mind.) As I stood there a well dressed citizen having all the appearances of being respectable came up beside me and anxiously studied the indicators above the elevators for a minute. Then, turning to me he said, "It is almost time we saw an arrow quiver." Luckily for him he preserved a sober countenance. The merest quirk of his lip and I would have torn him to shreds of quivering flesh.

Not two days later I overheard two apparently intelligent college youths discussing spring clothes. Their deplorable dialogue follows. Said one, "Where is your green tie today?"

"Oh, I haven't a green tie anymore."

"No green tie? What happened?"

"I put it on yesterday and the wind blew it."

I started for them with blood in my eye, but they were quick-footed and slipped through the traffic and out of my sight.

Are not these ominous finger posts to an imminent debacle?

## THE MOCK TURTLE.

P. S.—Has the Flatiron Building been electrified? I have asked this question of several well informed people, but they all have passed it by with a vacant stare.

## 'STREET OF SIN'

"The Street of Sin," a screen drama starring Emil Jannings, directed by Mauritz Stiller, written by Josef von Sternberg and Benjamin Glazer, made by Paramount and presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast:

"Basher" Bill ..... Emil Jannings  
Elizabeth ..... Fay Wray  
Annie ..... Olga Baklanova  
Mr. Smith ..... Ernest W. Johnson

The motion picture producers are doubtless overcome with the unleashed power which they have lured into their work-shop and now that they have Emil Jannings they are making a too violent effort to live up to him. The present film, "The Street of Sin," was made from an original scenario, written especially for Mr. Jannings by two gentlemen who have won their spurs as adept film manufacturers. The director is the eminent Mauritz Stiller from Sweden, but with this abundance of talent "The Street of Sin" is not an emotionally gripping photodrama and far from an amusing one.

One can imagine with what enthusiasm the authors pictured to themselves the possibilities of putting Emil Jannings in the picturesque slums of London known as East Limehouse, making him the most malignant creature among many dismal examples of poverty and gin, then, at the right moment, to have him reformed by a slip of a Salvation lassie, etc., etc.

The results are wearying. Fay Wray as the Salvation girl who goes into the business of saving thoroughly, is pretty, but one cannot help but sympathize with the rough characters who maul her about. That they are not made to respect her by the director in the usual manner of Salvation Army representatives is probably motion picture plot and gives the excuse for the touching little scene where the girl prays to be forgiven for tempting her one convert.

Olga Baklanova, as the naughty Annie, is excellent. In the first place Miss Baklanova is an actress, and then, after the scene is finished and put away, she might wonder if her hat is on straight. Such forgetfulness of self is admirable—especially in an actress. When she has rather unpleasant things to do, she does them well and vigorously. No matter if she is put at an untidy table and made to eat, every action she makes, from the dipping of her bread into her coffee, to her stolid chewing, is clever characterization.

Emil Jannings, the world's greatest screen actor, is snowed under in the material he is given in "The Street of Sin," but he, nevertheless, risks valiantly and strives to do his best. Even the greatest of actors could do no more.

The revue featuring Gene Rodemich and his band is "Main Street to Broadway." A guest organist, Mr. Murtagh, is entertaining, and the overture and opening number conducted by Mr. Geissler is diverting and an excellent beginning of the program. C. M. D.



June 17 1928

Mr. Winthrop Ames's Gilbert and Sullivan company would no doubt find audiences if it were to stay at the Shubert Theatre for another week. Strange to say, there have been voices raised lately in London against the popularity of those operettas, because, as it is said, they call attention away from other light operas by English composers, and discourage musicians from working in this field.

Not long ago Mr. Ernest Newman wrote several articles for the Sunday Times in which he pooh-poohed Gilbert's librettos; he was unable to find them amusing. He suggested that Gilbert worked to Sullivan's disadvantage. For this expression of opinion Mr. Newman was vigorously attacked by indignant correspondents.

The wonder is that Sullivan could write as merrily as he did. From the time he was about 30 years old, he suffered periodically from a disease that caused him pain for which there was no relief. He often composed in defiance of his physician's orders. Sullivan said even of "H. M. S. Pinafore": "It is perhaps rather strange that the music which was thought to be so merry and spontaneous was written while I was suffering agonies. I would compose a few bars and then be almost insensible from pain. When the paroxysm was passed I would write a little more until the pain overwhelmed me again."

Readers of the Gilbert-Sullivan correspondence know that the composer often rebelled against the limitations put on him by Gilbert, and wished to escape from the "slavery," as he called it, of light opera. He was obsessed by the desire to write grand operas. Fortunately for his reputation, he wrote only one, and is known and loved by the operettas.

Apropos of "H. M. S. Pinafore." It is known to all that for the libretto Gilbert drew on his "Bab Ballads," on six of them at least. Ralph Rackstraw was evolved from Joe Go-Lightly who was punished by his skipper for singing love-ditties to the daughter of the First Lord. Capt. Corcoran was Capt. Reece, devoted to his men. Little Buttercup was the Bumboat Woman who told her story in a ballad.

Gilbert also made some use of a fantastic story, "King George's Middy," written by his father and illustrated by the son. This novel is now practically unobtainable, it is so rare.

Those who rightly objected to the horse-play introduced in "The Pirates of Penzance"—O Mr. Ames, how could you permit this clowning!—would have been enraged if they had seen "The Mikado" as it was performed at Berlin last year. Nanki-Poo was the son of the "Ohio Sugar King"; Katisha was the "Californian Fruit Queen." Nanki-Poo sported light pink flannel trousers and a blue blazer. Katisha entered in a real automobile. Yum-Yum, apparently naked, took a bath on the stage. There were local gags and indecent jests. Sullivan's music was maltreated. Several numbers were omitted; others were replaced by mushy sentimentalism and jazz. The whole score was "enriched with orchestral coloring."

When "The Barker" was produced in London some weeks ago a glossary was provided for the full appreciation of American humor and the American language. The Londoner was informed concerning "a shill," "fish," "to bally," "cook-house," "pipe down," "grease joint," "mitt joint," "gorilla," "boz-woz," "a frail." One critic remarked: "It is, perhaps, significant that 'The Barker' is the work of a professor of English in an American University."

Some strange plays were produced last month in London, "The Gates of Paradise" for example. The beautiful and virtuous heroine suffers—so the doctor says—from "ductless glands which do not function" until a certain drug is administered. Without this drug, she is cruel, vicious, totally immoral.

There were a couple of hair-raising plays at the Grand Guignol (Little Theatre). H. F. Maltby's "Something More Important" tells of an undergraduate who goes home with a girl on boat-race night. He is killed in a row with a sailor, her best "feller." Sailor and girl dispose of the boy's body.

"After Death" was translated from the French of Rene Barton. A scientist invented a machine which produces speech from the head of a man just after he has been guillotined. The Public Prosecutor goes mad because the head protests its former owner's innocence. It is said that in Paris the eyes in the head rolled as the machine worked. In London there was only an invisible larynx. This play may have been suggested by Villiers de l'Isle Adam's terrible story, "The Secret of the Scaffold."

In May, 100 years ago an enormous whale was cast ashore at Ostend. M. Kessels, a naturalist, bought it and had the skeleton removed to his house at Ghent. To gratify his friends he gave concerts with 24 "eminent musicians" in the interior of the whale. Nothing was said at the time about the acoustical properties.

Mr. Ernest Newman, hearing "Louise" at Covent Garden last month, found the heroine "older than the kitchen furniture among which she sits; and once more we have the proof that the surest way to become quickly demode in art is to be thoroughly up-to-date. In the days when girls were supposed to be in revolt against mothers who kept them from 'living their lives,' Louise was highly topical; today, so greatly has the life of the average young woman altered, the rebellious sentiments of the opera sound merely comical. \* \* \* We cannot believe in Louise, especially when she is the strapping young person Mme. Guylla makes of her. Still less can we believe in the mother, as a young lady remarked to me during the first interval, when we were fresh from hearing the old woman's tirades and seeing her slap her hefty daughter's face, 'Mothers can't pull that stuff nowadays.'

"For the somewhat uncomfortable feeling that we were assisting at an exhumation the production was partly responsible. To allow Louise and the other girls to wear the short skirts of the present day is to make the old-fashioned chatter about the suppression of woman sound even more ridiculous than it need be. The opera is now an antique, and should be produced frankly as such, the women wearing the costumes of 1900. Did the producer never reflect on the absurdity of the short skirts of 1928 in a setting that showed the Sacre Coeur church in the unfinished condition of 30 years or so ago, or of the still greater absurdity of the dressmakers, all of them in frocks of the most knee-revealing kind, sitting in a work-room, the walls of which displayed fashion plates showing women with dresses down to their toes? 'Louise' would by now have been laughed off the stage were it not for the tender human touches here and there in the music."

An "Innocent" entertainment was given in London by the Swiss Jodel Club. The "champion jodeler" of 1927 was there. He gave "an interesting demonstration of all that can be done in the way of jodeling, which isn't much; anyhow, this sort of thing loses its romantic associations indoors. Another gentleman gave us a specimen or two of his virtuosity on the Alphorn. But by far the best thing of the evening was the flag-throwing and catching of 'the Swiss champion for 1927.' This was really remarkably clever. I came away with the feeling that what we want at Queen's hall is a bit more of this sort of thing and a bit less music."

But some people like jodeling or yodeling. Among them Mr. Harold Acton. We quote from his "Five Saints and An Appendix,"

What coloratura diva can compare,  
Who quivers the foundations of the air  
With tremolos, arpeggios, what Castrato  
With Stradivarius as obligato  
Can conjure for us so supreme a thing  
As a Swiss village maiden's yodeling?  
Nay, I repeat that Melba's but a squib  
And Madame Tetrassini is but glib  
Beside such rapture—senses melt and die  
In violet agonies of ecstasy."

Lise Maria Mayer, composer and conductor, has written and performed at Vienna a symphony in one movement entitled "Cocaine," in which she has endeavored to describe in tones the temptation, intoxication and the disillusion which follows the taking of the drug. She introduced jazz instruments and wrote a shimmy-foxtrot for a scherzo. Nor was a fuge lacking. Born in 1894 she has written a great number of compositions, over 80 songs, besides choruses, chamber music, an opera, orchestral pieces.

"Cocaine." A symphonic poem entitled "Haschisch" was written by Adolph Paul Boehm, who killed himself at Berlin in 1911. He was the husband of Elizabeth Van Endert, operatic and concert singer, who came to Boston early in 1914 and sang at Symphony concerts conducted by Dr. Muck on Feb. 13, 14, of that year. She was a sleek, handsome, woman with a good voice, but uninteresting—when she sang. She gave a recital with an orchestra assisting on March 1st; arias and lieder.

This Mme. Mayer studied the art of conducting in Vienna and has admiring followers. Hungary has also a female conductor, Aranka Vador, who at the age of 21 made her debut at Budapest last April. She hopes to become a symphony conductor.

This reminds us that from July 9th to July 15th this year the Women's Symphony orchestra of Boston, with Ethel Leginska, conductor, will be the attraction at the music festival held annually at Conneaut Lake Park, Pa., each year under the auspices of the Festival Chorus of the Middle East. In working out her plans for this festival, Miss Leginska has an opportunity to use a few more performers on all orchestral instruments.

This provides an opportunity for women musicians to become proficient in the performance of symphonic music.

Mr. Roy R. Gardner of The Herald staff writes from Italy that the operatic performances at La Scala are "good in their way, but the singing is abominable."

P. H.

June 18 1928

#### UPON HAVING BOOKS FROM ENGLAND SEIZED AND DESTROYED

(For As the World Wags)

The dirty-minded English,  
Who live across the sea,  
Their books may be all right for them;  
They're far too coarse for me.

They think in terms of Smollett,  
A scribbling physician,  
Who wrote strong words which we, of course,  
Remove from our edition.

They're eye to eye with Shakespeare,  
Although they know it's true  
He never gave a shilling for  
The W. C. T. U.

I'd rather be American;  
I'd rather be refined;  
I much prefer my reading picked  
By some superior mind.

SATYROS.

We have heard of three brothers who in the good old days before automobiles, when they were to take a summer vacation, went to the railway station, each one alone in a hack. Not that these brothers were not amiably disposed toward one another; they feared that an accident might lop off the last branches of the family tree. We read a few days ago of a French family who, strange to say, thought wine "a coarse beverage fit only for peasants." They were great connoisseurs of water. The grandfather always drank from one particular well, one aunt from a spring, and another from a well of her own. "Yet none of these was the perfect water; that could only be had a little way off."

"At Tiberias there are mineral springs. A big hotel is to be built there for 'cure guests,' as the Germans call them."

What's the matter with the Pool of Siloam? Naaman, the Syrian, jumped into the Jordan to the great relief of his skin.

But one may be pardoned for disliking the idea of a casino at Tiberias with an orchestra, jazz and gaming

tables; visiting Germans with field glasses hanging from their shoulders by a strap.

#### As the World Wags:

A dispatch to the New York Tribune states that the diary and "common place book," kept by the Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon from 1662 to 1681, contains the startling information that Shakespeare died of strong drink. The item in the diary is as follows:

"Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting and, it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

This should be a lesson to us all. Will Shakespeare was a lad of great promise, and had he let rum alone, might have amounted to something.

LEVIN J. CHASE.

Concord, N. H.

#### A MODERN SIR WALTER

As the World Wags:

It had been raining heavily and the hat of the man who got in the bus was dripping. As he leant back in his seat, a cascade from his hat commenced to pour into the lap of a lady seated behind. Her companion, instead of remonstrating with the newcomer, immediately took off his own hat and inverted it to catch the tiny stream. And yet they tell us that chivalry is dead!

LOOKER ON.

#### As the World Wags:

This is a dull and dreary world. Perhaps you've noticed it yourself. When it isn't cold it's colder and when it doesn't rain it looks as if it might. And the only person who gets any comfort out of it is the weather editor of the Transcript who must be a fleshy man much given to perspiring.

Yet a ray of pure joy pierced my drab life this week. I got hold of a book. I thought at first it was a novel; now I don't know what it is. It is named "Convalescent," and its author is Charles Frederick Nordlinger. In another life the author's name may have been Karl Friederich Noerdlinger, but that's not the question. Anyway, Charles's (or Karl's) command of English is far too good for any Anglo-



Saxon and warrants the label "Made in Germany." He gurgles beautiful words. Here are a few of them: Frantic, raffish, marantic, surruration, persic, fizzzen, identic, dulciloquies, vraiseblant, ecot, acervatingly, didacity, frappishly, anenttly, threnc, plectroned, yorish, complemence, springe, villegiatures, anuthetic, etc.

Let the northeast winds blow their heads off and moisture abound. What do we care when we have Charles (or Karl) to cheer us?

GEO. OF NEWTON.

#### A CALL TO DUTY

As the World Wags:

Your contributor, "Oswald of Wcs-leyan," is, perhaps, not a patron of our naturally known street railway system. This supposition is a deduction, because I do not recall a single contribution from his interesting pen anent the joys, sorrows and tribulations which accompany even a six and one-quarter cents fare; and certainly such a keen observer of life as is Oswald could not, with qualifying experience, resist the "cacothics scribendi."

Even the "Sage of Clamport," for some while in retirement, irritating to his admirers, might, with pleasure to thousands, emerge from his unknown retreat, to greet his readers with an essay on Public Ownership, Private Control, or Prolongation of the Proletariatistic Domination of a Defuncting Device.

Then there is "Pro Bono Publico," who in his modesty was wont to conceal his identity behind such an obsolete signature, which, vernacularly writing, "went over big" before the rcs gestae of the Reipublicae were deluged with oil. Has he no dormant sense of duty, the response to which would assist the hoi polloi to understand the subtle meaning of preference when applied to a problem of transporting the public?

J. D. RUSSELL.

#### GOD'S COUNTRY

"Now back to God's country I'm going," Familiar these words are today—I've wondered just where lies God's country.

North, or south, or the far sunset way?

I've wandered afar and I've halted Where the wind in the trees and the sea

And melody sweet and soul-soothing, opio, and there seemed God's country to clanc me.

Ited where walls rose around me, Merc wonderful towers reached high, e buildings stood close in the cities, t the crowds went hurrying by.

Perhaps there to some is God's country. Where men jostle elbows and smile, And where, both in work and in laughter,

They can join with the rank and the file.

After all, 'tis the something within us, Entirely a state of the mind; Wherever the heart finds contentment— There alone is God's country. I find.

—CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

## FRANCK'S SYMPHONY PLAYED AT POPS

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. John Jones were: having the neighbors in for hymns in the parlor, or possibly they were too tired after golf, but there were many empty little varnished tables and cane chairs in symphony hall last night. Those who stayed away missed Franck's "Symphony in D minor," Respighi's "Rossiniana, suite from 'Les Reins,' Rossini, two Debussy nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals," and the "España" Rhapsody of Chabrier.

Those who came were enthusiastic. Slim Mr. Casella, most restrained and delicate of conductors, made his businesslike little bows of acknowledgement again and again, after each piece. The music was accompanied by no friendly European clink of glass or china, as "Refreshments shall not be offered for sale, and no smoking shall be permitted in a theatre or hall during an entertainment" on Sunday night. Sabbath talking, although allowed in Massachusetts, was not indulged in. For the most part the audience sat in silence with eyes on the orchestra, or heads bowed. In fact, one old gentleman's head became so thoroughly bowed that it took Stravinsky's wild "Galop" to wake him up, but as the program was nearly over he accepted the interruption graciously.

Possibly the audience made up in musical quality what it lacked in size.

Ethel Leginska at a table near the front of the hall followed with a pencil the Respighi "Rossiniana" score, or, leaning forward, with her thin face supported by her flexible musician's hand and her bushy hair hiding her cheeks, laughed with enjoyment at Stravinsky's "Suite No. 2." These whimsical little pieces—"March," "Valse," "Polka" and "Galop"—had their first Boston performance last night. They may be called "children's pieces for extremely modern children," and were first played in this country by the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, Mengelberg conducting. The simple melodies, so oddly and surprisingly scored, were greeted with delight and a general relaxation, rather like the appearance of the gravediggers in "Hamlet."

The younger generation was much in evidence last night. They managed to get through the evening without smoking or drinking, even without giggling. None of them fell asleep, and they all loved Chabrier's Rhapsody of Spain—leading to the reflection that possibly the winter symphony concerts should be given on Sunday nights when they couldn't interfere so radically with dances.

June 19 '28

"The 'Hoover toby' is on sale in the lobby of the Hotel Baltimore" (Kansas City). The dispatch says that a toby is a "container which former civilizations used for beer, and which ours may use for water if it wants to. A toby is in the form of a human head with the top of the skull cut off and hollowed out for the water, or the beer, and with the rest of the form divine shrunk and squatted into a sort of base or bottom. This 'Hoover Toby' is a very decent porcelain likeness."

This toby is an unfortunate campaign emblem. A toby, jug or mug, is always associated with ale, though it might contain stronger liquor. In the second place the face of the stout old man represented was usually grotesque. The old man was dressed in 18th century costume, a long and full skirted coat and a three-cornered hat.

Tobies were relics of the old coaching days in England, but they were once common in this country. There were many interesting specimens of them at Brown's Chop house in New York, the chop-house of the late sixties. Refreshing ourselves there with a modest quencher we saw the elder Sothorn and W. J. Florence with tobies on the table. They were talking quietly, probably devising some practical joke on a fellow actor.

A toby was also called Toby Fill-pot, or Toss-pot. It is strange that Dr. Maginn in "The Pewter Quart: written and composed for the Jollification of Bibbers of Beer, Porter, Ale, Stout, Nappy, and all other Configurations of Malt and Hop" mentions glass, crockery, silver, gold, wooden and other bowls, canniken, rumkin, flagon, mug, but not the toby by name: perhaps the word "crockery" included it.

But "toby" has a sinister meaning; the highway as the resort for robbers; also highway robbery (the toby lay); the "high" (or main) toby is highway robbery by a mounted thief; also the highway itself, while the low toby is robbery by footpads. Byron in "Don Juan" calls a highwayman the "high toby-spice."

This "toby" has had its poets: thus Ainsworth in "Rockwood." We quote the first verse and chorus of "The Game of High Toby."

Now Oliver puts his black night-cap on.

And every star its glim is hiding, And forth to the heath is the scampsmen gone.

His matchless cherry-black prancer riding;

Merrily over the Common he flies. Fast and free as the rush of rocket.

His crape-covered vizard drawn over his eyes, His tod by his side and his pops in his pocket.

#### CHORUS

Then who can name So merry a game As the game of all games—high-toby?

("Oliver," the moon. "Scampsmen," highwayman. "Tod," sword. "Pops," pistols.)

And "toby" has still other meanings: As a pitch for a travelling show; a color-printing machine for textiles; an inferior kind of cigar. In Cotton's "Virgil Travestie" toby is given a curious meaning.

Then there is the trained dog "Toby," introduced into the Punch and

Judy show in the first half of the 19th century. Toby wearing a frill round his neck; hence the Toby collar or frill, turn down and pleated, worn by women and children.

#### RAPID TRANSIT

(For As the World Wags)

Bouncing Blundering Bowdoin Bus You're not a vehicular model for us. You move in quick spurts like some old water bug.

Have you a history? Were you a tug Or some sea going craft now mounted on wheels

Careening, caroming, both fore and aft While the half seaskick passenger reels? We deplore your construction, front and side elevation,

And your tempo increases the heart's circulation.

Oh the grinding and spasms on your route through the streets!

And the wild ricocheting on slippery seats! N. K. H.

#### "LAST SHAKE"

As the World Wags:

Have you ever heard of a story called the "Last Shake," written at the time the city forbade further shaking of rugs on the Boston Common? Samuel Barber, in a book on the Common, gives the date of this event as 1822, and states that the story was written by Edward Everett Hale. Since Dr. Hale would have been about two years old at that time, of course, there must be an error somewhere. Thus far I have been quite unsuccessful in finding such a story either by Dr. Hale or by anyone else, but if it does exist I should very much like to get hold of it. Did you ever hear of such a tale? M. A. W.

No. We are sorry to say we never read the story, never heard of it, but we were not born or bred in Boston. —Ed.

#### A DEPLORABLE CHANGE

"Spitsbergen" is the correct spelling: Such is the decree of makers of maps and United States Geographic Board." We remember that there was once an attempt to make us all spell "Havana," "Habana," "Manila" is now adopted by geographers, but we used to buy Manila cheroots even when we were in doubt as to which end should be lighted.

"Spitzenbergen" is well known to us. The mountains are the more pointed with a "z" than with an "s." What to us is the spelling on English, American, French, Italian maps or that the Norwegian form of spelling is used in the English text of the treaty signed in 1926 by nine powers conferring to Norway sovereignty over the archipelago?

Barentz, it is said, discovered the islands in 1596, but it is thought that Sir Hugh Willoughby visited them in 1553. His expedition was sent out by "Sebastian Cabota Esquier" for the discovery of Cathay. Willoughby and his companions were frozen to death at Arzina, Lapland; his notebook was found. There is mention of many islands, but they are not easily identified. What were the "divers strange beasts, as guloines and such other, which were to us unknown and also wonderful?" We learn from Jer. Collier's "Dictionary" (1761) that what was most remarkable about the climate of Spitsbergen was this: "The dead bodies of Men or Beasts are not subject to corruption."

Many instructions were given to Willoughby and his men. Item 12—"That no blaspheming of God or detestable swearing be used in any ship nor communication of ribaldrie, filthy tales, or ungodly talke to be suffered in the company of any ship, neither dicing, carding, tabling, nor other devilish games to be frequented, whereby enueth not only poverty to the players but also strife, variance, brauling, fighting, and oftentimes murder to the utter destruction of the parties and provoking of God's most just wrath and sword of vengeance."

WASHINGTON STREET OLYMPIA AND SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA—"Wheel of Chance," a screen drama, starring Richard Barthelmess, adapted from the short story "Roulette" by Fannie Hurst, directed by Alfred Santell and made by First National, is presented. The cast is as follows: Nikolai Turkeltaub and Jason Talinef, Richard Barthelmess, Mosher Turkeltaub, Warner Oland, Sara Turkeltaub, Bodil Rosing, Hanscha Talinef, Ann Schaeffer, Ada Berkowitz, Lina Basquette, Josie Drew, Margaret Livingston.

Once again the screen comes into its own as a highly developed and extremely vital dramatic force. In the "Wheel of Chance" the portraiture has been so finely etched, the shadings so sympathetically smoothed, the raw places left in all of their jagged ruthlessness, so that the screen play even goes so far as to photograph the souls of men, or so it would seem. Richard Barthelmess plays a dual role in this

excellent drama and gives to the twin brothers distinct characteristics and thoughts with a similarity of reasoning, the only thing which is not changed by the difference in their environment. One brother is left for dead in Russia only to be rescued by an unpleasant woman as her son while the other brother and his family come to America and are successful.

It is in narrative that the screen play excels. The story uses the printed word to tell of the things the screen shows in detail and although nothing will ever take the place of the story, there is, nevertheless, a similar pleasure in such a narrative screen story as this one.

The family of Turkeltaub is first shown in Russia and later in America, where they have won their fortune in the cloak and suit business. There is, perhaps, too much of the sentimental pressure of cheek and chin of the pleasant momma by the crring son, whose better nature soon claims him to a respectable marriage. His career as assistant to the district attorney shows great promise as he is given his first big case—the murder of a girl by her sweetheart, the same girl he had thought he had once loved.

There are no histrionics of the usual kind with so dramatic a theme to tempt; the court room scene is almost luxurious and more as one imagines a court should be, with rich hangings at the windows and a judge's bench painted in dull gray. If such a court exists in New York, it has escaped our notice, but it should inspire the legal authorities of the land to arrange their battles on so becoming a field. Then, because of his mother's sweet face and because he can remember threatening the same girl who was killed for the same cause, he pleads for and not against the prisoner who is, unknown to him, his brother.

The few things which one could criticize in this cinema (it deserves the name) are heavily over-balanced by its virtues. A roulette wheel will always be recognized after its appearance every inch, but the director of so good a work should be allowed some idiosyncrasy.

All of the parts were well taken. Warner Oland turned into a successful American without effort; Lina Basquette from a cringing girl into a happy wife, and the difficult role played by Margaret Livingston was not unduly offensive for the purposes of the drama. C. M. D.

KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON THEATRE—"Thanks for the Buggy Ride," a screen comedy starring Laura La Plante, directed by William Seter and made by Universal, is presented. Glenn Tryon plays opposite Miss La Plante.

It would seem with all of the titles which have been discarded in Hollywood that another could have been found for this photoplay. Laura La Plante, who lately appeared on the screen as a clever and intelligent comedienne, is handicapped in her present "vehicle" for lack of material and uninspired direction. What is the poor girl to do when she is left on the screen without anything to smile over, unless it is the possibility of a man with a house in the country to sell putting out prospective customers in the rain.

There is also some Hollywood data on the way vaudeville performers hear the songs they wish to sing and see the things they wish to do at a pleasant reception-cabaret arrangement given in a music publisher's home. There is some satisfaction that the host has to pay \$10,000 for a song he refused to hear after Miss La Plante used her eyebrow pencil to disguise herself.

An exhibition of fencing by Eleanor Balwin Cass, a Brookline woman, is on the stage this week. She has with her 12 girls, who are all medal winners in fencing, and her two sons.

There are other screen subjects and vaudeville to complete the program.

MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES—A novel and highly romantic drama of the picture studios, "Clothes Make the Woman," is the feature this week. Starting with the dark days of the Russian revolution in 1918, the story carries the royal Princess Anastasia through an exciting series of events which culminate in a dramatic episode in Hollywood. Eve Southern is convincing in the role of Anastasia, and she is ably assisted in the love scenes by Walter Pidgeon. Others who contribute

worth-while characterizations are Coriiss Palmer, Adolph Milar, Charles Byr and Catherine Wallace.

On the same program is a sprightly farce, "Slightly Used," with May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel as the featured stars. This film tells the story of a girl who has announced her wedding to a man who doesn't exist, only to have him turn up after she has fallen in love with someone else. Assisting the stars are Audrey Ferris, Robert Agnew, Anders Randolf and Eugenie Berser.



## OTHER FILM PLAYS

Metropolitan—Emil Jannings in the Paramount photoplay "The Street of Sin" with Fay Wray and Olga Baklanova in the feminine leads. "Main Street to Broadway" is on the stage, a production by Frank Cambria.

Loew's State—"Across to Singapore" starring Ramon Novarro, based on "All the Brothers Were Valiant," by Ben Ames Williams. John Crawford and Ernest Torrence head the cast. Howard Emerson and his band are on the stage assisted by the three Adams sisters.

Loew's Orpheum—The comedy strip "Bringing Up Father," with J. Farrell MacDonald and Marie Dressler. Vaudeville includes Ethel Parker and Fred Babb.

Fenway—Films for the first half of the week: "Easy Come, Easy Go," with Richard Dix and "Wallflowers" with Crawford Kent. The last half of the week the feature picture will be "The Sunset Legion," starring Fred Thompson, and "A Thief in the Dark" with Doris Hill, George Meeker and Marjorie Beebe.

Bowdoin Square—D. W. Griffith's "Drums of Love" is the feature picture and All, mystic of India, heads the vaudeville.

Lancaster—"Stand and Deliver," with Rod La Rocque is being shown today. Beginning tomorrow and lasting through Friday the D. W. Griffith film "Drums of Love" and the comedy "Harold Teen" will be shown.

## BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

### Braggiotti Sisters Head Program—Costumes Elaborate—Other Good Numbers

The bill at B. F. Keith's this week (the next to last week from final closing, by the way) is one with the emphasis heavily laden on dancing. First of all, the program is headed by Francesca and Gloria Braggiotti, society dancers whose appearance on the boards here is getting to be an annual affair. As usual, their act was exquisitely

staged, opening with a dance by the two sisters "In an Orange Grove." The setting for this was startling in its simplicity. The costumes were more elaborate than ever and particularly lovely was that of Francesca Braggiotti in her dance "With a Skirt." Gloria Braggiotti in a "Nautch Dance" and the two sisters in a colorful tango were bits that stood out. The whole act was wisely broken up into short dances and, for dancing that is necessarily of one type, it was well balanced. Others in the dance were Dana Sieveling, Lillian Duncan, Gertrude Blunt, Jessica Allen and Virginia McLeod.

Another dancing act with orchestra was "A Chameleon Caprice," the high spot of which was a mystifying lighting effect. For those who like "Nize Baby" dialect, there was May Usher. Her act and that of Besser and Balfour supplied the laughs of the bill until Billy and Elsa Newell, well known to vaudevillians, came on. Miss Newell's humor is of the Beatrice Lillie school, with many a toss of the fan and burlesqued coloratura run. Jordon and Grace and Three Vagrants, who are billed as "singers and musicians," completed the holiday program.

M. F.

## THE OLD MAN OF THE COMMON

(For As the World Wags)

His heels were down,  
His coat was frayed,  
His face was wrinkle gouged.  
But he had a bag of peanuts!

His back was bent,  
His joints were dry,  
His eyes were watery weak.  
But he had a bag of peanuts!

He had no job,  
He had no friends—  
He talked just to himself—  
But he had a bag of peanuts!

He had no wife,  
He had no kids,  
His bed a public bench.  
But he had a bag of peanuts!  
THE LAMP LIGHTER.

## KOUSSEVITZKY IN PARIS

Mr. Koussevitzky's first concert in Paris this season took place on May 24. According to the Menastral, the feature of the concert was Toch's Concerto for piano with orchestra, "magnificently played by Mr. Koussevitzky and an excellent pianist, Mr. Sanroma." Honegger's music for "Phedre" and the "Immer's" Scherzo by Lopatnikov did not merit performance. For "Mother Goose" and the second "Daphnis and Chloe" suite Mr. Koussevitzky won his "habitual success."

## "FILICIDE"

The Sunday Times (London) of May 13 contained an article in which Mr. A. E. Sproul tells how he happened to coin the word "filicide." The article begins:

"How the word 'filicide' was added to the Oxford Dictionary has been related by Mr. A. E. Sproul, an American newspaper reporter. Some years ago, on behalf of The Boston Herald, he was assigned to the task of investigating and writing about a murder at Pocasset, Cape Cod, where a father, laboring under misdirected religious emotion, killed his little daughter."

"In describing the crime," he said recently, "I thought of the Latin word 'caedo,' to kill, and I asked myself if there was not some combination to be derived from that to suit the crime exactly. There were fratricide and matricide and infanticide—this last gave me a moment's hesitation. But I rejected it as being inexact—it conveyed the idea of the killing of a child, but did not necessarily mean a deed of the child's parent. Then I remembered the Latin 'filius' and 'filia' for son and daughter, and thought, Why not combine that word-root with caedo, which meant to kill?—and there was the word filicide, exactly fitting the crime. Down it went on my sheet of paper."

Mr. Sproul goes on to say how he sent the word to the editor of the Oxford Dictionary and others interested in dictionaries. His story of the murder containing the "new" word was published in The Boston Herald of May 3, 1879.

But "filicide," the action of killing a son or daughter, was in the English language many years before Mr. Sproul was born.

1655. John Webb, "Vindication of Stone-Heng Restored: 'Homicide, Filicide, Fratricide.'"

1839. F. Burham: "Let not the race of mortal men . . . utterly perish thro' our filicide."

"Filicide," a slayer of his own child, is in Lowell's "Fable for Critics": "I told how it (the alce) . . . discharging its pistol . . . shot the botanical filicide dead on the spot."

A woman's vote is as good as a man's, but in saying this I do not wish to be understood as expressing very great admiration for it.—Lord Sumner.

It sometimes happens that the only reason a woman has to work is because she has got a husband.—Councillor Stone.

## A NOTE ON "HOOFERS"

As the World Wags:

Is the word "hoofers" a title of honor? It is now used almost exclusively as a name for professional stage dancers. All the Cloggers, Charlestoners and dusky-bottomers are called "hoofers."

My youngest son is a professional hooper of great skill. He gave up his chance for a Ph.D. degree in order that he might study the art of rattling his dogs skillfully. I wanted him to become a psychiatrist and battle bugs, or a bacteriologist and chase hallucinations, or even a great psychologist (which is a very profound profession, indeed), but he calls them a lot of flat-footed hicks, and, like Moliere's Alceste, would have them all hanged on the evidence of their looks alone; which shows there are two points of view in this world, not just one. He is a good boy and insists that to be a "Hooper Extraordinary" is higher type than to be a Doctor of Philosophy. He says that those who have a lot of funny looking capital letters after their names don't know anything and cannot teach him; they are nearly all lunatics and look the part, while hoofers are all handsome, healthy and full of common sense; the old professions are on the wrong wave lengths; only through the rhythm and sweat of hoofing it can anyone acquire judgment.

Perhaps he's right. He looks right and is always as well balanced above the chin as below the ankles. I am proud of my son, the nimble hooper, and wouldn't swap him for an ocean full

of titled intelligences; he never harmed a soul; his hoofs have made life pleasant for thousands. Can any one of the old doctors of doom say the same?

HIS AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

## BACK TO THE COUNTRY

As the World Wags:

I have just stored in my cave four gallons of dandelion wine, a hogshhead of elder flower wine will soon be housed alongside of it. The damson trees, the currant and goosberry bushes have blossomed and promise to produce a right good crop which later will fill their respective barrels with damson, currant and goosberry wines.

The apple trees have had their calyx application which tends to insure me of 10 barrels of sweet cider. Nature in her beneficence will properly temper it. And if winter comes, I will let Boreas freeze several barrels of hard cider. From their centres I will extract the ethyl alcohol, which after adding the necessary dopes and water will replenish my genuine supply.

Why, oh why, did I ever spend eight years in the arid metropolis? My advice to the urban youth is to forsake the city with its vile Sabine vintage and come to the country where Nature provides deific nectars of gout, bouquet and potency.

VILLERS ST. BENOIT.

Mr. V. St. Benoit's clarion call "Back to the country," reminds us of Centralia Sid's experience when he was recently in southern Illinois.

"We drew up to the curb and called to two idlers there. 'Hey, do you know where we can get something to drink?' Slowly the larger man unwound his legs, inserted a thumb in his red suspenders, and shifted the straw between his teeth rapidly. 'Wall,' said he cautiously, pointing down the street and glancing at his friend as if for confirmation, 'That FIRST house there don't sell it.'"

## KITCHEN GARDEN OF GIRLS

(Raw beet-root juice is recommended for coloring the complexion).

No sunny shore doth Della seek,  
Yet she to nature hath recourse,  
To dye with beet her pallid cheek,  
Or eke  
Tomato sauce.

Diana, built of sterner stuff,  
Adopts a bolder regimen,  
She daily dips her powder puff  
Of fluff  
In red cayenne.

Nor scorns Athens nature's aid,  
But showeth her peculiar taste,  
With facial unguents thickly laid  
And made  
Of chili paste.

A. W.

## 383 GRADUATED AT DARTMOUTH

Honorary Degrees Conferred on 13 at Annual Commencement

## PHILIP HALE MADE DOCTOR OF MUSIC

### HONORARY DEGREES

M. A.

Hugh Alenra, state's attorney of Hartford, Conn., Suffield, Ct.

Jens-Frederick Larson, Dartmouth architect and instructor in modern art, Hanover, N. H.

D. D.

Rubbins W. Barstow, '13, minister, First Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.

Brynton Merrill, '15, minister, Second Church in Newton, West Newton, Sc. D.

Charles N. Haskins, chairman of the library committee of the Dartmouth faculty, Hanover, N. H.

Herbert E. Ives, physicist, Montclair, N. J.

Mus. D.

Philip Hale, music and dramatic critic, Boston.

Litt. D.

Charles A. Platt, architect, New York city.

James A. Spalding, author and physician, Portland, Me.

Mark Sullivan, author and journalist, Washington.

LL. D.

Lewis Parkhurst, senior trustee of Dartmouth, Boston.

George H. Moses, United States senator from New Hampshire.

Newton D. Baker, one-time secretary of war.

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

HANOVER, N. H., June 19—Dart-

mouth College conferred bachelor degrees on 383 seniors, master degrees on two and honorary doctor and master degrees on 13 notables today.

## Mr. Philip Hale

The scholarly, modest gentleman whom Dartmouth honored yesterday with a degree has chosen deliberately to be a Boston journalist all his life. Except for an occasional magazine article, he has confined his later work to The Herald and Boston Symphony programs. The latter, filed in the Boston Public Library, are a lasting monument of his untiring industry and his amazing erudition. Written in that straightforward, unadorned style which Herald readers know so well, they are unmatched in any other country or in any other language. His newspaper articles, today a concert review, tomorrow a dramatic criticism, the next day a symphony notice, all written against time, probably receive more attention from students of music and the drama here and abroad than the comment of any other critic in the United States. In spite of repeated invitations from publishers in the United States and England to write books, he has chosen to devote his years to a newspaper and the symphony orchestra programs. Similarly, he has turned his back on the metropolis time and again in order that he might continue his work in a city which he loves and understands, and which understands and loves him.

The Herald has a deep sense of obligation to Mr. Hale and rejoices that Dartmouth has bestowed its degree so fittingly.

## PIE ALLEY SPA: THE NEWSBOY'S LAMENT

(For As the World Wags)

You swells may rave of Thompson's Spa,  
Where baked beans much too costly are;  
Let me recall the happy day,  
When there held forth, not far away  
A humble place, where one swell dime  
Would fill your empty stomach every time.

Of course there were no pretty girls,  
Enchanting smiles or fashion's latest curls.  
The waiter bawled your order with a frown,  
You were in luck to eat it sitting down.

And if you dared to say the price was dear,  
You might coast down Pie Alley on your ear.

"Them were the days" and they are o'er,  
You cannot dine for ten cents any more.  
JAMES L. EDWARDS.

As the World Wags:

The following "prose poem" was written with the express and malicious intention of embarrassing an egotist whose claim it was that he could read an item and absorb it in one reading. He read the following and absorbed it, but did not see the many prominent errors that are besprinkled throughout the whole thing. It has been read by numerous and not unintelligent people who also failed to see any discrepancies. If this should appear in your column, I wonder how many will be observant enough to find the mistakes without being forewarned of the nature of the piece.

## PARNASSUS

And here, under the sedative of the crisp air, young Pan slept upon the moss-banked couch; he slept the deep sleep of the gods, the dreamless sleep that mortals envy and pray for. His ringed head glowed as though his hair of finely spun gold formed an aura that dimmed the brilliance of the very sun. Gently the tender branches of the overhanging firs touched his blooming cheeks with the tenderness of a lover; a charm seemed to guard him and keep from his slumbering form the flying gnats whose brilliant wings sought to extinguish the halo about him. The whirring of countless wings, the voices of the fairy folk and the muted whisperings of the palms all combined to induce in his slumbers the hallucination that filled his dormant moments and lit his face, banishing the marks that weary time had painted there. The sun, high in the heavens, marked its last rose-hued rays, and scintillating night covered the sleeping god with her multi-hued robe. There was only the voice



of the night, the sound of the lark as he made his way to the sea for his nocturnal rest. Only the roar of the far-off sea as it beat itself to foam on the rocks of the sandy beach. Only the voices of mortals who had strayed far from their usual haunts and come to gambol in the soft light of dawn here in the Paradise where they were wont to spend their moments of leisure. Their laughter rose in the air as soft lutes whose strings are struck by the light-fingered Apollo.

And over the countenance that had defied the ravages of Chronos and retained all the marks of pristine vigour silence reigned.

ALFREDO RIENZI.

#### THE INFANT

He tells his dreams, lifting his head in bed:

"You were there with me, mother, and you said—"

"You and I raced together—you were last."

"I dreamt I hurt myself, but you went past."

"Some men attacked us, but you made them fly."

"No one was in the world but you and I."

All day I answer for my mood, my whim,

And put myself in shape to show to him.

But all the night God knows what I will do!

At eve we play and kiss, but I know, too,

Tucking him in with smiles before we part.

That before morning I may break his heart.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

#### As the World Wags:

I am pleased to see that Hugh Walpole in his lazy little essay on "Reading" agrees with me that "two or three books one can read at the same time, than which there is nothing pleasanter . . ." I am pleased that I finally have found some one to agree with me on this point. Long have I maintained that two or three or more books can be read at the same general time and with pleasure. I have been derided, scorned, pitied and thought an inconstant friend of true reading. How can I read and appreciate and keep clear in mind three or four books at once? I humbly ask how I can have, talk with, enjoy and distinguish as separate individuals and personalities three or four acquaintances or friends on the same day, in the same hour?

Or has it happened that among my friends no fickle readers are numbered? Is there any one who can conceive of reading an instalment of "David Copperfield" immediately after finishing a chapter of "Ivanhoe"—of following "Candide" with "Virginibus Puerisque"—for extreme examples—without a shudder of disbelief? L'ARC.

#### "SLANTINDICULAR"

##### As the World Wags:

"Slantindicular" is a good word, but it certainly was not first used in this country by Richard Grant White. The honor must be accorded to one General Choke, who flourished about 20 years before the date you give. Following is the quotation containing the word, as reported by the late Charles Dickens:

"If, sir, in such a place, and at such a time, I might venture to conclude with a sentiment, glancing—however slantindicularly—at the subject in hand, I would say, sir, may the British Lion have his talons eradicated by the noble bill of the American Eagle, and be taught to play upon the Irish Harp and the Scotch Fiddle that music which is breathed in every empty shell that lies upon the shores of green Co-lumbia." J. M. H.

We were speaking of the appearance of the word in American literature, and were not aware that Charles Dickens was a native of this gr-r-reat and gal-lorius Republic.—Ed.

#### REFRESHING CANDOR

##### As the World Wags:

Is it possible that our city and town road-signs are finally ushering in an era of frank and truthful statements?

The above thought came forcibly to my mind recently while driving in the Empire state. Touring happily through that beautiful country in the vicinity of Troy, I was suddenly arrested by a town sign, which carried this legend:—

WELCOME TO POESTENKILL

Drive Slow

How refreshing! It serves to keep our faith in our fellow men, especially after passing two guide posts about five miles apart, both reading, East Overshoe—16 miles.

#### As the World Wags:

Doesn't the information brought forth at the State House rum probe shed much light on the solution of the great problem of what to do with our discharged criminals? It would appear that there is a 100 per cent. demand for them as detectives.

L. F. CARR.

#### THE BEAUTY SHOPPE

(For As the World Wags)

We restore youth, not merely counterfeited it.

For if your face begins to drop,

We lift it with consummate art—

As if we raised a buried corpse

And as we stripped the shroud, lo, it is Youth.

Flaming, joyous, reborn, ecstatic.

After one treatment, however, we warn you,

To hasten home when curfew rings

Lest the police, honest, but mistaken

Arrest you as a wandering girl.

Our Ponce de Leon facial cream

Turns the yellow of jaundice to rose pink.

Removes moles, superfluous hair and warts.

The home should be the true Love's Temple;

The days of neglected wives are over;

Husbands hurry home for the welcoming kiss

Flavored with our Baby Blush lip salve.

Our Octogenarian Bob makes flappers of grandmothers.

Who prance joyously as the nymphs of Greece.

With the smooth skin of movie queens.

Created by our Pride of the Harem salve.

If you can walk, we can do the rest;

Only your dog will know you.

At the end of our treatments,

"Pay as you grow beautiful," is our motto.

Women were meant to charm men, not to scare rats.

When we get through crowds will stare at you.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

We are not alone in our encouragement of witchcraft, in our earnest wish that all our readers should be alive to its power over human destinies. We have received a sympathetic letter from J. I. A.

"Your comments on witches suggest a most fascinating study. From the time of St. Augustine until the repeal of the statute of George II of England in 1735 demonology has been an integral part of Christian theology.

"When Dr. Increase Mather, president of Harvard College, publicly burned Robert Calef's book of hostile criticism of Cotton Mather's 'Wonders of the Invisible World,' the clergy said 'Amen.'"

"Had Mr. Darrow asked Bryan about the visit of Saul to the Witch of Endor, or the divine (sic) command 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' the Dayton trial might have been even more interesting.

"The book 'Witch Hammer' of the 15th century infinitely surpasses in technique the modern third degree. Among the 'Droll Stories' by Balzac the 'Succubus' is a literary gem. St. Thomas Aquinas wrote very ably and fully on Succubi and Incubi.

"Not believe in witches? Then we must repudiate the Bible and 1000 years of Christian theology. No historian, magistrate, legislator, or student can interpret the phenomena of life, laws and ecclesiastical institutions without a knowledge of the effect on the human mind of the strongest belief ever accepted by man. I congratulate you on your appreciation of the most effective of all arts—the Black Art."

Can any one furnish us with information about the private life of the Witch of Endor? We ask this because in an illustrated parlor-book of the sixties, "Women of the Bible," this witch was portrayed not as a repulsive hag, but as a singularly attractive young woman. It is true there was a wildness in her eyes, and as we remember the picture, her abundant hair was dishevelled, but pleasing—altogether a fascinating creature, alluring, desirable. No doubt there was more than one romantic episode in her life. Is there anything about her in the legends or biographical sketches in the Talmud?

#### DISILLUSIONMENT

(For As the World Wags)

If I should catch a shooting star

And into gold its stuff transmute,

Then pour it shining at your feet,

You'd say, "How cute!"

If I should sing my heart away—

This is a truth you can't refute—

You'd listen nicely, smile, and say,

"How cute!" A. N. O. N.

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES

##### As the World Wags:

In a store window displaying women's silk underwear, on Washington street, Roxbury, I saw last week conspicuously placed a placard:

"FATHER'S DAY. GIVE FATHER A CHANCE."

A. W. C.

#### FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

Mr. Elgin Tubbs, manager of the Bethesda Bath House, Marlin, Tex. Proposed by "Charley."

Mr. Kasch, treasurer of the Jewel Tea Company. Proposed by S. P.

The Kneeh Heating Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., is recommended by I. Y., if skirts remain as they are or are even shorter next winter.

##### As the World Wags:

I wonder if "The Ladies Pocket-Book of Etiquette," wherein is set forth "golden advice for all time," is the source of the classic admonition, "With one swift glance, select the best."

This counsel was given for the benefit of the inexperienced dinner guest, in some book on etiquette published in the 19th century. Probably "A. F." published his book much earlier in the century, and he would have been shocked by this excellent maxim.

F. C. F.

##### As the World Wags:

I wonder if it occurred to others who listened over the radio to the nominating speeches at the Republican convention how low American oratory had fallen. Of course we have become used to the circus-like performances on the floor, but it does seem hard that with such a wonderful means of communication the messages should be so inadequate. VERITAS CAMBRIDGE.

Apropos of political conventions and platforms. When John Phoenix assumed the editorship of the San Diego Herald he told his public that he would stand on Josh Haven's platform, "which that gentleman defined some years since to be the liberty of saying anything he pleased about anybody, without considering himself at all responsible." Who was Josh Haven? Did he live, move, and have being, or was he a creature of fiction?

#### ADD "HOSPITAL PETS"

##### As the World Wags:

Nurse: That new patient in Ward 34 is very good looking.

Head Nurse: Yes, but don't wash his face. He already has had that done by six nurses and he's beginning to complain. ELENARD.

Man is the only one who has friends; a woman has only accomplices.—J. L. Forain.

Alexander the Great, if he were living today, would weep, not because there were no more worlds to conquer, but because there were no more papers in which his photograph could appear.—Robert Lynd.

##### As the World Wags:

Seen by a motorist on a highway: DON'T PICK THESE BERRIES PULLEM (farmer's name) PETER G.

E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York have added to the list of plays and other works of Luigi Pirandello published by them, the novel, "The Old and the Young" (two volumes), translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, a volume of "The One-Act Plays," translated by Elisabeth Abbott, Arthur Livingston and Blanche Valentine Mitchell.

"The Old and the Young" ("I Vecchie e I Giovani") was first published at Milan, in 1913. This novel has been called a "heroic comedy of Sicilian and Italian life"; but the word "comedy" is used as it was by Balzac. There is comedy in the delineation of certain characters and in the situations which are forced upon them or are due to their own actions; but the prevailing note is one of historical plus satirical tragedy.

The novel might also be called a romantic history of modern Sicily; the history of the old and the young since the expeditions of Garibaldi. Here, as in many of his plays, Pirandello uses his characters at times as speaking-trumpets for his own views and opinions; not in digressions and reflections after the manner of Hugo in "Les Misérables" and "The Man Who Laughs."

The characters are many, so many that with the constant shifting of

scenes, the reader may easily grow impatient and be confused. Read carefully, the novel at the end takes shape and seems an organic whole.

The story is the revolt of the Sicilian common people against the subjection in which they had been held by the upper classes who still believed in monarchy and special privileges. This minority, composed of workers, as in the sulphur mines, wished some sort of a union, for they regarded themselves, and not unjustly, as little better than slaves. For a time the expression of their feelings was soap-box oratory, but it led finally to scenes of violence. The old generation, believing in feudal times, is represented by Prince Ippolito Laurentano, who has gone into retirement and provided himself with an absurd body-guard in Bourbon uniform. His son supports the "Socialist fascists." Francesco d'Attri represents the generation that had fought for Italian liberty. A man of the common people, he became the head of the government. Roberto Auriti, living at Rome, honest, is a victim, through self-sacrifice, of Corrada Selmi, intriguer and grafter. Then there is Cosmo Laurentano, living alone, consoling himself for the vanity of all desires, by archaeological research. To political refugees in hiding at his villa, he says the one thing is to understand the game of the mocking demon within every one of us who shows that what he presents as reality is in truth only illusion. There is the blackguard hal-crazed Preola inciting by speech and through the press the mob to violent deeds.

Women figure largely in this novel: noble and courageous women; the poor insane Dianella, the beautiful and wretched Donna Gianetta; Nicoletta, the runaway wife, who is torn into pieces by brutal mob; the chattering, vapid Adelaide joined to Don Ippolito in an absurd marriage, and then forsaking his Caterina, the pathetic widow; the jaded and brave Celsina.

One does not easily forget the intriguing Flaminio Salvo; the bull Mauro Mortara, the old Garibaldian, illusioned by his sojourn in Rome; Capt. Placido, the ragged alderman of Don Ippolito. There are descriptions of scenery that fascinate.

Pirandello's love for Sicily is shown throughout the novel. As Mauro, -niless at 78, possessing only his meagre exclaims: "Sicily moved and sailed Italy: 'Here I am! I am coming to you! . . . And now a handful of soldiers have tried to dishonor her.' Sicily is here, here, with me, &c. who does not let herself be dishonored is here with me!" In spite of its fustiness, its carelessness of continuity, "The Old and the Young" is a readable novel, though it lacks the pressed force shown in the best of Pirandello's pieces for the stage.

There are 11 of "The One-Act Plays": "The Imbecile" (an early play); "Judgment of Court" (1920); "Our of the Ship" (1925); "The Duty" (an early play); "Chee-Chee" (early play); "The Man with the Fire in His Mouth" (1923); "At the" (1924); "The Vise"; "The House of the Column" (1925); "Sicilian Life" (1913); "The Jar" (1925). Nearly all these plays, if not all, are dramatizations of Pirandello's short stories. "The" is known to American playgoers as Casella's ballet (1924), and the orchestral suite derived from it.

The first impression from the reading of these plays is one of restlessness, driving force in dialogue, action, a style hurried, even jerky. Stage directions, on the other hand, full and leisurely. Witness that Chiarchiaro in "By Judgment of Court," He has contrived a makeup as a peer of evil influence. "He has grown shaggy beard on his gaunt yellow cheeks. A pair of large bone-rimmed spectacles on his nose give him the appearance of an owl. He is wearing a shiny mouse-colored coat that buttons all around him, and he carries his hand a bamboo cane with a handle. Entering at a slow, fur-paced and tapping the ground with cane, he stops before the judge," opening direction for "The Imbecile" fills a whole page. This play, as Maer with the Flower in His Hand, treat of impending death: Li editor, coolly preparing to kill the man with the flower explain commuter why he was bored for who insisted on making for perfect home. Belief in the theme of "By Judgment" in "Our Lord of the Ship" religious observances are said "The Doctor's Duty" there note: An unfaithful wife



June 24 1928

The centenary of Franz Schubert's death will come on Nov. 10, but there have already been festivals in commemoration, as the one of two weeks that opened at Vienna on June 3.

It is said that the Boston Symphony orchestra will give a Schubert concert in memory of the composer on or about Nov. 19, which this year will come on a Monday. Will the program consist exclusively of his compositions? There is the great symphony in C major, which Mr. Koussevitzky has not yet conducted in Boston; there is the "Unfinished" symphony; there is the beautiful music for "Rosamunde." If these are not enough, should a Lieder singer be engaged? The "Wanderer" fantasia for piano has been rearranged and orchestrated by Liszt, who also orchestrated the funeral march that Schubert wrote in 1825 on the occasion of the death of Alexander, Emperor of Russia, a march so dreary that it would cast a gloom over any funeral.

At present there is no wholly satisfactory life of Schubert. The best is undoubtedly the article that Grove contributed to the first edition of his "Dictionary of Musicians."

An unusual and interesting volume, "Franz Schubert at Home: Containing the Composer's Life-Story, interwoven with selections from his most Beautiful Compositions," has been published by D. Appleton & Company of New York and London. It is the first volume in "The Appleton Master Composer Series" edited by Albert E. Wier. The editor says that the story of Schubert's life is here told with a liberal selection of famous compositions "linked together by paragraphs of biographical, anecdotal or critical character."

The compositions are over 40 in number, arranged for the piano or written for that instrument. There are 11 transcriptions of songs, with the words inserted; four transcriptions of symphonic works; three of operatic works (all from "Rosamunde"); seven "Dance Rhythms" and 10 originally for the piano (two and four hands).

There is a short but adequate introduction of a biographical nature.

The manner in which the various compositions are introduced may be shown by the little preface to "Erl King."

"It was quite natural that, even as the poet Goethe was sufficiently intrigued by the legend of the mythological Erl-King, a gigantic bearded monarch who roamed dark forests in golden crown and trailing robes, seeking small children to carry away—to pen his wonderful ballad, so Schubert was inspired, when only 18 years of age, to set the Goethe poem to music. The result was a sympathetic union of music and lyric which has never been surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, in the history of song-writing. Some idea of the low estimation, despite his wonderful genius, in which Schubert was held may be gathered from the fact that the publisher Diabelli refused to print the song until its first cost was guaranteed by 100 subscribers, and that Goethe himself utterly ignored the letters and copy of the song sent him by Schubert. The piano-solo arrangement which follows also contains the words, and indicates the speakers in this wonderful narrative as it unfolds itself."

The editor might have added that Goethe's poem attracted the attention of many composers and some critics prefer Loewe's setting to Schubert's. Nor is the publisher Diabelli to be blamed for not appreciating the music. The young Schubert was little known; the form and character of the song were unusual. As for Goethe, he treated Berlioz in the same cavalier manner, when the Frenchman sent him his "Scenes from Faust."

There are many entertaining notes to the various compositions, as the little preface to the allegretto in C minor for piano. The editor describes the one concert of Schubert's own compositions in Vienna in 1828. The program was composed of a movement from a string quartet, songs sung by Vogl, the "Serenade" sung by Josephine Froehlich, the piano trio op. 99, and a double chorus for male singers. The hall was filled to overflowing; the receipts amounted to about \$150, a sum that now seems painfully inadequate. Then the editor remarks: "Perhaps it was in an hour of want that Schubert wrote the allegretto in minor key and somewhat melancholy strain, which follows."

Speaking of "Rosamunde," the editor naturally calls attention to the fact that the operatic librettos given to Schubert were weak, and some of his dozen operas were never performed. There have been attempts within recent years to revive interest in them, and not only in Vienna. Thus "Fierabras" was performed for the first time in its entirety at the Monnaie, Brussels, on Jan. 21, 1926. It was said that the music was charming, the action incomprehensible, the libretto romantically dull. "Schubert had neither the ambition nor the temperament of the theatre man."

"This 'Schubert at Home' is well arranged and well edited for popular use. The original compositions and the transcriptions are not too difficult. While some of the greater songs are missing, those best known to the average singer and audience will be found here. Paper and print are of the best quality."

We understand that a similar volume dealing with Tchaikovsky will be published by the Appleton Company in the fall.

The Schubert festival is not without irony. The Viennese municipality last February bought the little two-storied house in the Kettenbrueckengasse where Schubert lived for a number of years and in which he died. The flat consisted of two small rooms and a little ante-chamber. Even this flat became too expensive for him; he was obliged to sleep in the ante-chamber and sub-let the two rooms.

Eight Schubert manuscripts from the Cologne Music Museum, to be sold by auction in Berlin, were offered for \$3000.

Then there was the prize competition, proposed but fortunately withdrawn, to be awarded the composer sending in the best completion of the "Unfinished" Symphony; as if one August Ludwig had not had the impudence to do this many years ago, and actually brought his work to performance in Berlin.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

A few summers ago I was in the Basque country, at a little village, Tardets, where was held a three days' concert of Basque songs and dances. Extremely interesting, very typical, and I presume much as had been done for the last one or two hundred years or more.

I wrote an article about it that was published in an English magazine, describing my surprise at the peculiar style of the singing, and the technical skill of the dances; of hearing a tune played by a brass band of five men, and seeing four boys 16 to 20 years old dancing a gavotte with all the steps, entrechats brisés (delicate and cutting steps) glissades, etc., executed with

the finesse of a ballerina of the opera. This was danced in the open market place. This particular tune I had known from a child in dancing school. It was among my father's manuscript music, and titled "Gavot de Vestris."

The Vestris, father, brother and son, were famous dancers and ballet masters to the Louis. I think the hey-day of the gavotte was in the time of Louis XVI.

It was naturally my deduction that the fashionable dance and the equally fashionable autocratic dancing master were together and never doubted that the tune was written by another. I have seen it in some old collections of piano music. One that is even now published by Ditson and another in a Boosey collection of old-time dance tunes, and accredited to Vestris.

Lately I have been in correspondence with an English woman who has been studying typic and folk dances and particularly the music and dances of the Basques. She had read my little story and wished that I would give her my authority for the composer of this tune. She is almost positive that it is a folk tune, and one that is well known all over the south of France and the French Basques as the Soule dance tune. I believe that Tardets is in the province of La Soule.

It was only a few months ago that three troupes of Basques went to London to dance and sing. Miss Alford writes me about it and I also read of it in a London musical letter, along with high class things, in one of the New York Sunday papers telling of the thousands that filled Albert hall on the occasion.

I expect that M. Jean Pouh, who has a book, "Chansons Populaires des Pyrenees Francaises," was over with them. He, too, is much perturbed at my statement, and begs to know the authority for the statement that I use without hesitation.

Next month there will be gala week of Basque—everything—songs, games, dancing, etc. I am hoping to be there at San Sebastian.

LILLA VILES WYMAN.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

On Saturday night, June 16, I attended the Ringling-Barnum circus, at which there was an attendance of perhaps 12,000, and yet the most marvelous exhibitions in the air, on trapeze, on the ground, on horses—all passed by with just a faint applause.

A trouser myself for a number of years, I applauded heartily and my neighbors referred to me as "crazy" and a "sap," and yet, I am sure that every one there, whether an employe, professional man or business man, demand applause every day, not by so much hand-clapping, but by word of mouth or pat on the back. They want their own good work recognized so the boss will notice it and they may be sure of holding their jobs or getting more money, and that is all that a performer wants.

I believe it is ignorance more than conceit or selfishness, and if you make an appeal, they will heed it and—the performers all will bless you.

The show was excellent and merited tremendous applause.

A. J. BATH.

suicide rather than prison. "Chee-Chee" is an amusing farce. "The Vise" is another domestic tragedy; "The House of the Column" a story of horror. "Sicilian Limes" tells of a peasant musician's disillusionment on meeting his loved Sina Marnis, a courted, famous singer.

"At the Gate" (in a wall outside a country graveyard) is mystical. "Vanities," that is the spiritual nature of a fat man, a philosopher, a murdered woman, a little boy are contrasted with these aspects of life: a peasant, a peasant woman, an old ass and a little girl. The dead have left their useless bodies, and bearing "the vain semblance they had in life," talk—the Fat Man and the Philosopher most of all. A strange, mystical, play not without irony, horror and terror.

June 23 1928

## 'HIS TIGER LADY'

METROPOLITAN THEATRE—"His Tiger Lady," a screen satire, starring Adolphe Menjou, based on Alfred Savoir's play, "Super of the Gaiety," adaptation by Ernest Vajda, direction by Hobart Henley, Evelyn Brent plays opposite Mr. Menjou.

Since Mr. Vajda's descent on Hollywood he has given us, both in original form and adaptations, some clever and workable motion picture manuscripts. The present is no exception. True, the Savoir play was excellent material to furnish Menjou but there have been other pieces which promised so fair a handling that were butchered and changed beyond recall. Vajda takes his work seriously and his efforts speak well for his showmanship, his intelligence and—if you will, his conscience.

Here one finds time and space to air the well known Menjou talents and in the role of the ambitious super of the Gaiety, he is his suave and most timid self in turn, fine shadings which the dapper Menjou does to perfection.

The direction is a little deliberate for all tastes, but then it must be admitted that Evelyn Brent is fascinating to look upon as the duchess with a tiger complex and perhaps even the camera hesitates to turn to other things. Miss Brent even succeeds in mimicking the beast she admires so much, and her desire to feed it upon the suitors who declare their affection for her is, at least, exciting and different.

Production and titles are both excellent; the minor parts are well played; a parade of glorified edibles is borne on the shoulders of film extras who look and act like—or even might be—waiters. Realism is having its day at the studios.

The surrounding program is also worthy of attention. Borrah Minevitch

and his talented band of boys who perform on harmonicas occupy the stage with old tunes and new comedy, the former better than the latter. Mr. Murtagh comes the nearest of any of the organists in the film theatres in making his instrument, with all of its dignity, into a pleasant clown and the Public producers have glorified the Hon. Mr. Wu's troupe of Chinese performers into "Chinese Nights." Soloists, dancers and imitators are given full stage with a typical Ziegfeld finale arranged for the attractive Chinese girls. The effervescent Gene Rodemich is bottled up in the pit, but still present.

June 25 1928

They say Spring was a lovely lady When Knighthood was in flower, If April's actions made her weep, May smiles dried up the shower.

Now Spring is a flutter-brained flapper, Bare-legged, a rapid sprinter, And the hussy keeps a-turning back To flirt with old man Winter.

SARAH HINDS WILDER.

Worcester.

### A FOOTNOTE

We apologize to our poetical correspondent for changing "bare-limbed" to "bare-legged." A female sprinter does not run with her arms; witness Atlanta, whose legs, according to Shakespeare, were "her better part." In the sixties of the last century American women, like the Queen of Spain, were not supposed to have legs. Today the young, the middle-aged and the old display them proudly whether they are sculptural or not.

### HEBE, BEHIND THE BAR

"A rural dean in Kent, Eng., has published a plea for the abolition of barmaids."

This is sad news for visiting Americans who have hoped to enjoy the privilege of becoming acquainted with the various English dialects and the niceties of London slang. In this country there are frequenters of restaurants who believe themselves to be men of the world, if they are privileged to call female waiters by their first name when they give an order or indulge for a moment in jest and sparkling repartee. So in England, no doubt, favored men enlarge conversational fluency by chatting with the nymphs at the fountains of half-and-half and more rebellious liquors.

We had always thought that the barmaid was a cherished British institution.



tion, like cricket. Barmaids have risen by their beauty and good-humor to a higher plane. (We believe that the charming actress Adelaide Neilson was a barmaid before she became illustrious on the stage.) But now there is proposed legislation: "After January 1st, no woman or girl not hitherto employed in the retail sale of liquor shall be engaged on such work," etc. The proposers of this bill, calling attention to the fact that a barmaid is selected mainly for "her youthfulness, good looks, 'smartness' and attractive appearance," point out the horrors of the employment: drunkenness, and worse temptations. An answer has been made by the Daily Chronicle: "Twenty or thirty years ago young women in bars had a good deal of unpleasantness to put up with. Today that sort of thing happens very rarely. Manners have greatly improved. Any man in a bar using insulting or improper language would be quickly flung out by the other men present." Chivalric Englishmen!

Nor are all barmaids fair to look upon. Tennyson noticed this: He put into the mouth of the gray and gap-toothed man who lighted at a ruin'd inn these discourteous words:

"Bitter barmaid, waning fast!  
See that sheets are on my bed;  
What! the flower of life is past:  
It is long before you wed."

We should like to see an anthology of all verses with reference to bar-maids and "bar-keepers." That glorious old song: "When Malone's at the Back of the Bar" should have an honorable place; also these lines from Bret Harte's parody of Poe's "Uplume":  
"At the end of the path of liquescent  
And bibulous lustre was born:  
'Twas made by the bar-keeper present,  
Who mix-ed a duplicate horn.  
His two hands describing a crescent  
Distinct with a duplicate horn."

"And I said: 'This looks perfectly regal,  
For it's warm, and I know I feel dry,  
I am confident that I feel dry;  
We have come past the emu and eagle,  
And watched the gay monkey on high;  
Let us drink to the emu and eagle—  
To the swan and the monkey on high;  
For this bar-keeper will not inveigle—  
Bully boy with the vitreous eye;  
He surely would never inveigle—  
Sweet youth with the crystalline eye.'"

The end of the world is a thing I have always disliked since I first heard of it.—Robert Lynde.

All our schools are finishing schools: they finish what has never begun.—G. K. Chesterton.

#### BACK TO IRVING

As the World Wags:

Washington Irving in "The Specter Bridgroom" explains by a footnote the name of the powerful family of Katzenellenbogen, i. e., Cat's Elbow. The appellation, he asserts, was said to have been given "in compliment to a peerless dame of the family, celebrated for her fine arm."

Is this the origin of our present-day habit of praising a girl, a drink, a view, or a good time by terming if some portion of the feline or reptilian anatomy? Those who deplore the flapperish custom should take crumbs of comfort from the reflection that many, many years ago some German baron may have remarked to a boon companion: "That peerless dame yonder—she is, methinks, verily the Cat's Elbow!"  
Cambridge. J. T. D.

"Munich's New Drink Demand for Milk in the Beer Gardens. The present yearly consumption of beer amounts to an average of only 425 pints per head of the population." How have the mighty fallen! In our student days at Munich eight or nine litres a day were thought necessary to sustain life.

As the World Wags:

I just overheard two Celts speak of the Knight of the Big Wind. I assume they referred to T. Hefflin, but would appreciate definite advice.

Another puzzler. To the Albany Klan gathering came, via char-a-banc, the NUTMEG Klavern of Hartford. What do they mean—"MEG"?

PHILIP M'CANN.

The Ashcans, Green Lodge, Mass.

A. A. J. asks in the Sunday Times (London) if any of its readers can suggest a means of getting rid of the common fly. He has tried a bowl of strong carbolic, a wire trap and various scented plants, all in vain.

Perhaps this afflicted one can answer the old wheeze:  
"Where do flies go to in winter? They ought to go there in summer."

Correspondents of the Observer (London) are discussing the phrase "in charge of."

"If we say 'a bull in the charge of a boy' and 'a boy in charge of a bull' the position of the 'boy' relative to the 'bull' conveys the same meaning in each phrase."

We trust our readers took cognizance and appreciate our forbearance in refraining from quips anent the recent marriage of Zona Gale and Mr. Breeze. —A Line o' Type or Two in the Chicago Tribune.

"In order that he might finish his new work. 'The Man Without Eyebrows,' Signor d'Annunzio had gendarmes posted outside his house to keep people away." When this new work is put before the public he may, for his personal safety, be obliged to double the guard. Perhaps a machine gun or two with the present force will suffice for his preservation.

MILAN, Italy, June 6

AFTER a series of 155 performances, the opera season at Milan's La Scala closed on Saturday, May 26, with the third performance of Pizzetti's new opera, "Fra Gherardo." For a secondary attraction, Gabriele d'Annunzio sat in a box, magnificently military in a uniform, coyly covering his face with his hands to ward off applause not overwhelmingly hearty.

Have Italians lost their exuberance? To hear them buying cabbages at market, one would scarcely think so. Their lukewarm demonstrations at La Scala, though, even for Pizzetti himself, and that greater god of the Milanese and of New Yorkers, Arturo Toscanini, would seem to point to quieter ways than used to obtain in Italy. Or can it be that the performance failed to please?

Yet "Fra Gherardo," if anything can, should stir Italians to the depth of the soul. No lover, indeed, of powerful drama could fail to be roused by this text that Pizzetti himself wrote, let alone Italians who presumably appreciate their own racial characteristics and also know something of their own history and art. For to see this opera is to witness life as it was lived, in Italy, in the terrible years of the 13th century.

#### A SECOND FRANCIS

There was Fra Gherardo himself, a second Francis of Assisi, a man of noble birth who, developing sanctity, gave of his goods till he found himself bare. The beggars of Parma pervaded his courtyard, unctuous in prayer while he could hear, swearing, jesting, thieving the instant he turned his back. Baron and high company, among them a blonde lady deplorably frail, jeered at him, the lady even striking him in the face. Piously the frate turned the other cheek.

No weakling, though, he sprang like a tiger at a drunken singer from Provence who offered insult to a young peasant girl, Mariola. And because she feared to go home to her cruel shrew of an aunt, he gave her the asylum of his courtyard. Then night fell fast, stars shone in the deep blue Italian sky as he had never seen them shine before—Gherardo, a man for the moment and not a monk, forgot his vows for the love of a woman.

In the cold, dim light of earliest dawn he crept out into the deserted street. Eternally damned, as he conceived it, he cursed Mariola for a temptress sent by Satan. He grovelled on the ground, torn by remorse for his sin, shuddering in terror of the wrath of God.

But God was good. Gherardo heard church bells in the distance, the noise of a crowd. "The flagellanti are coming!" Men and women rushed into the street, eager, quite like us today, to see what they could see.

They came, suddenly round a corner, four "flagellanti," naked to the waist, with matted hair, scourging themselves till blood streamed down their backs and breasts. Men and women thronged after them, singing an old hymn of the church with a fervor fit to raise the dead.

"Is there hope for a sinner like me?" implored Gherardo.

"God pardons those who confess their sins," answered one of the bleeding, haggard flagellanti.

A second holy man took up the burden of the song; a third, the fourth. The people joined them, rich, poor, high, low, in a frenzy of fanaticism that made one shiver or exult, according to one's temperament. Rising in ecstasy to heaven's opportunity for salvation, Gherardo wrenched away from its bearer the flagellanti's towering black crucifix, held it aloft in triumph, and led the crazed company forth on their further way.

## FOUR EVENINGS AT LA SCALA

June 25

By ROY R. GARDNER

'928

#### NINE YEARS LATER

In nine years' time he became a saint, no less; hard, austere, the enemy of the church and state alike. His fellow Parmesans flocked to adore him, on his return to their town, and one poor mother, having heard that he worked miracles, bargained with a lesser frate for a miracle in behalf of her dying son. Jewel in hand, the last the poor woman possessed, the greedy frate unexpectedly found himself flat in the street, felled by Gherardo's one powerful blow.

After preaching to the people, Gherardo preached to the sorrowing mother, harshly enough, the medieval monkish doctrine that she, by her son's death, was expiating the sin of having a son. It revolted the crowd, that ungodly teaching. The mother cursed him, and the people, springing up from their knees, set upon the saint, knife in hand, yelling like fiends. An old man saved the situation; seeing that he had something to say, the people pocketed their knives long enough to let him say it.

Help the people, the old man urged Gherardo, the people abused, down-trodden, starved. Lead them against their oppressors!

"I will!" the frate shouted, thrilled to the core. "Fetch spears and knives!" "Long live Gherardo!" bellowed the throng, turned by a hair, and they rushed away to fetch such poor arms as they had.

#### THE PENALTY

Mariola found him there in the street. His monkish fanaticism crumpled, his exaltation of leadership too, when she told him of her nine piteous years of grinding work to support herself and the child that died. Even work failed at last; only the streets remained. His responsibility, Gherardo recognized, for his child's death, for Mariola's life of shame the penalty for denying life!

The dark night yielded to dawn. Gherardo saw a ray of light within, a way to right a little of the wrong: would Mariola flee with him to the country and—but, she reminded him, the people he had promised to lead to freedom? He blessed her for the warning—and, as he blessed her, soldiers, guided by the greedy monk he had struck down in the street, laid hold upon him and dragged him off to prison.

"Ring the bells!" Mariola shouted. "The frate is taken prisoner." Wildly she urged the people to action. "Save him!" Always eager for a fray, they needed little urging. A howling mob, waving their knives in the air, they took after her to the square where the Commune stood.

While this futile rescuing band was drawing near, Gherardo slept the sleep of exhaustion in a prison cell; to brave the Inquisitor to his face had proved no child's play. But what the Inquisitor could not do the Podesta of Parma did. "Recant," said he, "or burn at the stake all ready in the Piazza." Nonchalantly he waved his hand in its bright red glove, "and your woman burns with you." Gherardo consented to recant; what else could he do?

#### "GHERADO RECANTS!"

Devil's work was raging meanwhile in the Piazza. Soldiers had murdered a child. While his mother wailed and women chanted prayers for the dead, a man with red hair urged the frenzied mob to yield to their betters, the bishop, the Podesta, and, said he, Fra Gherardo and the woman Mariola, all one, he swore, in the determination to tread on the people's necks. They believed him, of course, the people always quick to trust the latest loud word. But an impassioned plea from Mariola brought blessings once more on the frate's head in place of curses—"Gherardo recants!" proclaimed the Podesta's assessor. "I told you so," jeered the man with red

hair. "A lie!" Mariola shouted. "A trap."

The bishop in purple made his way from the Commune to a high place on the platform raised in the square, with the Podesta in company, a flaming figure in red, and the Inquisitor, too, deep black. Behind them ecclesiastics marched, prisoners, too, and soldiers, authorities high in the state.

"You recant?" the bishop put the question.

"I do," answered Fra Gherardo, his head sunk low.

"You confess your teachings false?"

"I do."

"You admit that the laws of the state are just, that the church of Rome alone possesses Christian truth?"

In that piazza, so still a whisper would have seemed a yell, in painful expectancy the people awaited Fra Gherardo's third answer. He did his best to utter the third black lie. Then he raised his head and looked the bishop full in the face.

"No!" said he, "Sinned I have against life and against God, for I have

preached hate and not love. But—to swear that what is false is true—I will not do it."

Mariola uttered a shout of joy. "Mariola," groaned Gherardo, remembering, "I have doomed you myself. Forgive me—" "Eleven prisoners shall be set free," proclaimed the Podesta, "for the life of that one woman."

The mother of the murdered child it was who took Mariola's life. She stabbed her. With an effort mighty as Samson's, Gherardo broke from his captors, plunged down the platform steps and through the crowd in time to catch in his arms the wounded Mariola.

There she died, happy at last. "Kneel before the supreme judge," commanded the bishop. "Now come and take me," Fra Gherardo called. "Holy Mother Church conquers and rules," the bishop stated. And two of the Podesta's creatures led Gherardo to the stake, while the kneeling people muttered prayers.

#### THIRTEENTH CENTURY ITALY

So there, for three hours, was Italy placed before us, the Italy of the 13th century. It was Italians who placed it there, Italians of taste and expert knowledge. The scenes, so authority states, might have been sections of Parma itself, Parma with its narrow streets, vine-covered walls befloored, its shrines to saints and its sturdy wooden doors—the Parma, to crown all, of the spacious Piazza Maggiore, that Piazza built all of a stone golden in tone, square massive tower and graceful companion alike, grim walls like a prison or a palace with its loggia of delicate ornament, where ladies might take the air.

Those expert men—La Scala's greatest glory—who thus set forward ancient Parma for the world of today to see, those expert men, or others of similar quality, peopled it with men and women who looked aright. For their color schemes, or so it seemed, and their system of grouping, they drew from the times when great Italian painters painted. The greens they used were the greens of Giorgione and Tintoret; in that scene of the Flagellanti they contrived an effect of mass, a feeling of horror, cruelty and splendor of which Mitcheal Angelo himself need not have felt ashamed. Of Luca Signorelli, too, and of some other painters, the influence could be traced.

La Scala's greatest glory, these men who set the stage? To say so, with Toscanini at the helm, is heresy of course, fouler than Fra Gherardo's. Perhaps, too, to say so is unjust. For the musical director at La Scala, standing at the peak, controls lighting as well as music, costumes too, and action. Toscanini, they do say, is responsible for every single detail of such performances as he prepares.

#### SPLENDID PAGEANT

All glory to him, therefore, for the splendid pageant he produced in Fra Gherardo. Before the fineness of his chorus, furthermore, the magnificence of his orchestra, the extraordinary sense of proportion that made crystal clear a singularly complex score, a listener can only doff his hat in salutation of genius.

Since Achilles himself, however, and Siegfried, too, had one weak spot apiece, it is scarcely to be expected that even Mr. Toscanini should be completely strong. A defective ear the man must have in regard to the human voice, or never would he have tolerated on his stage the tenor and the soprano who essayed the chief roles in "Fra Gherardo." They acted, to be sure, effectively enough, and they sang with some dramatic understanding. That Gherardo, though, like Tannhaeuser and Hamlet, should be undertaken only by an actor of the keenest imagination and of the most complete technical equipment, a man of wide human sympathy, a man sensitive to beauty of every character. For, to watch, so long, a man who is ordinary—that must needs become a bore.

But Mr. Toscanini very likely did his best; an actor fit for Gherardo is not to be found every day. A man and a woman of fine voice, however, surely he could have found, a man and woman who, knowing how to sing, could do justice to Pizzetti's music.

For Pizzetti, a man of exquisite musical refinement as well as of overwhelming strength, fashioned his vocal line so skillfully in accordance with the words that a singer has only to sing the notes as written and with good tone, and to enunciate the words with intelligent diction, to secure the utmost possible expressiveness and also to maintain a flow of distinguished melody that should ravish the ear. So to do, of course, exacts musicianship, vocal technique, voice. The singers of the smaller roles did admirably. The pity of it, therefore that Mr. Toscanini does not recognize the inability of his chief singers to sing with beautiful tone or with a trace of fine cantilena!

#### "LA TRAVIATA"

His forces in "La Traviata," though



little abler, could not work the havoc with Verdi's well-defined melodies that they did with Pizzetti's subtler line. Beautiful indeed Mr. Toscanini made the orchestra sound, in the way of Richter years ago, in Mr. Polacco's

more recent way with "Il Trovatore." To make themselves heard the singers often found themselves driven hard, for the powers that be at La Scala, evidently proud of their spacious stage, made use of as much of it for "Le Traviata" as they did for "Fra Gherardo"; Violetta's villa might better have been termed a palace. Since, for the good of the picture, the singers must keep their place in the centre—avoiding the front of the stage as a cat avoids a puddle of water—too often they succumbed to the singer's sorest temptation: They bawled.

So they did through much of "Mme. Butterfly," rather less so in the intelligent performance of "Andrea Chenier"—perhaps Mr. Panizza will not put up with too many yells. The tepid applause of Italians, however, be the performance fine or not so fine, was a phenomenon hard to explain.

Of absorbing interest they were, those four evenings at La Scala. With money to spend in plenty—La Scala receives a certain proportion of the tax levied on every theatrical performance in Lombardy, opera, concert, cinema or first fight—as many rehearsals as Toscanini wishes—and he is extremely exacting—with scene designers and painters of the world's best, stage managers, too, and lighting experts, orchestra and chorus—with all these advantages and excellences, La Scala's directors ought to produce opera performances the best in all the world.

Perhaps they do. But why beg the question? Verdi and the other great ones set forth their characters and their situations through their music, and, to do that music justice, they had need of singers who, blessed with fine voices, knew how to sing. Given Verdi the choice between yards of painted canvas that should look like Cyprus itself and a dramatic tenor of genius; which would he have chosen for his "Otello"?

The singers who sang the leading roles those last four nights at La Scala are not richly endowed. In their weakness lies La Scala's weakness; those nights were not "off" nights.

Where lies the blame? La Scala, by all accounts, is an absolute monarchy. So the blame is easily placed. One man, after all, cannot be expected to know everything.

June 26 1928

# CONSOLATION

(For As the World Waxes)

Why mourn as lost the loved,  
Whose earthly tasks are done,  
When faring on they move  
Beneath another sun—

Where time has ceased to measure  
The dust of earthly years,  
And heart-break, toil, or pleasure  
As passing mist appears.

Still ever onward yearning,  
In strength and grace to grow,  
Developing and learning  
The truth we long to know.

For out beyond repining,  
Steadfast—what e'er may reign—  
The light of life is shining  
Where love meets love again.

SARAH HINDS WILDER.

Information about that remarkable woman, the Witch of Endor, is trickling in, but is this information trustworthy? In one of the volumes of the Rabbi it is stated that her name was Zephaniah and she was the mother of Abner. Now we know that Abner's father was Ner; we have always associated the name Zephaniah with a male; but Marion, for example, may be a male or a female. We also learn that the witch, whatever her name, was greatly disconcerted because Samuel appeared, in answer to her invocation, standing upright instead of in the horizontal position which she expected. (Mighty men of old have, at their wish, been buried standing; some were on horseback.)

In those days, and in more recent years, necromancers could see the spirit but not hear its voice; the one for whom the ghost was raised heard the voice but did not see the spirit; bystanders, if there were any, neither saw nor heard.

We are not inclined to believe the opinion of some commentators who regard the story in I Samuel xxviii as satirical; as a good joke on Saul who, having cut off those who had familiar spirits and the wizards out of the land sought in his distress the accomplished Witch of Endor.

At any rate, she was hospitable and a good provider, for after Samuel had gone back to his tomb she persuaded Saul, who had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night, to sit at her table. She killed for him a fat calf and took flour and kneaded it and did bake unleavened bread.

The Rev. A. Z. Conrad is bound to investigate further the "orgies" at the State House. Long ago Job asked: "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

To go back to our friend the witches, C. W. Oliver in his "Analysis of Magic and Witchcraft," recently published in London, thinks that witchcraft as it was practised in mediaeval times may be traced to a perversion of religious enthusiasm being "derived to a great extent from this principle of opposition or inversion, examples of which may be found in such practices as reading the Mass backwards and considering as sacred the foulest objects imagination could devise. . . . The true religion of the Middle Ages was one of fear and consequent tendency to propitiate the Devil. The divinity of darkness played a far greater part in the life of men than the more abstract idea of God. The teachings of the church gave every encouragement to this idea."

It will be remembered that the girl in Miss Forbes's "Mirror for Witches" recited part of the Lord's Prayer backwards. We are told—have we not already mentioned it?—that Miss Forbes was indebted somewhat to Michlet's terrible book "La Sorciere." A correspondent writes that the story told by Miss Forbes would have appealed strongly to the late Mary Webb, the novelist, who, singularly unappreciated in England during her life, is now enthusiastically praised. Readers of that great novel "Precious Bane" will recall the raising of Venus; how the hare-shotten Prue, thought to be a witch in the power of Satan, was tied to a ducking stool and rescued from the persecuting crowd by Kester, her lover.

All up for Mr. Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion and Shakespearean scholar! After his trial of manly skill with Mr. Tom Heeney he purposes to leave the ring that he may be able to read and spend his time "with literary and society friends."

How different the behavior of famous pugilists of England who fought with bare fists. "Gentleman" Jackson, to be sure, the friend of Byron, gave boxing lessons to gentlemen and, honored to the day of his death, now enjoys a handsome monument with an inscription of eloquent eulogy; but the majority, after retirement, kept a "pub" and, some of them, were their own best customers, as Sir Daniel Donnelly, landlord of the Shining Daisy in Dublin. "In February, 1820," writes his admiring biographer, "having drank an almost incredible number of tumblers of punch at one sitting (out of mere bravado) and swallowed half a bucket of cold water, while in a state of profuse perspiration, after the aforesaid tumblers, he burst a blood vessel and departed this life in the 44th year of his age."

Paddy Ryan we remember as a gracious dispenser of drinks at his bar in Albany, N. Y., during the late '70s. John Morrissey was a state senator of New York and was elected to Congress before he died, respected by all. John L. Sullivan—Mr. Corbett—their life after retirement is familiar. In these degenerate days Mr. Tunney could not play the landlord even if he were so inclined. We doubt if "The Complete Barkeeper's Guide" will be found among his carefully selected books.

The choir will now sing verses from A. E. Housman's "Last Poems," verses appropriate to the prevailing weather of the last week:

The rain, it streams on stone and hillock  
The boot clings to the clay.  
Since all is done that's due and right,  
Let's home: and now, my lad, good night.  
For I must turn away.

Good night, my lad, for nought's eternal;  
No league of ours, for sure,  
Tomorrow I shall miss you less,  
And acre of heart and heaviness  
Are things that time should cure.

Over the hill the highway marches,  
And what's beyond is wide:  
Oh, soon enough will pine to nought  
Remembrance and the faithful thought  
That sits the grave beside.

The skies they are not always raining,  
Nor gray the twelvemonth through;  
And I shall meet good days and mirth,  
And range the lovely lands of earth  
With friends no worse than you.

But oh, my man, the house is fallen  
That none can build again;  
My man, how full of joy and woe  
Your mother bore you years ago  
Tonight to lie in the rain.

## THE CHURCH MILITANT

Thefts of flowers from St. Mary's Church, Bournemouth, have resulted in the following notice being placed in the parish magazine:

"Residents whose houses overlook the west of the church have been notified of these occurrences, and anyone emerging from St. Mary's carrying flowers does

so at his or her own risk, and the person, moreover, surprised by the priests (ex-Rugby footballers), church wardens, or verger in the course of committing this meanest form of sacrilege will be conveyed to Boscombe Hospital in the parochial bath chair free of all charges."

## P. HALE, MUS. D.

(From the Boston Review)

Dartmouth College knows a good man when she sees him, and she does not hesitate to make him one of her own by giving him an honorary degree. Moreover, she is not quite as conspicuous for scattering her decorations among "prospects" of great wealth as she is for bestowing them upon people who merely deserve them. When on Tuesday she made Philip Hale of The Boston Herald a "Mus. D.," she glorified herself while honoring him.

There is a firm belief in the musical and newspaper circles of this city that Philip Hale knows more about music than is worth knowing than any other man in New England, and grave doubts are entertained that his ability can be matched in New York or any other city. But far above his ability to write intelligently and informatively on music is his ability to write philosophically and entertainingly on almost any subject of permanent importance or temporary interest.

Many of his friends believe that any man of fine sensibilities who has undergone as many horrible recitals by dreadful impossibilities as Hale has undergone, and has repressed his feeling as many times, after such cruel and extreme punishment, as Hale has repressed his, deserves something more than a degree. He deserves at least an informal reception at the hands of his fellow-workers in the chain gang of journalism. And that, probably, in Hale's opinion, would be heinous treatment.

## B. F. KEITH'S LAST WEEK CELEBRATED

### Final Show Before Opening of New Theatre "Auld Lang Syne" Program

"Auld Lang Syne" week is what they have termed it at B. F. Keith's this week, where the final vaudeville program of that house is being shown. The general tenor of the bill is one of reminiscence beginning with a few flashes of old-time moving pictures, reels which were first shown in Boston at this same theatre in 1896. Then last evening there was James Thornton, better known perhaps to theatre-goers of a generation ago, who acted as master of ceremonies. John Le Clair, the oldest vaudeville performer on the stage today, gave a juggling exhibition which, in point of accuracy and especially of showmanship, could teach many younger men in the business some things.

The whole impression last evening in watching the old-time acts intermingled with the modern ones was one of peculiar contradiction. The once-popular Irish "wake" stories which have gone into discard along with red-nosed German comedians and be-monoled Englishmen were given full play. And, strange to say, jokes that the moths must have fed on for years were brought out and chuckled over by an audience that was in a sympathetic and agreeable mood.

Louis Mann, well-known to the legitimate stage, gave a few bits from some of his successes and Rae Samuels, who is headlining the bill, exerted herself in her usual friendly fashion with songs.

There were other acts of moderate entertaining value. All this week guest stars from the legitimate who once played on the boards at this theatre will visit again for a last appearance, before the final closing next Saturday evening. Among the artists coming on for this occasion are: George M. Cohan, Maggie Cline, Raymond Hitchcock, May Irwin, Eddie Leonard, Fred Stone, Hap Ward and Weber and Fields. M. F.

STATE THEATRE — "Laugh, Clown Laugh," a screen drama starring Lon Chaney, based on the stage play of the same name by David Belasco and Tom Cushing, directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast is: Tito, Lon Chaney; Simon, Bernard Siegel; Simonetta, Loretta Young; Luigi, Nils Asther; Diane, Gwen Lee.

Unfortunately Lon Chaney and Herbert Brenon have not conceived a laughing clown for the motion picture who can go down in history and hold his own with Pagliacci and Gwynplaine. "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" is merely an adaptation of the play and not an inspired one, although it succeeds in being amusing in perhaps a way that the serious-minded Mr. Brenon did not intend.

Here one finds a fertile dramatic field. A walf is adopted in infancy by

two strolling players, and she grows to be beautiful and charming. When this comes to pass the paternal love showed on her by Tito, the clown, changes and he knows the pangs of a lover who feels that the richness of Simonetta's youth is not for him, although she tells him repeatedly that she loves him devotedly.

Unknown to Tito, a young count had entered fleetingly into the life of the young girl and had exclaimed that she would be a wonderful woman.

Years pass. The same nobleman who had caught sight of a fair child and started her preening, suffers from a nervous disorder and goes to a neuro-pathist to stop his fits of laughing while the clown, who has become famous, finds that he cannot stop weeping and the two meet sympathetically at the doctor's office and decide to help each other.

The rest of the film follows the formula of settling the girl in life as a future countess while the clown goes mad and succeeds, in so doing, in making his last scenes worthy of himself and the director. Lon Chaney is remarkable in his clown's make-up even if at times he stoops to act silly. It might, however, have been mere exuberance of spirits which made him hop from the floor to a chair and pretend first to be a rooster, then a swallow and finally a monkey.

Be that as it was all intended, his feat of riding down a wire which is suspended over the auditorium of a theatre, on his head, is quite enough to keep actor's insurance high and Mr. Chaney's reputation of stopping at nothing for his art's sake, proved.

Loretta Young is a pleasant young person and does well by her first big role. It is not her fault that she is made to vacillate from suitor to suitor, but it is Nils Asther as the young count, who gives the most intelligent performance of the cast. He is at first heartily a rogue and turns into a quiescent knight, pleading uneffectively for the hand of the little tight-rope walker.

The clown laughs, but the scars inflicted by this cinema are not so deep as to make one uncomfortable either from excessive pity or joy—which will probably please and satisfy most.

C. M. D.

KEITH ALBEE BOSTON THEATRE — "Honor Bound," a screen drama made from an original story by Jack Betha, directed by Alfred E. Green and made by the Fox Film Company. The cast: John O'Brien, George O'Brien, Evelyn Mortimer, Estelle Taylor, Selma Ritchie, Leila Hyams; Mr. Mortimer, Tom Santschi.

This is supposed to be a little preachment against the hiring of convict labor for the coal mines in Alabama but it is rather pleasant to know that a convict can put aside his prison uniform if the lady whom he drives so desires and spend at least a few of his days on pleasant roads with a good car at his hand and a fair lady throwing herself at his head.

Jealousy causes the change in these conditions and he has to take up the pick in the coal mines until he is broken on the wheel of the husband's bad temper, or would have been, if it had not been for a crazy co-worker, a good fire, two girls and a Governor.

A drama of this kind must have its Uriah Heep, its beatings and its unpleasant task-master, but the camera is good to it in the mine scenes; the men smudged with coal dust and half-lighted are dramatic figures; the donkey-drawn coal wagon seems authentic.

Estelle Taylor is still "The Whip Woman" and in spite of the ability of this actress in emotional roles, she is only allowed a few scenes where she can disport herself with glimpses of what she could do if fate is kind to her in another picture.

Leila Hyams is lovely and in the part of the nurse, quite over-shadows others in this film play. George O'Brien has

a difficult part and plays it without effort.

SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA — "The Drag Net," Paramount picture starring George Bancroft.

The story hinges on the underworld theme but this time it attacks the problem from the standpoint of the men who risk their lives every day to protect society. It has all the thrilling qualities which made "Underworld" such a tremendous success and all the tense drama of "The Show Down." In addition there is a strain of pathos and an unusual thread of romance. Bancroft is excellent in his characterization and Evelyn Brent gives a fine performance as the girl. William Powell is his usual suave, sinister self.

MODERN AND BEACON — "Don't Marry," the feature of the film program.

"Don't Marry" concerns itself with the romance of a Back Bay girl. This modern miss, portrayed in an amusing manner by Lois Moran, is forced to disguise herself as an old-fashioned girl in order to gain the interest of the man of her choice. Her adventures in carrying out this deception provide many



amusing moments. Neil Hamilton plays the leading man. Others in the cast are Henry Kolker, Claire McDowell and Lydia Dickson.

On the same program is "A Dog of the Regiment," in which Rin Tin Tin displays his talents in a story of the world war. Tom Gallery and Dorothy Gulliver play the two leads supported by a large cast.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"Ramona," from Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of the same name with Dolores Del Rio.

"Ramona" is a tale of the trials and tribulations of the mission Indians of early California. The story, recognized as an American classic, is filled with love interest and centres around the beautiful maiden who is in love with two men, one the Indian, Alessandro, played by Walter Baxter; the other, Felipe, the Spanish Don, portrayed by Roland Drew.

Abbott and Bisland lead the vaudeville program with a smart dance, song and comedy revue entitled "The Night Club."

METROPOLITAN—"His Tiger Lady" with Adolphe Menjou in the role of a mysterious maharajah, is the screen offering. Evelyn Brent plays opposite Menjou and the photograph is based on Alfred Savoir's "Super of the Galaxy." The revue is "Oriental Night," a special added attraction Borrah Minevitch, the harmoniconian.

WASHINGTON STREET OLYMPIA—Colleen Moore in "Happiness Ahead," with Edmund Lowe. Personal appearance of Clara Kimball Young, famous screen star, whose act is entitled "Words and Music."

FENWAY—The first half of the week "Harold Teen" with Mary Brian and Arthur Lake. Also "The Little Yellow House" with Orville Caldwell and Martha Slesner. The last half of the week "Fools for Luck" with Chester Conklin and "The Escape" with Virginia Valli.

BOWDOIN SQUARE—A revival of "Grandma's Boy" with Harold Lloyd, and Marion Davies in "The Patsy." Short screen features and news reels.

LANCASTER THEATRE—"The Wreck of the Hesperus" with Sam de Grasse and Virginia Bradford, and "Quality Street" with Marion Davies. Beginning tomorrow and lasting through Friday, "Vamping Venus" with Charlie Murray, Thelma Todd and Louise Fazenda, and "Modern Mothers" with Helene Chadwick and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

## CONTINUING

### ATTRACTIONS

Majestic—"Good News," collegiate musical comedy. Fifteenth week.

Copley—"He Walked in Her Sleep," Norman Cannon's farce. Sixth week.

June 27, 1928

In the 60's an article, illustrated, about Capt. John Smith was published in a magazine. The hero was shown as a captive with a spiked iron collar about his neck; also with his head uncomfortably on the ground and a North American Indian standing over him with a huge club ready to bash him, while Pocahontas, arms outstretched as in a melodrama, rushes forward. This sketch of an adventurous life was the delight of our boyhood. We read the story many times, not knowing that Capt. Smith had been accused of pulling the long bow in the recital of his exploits, dangers, escapes before he met Pocahontas and was saved by her. Indeed, some doubting Thomases have insisted that the rescue by the maiden is a legend. For there are men in these days who doubt the statements of even the ancient historians and gossips. Thus M. Paul Monnet in the French medical review Aesculape has analyzed the character of Messalina and concluded that all the stories to her discredit were circulated by Agrippina: in spite of Tacitus, Suetonius, Juvenal, Messalina was only "a poor little woman unsuitably married."

Was this magazine to which we have referred Harper's with the good old cover? We cannot say, but Harper & Bros. are the publishers of "The Saga of Cap'n John Smith," written by Christopher Ward and "adorned with sculptures" by F. C. B. The title page is in the old manner, being practically a table of contents. The Saga is in three books: In Europe, in Virginia, in Boston.

Mr. Ward was already dear to us by reason of his amusing parodies of popular novels, "best sellers"; by his "Gentleman into Goose" and other writings, including two novels. His parodies may well stand on the shelf with Thackeray's burlesques of Disraeli, Bulwer, Lever Coope and others, and the "Condensed Novel" by Bret Harte; C. H. Webb's "Liffeth Lank," a burlesque of "Griffith Gaunt"; the burlesque "Gnawwood" of Beecher's "Norwood." Mr. Ward has a rollicking humor, a lively sense of the absurd, and a pretty wit. These desirable qualities are found in the "Saga of Cap'n John Smith," written in the manner of old Charles Cotton's travesty of the "Aeneid," which ran through several editions, each suc-

ceeding one more indecent than the preceding.

Mr. Ward does not hesitate to introduce lines from other poets, as in the third chapter: "Of Smith, his doleful Unemployment and his Searching for Work." Smith hears that the Turk is about to raise gehenna (it rhymes agreeably with Vienna) in Hungary.

"Calloo! Calloo! oh frabjous day!"

He chortled in his glee,  
And, on the run he cocked his gun,  
And drew his snickersnee."

These lines have a footnote: "His instant urge to flash his steel Is proof to me of Christian zeal. How else should Churchmen go to work To proselyte the heathen Turk? No Moslem's good until he's dead. To save his soul, you split his head."

And on the same page are familiar lines from Goldsmith's "Traveler," descriptive of Smith's plodding his weary way to Vienna where he heard the good news.

The fights between Smith and the Turkish champions are described after the manner of reported prize fights and football matches. Turkish women sit on one side, not desirable in Mr. Ward's eyes:

"They seem to me too pudding-faced,  
And they're so large around the waist.  
Their curves all seem to be misplaced,  
Perhaps because they are encased  
In such a lot of underclothes."

The Christian women were pleasanter to the eye, though:

"An army in the field's denied  
Domestic consolations,  
And so upon the Christians' side  
Are no female relations.

The ladies in the western seats  
Are not the kind one often meets  
At quiet family dinners.  
Nor would they be received with greet-

ings  
At well-conducted prayer meetings.  
In fact, I would be much surprised  
If they weren't coldly ostracized  
As unrepentant sinners."

There were no preliminary bouts, but the "dear old Stamboul College yell" was raised:

"Rah! rah! rah! Ma-ho-met!

Muezzin and minaret!

Islah! Islah! Rah-hoo-ray!

Istamboul! Stam-boo-li-ay!"

And the crowd burst into the college song, "Old Stamboul." We wish there were space for the words in which Americans of today are mentioned.

Smith is sold into slavery to a Turkish Bashaw and becomes the chauffeur for the Lady Tragabigazanda. She fell madly in love with him; Smith found her too fat. When she threw her arms about him, he lost control of the wheel and ditched the car. He was fired. Finally, he escaped from farm life and the wearing of

"A cotton shirt and denim pants.  
No tongue can tell how much he loathes  
Those simple agricultural clothes."

In Virginia he struggled with the Salvage names.

"At Wocomoke did Powhatan

A stately pleasure dance decree."

He welcomed Smith with ironical courtesy. As the club was raised, Pocahontas came galloping in, wearing English riding breeches and a Stetson hat; her lips needed some renewing. It turned out that Powhatan was an English nobleman; and here Mr. Ward's humorous fancy runs riot. Witness Powhatan's songs, "I Am an Englishman" and "The Earl of Upper Tooting." Pocahontas, knowing that she is the daughter of a peer, rejects Smith's suit, but her father has a plan for an Anglo-Saxon union. Noblemen should be invited to this country:

"And we could show them all the sights,  
Broadway and th' electric lights,  
The Subway, Main Street, Ku Klux Klan.

Books in Boston under ban.  
And Hollywood, Palm Beach and Dayton.  
Chicago's mayor and Reverend Straton,  
All those things that put this Nation  
Right on Top of All Creation."

Smith came to Boston and hailed Massachusetts, the home of liberty, free opinion, free expression. In this section Mr. Ward's satire is at times bitter. He is arrested for a "Red" by our Police-man Clancy, but rescued by Alderman O'Shaughnessy, who says he can furnish him with lots of "liquor, easy to be had. And some of it is not so bad." Smith learns the ways here of bootleggers and the treatment of books. The alderman sings the song, "Who Is It in Boston Now," after Smith tells him he'd like to know.

"The Winthrops, Lawrences and Abbots,  
Channings, Emersons and Cabots.

But they're listed in 'Who Was Who.'"

Now: "There's Coogan and Dugan, Mc-

Goggin and Rafferty,

Cronin, McGlone, and Malone and

O'Brien;

There's Hagan and Fagan, McTague and

McCafterty,  
Bogan and Hogan and Logue and

O'Ryan."

All of this is good-humored. We wish Mr. Ward had not brought in the trial and execution of two "anarchists," suspected of killing, and "convicted of being radicals"; for Mr. Ward is deplorably ignorant of the facts in the case and rhymes without knowledge or reason.

June 28, 1928

An illustrated article, "Civil War Envelopes," by Catharine S. Oveson, is published in the June number of Antiques, that invaluable magazine for maniacal or comparatively tame collectors of old furniture, pewter, tapestries, rugs, in fact everything that is old or purports to be; a magazine that is interesting to the general reader.

Miss Oveson says that the Massachusetts Historical Society owns 15 large albums containing from six to eight thousand of these envelopes given to the society in 1908. Until she made inquiries in 1927 these albums had never once been off the shelves.

At the end of her articles Miss Oveson asks questions suggested by some of these envelopes. The first is: "Why did the Confederates call the Union soldiers 'Mudsls'?" (We have seen the word spelled with two 'i's' as a rule.)

The word is in "Slang and Its Analogues" defined as 1. (American) a low-born, ignorant, contemptible wretch. 2. (Obsolete American) A Southerner: circa 1861-4.

This last definition is probably J. S. Farmer's, whose Dictionary of Americanisms is often laughably wrong, but the word with the meaning of "ignorant, contemptible fellow" is undoubtedly of Southern origin. A mudsill is also the lowest beam or sill in a house, barn, dam, or other structure.

We doubt if northerners were in the habit of calling southerners "Mudsls." At the time of the civil war, for we are old enough to remember the firing on Fort Sumter and the departure of volunteers from our little village, the word was contemptuously applied by southerners to men of the North.

Let us quote from the complete works of Artemus Ward, who visited Richmond, Va., soon after the war. He went into "a eatin house and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as he did wear looked unhealthy. He frowned on me, and sed, kinder scornful, 'So, Sir—you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?'"

"'No,' said I, 'I cum here for hash!'"

"'Have suthin to eat?' I pleasantly suggested.

"'Tripe and onions!' he sed furcely; then he added, 'I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low lived Yankee!'"

"To which I pleasantly replied, 'Howl you have your tripe?'"

"'Fried, Mudsl! with plenty of ham-fat!'"

"He et very ravenous. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread-tray at the bar."

Another question suggested by these envelopes: "What does 'Where is Beauregard' refer to?" In the issue of Vanity Fair (the most brilliant comic weekly ever published in this country) of May 4, 1861, was an illustrated article, "The Whereabouts of Gen. Beauregard: By telegraph to Vanity Fair—After Manner of Daily Papers." There are six of these dispatches. Four must suffice.

"Havre de Grace, April 26. Gen. Beauregard was in Richmond at 23 minutes past 6 o'clock yesterday and will attack Washington at once."

"Philadelphia, April 26. We learn on undoubted authority that Gen. Beauregard was in Alexandria at 24 minutes past six yesterday, reconnoitering."

"Baltimore, April 26. Gen. Beauregard was in Norfolk at 25 minutes past 6 yesterday, and took a gin cocktail with several of the First Families."

"Philadelphia, April 26. I learn on excellent authority that Gen. Beauregard was in Charleston at 22 minutes past 6 yesterday and had no intention of leaving. He was repairing Fort Sumter. The people of Bangor, Me., and of Cape Cod, Mass., report that Gen. Beauregard has lately been seen prowling around those places."

A WARNING  
(For As the World Wags)

Perhaps there's no objection  
To this fair schoolgirl complexion  
That the 5 & 10 sells to you in a box.  
But when putting on these roses  
Be sure and skip your noses.  
For you know just how the horrid Public  
talks. C. E. B.

As the World Wags:  
A large sign board at Braves Field  
tells us that there is  
DINNING  
and  
DANCING

at one of our popular hotels. A novel  
way of warning us that there are saxo-  
phones in the orchestra. E. R. S.

## FANTASIA GERMANICA

As the World Wags:

Those submarine commanders were likable chaps after all. How they had to weep when they torpedoed an enemy transport. And what sceptic can doubt a story when they can show a photograph of a bent railing to prove that a hostile torpedo left the water and flew over their craft. The same magazine article tells of an equally obliging torpedo which executed a nose dive under their boat.

This reminds me of the day on which my submarine had just left the port of Monte Corvino in the neutral country of Andorra. We were bound for the harbor of San Marino and had entered the usually placid waters of Lago Maggiore. Surely there could now be no danger, and the commander, Henry XXIV., Hereditary Grand Duke of Wolfenbuttel-Niederlahnstein, was conducting a performance of the ship's orchestra on the deck of our U boat. Suddenly Ruritanian submarines appeared on either side of our craft and simultaneously discharged torpedoes. Nothing daunted, His Serene Highness continued the performance of "Der Welterwald," and the torpedoes were so much affected by the music of the Waltz King that they rose from the water bowed to each other, and then danced away harmlessly over the blue waves.

Those of us who were in this branch of the service have no finer trait than absolute frankness. In our desire to please the American public we have given American journalists every detail of our experiences, and where the facts have seemed dull, we have been willing to aid in the making of a good feature story by what Goethe so aptly terms "Die Lust zum Fabulieren," the gentle art of telling a plausible whopper.

HOCHBOOTSMAHN STAUB.

As the World Wags:

What wonderful news, almost crowding Miss Earhart off the front page! Young, childish Mary Pickford jumping off the train shouting, "I've cut off my hair."

The recollection comes of an article describing her childhood, and speaking of her "straight light brown hair."

And now, when nearly 40, she has golden curls! And it is a national calamity for her to lose them. G.

As the World Wags:

The shaky young man, urged on by the young girl back of him, slowly entered the library. He tiptoed on the soft rug until he was near her father, who was lounging lazily in the deep-cushioned chair.

"Well, well! How are you, Bernard; how's everything, old chap?" Meanwhile crushing the young man's fingers together.

"You see—it's th—th—this way. I like Eleanor very much, and you know I—I—think it would be real nice—you know, sir, I've been going with her for about five years—"

"Well, what the devil do you want—a pension?" ELENARD.

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN  
(Dispatch to the New York Times)

LINCOLN, Neb.—Mrs. —, aged 81 whose father fought in the revolution ary war, died today. She was born in Erie county, N. Y. Her father was 9 when she was born.

## Keith's, Old and New

The closing of B. F. Keith's does not mean the end of Keith's, but the beginning of a newer Keith's, better fitted to accommodate the public to which it caters. And yet in hailing the new Keith Memorial Theatre there will be many who will regard the passing of the old with the regret of a family preparing to leave the little grove in which it had its picnics for a more pretentious pleasure ground.

The passing B. F. Keith's Theatre is no ordinary playhouse. In its day it was considered the most beautiful theatre the world over. Its splendor attracted sight-seers from every land. Even its engine room was famous. Boston was proud in its possession. A common saying in those days was "Not to see Keith's is not to know Boston." B. F. Keith was a man of vision. He took a tawdry and disreputable form of entertainment known as variety and transformed it into clean vaudeville; the stage of the specialist; the admiration of the community.

And this famous theatre, the mother house of American vaudeville closes its doors within a day or two just as fittingly as it opened them.

March 26, 1894, thirty-four years ago.



## RITUAL IN THE SUBURBS

(For As the World Wags)

She died—with funeral, flowers and friends.

"Who'll take the children now?" we said.

That answered, there the story ends:

A woman lived who now is dead.

The story has been told so much,  
The plot of it we know so well  
We do not bend and stare and clutch  
For meanings where no meanings dwell.

But we accept the little news  
With proper grief and proper care,  
And fill the vases and the pews,  
And turn away from there.  
MARSHALL SCHACHT.  
Brookline.

No government thinks it is in keeping  
With its position and reputation to say  
A simple "Yes" or "No" to anything.—  
Lord Cecil.

## A MURDER OR TWO

Those who object to full reports of murder trials and look askew at novels in which the mystery is: "Who killed him (or her)?" might ponder a recent remark of Canon Hannay: "Even stories with twists, and murder problems with clues, made us think and should eventually lead us to think about serious problems, instead of the sentimental rubbish spoiling England's life today."

This remark did not go unchallenged in England. Mr. Edmund B. d'Auvergne, for example, wrote a letter in which he declared his preference for love stories and other novels free from crime because they picture life to the individual and supply the lack of experience. "It is of more practical importance to know how to handle a sweetheart or a wife than how to tackle a murderer."

Mr. d'Auvergne also objects to the murder story because it turns on the death of somebody "to whom you have hardly been introduced—generally a total stranger, and a singularly uninteresting one at that." How English! How upper-class! One is reminded of the "Bab Ballad" by Gilbert concerning the going down of the Ballyshannon off the coast of Cariboo.

Miss Muriel Nelson objects to the murder story because its popularity is largely due to this: "for its comprehension, no education, no culture and no emotional experience of any kind is needed." The answer is that detective stories in which a murderer is hunted down are read eagerly by judges of high courts, artists, architects, men of fine literary taste, chiefly as a relaxation.

Looking at a list of recent publications in London we find "The Trial of Patrick Mahon," who murdered his mistress in a lonely bungalow and invited a girl to stay with him while his victim's body was still lying in the house unburied; the mysterious murder of Maria Marten—whose mother learned of the crime in a dream which led to the detection of the murderer—the famous play founded on this murder was recently revived in London; "The Peltzer Case," "The Trial of Harry Thaw," a case which according to the Observer revealed "the extraordinary turpitude of the New York Smart Set and the helplessness of the law before the plea of insanity"; "The Trial of Prof. John White Webster," "whose precautions against suspicion were below the average of even the uneducated criminal"; "The Trial of Samuel Herbert Douglas," who killed the woman "who surrendered her fate into his hands in a fashion so contrary to all the inferences of her type and situation." "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street"—the play was also revived recently at the Elephant Theatre and some time ago in New York. These books are published by highly respectable firms and are reviewed in leading journals of London.

The Sunday Times (London) has given much space, with a two-column display head, to the trial of Mrs. Beatrice Annie Page, charged with poisoning her husband.

Do not the readers of The Boston Herald take lively interest in Mr. George Minot's stories of famous murders of years gone by?

No wonder that novels in which the murder baffles detectives, in which the murder is attended with mysterious circumstances, find a large and intelligent body of readers.

## "LADIES' DAY" IN TEXAS

(From San Antonio Express.)

A commotion was created in the grandstand in the seventh inning when a woman hurled a pop bottle which struck another woman on the head and called the police to the scene, with Traffic Cop Jack Voight taking the pop bottle as evidence. It was Ladies' day.

## AT THE BELL-IN-HAND

As the World Wags:

The auction of the Bell-in-Hand effects revives memories of that ancient

hostelry. James Wilson, the last town crier in Boston, moved to Pl alley in 1818, when the Exchange coffee house, where he had been located, was destroyed by one of the city's most spectacular fires.

The old inn sign is an excellent example of wood-carving, a hand of heroic size holding in an upright position a large bell. It bears the date 1795, though what connection that date has with the inn, or with Wilson, is uncertain.

There seems to be some doubt, too, as to the date when the sign was made. Perhaps Mr. Dow, the author of the recently published work on colonial arts and crafts, could throw some light on the question.

Wilson was an original. His announcements of public sales remind one of Prof.

Hutchinson's famous lectures at the old Austin & Stone's Museum.

The glory has departed from the old alley once termed by Rufus Choate "ignominious, but convenient." Joe Gridley's downstairs restaurant, where a course dinner could be had for a quarter, is long since closed. The Bell-in-Hand, whose mutton pies lost nothing of their savor even though the story of Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber, would persist in popping into one's mind, is gone. Even Charley, the alley concierge, retired from the police force and returned, we believe, some 15 or more years ago to his native Nova Scotia.

Sic transit.

GEMINI.

## THE WORST EVER

As the World Wags:

Mr. C. was selling Mr. S. a dog. "Are you sure it's a genuine bloodhound?" inquired the prospective purchaser. "Certainly," replied Mr. C. "Rover, bleed for the gentleman."

## THAT DIZZY BLONDE.

"Dizzy." That word recalls the recent discussion in England of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's description of a woman's hair as "dizzy." It is seldom that a man favors the public through a newspaper with an account of his wife's bodily characteristics. Even Sir Richard F. Burton was amazed at the frankness of Hasan of Bassorah in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" telling an old woman how his wife, whom he was seeking, might be identified.

Mr. J. Vincent of London evidently thought well of his wife's hair. He writes to the Sunday Times that Rossetti's use of "dizzy" is understandable. "My wife's hair was 'dizzy hair.' Upon rare occasions it was so highly charged with electricity that I have taken her into a darkened room to see if it sparked when combed and brushed. When in this condition it was just like spun burnished gold. The effect was so remarkable that had Rossetti have seen it he would have brought it instinctively within his category."

## BARGAIN DAY

(For As the World Wags)

Rushing shoppers, puddle hoppers,  
Pettled darlings; kitchen moppers,  
Yellow backs to a few coppers.

Worried faces fill all spaces,  
Many ages, many races,  
Homely ones; and the Three Graces.

Phantoms passing like a dream,  
Unrealities they seem—  
Clouded faces; some that beam,

Fat folks swaying like balloons,  
Intellectuals; silly loons,  
Young girls humming jazzy tunes.

Why do they pick out such hats—  
Henna tresses stuffed with rats,  
Some are shifty, sly as cats.

Day by day the passing show  
Leaves somewhere, to somewhere go,  
That is all you'll ever know.

They are mad for fashion's frills,  
Mad for beauty, mad for thrills,  
Some poor husband pays their bills.

—JAMES L. EDWARDS.

We are told by London journalists that King George likes simple meals. Here is one, an ordinary dinner at Buckingham Palace: Soup, grilled sole, chicken cutlets, asparagus, soufflé surprise.

Is it a surprise when the soufflé is what it should be?

"Champagne of the best vintage is always served at the palace."

How excellent an example, as regards food, the King sets for his subjects! But even the little ones heed it not. Seeking and Saving, the Reformatory and Refuge journal, says that the little girls at a children's home were asked what dinner they would like best on a festival occasion. A 6-year-old composed this bill of fare: Custard, rhubarb, goose, thick gravy, plum pudding, rabbit pie, apple pudding, sausages, Yorkshire pudding, and potatoes. "Thick gravy."

George Crossing in his papers of Henry Ryecroft" eulogizes English gravy at its best and thickest; young Mr. Smallweed, it will be remembered, ordering in London eating houses, was not to be imposed on by Polly or any other waiters.

"In the matter of gravy he was adamant."

English heroines in novels are often represented as hearty feeders. Even the little girls and young ladies. One of the latter, described by Emma Jane Worboise, after an early breakfast, feeling a "gone" sensation by 11:30 A. M., put down "plum cake and almond cake, a basket of ripe strawberries, with plenty of fine, rich cream; cowslip wine and curds and whey ad lib." At 2 P. M. she had a devouring appetite for luncheon. Two hours after dinner she made way with "a little pile of delicious sandwiches, a good raised pie and a substantial plum cake; also there was a loaf and butter, and a pot of apricot jam, hot coffee and cream." It was of her that a friend remarked: "You look pale, child. Does she take proper exercise?"

It is surprising that the excellent Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D., in his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," did not sing a warning song against gluttony. There are verses against lying, quarreling, scoffing, calling names, swearing, evil company, pride in fine clothes, sleeping too much, but we find nothing about stuffing. There is an allusion to food in the fourth verse of "The Sluggard":

"I made him a visit, still hoping to find  
He had took better care for improving  
his mind.

He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating  
and drinking;  
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never  
loves thinking."

In our student days in Berlin breakfast for natives and strangers consisted of coffee, i. e., chicory, a semmel or two (crisp rolls, not half-bad, as the English say in praising highly), and an egg that, like Hannibal, had crossed the Alps. We read that today the Berliners give Sunday breakfast parties and so doing look toward England, serving ham and eggs, steak, toast, fruit, cheese, coffee, cigars. "The wearing of pyjamas on the part of guests and host and hostess is believed to be not entirely English in origin, and is therefore discouraged save, it is understood, by the very smart."

Emma Jane Worboise's young lady ate strawberries with "plenty of fine, rich cream." There are some who regard this as a barbarous or vulgar practice. The perfect epicure in England or in France allowed a dripping of wine, but some preferred the berries naked, and went so far as to say that the strawberries of the finest flavor were those growing wild.

In our younger days we mashed the strawberries and poured on real cream, not the cream that comes from a "separator." Now "mashing" the berries is supposed to be a mark of one badly brought up, unacquainted with the niceties of table etiquette. If we should breakfast alone at a country inn of the old kind—there are some still to be found—we would gaily mash the berries, crumb a doughnut in the coffee, and eat at least one piece of pie, according to the season.

A London journalist said recently that strawberries are worth eating only when they come direct from the garden bed. "As to strawberries and cream, over which so many grow lyrical, raspberries and cream are a finer dish. I think it is a case of the eye misleading the palate in this matter."

## A CAROL OF CALORIES

(For As the World Wags)

I cannot wear the old clothes

I wore one year ago—

Before this extra avoirdupois

Had irked my spirit so;

Today stern calories control

My diet and my fate—

And how I shun the things I love

And seek the ones I hate!

I cannot eat the old eats—

The marshmallow sundae;

The luscious pastries and eclairs—

Such bliss is not for me;

Reducing one's displacement proves

A task that never flags—

If one would keep the old waistline

And wear the old glad rags.

Farewell—cream puffs and mocha tarts!  
So fattening—but so good!

I cannot eat the old stuff—

But—how I wish I could!

LAURA SIMMONS.

## THE LATEST CANDIDATES

F. M. C. has proposed for membership in our Hall of Fame Mr. Stanley J. Risk, insurance agent at Muskegon, Mich.; also Mr. Risk's brother, a physician.

Marie proposes Mr. Stream of the South Bend (Ind.) Bait Co.

Mr. Morray's candidate is Mr. B. G. Sparks, an electrician of Wakefield, N. H.

In the last issue of Nouvelles Litteraires (Paris) is the announcement of Paul Doltin's "W. Somers et Maugham et ses Romains."

## SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

As the World Wags:

In a department store in cultured Boston the literary censor has overlooked the notice above a counter in the book department:

Knowledge is King.

Read Evolution Explained.

Facts and Modern Science.

A. W. C.

## 'NO OTHER WOMAN' AT METROPOLITAN

Dolores Del Rio in Drama  
Directed by Tellegen

"No Other Woman," a film drama starring Dolores de Rio, story by Polan Banks, directed by Lou Tellegen, made by the Fox Film Company, is presented at the Metropolitan Theatre with the following cast: Carmelita Desano, Dolores de Rio; Maurice, Don Alvarado; Albert, Ben Bard; Mafalda, Paullette Duval; Carmelita's aunt, Rosita Marstini.

More actors should turn directors if the present film is a sample of what years behind the footlights and under the klieg can do for one in schooling for dramatic situations. This is Lou Tellegen's first screen production. It has its faults, to be sure, but the film is treated in an interesting manner, the action is natural and great attention is paid to details and Dolores de Rio.

The author makes use of the eternal triangle in his story but he freshens and enlivens the old theme until it, at least, looks new. The action is, at times, so slow as to be almost lazy, but it is becoming to Miss del Rio to act like a full-grown woman for a change. Her hoydenish shoulders and lambs are snugly tucked into lovely and becoming gowns and her vibrant personality is carefully stilled into correct form.

Fashionable France is used for a background. The hero and heroine are visiting Cubans. There is the beach at Biarritz, large and ornate apartments, the Paris Cafe and even a race course to add interest.

Ben Bard makes the cheating, thieving, murdering gentleman of the cast creditable, which is a feat that might have discouraged many. The part is sinister to a degree which verges on the ordinary "movie" villain—and yet it does not in Ben Bard's hands. Albert is, emphatically, no Don Quixote. The girl with the disagreeable part does not fare so well. The motion picture does not take the haunting of head and arms seriously unless there is temperament behind it, carefully calculated though it may be.

Don Alvarado looks and acts like the new Paramount juvenile, "Buddy" Rogers, in this picture, but he has more character, more refinement and less annoying exuberance of spirits.

With less weight and fewer scenes like the dramatic finish where the fair Dolores has been shot, looks beautiful and says, presumably in Spanish, "Don't worry—I am going to live—for you," this picture might be taken seriously in the intelligence test for good little films.

The revue this week is "Ocean Blues," staged by R. H. Burnside, who for many years was responsible for the elaborate spectacles at the Hippodrome in New York city, when that theatre undertook to have the biggest show on the biggest stage in the world. Mr. Burnside's talent is in evidence in this revue. Who else would have bothered to have waves by the side of his boat and few would expect so much and get so much from his dancers. Arthur Martel has returned to the organ and the Hope "Indian Love Lyrics," sobbed by most of the village sopranos, have been put on the screen and are accompanied by the orchestra.

C. M. D.

## ELECTRA

By RENA

In the park at Providence a Greek temple rises, white and serene, set in a green amphitheatre. Through its majestic pillars sparkle the bright waters of a lake. In the city of Providence lives a lady eager to provide art with a capital A to the people. They had heard and presumably enjoyed symphony orchestras, they had thrilled to Stravinsky and Strauss. The



marble temple, lying unused, suggested to their patronne a deeper excursion into culture. They should hear Margaret Anglin in "Electra." The proletariat of Providence should know its Sophocles.

Miss Anglin, playing in "Diplomacy," gathered together as many veterans of her former "Electra's" as she could assemble, impressed a horde of electricians, carpenters, painters, workmen of all kinds and varieties, and descended on the quiet dell in Roger Williams Park. From Saturday until Tuesday the strangest scenes of bustle and chaos raged about the Greek temple. Great electric cables were laid from the main road several city blocks distant, and lights adjusted to play on the marble columns. Then came a transformation of the temple itself into the palace of Agamemnon.

#### THE PROPS

Marble wings arose, amid sweating and cursing, on each side. Across the back a gilded drop hid the waters of the lake. Workmen on ladders industriously shadowed the gold with gray, or etched in brilliant blues and greens the skulls of sacred bulls on the great central doors of the palace. Two enormous statues, 30 feet high, brought from the Metropolitan Opera House, were fast turning from stone to marble under the brushes of overalled scenic artists.

On the left, not yet entirely hidden by an improvised grove already beginning to wilt under the hot sun, toiled the musicians, over and over, one strain of music, strange music, strange musicians, under the weary baton of a tall despairing young conductor. Macklin Marrow, back from a year as assistant conductor of the Vienna Opera House, gave up Salzburg to do the music for Miss Anglin. Sunburned, dark hair tossed, shirt wilted and a dejected black necktie trailing from his open collar, he pleaded with his musicians, or called one aside, or ran up the steps of the palace to arrange his cues with the technical director, a blond imperturbable individual in golf clothes.

#### JUNIORS AND JUNIOR LEAGUERS

On the rows of benches forming a semicircle on the hillside, sprawled an interesting and variable assemblage of onlookers. There were the actors, waiting all day for their share in the rehearsal. Mr. Mellish, the foster-father of Orestes, a player of the old school, leaned in dignity on his cane, preserving under the hottest sun his stiff collar. Mothers sat here and there with embroidery and babies in all stages, those that sat smeared with wet graham crackers in wicker carriages, and those that crawled and were frequently told not to put that in their mouths. Old ladies with nothing to do, painters sitting in the audience to admire the wooden bench they had just transmuted to marble, or the throne to gold. Electricians, up until 4 the night before, snatching a cigarette before their fresh struggle with the lighting. Mounted policemen and taxi drivers, and young married women of the Junior League with hampers of coffee and ginger ale carefully set out for the company by William, the chauffeur. The ubiquitous ragged small boys that spring from the ground at any event, snuffled and yelled and fought.

Before the temple sat Miss Anglin, dressed in the simplest wash dress of tan pongee, with a broad-brimmed felt hat of no style or era on her short bronze hair, her figure matronly, her face keen and perspiring. An actress without coquetry, her whole mind was bent on the production. Her gray eyes saw everything, she made corrections with humor and understanding, she encouraged and praised. The golden doors of the palace swung open and Clytemnestra's attendants passed rhythmically down the steps to the odd music of William Furst. "That girl on the right, hold up your urn, you know it is full of oil, you're spilling it. Over, please, Mr. Marrow." Again the maidens swayed down the steps. This time it was discovered that the girl on the left wore very high heels. In sandals she would be short, and for the sake of symmetry she should have the centre position.

New strains of music. The chorus of Argive women entered from the left-hand grove, in costume these, ready for newspaper photographers. Tanagra figures in saffron and burnt orange and biscuit shades, led by a tall, dark goddess of a girl with a staff of gold leaves, they wove their pattern across the stage, swayed and hesitated, clapped their

hands above their heads, practising their procession to the altar of the goddess. The advance came to a sudden fluttering stop as the music broke abruptly off. The conductor had found something very wrong. Over again, the Argive women came in from among the trees.

"Aren't they lovely?" said Miss Anglin. "They can't go wrong in those beautiful clothes. See the two sitting on the grass, they're beautiful. The costumes are kept tied in knots to give them that plastic quality. If we could only wear them today, to cover all our bad points!"

The music stopped again. Mr. Marrow dropped in despair.

"Will you have some coffee, or a pistol?" called Miss Anglin.

Consternation among the scene hands. The palace wall proved to be too low by 10 feet. The head electrician wondered whether he could possibly change the lighting which last night had killed the color values of the costumes and the sacrificial fruits and flowers on the altar. Orestes and Aegisthus, in gray felt hats and sack suits, practised their duel on the palace steps. Soundlessly, with flowing beautiful gestures, they fenced for their lives, Orestes with a pipe in his mouth, Aegisthus wearing his eyeglass on a black ribbon.

#### EVERYBODY THERE

On Tuesday night, as the audience rustled in, the palace of Agamemnon lay calm and beautiful. Groves of young trees hid the base of its wings. Mr. Marrow, though now in evening clothes, was invisible. The marble pillars rose in a clear light, clean and noble. The society of Providence, its burghers and clerks, visitors from other cities, were certainly there. The proletariat may have been the dark shapes that crowned the top of the hill, too far away to hear.

Before the palace of Agamemnon, "Electra" unrolled with a great sweep. It caught the audience in its surge. The translation of Edward Hayes Plumptre certainly sounded awkward and stilted at times, the medium was unaccustomed, the action of the play sprang from a civilization alien and primitive, but a tragedy so intense and so real, so beautifully expressed, held a breathless quality. The play had no time. The audience might have been the first audience, in place of the Greeks at Mycenae more than 2000 years ago.

Miss Anglin, in her black robes, among the fluttering Argive women whose cries and gestures pointed the simple action of the play, was the young Electra waiting through lonely wretched years for her brother Orestes to return to Argos and execute the vengeance ordered by the gods on their mother and her lover Aegisthus. Antoinette Perry, in her gorgeous robes of scarlet and gold, her brilliant crown, had the flaunting civil and power of Clytemnestra in her voice and full gestures. Katherine Proctor, as the sister of less heroic mold than Electra, willing to compromise with their aunt-mother and uncle-father, timorous, weak, made a foil for the grandeur, the great waves of Miss Anglin's voice.

#### FINE PICTURE

Always, whatever the action, the stage presented a beautiful picture. The Argive women, the palace attendants with their bare bodies, glistening fillets, their spears or flaming torches, the attendants of Clytemnestra in brilliant greens and purples and blues, the jades and cerises of the flowers and fruit on the altar—the grouping and coloring during the whole performance was like an immense canvas.

As the play ended with Electra's shriek of triumph at the murder of Aegisthus, you slowly returned through many centuries from a strange country. Miss Anglin chose the Sophocles "Electra" for its pictorial quality, its visual effectiveness, but the tragedy is far from us in mood. To go back to a time when a son received from an oracle a command to murder his mother, and carried it out unquestioningly, almost exultingly, helpless in the hands of the gods, is to bring our introspective western minds up short against the simplicity and the occidental quality of the Greeks. Euripides would have been more in tune with our civilization. His Orestes, still obedient to the gods, tortured, questioning, suffering, cries, like Hamlet, "Stay! How if some foul fiend of hell, hid in God's likeness, spake that oracle?"

But Euripides' "Electra," set in "a hut on a wild mountain side," would have stolen from our eyes the beauty of a great king's palace, and, once acclimated, the direct objective thought of Sophocles, its calm, fell with peace on our twisting modern minds. We went home feeling that it must have been rather pleasant to have every major decision in life decreed by a god, without that bothersome element of free will. Also, to live in a country where you had time to pour out your sorrows or your hates, if you had them, in five-minute periods, without the abrupt conversational interruptions of 1928, and with every one passionately interested and ejaculating "Woe!" and "Horror!" to the very end.

Little, Brown & Company have published: "Theatre: Essays on the Arts of the Theatre." It is edited by Edith J. R. Isaacs. The handsome volume of 341 large pages contains many illustrations and a full index. The sections treat of The Actor, The Playwright and the Drama, The Director, Scene Design, Costumes, The Dances, Architecture, New Paths and Byways.

These sections are sub-divided. Thus in "The Actor," after an introduction, are these essays: "The First Lesson in Acting," by Richard Boleslavsky; "The Painted Actor," by Ashley Dukes; "Sources in Art," by Stark Young; "The Lineage of Speech," by Windsor P. Daggett. In the introduction to this section the editor remarks that little has been written about the art of acting. She mentions G. H. Lewes, Talma, Coquelin, writers of an earlier date; Stanislavsky, Copeau, Stark Young. Surely something at least might be learned from Gautier, Sarcy, Lemaître, Got, Brisson, Antoine, not to mention other Frenchmen and from the critical articles of Shaw, Archer, Dutton, Cook, Wakely, and in recent memoirs of American actors there are many shrewd comments on their art.

Among the other contributors to the sections are that excellent critic, Ivor Brown, Kenneth Macgowan, Ruth St. Denis, Andre Levinson, D. H. Lawrence ("The Dance of the Sprouting Corn"), George P. Baker, Alaine Locke ("The Negro and the American Theatre"), Messrs. Bourdes, Brooks, Cheney, Bragdon, J. M. Brown, Head, Pichel, Mumford, Locke, Kreymborg, Uranev, Rosamond Gilder, Edith Hamilton, Mary Gavin, Aline Bernstein.

In the introduction Mrs. Isaacs discusses in a general way the theatre in America. She believes whatever it may be, it is alive, more alive than the theatre of any other country in the world, growing from Broadway to Grand street, from New York to Cleveland, Dallas, Pasadena, Santa Barbara; from professional playhouses into little theatres and universities, into farmlands and mountains, "deep into the commonplace of our own lives and up into its fantasy," then back to Broadway enriched with new material. She also believes that the art of the American theatre of this century may, before it is done, take its place among the theatres of the world's great days. She reviews the early years and the constant growth; she speaks of audiences.

"The real lover of the theatre, the man who has searched out its mysteries, no matter how many disappointments he has had, is always hopeful before a rising curtain. He may have his preferences and his prejudices, but he has no sweeping convictions about the superiority of one form of playwriting or one style of acting over another. He does not hunger to annihilate realism for poetry, or expressionism for either. He does not think that all the good acting is in vaudeville, or in the Comedie Francaise or on Broadway. He does not think that the theatre is good or bad because it has or has not a proscenium arch. He thinks burlesque may be as much theatre material as tragedy and he knows that a great play never dies. Nothing that is good theatre is alien to him."

This is all true, but how many lovers of the theatre, as they are thus described, are to be found in the audiences of New York or Boston? As regards the character of this book of which she is editor, she says: "It would be an obvious exaggeration to suggest that such a selection from a score of minds and pens as are unified here can make any claim to forming a new theatre aesthetic. But together they seem to us to make the best approach yet made to a formulation of the American theatre idea."

A book of this nature might be discussed in half an hour after the manner of Arthur Pendennis, who felt himself competent to review the most voluminous encyclopaedia in that time, but many of the essays in "Theatre" would call for a careful review. For example, there is Mr. Levinson's enthusiastic article, "The Negro Dance Under European Eyes," with its eulogy of Josephine Baker, "an extraordinary creature of simian suppleness—a sinuous idol that enslaves and incites mankind. Thanks to her carnal magnificence and her impulsive vehemence, her unashamed exhibition comes close to pathos." One would like to quote Mr. Stark Young's ideas on the wearing of costume; from Mr. Macgowan's study of scenery; from Mr. Daggett's comments on English as it is spoken (maltrated) on the stage, and the "universal standard of English of Chaucerian descent." And there are many other articles to which due attention should be paid.

"Theatre" is a valuable, one might say indispensable contribution to the increasing of knowledge about the present condition of the stage in this country and the purposes of those working artistically for the welfare of the drama.

Little, Brown & Company are the publishers of "Four Plays: The Women Have Their Way, A Hundred Years Old, Fortunato, The Lady from Alfaceque," by Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez Quintero, in English versions by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. In their preface the Barkers tell us that these Spanish brothers, Serafin, born in 1871; Joaquin, in 1873, having written in collaboration over 150 plays, long and short, are still writing. There is a fountain in Seville in their honor. The back of a surrounding bench bears the names of chosen plays, and there are shelves to hold the plays themselves. "You may make your own choice, sit there, and read." The plays chosen by the Barkers are delightful to read even though there is no accompaniment of a bubbling fountain, and one might find greater pleasure in reading than in seeing the plays on the American stage, for where are the comedians who could enter into the quietly humorous spirit of these artistically simple dramatists?

As is said in the preface: "We have become, perhaps (some of us), a little artistically self-conscious and a little apt to look down our noses at the simple thing. . . . As their (these plays) kind is somewhat out of fashion with us we may have lost our sense of their artistic values; and simplicity was ever art's best disguise." This preface contains entertaining comments on the English theatre. Mr. Barker regrets that it has not produced a worthy successor to T. W. Robertson, "no one to enrich his technique, to bring a more catholic view of life, and a robust mind to play writing. 'A Hundred Years Old,' turn its Spanish environment to English, might be the work of a later Robertson. It is unashamedly sentimental; but is wholesome sentiment to be anathema?"



"A 'superior' drama, grown superior to acting, lies on its deathbed." Mr. Barker speaks of plays grown so austere intellectually that their performance seemed a profanation.

"Fortunato" is in the true Spanish picaresque vein. Like good farces its fun is rooted in a fundamentally serious idea. The secret of a successfully comic actor does not lie in the fact that he is a funny man, "a fellow that can make us laugh once, while at his second try we wonder what we laughed at. It lies in his power to make us fond of him."

This "Fortunato" tells of three incidents in the life of a man avoided by fortune. He begs in vain, and at last becomes a target for a woman who with a rifle outlines his body, shooting bullets. "The Lady from Alfaqueque" is so proud of her town that dwelling in Madrid she is an easy mark for all who claim to come or have come from that vicinity.

Spanish critics have said that "The Women Have Their Way" is the masterpiece of these Spaniards. How simple the story! A young lawyer from Madrid is visiting in a little Andalusian town. He is intent on his business, makes himself agreeable, and purposes to leave. The women of this town insist that he has fallen in love with one of their pretty girls. He denies it, so does the girl. But the women chatter till the whole town says it must be so. In the end, much to the young man's surprise, but not so much to the pretty girl's—it turns out to be so. No biting philosophy, no irony, no attack on society, no epigrams, hardly a witty remark in the whole play. "Yet an idea both animates and dominates it, that is none the less an idea for being right in hand."

As Azorin, the keen critic, says in effect: "We may think mistakenly that the Quinteros have nothing to say, but if we will but surrender our minds to the simple story, and let our imaginations absorb the very homely picture, we shall find life interpreted there."

And so the Barkers recommend—and with good reason—these plays to readers as "veritable pictures of Spanish life seen through the benevolently humorous eyes of their authors."

The N. Y. Sun said of the revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" by Baltimore amateurs playing in New York on June 25, that while the acting was naturally amateurish, "nothing jars. Everything is in good taste. There is no false note in the acting. . . . Gilbert's dialogue was allowed to create its own fun without any superimposed humor. . . . In fact there was never any straining after effect."

This could not be said of the sumptuous and vocally excellent performances of "The Mikado" and "The Pirates of Penzance" seen recently in Boston. It is still a wonder that Mr. Winthrop Ames permitted the clowning.

Mr. Louis N. Parker's charming comedy "Pomander Walk" has been made into a musical comedy "Marjolaine." It was produced with music by Hugo Felix at the Gaiety, London, on June 12 with moderate success. For the music, it is said, lacked invention.

## CURTAIN DOWN ON B. F. KEITH'S

B. F. Keith's theatre closed in a blaze of glory at 11:29 last night.

As the final strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" died down, Eddie Fay lowered the curtain on a playhouse that for 34 years has provided people of New England with some of the best theatrical talent the world has produced.

The old-timers of the stage and patrons were there, and one of them—Dr. Francis D. Donoghue, medical advisor to the industrial accident department of the commonwealth—was present on the opening night of the theatre in 1894.

There was not a vacant seat among the 2150 in the house. And what an audience it was! They went there to sing its requiem, but lost the solemnity of the occasion through the great amount of talent that was presented and made it a joyous event instead.

The spontaneous applause added zest to the efforts of the stagefolk to give the best in them on a stage from which they had entertained these many years.

### OLDTIMERS WEEP

Tears welled into the eyes of old-timers as their efforts were greeted with thunderous applause, having in mind that the audience was not considering their advanced years, but the ability with which they still were able to put over such difficult numbers as song and dance and juggling acts.

The stars of many years ago still twinkled from the familiar settings on the Keith stage. There was one drop curtain missing. It was the one portraying a gondola passing through the watery streets of Venice. That curtain, as a souvenir of the occasion, was cut up in as many pieces as there are seats in the house, and each person at last night's performance is the possessor of a part.

### INFORMAL DINNER STARTS EVENING'S PROGRAM

The program started with an informal dinner at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Bart Grady and Ralph Larsen, who handled the local affairs of the B. F. Keith interests, were hosts to the stars who had come from distant parts of the country to take in the final show.

Ethel Barrymore, who came from California, was having her hair crimped on an upper floor of the hotel when most of the actors and actresses arrived for dinner. Maggie Chline, who came over from New Jersey and carried a flag of her native isle, strolled in rather un-

concernedly flanked by two women friends.

Only the performers knew each other as they appeared in the room. Diners were in total ignorance of the presence of some of the stage celebrities of world-wide fame.

Stella Mayhew, the old Hallelujah Girl, was there, as were Fred and Dorothy Stone and Will Cressy, Chic Sales, John LeClair, Thomas Ryan, Blanche Dayne, Eddie Leonard and Hap Ward.

Regret was expressed at the absence of Gertrude Hoffman and George Cohan.

William F. Frank's orchestra was playing the overture in the theatre pit before the visiting players started to leave the Ritz Carlton, but their presence was not essential during the first half of the performance.

### THE REGULAR SHOW

The regular show comprised Bee Hee & Rubyatte, Mills & Goodwin, Willie West & McGinty, Rae Samuels, with Mildred Lane at the piano; Morris & Campbell, Theodore Bekefi & Co., and Trahan & Wallace.

Some early motion pictures that were box-office sensations in their day were shown as a means of giving the present generation on hand an idea of the development that has taken place in that industry.

At the close of that part of the program, Rae Samuels introduced Henry Chesterfield, secretary of the National Vaudeville Artists Club, as one of the masters of ceremonies. He presented Bart Grady, who took his former place in the orchestra pit and directed the orchestra with the assistance of two of his former associates in the orchestra, George Ware, drummer, and James Bailey, trumpeter. The old Keith favorites, the Meistersingers, were there and sang to the complete satisfaction of the audience.

George Williams and John Geddis, the two stage hands who were familiar figures to Keith audiences, came in for their share of praise and applause.

The newspaper poets of London have been considering the way of a man with his automobile and what Charles Lamb in his day, uneasy in the country, described as the sweet security of the city street.

H. F. M. in the Observer writes of jehus driving furiously:

### YOU THAT PASS BY

He never knows what he has missed—  
The tense, unhappy motorist:  
Not his the wayside privilege,  
The tremulous secrets of the hedge;  
The bright, unresting birds; the row  
Of little starry flowers below;  
The tapestry the spider weaves;

The million hues of million leaves,  
The primrose by the river's brim  
Not even a primrose is to him;  
And all the pagantry of green  
Becomes a flicker of the screen.  
The whisper of the brook appeals  
In vain against the roar of wheels;  
And, though the lark be never so high,  
He hears no song from any sky.  
Is life, I wonder, worth the while  
At sixty seconds to the mile?

A. W. B. of the Daily Chronicle was inspired by a saying of Dr. Waldo, the city coroner: "You never know what pedestrians will do; they are the most foolish people in the world."

### THE WAYFARER

He takes his aimless walks abroad,  
A creature innocent of care,  
And some who know him not applaud  
His genial air.

He sounds no hooter, rings no bell,  
To clear a way before his face,  
Wears no cyclometer to tell  
What was his pace.

No law sets limit to his speed,  
Which varies with each passing whim,  
The dangers to the traffic breed  
No fear in him.

When haste is needed, he is slow  
But to his reputation true,  
He keeps no rule; you never know  
What he will do.

His aim is, haply, to be slain,  
And end his life's uncertain span,  
For he is only an insane  
Pedestrian.

### ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

Jean Louis Vaudoyer, falling sick in a little town of Provence, called in the local physician. Although the sickness was not serious, Vaudoyer found the enforced rest wearisome. The physician tried to cheer him: "Don't be alarmed, I had the same disease. And now, see, I'm perfectly well." "Yes," said Vaudoyer, "but you had another doctor."

### ADVICE TO TOURIST

Foresters and hunters in central Europe believe that anyone who shoots a white chamois will die within a year.

In 1915—a sojourner in the Tyrolean mountains aimed at a white chamois. Foresters begged him not to shoot. He laughed at the tradition and killed the chamois. The scoffer died within a month.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, on Aug. 27, 1913, out hunting, fired at a white chamois, against the entreaties of the foresters, and killed it. On June 29, 1914, the archduke was killed at Sarajevo.

You can see the skin of the archduke's white chamois by visiting the museum at Salzburg.

Mme. Aurore Sand, granddaughter of George Sand, sued Jacques Boulanger, the author of "The Early Lovers of George Sand," who never kept her liaisons with Musset, Chopin, Sandeau, Bourges and others secret. Was it George Saintsbury who genially described these liaisons as "sudden accessions of affection"? The granddaughter asked for damages amounting to about \$420, thus showing herself more modest than her famous grandmother.

### ALL UP FOR ECONOMY

As the World Wags:  
Something ought to be done about this: In a recent editorial the St. Louis Post-Dispatch announced that the city commission of Amarillo in the Texas Panhandle is going to repeal ("junk" was The Herald's expression in its report, though "debunk" is the Bostonese, and proper, word) 200 local laws, and ended, "Its example should be followed all over the land."

As a citizen and a patriot I protest against any such reckless prodigality. Suppose that this action is applied to the acts of Congress. During the session just closed 95 senators and 435 representatives spent six months and passed about 1000 bills. The salaries of these legislators was \$5,310,000. Clerks, rent and perquisites cost, say, half as much more. That made each act cost about \$8000.00. Many of these may have been—probably were—of little use to most of us. But we could surely store them in some attic in Washington so that we should have them to show for our money. Or we might sell them to some of the effete European peoples as antiques. Can you do anything about it? Can we get Will Rogers interested?

S. A. STARRATT.

As the World Wags:  
Going home in the L a woman with a baby in her arms boarded the train. The car was crowded. I was hanging to a strap, but in front of me sat a kindly old gentleman. Upon seeing the woman, he rose, tipped his hat, and said, "Here's a seat, Miss." The one addressed turned, looked, scowled, and

answered, "Well of all the nerve," and bustled up the aisle. I'm sure the kindly old boy didn't get her interpretation. DOC FROM THE SOUTH.

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### As the World Wags:

Not long ago your column contained remarks regarding Benjamin Franklin as being the "inventor" of the rocking chair. There appears to be an earlier mention at least for Great Britain—it is in an anecdote, which has come to my notice, regarding Bishop Jeremy Taylor (Bishop of Down, Ireland, in the 17th century). He is said to have received from a poor woman the following reply to his question as to her idea of heaven: "To sit in my rocking chair and rock all day." Can you or any reader give information as to where this anecdote may be found in Taylor's works?

ELAH.

This anecdote escaped the attention of the editors of the great Oxford Dictionary. The earliest quotation they give is: "1832 Mrs. Trollope, 'Manners Amer.' They . . . sit in a rocking chair and sew a great deal."—Ed.

### GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

As the World Wags:  
"Illinois Superior Court, No. 479174. Joseph W. Brunette vs. Minnie Brunette. Bill for divorce. RENIE.

### FROM OUR SHORT STORIES

As the World Wags:  
The moon was bright and the soft silvery light made her face more beautiful than ever. They stood in the shelter of the doorway, both were silent for a time, each thinking of the evening just past: of its beauty and charm, and the fleeting of the night had been sensed with regret: that alone had marred the exquisiteness of it all. He held her in his arms, imprinting a kiss so soft, tender, caressing as could scarce be felt. Almost inaudibly she murmured, "How sweet." As quietly he replied, "Years of practice." As he passes the old manse after all these years he still wonders why she slammed the door.

PIFER DIVILEBLISS.

### By ROY R. GARDNER

ASOLO, Italy, June 12.

To do reverence to the memory of Eleonora Duse, a pilgrimage to Asolo seemed most in order, that beautiful town not far from Venice where the great actress passed the last few years of her life. It was there she wished to be laid when her days on earth should come to an end, in the little cemetery adjoining St. Anna's Church, her face toward Monte Grappa.

Small wonder she loved that "acre of God's" set high on a hill. Behind her rises the small church's wall of dazzling white; over her head stretch sheltering evergreens; flowers bloom about her everywhere, white carnations mostly, richly fragrant, late in May. Before her lies a mountain valley, a valley of orchards, vineyards, farms and towns, a valley with Monte Grappa for its background.

Asolans owe much to this massive Alp; it proved a bulwark during the war the Austrians could not surmount. Such devil's work as battle should never be, is the inevitable thought that comes to mind as one looks on the mountain's velvety surface, a deep unbroken purple in the afternoon, in the morning light all green, of a surface exquisitely modelled by ridges, minor peaks, crevasses. The futility of warfare! A curious thought to arise at Eleonora Duse's grave!

### LAST RESTING PLACE

English and American admirers of the actress will be glad they paid her memory their pious duty at her grave. They will like the simplicity of the white marble slab that records only name and dates. They will be glad to see, from the many flowers there, that many visitors pay her the only respect now in their power. Best of all, they will like to hear about that day when Eleonora Duse's body was brought home to its last resting place.

Not a soul in town, of rich and poor alike, of native and foreigner, of gentle and simple, too, but had stripped his garden bare of every flower, to make the final way beautiful. The road of the funeral car was petal-strewn. Flowers covered the very walls; they filled every window, every balcony; flowers brightened every inch of the bare interior of St. Anna's Church. As neighbor as well as artist, Eleonora Duse was held most highly.

But long before the days of Duse another woman brought fame to the little town—Caterina Cornaro, that Venetian girl who married the King of Cyprus in 1589, only to lose her throne. Caterina ended her days in the castle of Asolo, where she queened it in semi-royal state. A street is named for her today, and her castle still stands on the summit of Asolo hill.

Now it is a prison. An agreeable



house of detention the prisoners have of it. They were haying, on the last day of May, in the castle garden. They had clover down, a patch about the size of a tablecloth. A cheerful company, they talked volubly while they tossed the clean, sweet-smelling grass. Sometimes they rested a minute on their forks, to gaze down at the town with its gardens and orchards stretching down to the valley's bottom, or, if so they chose, up at a hill still higher than their own, crowned with a "rocca," a square castle of pre-Roman times, of walls so massive even time cannot touch them.

#### FOR PRISONERS

In their new prison, to which they are presently to be moved, let us hope the prisoners—serious criminals are jailed farther afield—will still find clover to be made into hay, and a view of the sky and soft Italian hills.

They will not find themselves so convenient to the theatre as they now are. For in Caterina's castle there is a theatre as well as a prison, graced with a portrait of herself. Though it seems no larger than the back parlor in an old country house, the theatre stands complete with stage, parquet and three tiers of boxes. Asolo people own these boxes, quite like the Milanese at La Scala; desirable boxes, indeed, are hard to come by. What fun it would be to pack this miniature theatre in a trunk, and take it home for some child to play with! Soon it must submit to changes. Asolo, like the rest of the world, is movie-mad; so, to protect the present large audiences against fire, new arrangements must be made.

But even Eleonora Duse and Queen Caterina are not the only celebrities Asolo has harbored. Robert Browning dearly loved the town and there he stayed, as a young man, and again in his old age. The Asolans have named a street in his honor, "Via Roberto Browning."

Some years ago, shortly before the war, John Beach, the Boston composer, paid Asolo a visit, having made successful settings of parts of Browning's poem, he felt a natural desire to see the land through which "Pippa" passed. He found the Browning villa awaiting a purchaser. Though they found it inadequate to their family needs, Mrs. Beach and he saw what could be done to turn it into a beauty spot second to none. They bought the villa, and there they have passed their summers ever since the war.

A beauty spot, in God's truth, they have made of the place. Their garden wall is the old castle wall, on one side, indeed, the castle itself, with the ancient "rocca" towering above it, ivy-clad. All the valley, as one sits on the terrace, might be their own garden, with the stupendous Monte Grappa, loved by Duse, for its wall-irises were in bloom late in May, of a vivid blue we do not see at home, roses everywhere, and ivy, and peonies, and snap-dragons, weeds in Italy, growing freely in cranberries of every wall.

#### TASTE AND PATIENCE

Much time has gone to the making, deep thought, fine taste and patience. For the house was small; now it is large—and no stranger can tell, so quickly stone weathers under Italian atmospheric conditions, where the new begins. Stone figures, many years thrown down, have been set up in the garden. Stone and marble columns, abounding in the grace Ruskin found so remarkable in Italian work, have been moved from corners where they lay like so much rubbish and been given due place indoors and out. Cypressess, though not long growing, already are tall enough to cast their shadows where walls too blank called out for dark relief. Vines already are bearing freely enough to furnish a family with an extremely delicious wine. Olive trees already furnish olive oil of quality.

Music making, however, not gardening, is the chief business in hand at that Browning villa. Much work is being done. There Mr. Beach wrote the songs sung these last winters in Boston, the ballet produced at Rochester; there he wrote the ballet of Creole life which highly pleased in New Orleans; the orchestral piece Stokowski played.

The Rochester ballet, by the way, was first tried out in the villa garden, a summer or two ago, with the high-rising wall of Caterina's castle for a background. And guests from villas for miles around, from Padua, Vicenza and Venice (it sounds like Shakespeare's plays) sat about the garden, in the villa at the windows, or on the balconies or in the loggia, to see dancers dance and mime to music from the noted Venetian string quartet.

This performance of the ballet gave so many people delight and—not to forget the practical—brought so goodly a sum to the small public library in which Mrs. Beach takes deep interest, that something of the kind must need be set on foot another year. A play produced, for variety's sake—the Ben-Hur tragedy, "L'Amore dei Tre Re,"—

with that young actor in the leading role who so ably supported Duse in her final American tour. Once more, the success was great, so great that this

the young actor has suggested the plan of the garden again to produce another play.

#### BOOKS PLUS SILK

As well as the work she does for the library, Mrs. Beach also runs a silk factory. She found, to state the case more accurately, that the hand-weaving of silk, an Asolo industry for years, was standing on its last legs; one elderly woman alone was conducting what business remained, barely enough to keep one old man busy, the only operative left who knew how to manage a loom. For the good of the town, and also to continue a supply of silk goods of individual and singularly attractive texture, Mrs. Beach bought the business. Its former owner she made fore-woman; the single operative she set to training younger persons, mostly women. Now 20 operatives can be kept at work. They turn out silks which find such ready sale that there is every reason to believe the business will soon be self-supporting.

Because of their common love of Asolo the Beach family find a congenial neighbor in the composer Malipiero. Their musical sympathy may, of course, be taken for granted, since Malipiero, with Pizetti, is perhaps the most richly endowed of all the younger Italian school of composers. In Boston we know not too much of his music. An orchestral suite has been played, "Cimarosiana"; the Flute Players, be it told to their credit, produced last winter an attractive piece of his; with inadequate resources, Miss Leginska essayed a cantata, "Princess Eulalia"—which cantata, by the way, is to be done this fall in Worcester.

Malipiero loves Asolo. To maintain its loveliness, lovers of Asolo must fight, even as lovers of Boston Common must fight. Speculators, for instance, bought land in the valley, and built upon it a row of uncalled-for tenement houses as ugly as those we see on new suburban streets at home. Before they had set the frames well up, Malipiero had bought nearby land they had in mind to build on next. "It's well I did!" said he, shaking his fist at the ugly houses in a rage so absolutely free from venom that a listener could scarcely keep from laughing. "Soon we'd have had houses like that all over the valley, instead of olive trees. Is there anything so beautiful as the green of olive trees? And listen!"

Once more Malipiero shook his fist. In one of the houses sat somebody practicing the horn. "Can you explain," asked he, "why an instrument so beautiful as the horn sounds so vulgar when heard like that outdoors?"

#### THE BUILDING BOARD

No new distant horns, however, can offend Malipiero's ear, or at least there can be no new tenements to house them. For Malipiero himself is now one of a board established by the government for the maintenance of Asolo's beauty, which must give its consent before new building may be undertaken. Already Malipiero has been obliged to exercise his authority. "And you stay good friends with your fellow-townsmen," somebody asked, "when you refuse them your consent?" Malipiero stared at the question. "Friends? Not a bit of it! But what of that? Open enemies are better than pretended friends."

Happily married, he lives in the beautiful town of his choice, in a villa presumably of his choice as well: one more charming, at all events, he would find it hard to discover. It gives on a garden. Nature helped with that garden; nature provided the view of the town and the valley, the climate that makes lush growth. But Mrs. Malipiero, evidently a skilled gardener, must be responsible for the absolutely right degree of order and unkemptness that prevails in that enchanting garden. Roses run wild, roses on vines, hushes, trees, a riot of them, a tangle. But never do they run quite beyond bounds. And Malipiero has finer roses, blossoms which have called for expert tending to produce their perfect form and color.

He has dogs about, in variety and plenty, but, like his roses, he keeps them in their place—the guess, though, is better, in view of the composure with which those dogs met their master's command buttressed with a whip, that it is somebody else who holds them in order. His hens, no doubt of it, he does hold in their place, a well kept henry. Amazingly proud he appears to be of their infinite variety of cackle, high and low, treble and bass, pianoforte, fortissimo.

The cackling of hens, however musical, cannot always fall conveniently on a composer's ear. Malipiero can escape it, as well as the clangor of church bells and the wail of a horn from down the valley, whenever he enters his work-room, by means of double doors and windows, all but sound proof. It is scantily furnished, holding little more than a piano, a work table and a miniature stage on which Malipiero can make his operatic personages clear to his eye. The piano, a large modern grand, when

Malipiero played a bar or two, gave forth a tone oddly like that of a harpsichord. It was a newspaper that caused the phenomenon, laid lightly over the wires. "Beware of a conservative sheet!" warned Malipiero, with all gravity, "or you'll write music too old-school!"

#### MANY MANUSCRIPTS

At a small piano, in a charming "salone" overlooking the valley, Malipiero sat down to play. "La Ana" we had asked for, his setting of an old Italian poem about "The Last Supper." But Monteverde got in the way. For Malipiero, a world authority on early Italian music, is editing an exhaustive edition, in 10 volumes, of Monteverde's music. For the manuscripts of this music he has ransacked Europe. Though Italy, naturally, offered the most fruitful field, everywhere, in Holland, Germany, France, he has found manuscripts, sometimes in one library a single sheet, its second in another. Six volumes are already published, beautiful music beautifully printed, on paper calculated to stand the stress of time.

Beautiful music it surely is, as Malipiero played—and sang—it! Not rigidly, that is to say, as some authorities will have it is the way with ancient music; nor yet so ethereally, so swamped in expression and shading as some other folk swear is right. The fitting way is easy enough to discover, as Malipiero pointed out. Rhythm is rhythm, whoever devised it or when; melody, if it is to remain melodious, can be shaped in only one way. Hatred and love meant hate and love in Monteverde's day even as they do at present; in enunciation, therefore, the words should be suitably colored. "It's clear enough," stated Malipiero, pointing his view with stirring vigor; "expression, but no exaggeration."

To listen to Monteverde so vitally set forth proved a pleasure indeed, but he was getting in the way of Mrs. Beach's dinner as well as of Malipiero's "Cena." Mrs. Malipiero, out of sympathy for a fellow housekeeper, sternly vetoed Malipiero's suggestion that we see the portraits of Monteverde which adorn every room in the house. To ease the situation, with high good humor, but firmly, she put her visitors out into the street. She promised, however, that in the evening her husband should join the party to play his new music, "La Cena."

This poem, Italian, and very old, is naive in its idiom, but none the less dignified and so full of charm. Though a single voice and a piano can fill but poorly the place of orchestra and chorus, Malipiero made very clear the melodiousness of his music—adoration of Monteverde has not failed to exert its influence—its rare charm, its spirit of deep reverence. The work will probably be heard next winter in New York. Let us hope so. "Eulalia," at all events, is to be done in the fall at Worcester. If it is done aright, as no doubt it will be, Worcester people will surely hear something well worth the hearing.

"Pippa Passes," the scene of which is laid in Asolo, Browning wrote in London, two years after his first visit.

1927 1928

KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON THEATRE—"The Count of Ten," a screen drama starring Charles Ray, adapted from a short story "Betty's a Lady," by Gerald Beaumont, directed by James Flood and made by Universal Jewel. The cast: Johnny McKinney, Charles Ray; Billy Williams, James Gleason; Betty Jobyna Ralston; Mother, Edythe Chapman; Brother, Arthur Lake.

Time means nothing to the motion picture. It is possible to flash a subtitle on the screen and two years pass as quickly as one can blink three times. With the exception of a rather hurried and pleasant ending in this manner, and a too long beginning before the plunge into drama, "The Count of Ten" is well worth seeing as a species of the silent photoplay capable of tearing emotion out by the roots.

Charles Ray looking more like Peter Pan than ever, a Peter Pan who has grown tall but who had been hit on the head while he was still traipsing around Kensington Gardens until he wasn't very bright in his adult state, does nevertheless, give what might be called poignant moments, to this play.

One would never take this perennial hero for a prize-fighter but that is what he is in the present film. He is, of course, a bashful one. The years have not dimmed Charles Ray's score on this count but when his good fighting right fist has been broken and he is forced to use it in order to get money for his ambitious wife, then one realizes, in spite of a balmy exterior, Mr. Ray has known pain, cruel, rending pain sometime in his life and he is able to give his impressions to the screen, clearly and finely.

It is to James Gleason, however, as the fighter's manager, that most of the praise for the entertainment value of the film must go. Mr. Gleason has played the same kind of a part before on the stage; but, the loss of his voice has not lessened his human qualities, his quick-witted grasp of a situation and the natural reaction toward it.

His part in "The Count of Ten" is at least nine points in the favor of more actors like him. His brain is attached to his eyes and his feet and the excellent co-ordination of these wayward members gives one a satisfactory account of the man he is playing. After the play is ended one remembers him as a real person.

Jobyna Ralston, with the charm of her irregular profile aiding her, does well by the wife who wanted luxury. Arthur Lake makes a good young brother who is as weak as most of the young brothers of the cinema world grow.

C. M. D.

STATE THEATRE—"Diamond Handcuffs," a screen drama based on an original story by Carey Wilson, and "Pin Money," by Henry C. Vance, directed by John P. McCarthy and made by Cosmopolitan. The cast: Tillie, Eleanor Boardman; John, Conrad Nall; Larry, Lawrence Gray; Spike, Sam Hardy; Maud, Lena Malena; Cecile, Gwen Lee.

The first feeble steps aimed toward the art of the stage drama have been taken by this screen play without the use of sound. The action of this motion picture has been broken up into acts, broken up and scattered to the four winds.

It is all about a diamond, presumably based on historical fact, but that we cannot swallow. There is a sinister native girl, who does not look African, Mexican or Chinese. Then try, if you can, to imagine Eleanor Boardman as a modern Camille by the name of Tillie; not a delicate Marguerite Gautier, but a vulgar edition of her. It is only appropriate that Tillie should end out in a pasture with a goat grazing contently near while Lawrence Gray, who

up to this time has been tending the cigar counter in an underworld night club, tells her that there is "love all over" the small diamond which he has placed on the third finger of her left hand.

While doubting that a heavy truck could smash a large gem to powder on the pavement and wondering if the weight of the truck would not force the diamond into the rubber of the wheel when it passed over it, one must, in all sincerity, give credit to the camera once again for certain scenes in this film play. There are the ones of a diamond mine in Africa with dim light playing over the dark skins and making them glisten and the business of taking the earth's treasure from it. Even the scenes showing yet another war between the police and members of the underworld are exciting, and so, one might say, that the camera wins in spite of everything.

WASHINGTON STREET OLYMPIA SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA AND PENWAY—"Partners in Crime," featuring Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton.

In this Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton team comedy, Paramount has molded many elements that make a picture worth seeing.

"Partners in Crime" is something absolutely new in team comedies. It is a red-blooded melodrama—without the laughs it stands on its merits as great dramatic entertainment. Add comedy to a crook story teeming with excitement, then put in a love theme for good measure, and you have "Partners in Crime." It is refreshing to see Beery and Hatton in straight comedy characterizations minus all clowning.

Mary Brian and Jack Luden carry the love interest in a way that adds much to the story, while William Powell contributes a fine bit of villainy as an underworld gang leader. The story opens with a city terrorized by underworld gangsters. An ambitious young district attorney declares war on the crooks and gets himself kidnapped for his trouble. Beery and Hatton rush to the rescue, in the hope of winning the girl's favor, only to find that she is in love with the district attorney.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—Ramon Novarro in "Across to Singapore."

The cast includes Joan Crawford, Ernest Torrence, James Mason, Anna May Wong, Frank Currier and Edward Connelly.

"Across to Singapore," contains a number of vivid scenes filmed at sea on a sailing vessel, including a terrific storm, a mutiny on deck and an effective pirate attack. It is a powerful sea romance, based on the novel by Ben Ames Williams. A new Hal Roach-Charley Chase comedy, "Limousine Love" and M-G-M newsreel complete the bill.

MODERN AND BEACON—"Ladies of the Night Club," with Ricardo Cortez.

Treating of life behind the scenes of a cabaret, the film is naturally full of local color and the details of this fascinating locale. Ricardo Cortez plays the part of a patron of a night club who falls in love with one of the girls in the show and the film concerns itself with



cultics which beset his romance. Leonard portrays the girl in case. Clissy Fitzgerald, Lee Moran Douglas Gerrard give valuable aid. The second feature, "The Vanishing Meer," marks the return of Jack to his favorite type of story. This term picture is from the Zane Grey and provides Holt with many opportunities in which to display himself as a hero of the plains. Sally Blane is actress who plays opposite the star, William Powell in a suave villain. Oliver, Tim Holt, Fred Kohker and Melia Manon complete the cast.

METROPOLITAN—"No Other Woman" with Dolores del Rio, directed by Lou Dell. A story by Plan Banks. Gene March and his band are featured in the new revue "Ocean Blues." Arthur Martens to the organ

HOWDOIN SQUARE—"The Escape," with Fox production, adapted from the stage of Paul Armstrong, featuring Virginia Brown and William Bussell. Also "Circus Skies," with Karl Dane and George Ar- Vaudeville and News reels.

CASTER—"Today's 'review' includes 'The Crowd,' with Eleanor Boardman and Ken Murray, and 'Tea For Three,' with Ken Pringle and Lew Cody. Beginning tomorrow and lasting through Friday, 'The Fifty Girl,' with Bebe Daniels, and 'Wives,' with Mary Astor and Ed Hughes.

## CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

Majestic—"Good News," collegiate musical comedy. Sixteenth week.

Copley—"He Walked in Her Sleep," farce by Norman Cannon. Seventh week.

It has been said that "The Training of an American: The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, 1855-1913," by Burton J. Hendrick, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, "furnishes any valuable shafts of light" upon the political, the social and the literary history of the United States from the early twenties to 1913. This statement is true; it might lead to another statement: that the volume might be reviewed in several ways; those interested in politics would call attention to the influence of Page's teachers, some of them after the civil war, "good old unconstructed rebels" to the day of their death, though bowing to the inevitable. Some might dwell on the social conditions of the South and the North during the early years of Page. To others Page would be important as a man of letters, a literary critic, an editor of magazines, a publisher.

The libraries of southern gentlemen are generally composed of books that might be regarded as "old fashioned." We remember shelves in the house of a Virginian plantation filled with the works of the British essayists; novels by Melville, Smollett, Cooper, Scott, Jane Austen, Sims, Kennedy, G. P. R. James, histories, memoirs; the poems of Alexander Pope; translations from the Latin and Greek (the sons of many southerners before the war went to colleges of the North as well as those of the South). Page as a schoolboy became acquainted with Sir Thomas Malory, Miss Austen, Froissart, the Spectator, Pope's "Iliad," Sir Walter's "Ossian," later at Randolph-Macon he spouted Tennyson's poems.

Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" reflected his attitude toward religion; but Tennyson and Shakespeare were long his favorites. As a young man he thought little of Poe, and considered his writings as unwholesome. When the proposal to admit him to the Hall of Fame raised absurd opposition, Page praised him enthusiastically as poet, writer of short stories, "the acutest critic that America has known." Poe, he wrote, "might be described as the man who made the Hall of Fame famous. He made it famous for ten years by being kept out of it, and he has now given it a renewed lease of fame by being tardily admitted to it." Since Poe was refused admittance for a long time to the Hall, not an official institution, "this Valhalla became known to a very large number of people who otherwise would never have heard of it at all." Sidney Lanier and Henry "imrod were the southern poets dearest to Page. There was an era for him of Walt Whitman worship, for Whitman accepted life undismayed and showed a "Lucretian evenness of mind when facing the Infinite." Though Page felt that Whitman's long catalogues were "balderdash," yet he regarded "the inner democratic fire of Whitman as perhaps America's finest gift to literature." When Page's future seemed obscure, when poverty was pinching, he would pace up and down the room quoting Whitman's hymn of self-reliance and composure, beginning:

"Me imperturb, standing at ease in Nature, Master of all or mistress of all, plomb in the midst of irrational things."

The chapters in Mr. Hendrick's book concerning Page's adventures as magazine editor and later as publisher abound in criticism of authors and the manner in which they should portray life. He admired Bret Harte: "No man knows American life or American literature who has not reread at least his early tales and poems." He taught us that literature is a thing made directly out of human life, and not out of books." Was Kipling's "Captains Courageous" "a temporary sensation, glorified newspaper work only, or is it something greater? Does the thing measure up to any standard that entitles it to be regarded as literature?"

Having attended O. Henry's funeral, Page wrote to a friend that Henry could not be induced to take any care of himself: "He ought to have lived, of course, many years more, and it is a great shame and pity that he didn't."

Page believed that the editor of a magazine must give vital direction to every page, must set forth his own enthusiasms and interests; be of the present day. To illustrate this view, he would quote a remark made by Samuel S. McClure. Kipling asked him if he had read "David Harum." "No," was the reply; "why should I? The man who wrote it is dead." Here was unquestionable belief in "contemporary interest."

As editor, Page rejoiced in spreading his doctrines absorbed when he had read and reread Randall's Jefferson. He chose topics of all sorts that demanded attention, political, social, literary, scientific topics. If he received a good article, he printed it. There was no pigeonhole desk in his office. "Always work for the issue at hand."

Boys, never write for the approval of the fellows in your own office." He insisted that articles should be readable; that his letter press should entertain even before it instructed. He wished terseness, directness, simplicity, so that the Kansas farmer's hired man's 13-year-old daughter could understand the article. He drew up an "Index Expurgatorius"—a long list of words never to appear in his magazine. For "bete noire" in one page of manuscript he substituted "bugbear." Even distinguished classicists were not allowed to use Latin or Greek quotations. When a college president thought he could compress his important article into 20,000 words, Page reminded him that the story of the creation of the world, "the biggest thing that ever took place," was told in a single paragraph. The visitor concluded that 3000 words would do. Page believed that the dearth in American letters in the nineties was due to the "abnormal development of our smart critical faculty, and our lack of sympathy alike with writers and with people in the mass." And so he did not hesitate to reject one of E. L. Godkin's brilliantly pessimistic articles on American democracy sent to the Atlantic. When he declined manuscripts he wrote with his own hand the reasons for rejection. In a long letter rejecting a "Life of Christ" by the author of "Gates Ajar," he told Mrs. Phelps-Ward that he did not think Christ a proper subject for magazine articles. A magazine "stands for diversion, or for instruction, not for spirituality. It may be a theatre, a lecture room, a platform; it is never a place of devotion."

It is not easy to say which are the more entertaining and valuable chapters in Mr. Hendrick's latest book about Page; the earlier, romantic ones about the boy and college student, or those in which the man as editor and publisher revealed his literary, social and political opinions.

## HOW TO GAIN A REPUTATION AS A WIT

As the World Wags: Carry a cigarette lighter that won't work. It's always good for a laugh. Wear your cigarettes in a long holder and say, "The doctor told me . . . you know! They roar at this. Take a big drink of bootleg gin and when they revive you say, 'Gosh! That was good!' It slays 'em. Say 'Oh, yes, I went through college (pause) . . . on Visitors' day.' This induces hysteria. Say anything about a Scotchman. Your listeners will roll on the floor. Take your friends—if you have any—to the roof of a high building, run playfully over to the edge and say, "Watch me jump!" Then jump!

OSWALD OF WESLEYAN.

July 4 1928

"Summer Reader" asks us for the titles of some "serious" books to take with him for a month in the country. "I have selected a dozen detective stories out of the great number of them, but I read them rapidly, I may say greedily, and I'll be through with them in as many days."

As we have said before, we do not

willingly recommend anything animate or inanimate unless we know something about the one inquiring: something about his tastes, natural endowments and acquisitions. At the risk of losing an amiable friend, we'll name a few books that we found interesting; not to be discarded as soon as they have been read. These books are all published by Little, Brown & Co.

If "Summer Reader" has boys and girls of ordinary intelligence, and he is not in this respect inferior to them, they should all be pleased with "The Gateway to American History," by Randolph G. Adams. Let no one say, "but it's only a picture book with pages of explanatory text." Yes, but the pictures are of an unusual nature. They are reproductions of old prints in rare old books describing countries that were then strange, even mysterious. Nor is the text commonplace, laboriously and dully instructive. How many of our readers can answer the question propounded in Chapter II: "What made our ancestors, leave their comfortable homes in Europe and seek new ones in the wilderness of America?" Ten to one, you will not give the answer made by Mr. Adams. The ancestors of 500 years ago had as a rule cold, badly ventilated, abominably smelling houses; meat and vegetables apt to spoil, as there were no refrigerators; clothing uncomfortable in the summer; so they gladly paid sailors and traders to go thousands of miles to get them goods which would make life more endurable. They wished spices first of all to mix with their crude, stale food; incense for their houses. For this chapter is the picture of a spice market in the East Indies, from de Bry's "India." This chapter and "The Caravan," "By Land and Sea," "The World Before the Discovery of America" all lead to the sailing of Columbus.

Open this fascinating volume of 176 large pages at random, look at the 50 full page illustrations and you will find something that was unknown to you before.

For example, you probably have read that John Rolfe married Pocahontas; but why was he an important person in American history? "Because he discovered how tobacco could be dried and sent back to England without being spoiled by the damp sea air." He showed the Virginians how they could make money by raising the Indian weed.

Would you know why sailors came to be called "tars"? See Chapter XVIII: "What the ships were like" with the picture "Building a 16th Century Ship." Why were negroes brought to America? See the picture of the sugar mill with Mr. Adams's remarks about the introduction of slavery. "Few of the people who came to America can avoid blame for this." The stories of the early adventurers are told with delightful simplicity and a conciseness that is meaty.

For a contribution to recent history, procure "Reputations Ten Years After," by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart, author of "Scipio Africanus" and "Great Captains Unveiled," published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. In the present volume Capt. Hart weighs in a balance adjusted to suit him Foch, Joffre, Falkenhayn, Haig, Ludendorff, Petain, Allenby, Liggett, Pershing, Gallieni. As a fireside soldier you may not agree with his estimate of these leaders, but the book is good reading. Did the credit for the miracle of the Marne belong to Gallieni, not to Joffre? Why should Hunter Liggett, model soldier, looking after the comfort and safety of his men, be treated seemingly with more sympathy than Pershing? Yet Capt. Hart pays Pershing no more than justice when in conclusion he says: "There was no other man who would, or could, have built the structure of the American army on the scale he planned. And without that army the war could hardly have been saved and would not have been won." Was Joffre, as Capt. Hart would have us believe, a blundering, jealous man; "not a general, but a national nerve sedative?" Falkenhayn was "the ablest and most scientific general, penny wise and pound foolish," who ever ruined his country by a refusal to take calculated risks." English critics complain of Capt. Hart's books as suffering from too constant a display of his own views; of mistaking the description of his own mental picture for documentary evidence. They accuse him of unfairness, as in the treatment of Joffre; of straining facts to support his own views on the theory of war; of "applying slapdash methods to the writing of contemporary history," but all acknowledge that many of the judgments are as sound as they are interesting; that the studies are agreeable reading. Capt. Hart thinks that Ludendorff was "perhaps the greatest of all the leaders in the war!"

"The Fall of the Russian Empire," by Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., Ph.D., has been reviewed in The Herald. The book is more engrossing than many a novel, but one realizes that the writing is by

one of authority, master of material patiently and carefully collected, one that administered Catholic relief in Russia and knows of what he is speaking, whether the subject be that of government under the Romanovs or the Soviet experiment. The story is vividly told but without any attempt at florid sensationalism. As Fr. Walsh says in his preface the narrative is neither an apotheosis of the revolution nor an indictment of bolshevik theory and practice. The 20 months spent in Russia during the period of transition gave the writer full opportunity for considering the amazing problem. The book is a sane, fair, and at the same time graphic description, with philosophic inquiries into cause and effect but without prophecy for the future. "One man's life will not suffice to see the end." There are many illustrations, 11 appendices, a bibliography and a full index.

A weighty, but by no means a ponderous book, to be read slowly and thoughtfully, is "Politicians and Moralists of the 19th Century," translated by Dorothy Galton from the French of Emile Faguet. The subjects of the essays are Stendhal, Tocqueville, Proudhon, Sainte Beuve, Taine, Renan. Perhaps the most brilliant of the essays is the one on Stendhal, as he is even today a baffling, complex and at the same time simple character, but all of the other pages are crammed with thoughtful comment and analysis even when they seem diffuse. A book for students of French literature, French views of morality and French philosophic thought. One to be studied; not to be hastily run through and then idly dismissed.

Fashion has decreed that women shall be slim, and fashion must be obeyed. The question is, failing dinner a la Nebuchadnezzar, how?—Iris Holy.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags: A keen looking mamma was standing near the edges of the outdoor dance pavilion watching the couples struggling along. A dazzling specimen of the opposite sex approached and popped the usual query: "Now, thanks," said she, "I don't wanna dance." "Nither do I wanta dance," slings back the modern Romeo. "I just wanted to know if you could speak English." The keen mamma came right back with: "Well, ya found out, didn't cha?" ONLOOKER.

July 5 1928

## THE WRONG SIDE OF BEACON HILL

(For As the World Wags) There are ash cans on Beacon hill That stay and stay, from Monday until Saturday. Garbage pans, discarded beds and kitchen swill. Ancient doorways, shining knockers, Kerfiter fish, aesthetic shockers, Aristocrats, austere, high hat, Fraternize with bolshevik and democrat. Bohemians and forum fans, patter of art and world peace plans, Spinsters wax ardent of free love notions, With reservations and pious devotions. Menckentites and Coolidge disciples, Compromise over coffee and waffles, Socialists and supermen debate Companionate marriage . . . the servile state. A janitor on Phillips street plays Bach and Jazz Until he gets the razz. Tenants shout, put him out! They're out of metaphor; you just can't do that with a husky janitor. Indeed, there is atmosphere off West Cedar street; Kosher, colonial and lawyers discreet. 'Tis said in moderation, that a season on the hill Is equivalent to a liberal education. But alas! an improvement society is in the making; What a gorgeous undertaking! Ash cans gone, cats disbanded, hygiene established. The atmosphere will have vanished. Wow! You'll never know the hill a year from now. ANTHONY SKELDING.

How fortunate, and how few, are those whose duty coincides with their pleasures.—Lord Darling.

There is nothing in the career of a banker which necessarily endears him to anybody.—Lord Birkenhead.

## HIS IVORY TOWER

We have been asked whether Mr. Herkimer Johnson finds it easier to put into imperishable prose the rich material he has accumulated for his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast"—need we remind our readers that the volumes, elephant folio, are sold only by subscription?—by writing in the town or in the country.



Is his ivory tower at Clamport or in Blossom Court?

We have never found Mr. Johnson working at anything. He seems to be a man of untiring leisure. The villagers whom he honors by his companionship say at Dickerson's store that Mr. Johnson is a loafer. And so, no doubt, William Hazlitt was misunderstood at Winterslow.

In the city Mr. Johnson says he studies life in its manifold aspects; he regrets the disappearance of the beer saloon for there he made shrewd observations and was able to ponder them at ease. It was Verlaine who regretted that he had not arranged to place his son in a cafe that he might study human nature and thus become the more cultured and at the same time worldly wise.

Town or country for one that earns his living by his pen or plans an immortal work? Why shall say?

The late C. E. Montague once remarked: "My fourth form master at school had a thunderous way of saying, 'Go down two places for making a rash generalization,' and I should like to say it as thunderously to anyone who says that mankind at large can work better in a town than in the country." He added that in his belief Thoreau would have written as well in Fleet street and Dr. Johnson in Arcady.

Mr. E. V. Lucas recently considered the subject "Town vs. Country." His pleasant essay was prompted by a dictum uttered by the headmaster of Westminster school: "In order to live your life well, play in the country but work in the town. It is in the great vitality of the great town's life that the individual is stimulated and compelled to think." A magazine, little known, or wholly unknown here, The Countryman, called on those carelessly known, sometimes ironically described, as brainworkers to express their opinion. Messrs. Bennett and Belloc do not mind where they work. Galsworthy can work anywhere it is quiet, but thinks his best work has been done in the country. St. John Ervine can write anywhere so long as there is no interruption and the receiver is off. Noel Coward and Clemence Dane favor the country; so does Havell Ellis to reflect on what he has seen in the city; so does John Masefield. May Sinclair prefers the country, while Nevison writes better in cities because in the country he is "tempted out."

Aldous Huxley has much to say against the Headmaster's dictum, who seems to think that noise and bustle are synonymous with vitality. "The noise and agitation of modern cities are, for the great majority of people, impediments to serious inward living of good spiritual quality. And the ready-made amusements of modern cities—from the picture paper to the cinema, from dancing to listening-in—are merely substitutes for thought and excuses for laziness. They generate a terrible boredom; that is why the modern city dweller can never stop hustling or jazzing. Like the water-beetle, if he stood still for a moment he would sink. What the Headmaster of Westminster calls the great vitality of the great town seems to me to bear a close resemblance to the great vitality of a dead frog's leg when an electric current is passed through it. The most highly galvanized corpse-cities are, of course, to be found in America. For the Headmaster of Westminster, Los Angeles and Chicago must be earthly paradises and New York the New Jerusalem."

Nothing is said in this discussion of Town vs. Country of Anthony Trollope who could work anywhere and at any time. He put his watch before him when he wrote. It took him a quarter of an hour to the minute to finish a page of exactly 250 words. We knew a man in Boston—he is no longer living—who wrote a critical review for a Sunday newspaper long extinct. As he sat down to write on Friday night he placed a five dollar bill in front of him, the price of the article, and gazed at it whenever his invention flagged.

Some one has figured out that the actual writing of 250 words with pen takes about 13 minutes. This left Trollope two for the consideration of what he should say on every page.

A Paris newspaper tells a story of Henry Ford that we do not remember to have seen published here. He was introduced to an "illustrious American poet." In the corner of the room was a man who kept saluting all who came in and who bowed to him in turn. "Who's that man?" asked Ford of his friend.

"He's the poet's husband."

"Ah," said Ford, and was silent for a moment.

Then he said carelessly: "Yes—and what did he do before he was married?"

## ANOTHER HOWLER

The question was asked in Sunday school: "Who said, 'See that thou fall not by the way,' and on what occasion?" Answer: "Elisha to Elijah when the latter went up to heaven in a chariot."

From a "Personal Column":

"S. E. Your scheme will not succeed. S. Must refer you to Exodus 20 ch. 16v. Look it up and respect it."

As of children five  
All dear—of Mary, Janet, Lucy, Tom  
and Dick—  
There's one a little more  
Than dear, a richer trouble than the  
rest,  
Sweeter for joys and agitations sick;

And as of woman one  
Is loved than all most lovely women  
more:  
As even Solomon of his score—score  
Dusk concubines, remembers one who  
wore  
The snake that only dreams had shown  
before;

So I of trees,  
Of Elm and Oak and Beech and Ash  
and Yew,  
And all the breathing rest,  
Give my wide branch'd heart to one  
that with it grew.  
The loud autumnal winds their noise  
subdue.

Upon her breast,  
The low skies droop and huddle upon  
her breast,  
The brief-seen stars glitter upon her  
breast,  
At rest. But which the tree  
Of the five trees is known to her alone  
and me.  
JOHN FREEMAN.

In truth it is not easy to find the  
modern ideal of efficiency in the Gos-  
pels.—Dean Inge.

The state never interferes with a  
man's soul except to its disadvantage.  
H. SNELL.

## ONCE POPULAR

The death of the author of "Tommy, make room for your Uncle" is announced. The song was once as popular—sung, hummed, whistled—in this country as in England. It was the time of "Those Tasseis on those (her?) Boots," "Come and join the Army of the Rollicking Rams," "Up in a Balloon," "The Bell goes a-ringing for Sarah"—there was a long series of these music hall songs published in New York, words and music, in about the same form as that of modern church anthems. These London ditties were sold at five or 10 cents apiece. Fortunate are they that have a complete set? Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us he had only a few of the songs. He had sought diligently for a set in vain, for he regards them as indispensable to students of social manners, customs, habits of the latter half of the 19th century. Some of the songs are reproduced in Mr. Spaeth's entertaining volumes.

Robert Browning knew the song about little Tommy and mentioned it in his "Pacchiarotto" probably to show his agility as a rhymster:

"Nor shall I budge, I've a notion:  
Nay, here shall my whistling and singing

Set all the street echoes a-ringing,  
Long after the last of your number  
Has ceased my front court to encumber,  
While, treading down rose and ranunculus,

You Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle  
us."

How would audiences of today receive William Horace Lingard singing these songs? We see him now prancing on the stage, trying to look devilishly swell and singing "I'm par excellence," which he assuredly was not in that particular song; the gusto with which he sang of "glorious British Be-ah" was more to be admired.

One has no grudge against Miss Earhart or Miss Boll (with her diamond-), or Fraulein Rasche, or any other of the ladies who are on the point of starting for another continent in an airplane; but on the whole, it will be a satisfaction when airmen (and airwomen) have flown from every one point in the globe to every other point, and we can turn our attention to other matters.—London Observer.

## WHY SHE LEFT HIM

Mr. John B. Spanks announces that as his wife has left his bed and board, he does not hold himself responsible for bills contracted by her on and after June 15.

As Mr. Herkimer Johnson has a copy of good old Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible we asked him what the learned commentator had to say about the Witch of Endor. Mr. Johnson writes: "Nothing about her, but the geographical position of Endor is described. In Calmet's 'Phantom World' as translated by the Rev. Henry Christmas, there is an allusion to the woman who fascinates you strangely. Calmet simply says of her that the story is well known. 'I am aware that some difficulties are raised concerning this history. I shall deduce nothing from it here except that the woman passed for a witch, that Saul esteemed her such.'"

A correspondent quotes a comment by an American author on the story as told in the First Book of Samuel.

## OUR OLD FRIEND AGAIN

As the World Wags:  
"A witch, on the contrary, was one who sought knowledge of the future, not from the one supreme God, but through all those magical charms, incantations and ceremonies by which the spirits of the dead were sought for interference in the affairs of men. The woman (the Witch of Endor) was a medium who had the power of calling up the spirits of the dead at the desire of those who came to her. . . . Now, while there is no objection to a strict philosophical investigation and analysis and record of these phenomena considered as psychological facts, while, in fact, such investigation is loudly called for as the best remedy for superstition, there is a great danger to the mind and moral sense in seeking them as guides in our perplexities or comforters in our sorrows."

Thus Harriet Beecher Stowe in "The Witch of Endor" in "Woman in Sacred History." In justice to the Witch, she gives the passage from I Samuel entire. Why is there no picture of the Witch? All the women written of except her, Sarah and Hannah, are delineated according to the brightest tradition of chromo-lithography. It cannot be for false morality, as Judith and Salome are present.

But there is a picture of her in "Women of the Bible," a steel-plate engraving portraying her as a seductive creature, all the more by reason of dishevelled hair and a wild expression in her eyes. We mentioned this portrait some time ago as a delight of our boyhood; the portrait haunts us still.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Have just been reading Terence's "Eunuch." Chaerea is describing Pamphila in act II, scene 5:

"The girl isn't like our girls, whom their mothers are anxious to have with shoulders kept down and chests well girted that they may be slender. If one is a little inclined to plumpness, they declare that she's training for a boxer and stint her food; although their constitutions are good, by their treatment they make them as slight as bulrushes, and so for that reason they are admired, forsooth."

Parmenon—What sort of a girl is this one of yours?

Chaerea—A new style of beauty. Parmenon (ironically)—Astounding! Chaerea—Her complexion genuine, her flesh firm and full of juiciness.

And this was E. C. 162!  
But tell me, what is this "full of juiciness"? Is it by any chance pre-Volstead?

RADCLIFFE.

## A CASE FOR EUGENICS

(For As the World Wags)  
Letitia was so very sweet—  
Her eyes, her hair; her form so neat.  
Her failure was, if I'm correct,  
The fault of too much intellect.

Her sister, Alice, too was fair  
And sadly too, she was not "there."  
With the men, and I vum  
It was because she was so dumb.

They had their share of looks you see  
And brains as well, but tragically  
The brains were too much in one,  
Leaving the other nearly none.

Such a state should never be.  
People do things carelessly.  
Mendel should they take to heart,  
To make each child just so smart.

THE MOCK TURTLE.

## HARRY THE VIKING

As the World Wags:  
Outside of marrying that snake charmer Mammy for a while, Harry never did anything so plumb foolish as the time he tried to sail a catboat when he was full of Portygee liquor. He didn't know a thing about boats, always having kept away from the sea because he said he had a weak stomach and could see

no sense in casting his bread upon the waters, so to speak. But a couple of years back, when he was second cook for a while at a summer hotel on the Cape, where they charge for rustic settings and so much extra for mosquito bites, he fell in love with a Swedish girl, who told him about the Vikings who would jump into their little ships, the damn fools, and go off to unexplored lands, where they did brave deeds and brought treasure back to their daisies, the damn fools.

So one balmy night Harry was lying quiet on his bunk gurgling his bottle, when, quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, he began to mumble queer about sailing, sailing, sailing over the deep blue sea. The next I knew he was hiking straight for the pier where the hotel catboat was tied, sails set and all waiting for a party. I tried to save Harry, but instead he chucked me into the boat and we were off.

I didn't know much about boats, too, but I knew the rocks he began to heave overboard were meant for ballast but he said no, they only slowed up the boat. With them cleaned out he began to shin the mast so he could look out over the ocean like Columbus I guess, but the wind came up all of a sudden heeling the boat over which scared Harry to see the water coming up to meet him so he gave a yell and let go landing in the sail and sliding crash into the bottom only his feet kept going through the bottom until Harry was up to his waist in a kind of amphibian position you might say. He bellowed for me to haul him out but I remembered the Dutch boy and the dike and said he'd have to stay there or we would sink. I gave him his bottle and told him not to open his mouth except to drink. The wind was getting worse all the time and the boat set off like a scared rabbit while I tried to do something with the ropes. All I did was get tangled and while I was getting free the boom swung over and would have knocked Harry out of the boat if his feet hadn't been so well braced. He roared and promised to do a lot of things to me and the Vikings until the boat began to heel over and ship water into his face which shut him up. I was perched on the outside edge and I could see Harry's legs milling around the left one clean out of water like pedalling a bicycle. As soon as the boat righted I looked ahead and saw we were heading direct for an island. I tried some more ropes but only strangled Harry somehow. The boat kept on her way stubborn as an army mule. Harry was crying because he said a fish had untied his shoe and he couldn't get at it. He wanted me to go over the side and fix it. But he forgot the shoe when our bow nudged the island. As soon as he felt solid ground for his feet he began to run forgetting the boat was around his waist with me in it.

It was a small island and between Harry and the wind I could see we were due to cross it and head for the open sea in half a shake. The sail belied out like a mad frog's stomach and Harry was having a hard time to hold his own, especially with his bilge slopping over with the Portygee firewater. We tried to tack once but it only brought the boom over, squashing Harry's good ear. What finally saved us was the wind which got worse and carried away the sail leaving the boat wrapped around Harry. I climbed down and looked at Harry, asking him if he thought he was a pageant, but he couldn't see any joke. He had to spend the night standing up because he couldn't do anything different. The next day the fire department rowed out to the island and chopped the catboat from Harry. He won't go near a boat or a Swedish girl anymore.

## BEN BOOZLESNOOT

Proper Pride

As the World Wags:  
Motor Cop: Hey, you, pull over.  
Flivver Driver: Whassamatter?  
M. C.: You were doing fifty.  
F. D.: Will you write that down and sign it so I can show it to my friends?  
LOOKWIN.

## THE DEAD SAILOR

(after Glaucus)

No headstone marks him, no family  
dust  
Enfolds his mutable bones, but the  
broad sea;  
Only the wise gulls know where he was  
lost  
When the ship sank, and where he still  
may be.  
VIOLA GERARD.

As the World Wags:  
Reading the newspapers I know no where I should like to spend my vacation.  
P. "Greece purchased only 233 rad sets last year." YOURS FOR QUIET.

## NEW CANDIDATES

R. B. proposes for the annex to Hall of Fame Miss Helen Venus, dean of girls in the public schools of Butte, Montana.  
L. H.'s candidate is Mr. Sterling S. Ver, a jeweler in Port Wayne, India.



J. B. protests against the habit of adding prepositions to verbs that are strong enough to stand by themselves: "Join up," "try it out," "win out." In England they do not say that a telephone caller rang; they say "rang through." What Thomas Hardy in a speech at Dorchester 16 years ago said of "the increasing influx of American journals, fearfully and wonderfully worded," as helping on "the indifference to literary form," might be said of certain London newspapers today: witness the criticisms with shocking examples in Fowler's book on the King's English.

**THE LATEST CANDIDATE**  
As the World Wags:  
Disappointment and gloom have settled over me. For weeks I have been waiting patiently for some one to nominate for a place in the Hall of Fame Mr. Oliver Wallop, expert polo player. It doesn't seem fitting that a citizen of another country should do it. However, it may be permissible for one to express the wish that the strength of his wallop may never weaken.  
MILTON HATHCHEQUER.  
New Brunswick.

Metropolitan Theatre—"Ladies of the Mob," a screen drama starring Clara Bow, adapted from a short story by Ernest Booth, directed by William Wellman and made by Paramount. The cast: Yvonne, Clara Bow; Ted, Richard Arlen; Marie, Helen Lynch; "Soft Annie," Mary Alden; the mother, Bodil Rosing.

Mr. Wellman has used a new and interesting technic in directing this photoplay. He has not posed his performers like so many automatons, but allowed them to remain persons and go about their business in a natural manner, whether they are walking, talking or sleeping. There is, then, extremely desirable ease in the action, and even if the play is yet another underworld opus, it is interesting, different in treatment from the other dozens and easily comparable with "Underworld" as a serious and satisfactory motion picture.

Among its many virtues one finds that Clara Bow is given an acting part which she does well. She does not kick up her heels once, but is attractive and vivacious, making one feel that underneath her pleasant exterior, she has a useful amount of character.

The opening scenes which indicate that a man is paying the penalty for having strayed from honest paths with his life are handled so—one might even say masterly—by Mr. Wellman that they do not in the least offend even with so gruesome a subject. Perhaps the men in attendance were a little casual. The death chamber of a prison hardly seems the proper place for a tooth pick, but there is none of the emphasis put on the horror of the occasion as is often the custom with film makers. There is, in other words, a display of good taste in even this difficult episode and it has a purpose. It leaves an impression on the little daughter of the man who is killed. Upon this, the climax of the film depends.

Richard Arlen plays the young gunman in a convincing manner. One does not think of this nice looking performer as a yegg possibility, but he succeeds so well with his role that one is convinced

that a few bank robbers may look like college seniors.

All of the parts were well cast and played acceptably. Even the police officers looked as if they might be such. The subtitles are, once more, the weakness of this otherwise excellent screen drama, which offers something new in American photographic angles.

"West Point Days," devised and staged by Frank Cambria, is the revue this week. The musical numbers were written for it by Dave Stamper and although there is no music which is either very different or very good, it succeeds in being tuneful and weaving the revue into a semblance of a small musical comedy.

The Gaby-Hale dancers have by far the best and most original steps seen at this theatre, where well trained ballets are in order. The singers had

pleasant voices and the audience liked the comic, George Schreck. The stage effects were good, with the possible exception of the pictures of Grant and Lee on a drop curtain. Dixie was not played, however.  
C. M. D.

the villain of the plot?  
No, Hatherley is dropped out of the story on page six. Christopher Royle was not followed by crooks on his way back to England. There is no legend about the precious stones. There is no old gloomy house with a sinister butler, locked room in the lower, secret underground passage to a little building of unknown use. No footsteps at midnight in the corridor, no hair-raising signalling without, no stealthy turning of a door knob, no horrid face peering over a crumbling garden wall, no masks, no oriental drugs, no "automats," no poisoned mouthpiece of the favorite pipe. No over-sexed woman lays in wait for Christopher and his diamonds.

Yet "The Window," by Alice Grant Rosman, published by Minton, Balch & Co. of New York, is an entertaining story, delightfully told, with well-defined characters, and a dialogue that is natural, unforced, often quietly humorous as in the scenes between the rector and his wife. This rector, Austin Winter, is a gentle soul, tolerant, able to enjoy the comedy of life and to see that the comedians about him do not miss their cues. His wife appreciates him and is something more than a foil introduced to enable the rector to shine with greater brilliancy. There is the boy Michael, not at all a stage boy, not the boy of the female novelist who knows nothing about these young animals. There is the heroine Patricia; there is a handful of other women, chief among them the contemptible Mrs. Willingdon. And there's her old Colonel who deserved a better wife and a happier life and ending.

Is it not fairer to reader and author to hint at the good things in a novel than to persuade Mrs. Golightly and Mr. Ferguson that the story is not worth while by trying to retell it in the form of a syllabus, stammering in the recital? It is not necessary to recount Miss Rosman's story from the time Christopher, returning to England, master of Windy-hill, wondered what he should do with the diamonds and began his search for the woman "Pat" whose letter to "Teddy" he found in Robertson's wallet; to the dedication of the memorial window in honor of Capt. Willingdon "who gave his life in the great war." Did he? Who was Robertson? Who finally paid for the window? Who were the boy Michael's father and mother? Patricia had adopted him and some of her neighbors, chief among them Mrs. Willingdon, pointed the finger of scorn at Patricia. By the way, before she met Christopher, he had rented from her a fishing privilege.

Nor do quotations from dialogue provoked by this or that situation do justice to author or speakers unless a page telling what led up to the sparkling conversation serves as an introduction. On the other hand what reader should listen obediently to the dogmatic dictum: "This is a good novel?" A school-boy may write on a slate "This is a dog" beneath his drawing of a dog, but this dog may not be accepted as one except by the portrayer—and his dotting parents.

Miss Rosman draws characters and is not a caricaturist, so her Mrs. Willingdon, at first thought by the reader to be a sweet old lady, is not an impossible creature when her true nature is revealed. When Miss Rosman describes the wooing of Christopher, "she does not allow him or herself to wax sentimental. Nor does she strive to excite attention by perversities of English speech, an unusual word or irregular building of a sentence. Her language flows gently with a pleasing rhythm. We are told that she is by birth a South Australian; that she began writing when she was a schoolgirl; that she contributed to newspapers and magazines before she went in 1911 to England, where she has since lived. There is mention of two earlier novels published during the war but we do not know even their titles. Perhaps it is fortunate that we make her acquaintance by looking through "The Window," and are thus happy in making it.

... AND THE FULNESS THEREOF  
Whoever, when the world was young,  
Packed it for use from day to day,  
Knowing the journey would be long,  
And little succour by the way,  
Filled it to bursting-point before he sent  
It spinning down the empty firmament.

And all the years have been in vain  
To mitigate that primal stress,  
And still the earth, beneath the strain,  
Breaks out in cracks and crevices;  
And the congested beauty overflows  
In may and crocus, daffodil and rose.  
J. R. P.

The Fascists have decreed that the true Italian's salutation must be in the Roman fashion, not by the handshake, unless the Italian meets a foreigner. But there was handshaking among the ancient Romans, as Looker On, who knows the Latin poets, gleefully informs

If you were to present "Macbeth" without words, it would only be a melodrama of a Scotsman sticking a knife into an older Scotsman.—G. K. Chesterton.

Holbrook Blinn, whose untimely death is a great loss to the American stage, was planning a production of "Macbeth," not a fantastical one in modern dress but one conceived in a sane and interesting manner. His Macbeth was not to wear khaki nor, on the other hand, would he, to borrow good old phrases of the Bowery Theatre in Kirby's time, bite scenery or chew soap.

Blinn's Macbeth would undoubtedly have been a noteworthy performance, for if he could shine in "conversational comedy" as in "The Play's the Thing," he could also play heroic roles without swaggering and roaring.

He died when, already having won an enviable reputation, he gave promise of enlarging it. Mantell, who has also left us, once a matinee idol, later, and even in old age, a sound Shakespearian actor, had nothing further to achieve.

Leo Dietrichstein went from the stage of his own free will hoping to pass pleasant years at Florence. A delightful comedian and a most companionable friend. Was he discouraged because no longer a youthful lover, he saw nothing before him but roles in which an elderly person cannot abandon amorous pursuits? One must not take the bitter remarks about changes in New York and its theatre life too seriously. He had a pretty wit that could be biting and he did not always confine himself to displaying it for the amusement of his intimates. He had one peculiarity; his unwillingness to recognize off stage the members of his company. Once in a Boston club where he was a welcome visitor we were talking with him when an excellent actor who, we knew, was highly esteemed by Dietrichstein came in. There was no sign of recognition on either side.

"Superfluous lags the veteran," could not be said of either Blinn or Dietrichstein; nor could it justly be said of Robert Mantell. They were not like the two old actors meeting in the Strand of whom this story was recently told at a dinner in London:

"Both were attired in the fur-lined coats and rusty black hats of tradition, and after some moments' conversation one of them remarked, in a once famous oratorical manner, 'Well, laddie, I regret to observe that your diction is no longer as pure as when last we played together in '88.' 'Indeed, it's precisely the same,' rejoined his friend in quavering tones, 'but the fact of the matter is, I have just lent my teeth for an hour or so to a friend who is seeing a manager about a juvenile part.'"

Mr. E. V. Lucas, writing in his agreeable manner about negro minstrels in London, finds a double interest in Mr. Harry Reynolds's book, "Minstrel Memories," for it has "revived the distant past and regaled me with an informative banquet."

"It is a valuable chapter in the history of manners, proving again how public enthusiasm can wax and wane, and, with a twist wax again; for, although in the 'fifties, 'sixties and 'seventies of the last century, burnt cork was an almost enchanted medium, it is now nearly extinct; yet, though extinct, powerful in a new way, for the shadow having been demoded, the substance has come in with a rush, and the true negro, whether as composer or singer, musician or merely inspiration, dominates the entertainment world. There is hardly a tune of the moment without plantation origin; there are negro bands everywhere; while if you go to Drury Lane you will find the stage looking like a cotton-field.

"Whether I could again be thrilled as the curtains rose on a double or treble semi-circle of blackened faces I cannot say; but I know that the present-day curtain rises on nothing that I can anticipate with a tenth of the joy that filled me when Christy was a name to make the heart beat faster. But it seems unlikely that the experiment will soon be made; the wheel may come full circle, but not yet. The authentic rulers, having taken the matter into their own hands, look to be far from the end of their reign; and so long as they can produce such artists as Layton and Johnstone and Paul Robeson, never, I would say, may they come to it! When half-gods go, the gods arrive."

An opera by Schubert was performed at the Court Theatre, London, on June 12, "The Faithful Sentinel." We speak of this because although Schubert wrote a dozen or more operas, no one of them was successful; some were never produced. "The Faithful Sentinel" ("Der Vierjaerprize Posten") a one-act operetta, text by Theodor Koerner, was composed in 1815. The original version, edited by Fritz Busch, also by Donald Tovey, was provided with a new libretto by Rudolph Lauckner, on which Steuart Wilson's version, performed in London, was based. "But all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put the Schubert opera together again. . . . There are plenty of charming tunes . . . but it is practically all music in the wrong place from the theatrical point of view. . . . Schubert's centenary year seemed to be the chief excuse for the revival." Yet Koerner's libretto was used later by half a dozen composers for light operas. One was by Gustav Hinrichs, known in this country chiefly as a conductor. His opera was produced in San Francisco in 1877.

In London, on June 12, Vaughan Williams's "Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains" and De Falla's "Puppet Show of Master Pedro" were on the bill with Schubert's little opera.

Mr. St. John Ervine thus dismisses "Marjolaine," a new musical comedy based on Louis N. Parker's "Pomander Walk": "This is one of those dull but worthy pieces in which everybody concerned endeavors, but not very successfully, to be high-spirited and coy. There is some good singing in it, but nothing that stirs one's heart, nor is the humor of the kind that causes one to laugh. A well-intentioned piece, but unlikely, I fear, to astonish the town."

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"I'm done, old boy," he had gasped, with that queer smile of his, as Christopher helped him to lie down and brought him a drink. Then tumbling in his belt he had produced the packet of diamonds and an old wallet and thrust them into his hands. "Keep 'em . . . I give 'em to you," he said. "Only swear you won't let that swine Hatherley lay his hands upon them."

Would not the reader of a novel finding these words at the beginning look forward to a tale of mystery, crime, murder, vengeance? What was the story of the diamonds? How had "he" (Jim Robertson) come by them? Is Hatherley



Mr. Ervine having seen "The Return of the Soldier" derived from Rebecca West's novel, "The Return of the Soldier," frees his mind in a disgression:

"I am often dismayed by the capacity of intelligent people for believing the most preposterous piffle. In the days when I frequented the society of the intellectuals, I heard more tosh talked in ten minutes than I have heard outside their circles in a lifetime. There is no nonsense too infantile to be accepted by intellectuals. The psycho-analytic tosh was particularly acceptable to them because it enabled those of them who had no imagination to account for their characters."

The motive of "The Return of the Soldier," as those who have read the novel will remember, is amnesia. "Formerly," says Mr. Ervine, "a man suffering from amnesia or loss of memory, would have been treated as a man suffering from amnesia or loss of memory, but with the advent of the psychoanalyst a new doctrine of the disease was invented. A man's memory disappeared because of some obscure obsession in his mind. That discovered, and the man set free from his inhibition or suppressed desire, his memory would return to him, and he would become a happier and a finer fellow, much of which was bunk."

"The Battle of Life," by Charles Dickens, a dramatization of his Christmas Annual of 1846, a play that has probably not been seen in London for the last 40 years, was revived there last month and by whom? The Moscow Arts Theatre. There had been curiosity as to how characters of Dickens would seem to Russian eyes. G. K. Chesterton once remarked that the people of Dickens are "like nothing so much as a child's queerly distorted dreams of the grown-up world." It was found at the performance that the Russian actors have the same quality of wide-eyed imagination. "Rarely has one known the ideal Dickensian atmosphere captured so successfully in a theatre."

But Dickens has always appealed to the Russians. He influenced Dostoevsky by sympathy for the poor and the unfortunate, the oppressed, as he influenced Alphonse Daudet.

Pola Negri's attempt to portray Rachel in a film play, "The Loves of an Actress," was described by London critics as a feeble and unworthy attempt, nor were the portraits of Dr. Veron, Musset, Walewski and others, accepted as resembling in any way the original.

"Prejudice," by Mercedes de Acosta of New York, was reviewed favorably in London. The play with the theme of a New England girl loving a mystical and dreamy Polish Jew who has come to work in a village—then racial question forming a barrier, had a good run in New York.

Signor Pertili as Radames: "Signor Pertili appears to step out of the nineteenth century, when a tenor used to cling for dear life to a high note, like the Indian juggler who throws a rope into the sky and climbs up to it."

P. H.

us. Thus Aeneas seeing his lost companions enter the temple of Dido: "Avidi conjungere dextras ardebat." Horace in the Via Sacra shook hands with an acquaintance: "Arreplaque manu, Quid agis dulcissime rerum?" Did handshaking arise from the fact that the absence of a weapon was thus shown? As the courtesy of "After you, sir" saved the granter of the courtesy the pain of being stabbed in the back.

There is much to be said against the practice of shaking hands. There is the man with a sweaty or clammy hand, or the one whose hand is like a dead fish. A man to be avoided, as is the one that holds you on a windy street corner or in the middle of a crowded sidewalk and pumps, and pumps your arm while he pours out his stream of tiresome chatter. Is there anything more annoying than to have a man with whom you are not on familiar terms come up to you and say in a raucous voice: "Shake hands with my friend Smithers. You two fellows ought to know each other?" At once you entertain hatred for poor Smithers, though he may be a most estimable person.

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"Hell Ship Bronson"—Scollay Sq. Olympia.

"Hell Ship Bronson," with Noah Beery, Capt. Ira Bronson, master of a real hell ship, with his son Tim as his mate, puts into seething Frisco with his dirty, mongrel-manned barge, "Black Heron." It is the first time in 20 years that Bronson has seen Frisco—and one of his first visions, as he and his son carouse sailor-fashion in a waterfront "dive," is that of his wife. Mrs. Bronson, whom he had deserted 20 years before, taking the infant Tim with him because he thought his wife unfaithful. Mrs. Bronson, eager to win the love of the son she had not seen for 20 years, stows away aboard the "Black Heron" and finds that Tim has abducted a girl. What happens when Capt. Ira, who for 20 years has taught his son to loathe women, discovers all his work has been undone by one word from a determined mother, and tries to send his son to death in the midst of a fierce storm, furnishes a most thrilling situation.

Jane and Katherine Lee are the headliners of the seven-act vaudeville program. They are the only children who

are stars in their own right, either in filmdom or on the speaking stage.

"The Little Snob"—Modern and Beacon. "The Little Snob," with May McAvoy.

In this film Miss McAvoy gives a fine characterization of a difficult role in a film that commands attention by its faithful picture of life in the realm of the carnival and side-show. Her role is that of the daughter of a Coney Island concessionist who is sent to a fashionable finishing school and while there becomes an insufferable snob. The story is worked out in an interesting and logical manner and provides a fine bit of entertainment. In the supporting cast are Alec Francis, Robert Frazier, Virginia Lee Corbin, John Miljan and Frances Lee.

The companion picture is "Let 'er Go, Gallagher!" a film based on Richard Harding Davis's famous newspaper story, "Gallegher." Junior Coghlan has the role of the young office boy who is instrumental in the solving of a murder mystery. The plot follows the story in every detail and makes a story of newspaper life as it really is, not as scenario writers have dreamed it. Harrison Ford, Elinor Fair and Ivan Lebedeff are among the players who support the young star.

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh"—Loew's Orpheum. "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," with Lou Chaney, directed by Herbert Brenon. Cast includes Loretta Young, Bernard Siegel, Gwen Lee, Nils Asthar and Cissy Fitz-Gerald.

Chaney's new vehicle is a tense drama of the theatre, in which he plays the tragic role enacted on the stage by Lionel Barrymore. The unhappy funster who could make millions laugh—but could not laugh himself, and the sacrifice for the happiness of the woman he loves, form powerful dramatic situations. Headline vaudeville hours are evenly divided between Marty Collins and Harry Peterson, expert comedians, who brought down the house with their burlesque comedy act, and the Revue Casino de Paris, an excellent song and dance revue with Amelia Allen, famed international dancer; Helen Ruth and Leonora's ensemble.

The short reels include a Hal Roach comedy featuring Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy and the M-G-M newsreel.

"The Lion and the Mouse"—Washington Olympia and Fenway.

"The Lion and the Mouse," a screen drama with vitaphone accompaniment, based on the song by Charles Klein, directed by Lloyd Bacon and made by Warner Bros., with the following cast: May McAvoy, Shirley Ross, John Rider, Lionel Barrymore, Judge Rosmore, Alec Francis, Jefferson Ryder, William Collier, Jr., Jeff's valet, Jack Ackroyd. A drama which was popular many

years ago has turned up hand in hand with the latest technical advance of the motion picture, the so-called "talkie" or sound synchronization. Dialogue is not used in every scene in the present film, but there is enough of Lionel Barrymore and his voice to make the future look exceedingly bright for the present form of entertainment.

This phenomenon is at first startling. Lionel Barrymore has been part of the silent drama for so long that a few preliminary aheims might prepare his audience. He, however, has not forgotten the gentle art of making drama or turning a situation with his voice, nor does he forget that he is in front of a camera while doing it. He has, in fact, firmly knotted together both styles of acting. There are certain lines which are almost whispered and yet they are understandable.

Alec Francis, who, besides being an Englishman, has spent many years on the speaking stage, also leaves a pleasant impression of the gentle Judge Rosmore, a man so conscientious that he could not law against his friend without apologizing for it.

Miss McAvoy does not find her voice until the climax when she demands the papers which will prove her father to be an innocent man. She is a handsome young woman, but her eyes are still more eloquent than her tongue. William Collier, Jr., as the earnest Jefferson Ryder does very well.

A Movietone of Mussolini is on the same program.

"The Actress"—State Theatre.

"The Actress," a screen drama starring Norma Shearer, adapted from the play, "Trelawney of the Wells," by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, directed by Sidney Franklin and made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The cast: Rose Trelawney.....Norma Shearer, Tom Wrench.....Owen Moore, Avonia.....Gwen Lee, Colpoys.....Lee Moran, Arthur Gower.....Ralph Forbes, Sir William Gower.....O. P. Heggie, Miss Trelawney Gower.....Margaret Seddon, Clara DeFoenix.....Andree Tourneur, Capt. DeFoenix.....Cyril Chadwick.

The adapters of this excellent English drama have tried to put it upon the screen as Pinero conceived it, and although there is lost the irascible and witty speech of Sir William, the characters and action, for the most part, do justice to the drama. There is no attempt to put it into short skirts and modernize it.

Norma Shearer, as the spirited Rose Trelawney, actress, who loves the grandson of Sir William Gower, has ever had a pleasant profile and high-salaried features, and now she adds the ability to act. There are several moments in this screen play when she ably shows disturbed emotions—of different kinds and makes them all convincing.

Although the play is well cast and acted, O. P. Heggie as Sir William gives the most finished performance seen on the screen in some time. He has played in "Trelawney of the Wells" and its subsequent revivals since 1891, so there may be reason for this. The screen has gained an unusual and excellent personality in Mr. Heggie, who may have been consulted in some of the action of the present drama. C. M. D.

"The Play Girl"—Keith-Albee Boston Theatre.

"The Play Girl," a screen drama starring Madge Bellamy.

Another of the series where a nice little girl disrobes and tosses her garments at the gentleman who bought them for her in order to prove her round-eyed innocence and, probably, that she can do that sort of thing as well as Clara Bow, who started such proceedings in the films.

Miss Bellamy is fortunate enough to have a nice young man with plenty of money fall in love with her on the day she gets fired from the flower shop where she has been working, and so her fight as a play girl is neither long nor particularly desperate. It probably should be added that this kind of a drama whether screened or staged should be well acted, intelligently directed and clever.

METROPOLITAN—Clara Bow in "Ladies of the Mob." Richard Allen, Helen Lynch, Mary Alden and Bodil Rosing are in the cast. "West Point Days," a revue by Frank Cambria, is on the stage with original musical numbers by Dave Stamper.

BOWDOIN SQUARE—Dolores del Rio in the film version of "Ramona," is the feature picture and "Bringing Up Father," film comedy inspired by the comic strip, is also on the program.

LANCASTER—Today's "review" program will include "The Phantom of the

Opera," with Lon Chaney and "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd. Beginning tomorrow and lasting through Friday, "Ramona," with Dolores del Rio, and "Skinner's Big Idea," with Bryant Washburn and Martha Sleeper.

## CONTINUING

### ATTRACTIONS

MAJESTIC—"Good News," musical comedy of college life. Seventeenth week.

COPLEY—"He Walked in Her Sleep," Norman Cannon's farce. Last week.

July 10, 1928

Some of our readers are interested in the matter of belts vs. suspenders. On the one hand we are told that a belt tightly drawn may force in time a removal of the long cherished appendix, a personal loss to the wearer. Has anyone heard of a belted earl suffering from appendicitis? On the other hand there is the letter of a tennis player: "So far from being a hindrance to tennis, braces" (our correspondent must be an Englishman or that singular type of American known as the Anglo-maniac) "I consider allow freer movement. With a belt there is always the rucking up of the shirt—a distracting and overheating business. I, for one, cannot play in a belt." But this rucking up is obviated by the one-piece tennis shirt and shorts.

Our objection to the belt is that drawers—for we are still so old-fashioned as to wear drawers—it was Artemus Ward who, speaking of his "washing," said it included "a drawer"—in warm weather make their way down below the knees, aye, even to the ankles. Dr. William Maginn was the first to our knowledge, who suggested the sewing of loops (or tapes) at the top of drawers through which suspenders might be passed, and so a man might face the world fearless and unabashed, no longer obliged to fish up furtively, the moist, clammy, unpleasant undergarment. No one can play the hero with slowly descending drawers.

We have received the following letter. Is it an advertisement thinly disguised?

### "BELTS OR GALLUSES"

As the World Wags:

Anent the sartorial editorial in Friday's Herald, "Belts or Galluses," concluding with "Finally, now that suspenders are published in many colors and white, is it permissible to display them?" How can the writer be so "hopelessly unprogressive"? Can he be ignorant of the existence of the easily acquired Invisible Suspender, which solves the whole question at issue, relieving the eye from the offensive spectacle of obtruding suspenders, and the waistline from oppressive belt-tension? The Invisible Suspender! A delight mental and physical! Concealed beneath the shirt its wire terminal loops engage single trouser buttons on either side; by the same process as the Boston Garter is attached to the sock. And then may follow the loosely-tensioned belt, if so desired, for complete harmony. No more straining for another hole to check the sag or curb the bulging shirt. Step around the corner, Mr. Editor, and buy a pair for Mr. Herkimer Johnson. He will write a chapter in his Colossal Work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast," that will be a revelation. C. S.

It is reported on unquestionable authority that Mayor James J. Walker of New York at Hollywood on the Fourth of July "expended" an hour in the bath and preparation of his toilet. The irreverent might therefore describe him as an "old soak." Nothing is said about his singing in the bathtub, either "East Side, West Side," or that stirring ditty "Tammany."

The funeral of Frankie Yale—the crowds, the "floral tributes," the \$15,000 silver coffin—all this recalls a saying of Sir Thomas Browne: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and death with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

As The World Wags:

I have been indulging in a long dream of peace, in which annihilation of the Volstead nightmare was the chief feature, when the plaintive voice of a fellow victim in Taunton aroused me to action. I have, however, given up writing poetry personally, and turned over all my literary activities to my televox. I merely said to it: "Give that gentleman something on rum," (loudly spoken to start the liquid notes in his mechanical larynx), and turning on the juice I was rewarded with this outburst of coloratura notes, which it named

BALLADE De La LIGUE CONTRE Le SALOON

Ho! all of ye slaveys, come list to the rune  
Of the psalm-singing leaders of the Anti-Saloon;  
These self-chosen beadles, still praising a law  
That turns our poor gills to a kiln-dried maw.  
(Booticlan: "Yea, a kiln-dry craw!")



It expresses, they chant, the high moral will  
Of the pious against the vat and the still;  
And after a struggle by a lot of "Old Soaks"  
The rest of us sheep will keep step to their croaks.  
(Booticians: "Do you step to their croaks?")  
In the vanished decade, since Volstead began,  
The Prognose is cheered as their model of Man;  
And smellers by thousands come, sniffing our breath  
In the process of putting "John B." to his death.  
(Booticians: "Have you heard of his death?")  
They fill every court-room, they stuff every jail,  
As proof that their snoopers are bound to prevail;  
All Europe is asked to help out in their fight  
As the Navy bombards every vessel in sight.  
(Booticians: "Not all are in sight.")  
The more they arrested these Leaguers still hope  
That "Scoff-laws" are nearing the end of their rope;  
'Tis Volstead against the still and the Moon,  
And our kitchen's becoming the Family Saloon.  
(Booticians: "Sure, a general saloon.")  
But Volstead, undaunted, keeps their banners unfurled  
O'er a crime-ridden people, the butt of the world.  
His touters yell louder, "More snoopers, more chink."  
To save a few morons from drowning in drink."  
(Booticians: "But they're getting the drink.")  
The logic of this shows why we are cursed  
With a law that enforced is seen at its worst.  
When every man jack in the land has been pinched  
The success of the law will be perfectly cinched.  
(Booticians: "Oh, yea, 'twill be cinched.")

#### WOOF WOOF

##### As The World Wags:

What's the big idea about farm relief?  
If more of the farmers would take a tip from the progressive engineer who turned farmer they'd need no relief. What did he do? He ran electric wires through the wheat fields. What for? Why, Harve, to shock the wheat, of course.  
JOSHUA V. the III.

"DALLAS, Tex., July 5 (AP)—The Rev. Earl Anderson, pastor of the Fundamental Baptist Church, was sent to jail today for contempt of court after residents in the vicinity of a tabernacle he is erecting complained that workmen were making so much noise they couldn't sleep at night."

The Rev. Mr. Anderson, a sound Fundamentalist, should have remembered that when King Solomon built the house of the Lord, he had consideration for dwellers in the neighborhood: "There was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house when it was in building" (1 Kings, chap. VI. v. 7).

A few days ago a western lawyer addressing his colleagues on a formal occasion, told them that they should read novels so that they might the easier understand the psychology of a case. From "Les Miserables," for example, they might see how society and the law pursued inexorably Jean Valjean.

(It is the fashion in these days for the younger Frenchmen and some of the older ones to laugh at Hugo and his works. Here is Jean Cocteau saying: "Victor Hugo was a lunatic who believed himself to be Victor Hugo." But was it not something to have written "Les Miserables," "The Toilers of the Sea," "Les Orientales," "The Song of Fantine Sang, the Song in Epiradnus," and the idyl of Boaz and Ruth?)

The western lawyer mentioned Galsworthy, Arthur Train, Charles Reade and others who should be read. He said nothing, if the report was a full one, about detective stories being of assistance in criminal cases, for Hugo's Javert is not your familiar detective of the mystery tales but the implacable embodiment of the law. We are confident that the speaker would enjoy, by way of relaxation, Francis Beeding's "The Six Proud Walkers," Gerard Fairlie's "Scissors Cut Paper," "The Fortunate Wayfarer" by our friend, your friend, everybody's friend, E. Phillips Oppenheim. These books are published by Little, Brown and Company.

The Six Proud Walkers were not out merely for their health; they attempted to set nation against nation that they might line their pockets. The brains of the sextet were in the head of a fiendish person known as Dr. Palumbini. It is perhaps needless to say that this horrible, crippled creature, was a discredited French physician who had disposed of Palumbini, a blameless archaeologist, taken his name, and put devilish knowledge and cunning to the basest purposes. If the great Caffarelli (Mussolini, thinly disguised) could not be induced by a drug producing megalomania to declare war, provoking it in Albania, there was a knife for him.

Ah, the Six! The enormously rich Berglund; the loathsome Kharkoff; hook-nosed Schindler; Dr. "Palumbini"; the fat Swiss who smoked a meerschaum; the sixth was not in Rome with them, but in Albania.

And who attempted to thwart the six, expose them, hunt them down? Young Mr. Carroll who accidentally was brought into relationship with "Palumbini" and Carroll's acquaintance, the astonishing Granby, an ex-agent of the British government, who had access to Mussolini (we mean Caffarelli) in a manner that even Mr. Richard Washburn Child would envy. The two brave young men were constantly courting death. At last they nearly perished in the catacombs. Their wandering underground was an experience even more thrilling than that of Jean Valjean bearing the body of Marius through the sewers of Paris. As the jacket of Mr. Beeding's novel assures us, death is constantly looking over Geoffrey Carroll's shoulder, waiting; the situations are indeed "shudder provoking," as the torture of poor Dr. Vanni, the personal physician of Caffarelli. But the Six come at last to an expected bad end and Carroll marries his Diana.

Nor does the jacket of "Scissors Cut Paper" deceive one: "A Hair-Raising Thriller." What became of the bodies of Derek Sinclair and the taxi-driver, both murdered in the first chapter? Who was impersonating Derek at Biarritz? Why did Derek's widow Anne accompany him? Whose was the warning voice in Derek's apparently deserted home which Bill Wilson entered in hope of clearing the mystery? For the police to whom Bill reported the murders thought he had been drunk and imagined the crimes. Bill and his friend Caryll, a daring soul, went to Biarritz by different routes. Why was Wilkinson, Derek's butler, on the boat and in the train with Jim, his hook-nosed friend? How did Bill manage to escape the gas bomb put by some one in his berth?

At Biarritz all sorts of strange things happened. Why was Caryll kidnapped and imprisoned in the Villa des Fleurs? Bill found it dangerous to go near the villa. There was a Johnny skiff in the shooting of darts through a blow-pipe. Why was there a trap-door on the grounds that opened and shut when one leaned against a certain tree? Brave Bill to go down the ladder in hope of finding Caryll or learning Anne Sinclair's fate! The villa had been provided with all the modern improvements. The occupant, Brain, evidently the head of a desperate gang, had installed an electric device that locked all the doors on the top story. Wilkinson explained this to Bill when he, too, was a prisoner in the villa. When this device was turned on, it meant instant death to touch the door. Then there was the searchlight on the roof: yellowish white rays that turned to a pale green and killed the French police hurrying over an open space. "They seemed to be doubled backwards in agony, and fall writhing to the ground, to become motionless almost at once and lie in grotesque positions." Anne was taken at first up to the roof. Brain was in a lighthouse to which Bill, his friend, and Anne made their way. What happened there and what had been going on beneath the ground the reader must find out for himself. Perhaps he guessed the underground secret after Bill went down the ladder, but he cannot foresee the last three pages.

"The Fortunate Wayfarer" is one Martin Barnes, a commercial traveller, who, rambling in a cathedral town at night, is invited into a house, where Lord Ardington gives him a package of bank notes amounting to £80,000. Ardington expected to die within the week—his nearest relative, a nephew, had angered him.

At the beginning of the novel two men in rags stand on a pier in San Paulo harbor and shake their fists and curse a young man in white ducks and a drooping Panama hat, who is lounging over the rails of a departing tramp steamer. "Too late to see me off, my dear companions. Never mind, I will take the will for the deed. The world is a small place. We shall meet again. Work hard at the mine, and remember my share." With the young man in ducks is a girl also in white with "wine-

black hair."

Well, Lord Ardington did not die. Martin called at the Hall, was pleasantly received, met Blanche and Laurita, told about a Mr. Victor Porle who would give £100 for Martin's pass to the Hall. This upset Ardington. "There is a tragedy connected with Laurita. It may be that nothing I can do can save her. . . . There is one great enemy in my life, one threatened reprisal, which is poisoning my days."

This should be enough to induce the thousands of Mr. Oppenheim's readers to drop important matters until they arrive at the 352d page. No one in the book is threatening the peace of Europe or preserving it. There is no governmental spy, male or female. There are a couple of lively and interesting scoundrels and wild adventures galore in town and country.

#### ONE MORE SCOTCH

As the World Wags:

There was the Scotchman who, when standing on the pier, immediately after his arrival in New York, saw the deep-sea diver come to the surface, whereupon he remarked: "Well, if I had thought of that, I would have walked over myself."

O.K.A.Y.

The Rev. John Taylor last Sunday at Brule, Wis., preached about Jonah and the whale. President Coolidge, his wife dressed in white and their son John "listened attentively," according to the Court Journal, which publishes only local news.

We are not told whether the good blind fundamentalist took for his text a verse from Jonah or the old couplet from the New England Primer:

Whales in the sea  
God's voice obey.

The "great fish" prepared for Jonah's entombment by the Lord obeyed, swallowed and at the appointed time vomited the prophet upon the dry land.

The Rev. Mr. Taylor told his attentive hearers that some fish have been found to swallow other fish 12 times the size of a man. Why did he preach about a whale? There were probably no seafaring men in the congregation. Had he said to himself as he was casting about for a subject: "Whales contain oil. I'll take the story of Jonah and the whale." But Jonah did not improve his opportunity.

No doubt the sermon was instructive and edifying, though inferior in eloquence to the one preached by Father Mapple in New Bedford and reported by Ishmail in "Moby Dick" (Father Taylor of Brule, Melville had Father Taylor of Boston in mind when he described Father Mapple).

But was the "fish" that swallowed Jonah a whale? Commentators have been ingenious, even fantastical in explanation of the story. One writes: "We know not any fish which is capable of containing a living man for three hours, much less for three days, in health and safety. The digestive process in fish is so rapid that when one has swallowed a tolerably long prey, a prey filling his mouth, it is partly digested at the entering end." This commentator was inclined to the belief that Jonah was swallowed by a shark, but he took care to say: "This subject being miraculous, we may be dispensed with, as naturalists, from investigation."

Some have thought that the story prefigured the doctrine of the resurrection. Melville was reminded of Perseus, the prince of whalemen, who harpooned the monster and bore away the maid Andromeda. At Joppa (Jaffa) in a Pagan temple "there stood for many ages the vast skeleton of a whale, which the city's legends and all the inhabitants asserted to be the identical bones of the monster that Perseus slew. When the Romans took Joppa, the same skeleton was carried to Italy in triumph." Please note that Jonah embarked at Joppa and paid his fare before embarking.

This is all very well, but in Jules Laforgue's version, Andromeda could not endure the opera-comique airs and graces of Perseus. He did not slay the monster; it was the monster who carried off the gladly consenting maiden. As they sailed they carefully avoided the Casino-lined coast.

In this sepiet world there are doubting Thomases everywhere. Mr. A. A. Wilson, assistant keeper of the Spring Point lighthouse, had heard of white whales but had never seen one until on July 8 a whale "thirty feet long and white from stem to stern" disappeared itself only 150 yards from the eyes of the astonished Mr. Wilson.

Moby Dick was not the only white whale. There was Mocha Dick seen by the officers and crew of the frigate Potomac and described by J. N. Reynolds in 1831. In May, 1902, Capt. McKenzie of the whaling bark Platina of New

Bedford captured a pure white whale that yielded, according to report, 100 barrels of oil. Capt. Higgins of the Admiral Sampson reported in 1906 that soon after the Sampson left Jamaica laden with bananas, oranges, coconuts, grape fruit and 13 casks of lime juice, two large white whales followed the vessel for miles.

#### WHICH GRAVEYARD?

M. B. writes: "I send this clipping from a newspaper published far from your city."

"In an out of the way corner of a Boston graveyard stands a brown board, showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription 'Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed his life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

#### THE RULING PASSION

As the World Wags:

"Here is what I saw in a clothier's window in Walnut, Ill.: 'To Our Patrons—On account of the golf season, this store will be closed every afternoon, except Saturday, during the summer months. If you want in, have Jeff tell Herb or Jim to find Percy and he'll have Jack let you in. The A. & L. Co.' "THE WALNUTIAN."

#### THE POPS

(For As the World Wags)

—and sound came in the silence of the hall.

The sudden trombones and the cool, bright flute.

The lingering, lyric violins, the call Of golden trumpets—these things held us mute.

The music rose beneath us like a mountain.

(There were horizons and there was a view.

And water tumbling in a gorgeous fountain

Somewhere in the lands of Xanadu.)

And then, like sunset fell the final chord.

The crimson sky, the hills of darkening trees,

The blasphemous applause—and then your word:

"That wasn't bad for such a piece of cheese."

It was the Pops, and so we had to say

The false, proud thing to set us on our way.

MARSHALL SCHACHT.

#### THAT GLORIOUS DAY

As the World Wags:

It has been noticed that it is never necessary to draft the average American citizen to make a monkey of himself. Let him alone and he'll volunteer. A century and a half ago we wrenched off the shackles of the accursed Sassenach and since then we have celebrated the anniversary of that event by making July 4th a day of terror for the sick and aged and a time of irritation for those who maintain that it is unreasonable to make humanity suffer the torments of hell in both this world and the next. It is a day of orations, conflagrations, collisions, contusions, explosions and death in many forms—all of which must amuse our whilom oppressors across the seas. It has been estimated that five times more people have been killed while celebrating our national birthday than the British killed during the revolution. We permit the manufacture and indiscriminate sale of high explosives but the manufacture and sale of that which might enable us to endure this synthetic patriotism is forbidden by the federal constitution.

LEVIN J. CHASE.

Concord, N. H.

#### CLERICAL CALAMITY

(For As the World Wags)

Another clerk may come in late,

Be lazy as a log.

Reville his pay's low weekly rate,

Date up the sweet stenog.

But I cannot mis-step or step,

Although I yearn for fun,

I keep the rules, and show no pep.

For I'm the boss's son.

ANNIE UNDERWOOD.

#### MOTOR AND HEN

Alas poor fowl—precipitate  
Beyond the reckonings of Fate!  
What was it prompted you to run  
Across a road inscribed A 1—  
A road as perilous to chicks  
As any Phlegethon or Styx?

Had you a brain? I do not think  
That in your case that cranial chink  
Was ever adequately filled,  
For poultry-keepers do not build  
On cerebration, or expect  
Exuberance of intellect.



No; theirs the simpler, easier quest  
Of pullets punctual to the nest,  
Who cultivate with single eye  
The virtue of fecundity:  
Their one idea of a hen  
Is eggs, and eggs, and eggs again.

And so the two machines—your crude  
Conglomerate of flesh and blood—  
And mine of cogs and wheels and gears,  
Met in collision. It appears  
Mine was the stronger of the two.  
I'm sorry. R. I. P. Adieu!

H. F. M. in the Observer (London).

The Great Wild West Show has never  
been richer in attractions. There were  
the Marathon dancers in New York and  
in Pittsburgh. It is true that in the  
latter city this dancing was not a novel-  
ty. Mr. Charles Pearl Price has sent us  
a page of Harper's Weekly of Jan.  
8, 1870. It contains the following par-  
agraph:

"Among the follies of the day may be  
mentioned a race-waltz which recently  
took place at a ball in Pittsburgh. A  
gold ring was offered as a prize to the  
couple who should outwaltz all com-  
petitors. At midnight a dozen couples  
started off gayly; at one only three re-  
mained on the floor, and at two one of  
these gave up. At the end of the fourth  
hour blood began to trickle from the  
end of the violinists' fingers; but still  
the dance continued. At three minutes  
past four one of the ladies fainted, and  
immediately afterward her partner fol-  
lowed her example, when the prize was  
presented to the winners amidst the  
tumultuous applause of the spectators.  
The foolish quartette, more dead than  
alive, were carried to their homes, with  
their limbs swelled up to an enormous  
size. All the four are now said to be in  
a precarious condition."

Not long ago that interesting maga-  
zine, Travel, published a vivid descrip-  
tion of "Marathon" dancing at Manila.  
Probably a still greater exhibition in  
New York's huge tent is the Rev.  
Thomas H. Whelpley, who plays the role  
of one driving a nighthawk taxicab, and  
then describes his adventures in the  
"Flaming life of Manhattan." The New  
York World publishes his stories with  
alluring headlines:

#### PREACHER-TAXI PILOT DRIVES A FARE WITH A BROKEN HEART

Broadway Career Lures Girl Violinist to  
New York, but She Has to Sling  
Hash for Her Baby

Note the dramatic opening of the  
Rev. Mr. Whelpley's thrilling tale. It  
reminds one of the manner in which  
the Harvard student began his com-  
position with a duchess for the heroine.  
"Around the corner from Times  
square, my third night out as a  
preacher-taxi driver in New York, a  
girl hailed me.

"Where to, miss?" I asked her.  
"Drive me to hell," she said, stum-  
bling into the cab and throwing her bun-  
dles on the seat.

"Where to, miss?" I asked again.  
"To hell," she said, lighting a cigar-  
ette and tearing newspaper wrappings  
from a bottle she carried."

Then there is the constant popping  
of pistols or machine guns; the revenge  
of bootleggers; neat disposal of traitor-  
ous crooks; exploits of daring burglars.  
No wonder that New York boasts of  
being a pleasant summer resort.

#### "I DARE YER"

It is not easy to say whether Miss  
Elsie Ekengren who tauntingly dared  
Mr. Morton Hoyt to jump overboard  
from the Rochambeau in midocean was  
the more foolish person. She is seven-  
teen, he is twenty-nine, "old enough to  
know better." The only excuse that  
could be made for him was that his  
courage was inflamed by the Demon  
Rum, ever on the outlook for a victim;  
but Miss Elsie says that Mr. Hoyt was  
plumb sober. "If he had been drinking  
I would not have been talking with  
him." (The choir will now sing

"The lips that touch liquor  
Shall never touch mine.")

What will the future bring forth?  
Will Mr. Hoyt's daring so impress Miss  
Elsie that she cannot live without him;  
that they will walk down the broad  
aisle to the altar while the organist  
plays "Down Went McGinty to the Bot-  
tom of the Sea"? Or will Mr. Hoyt  
dorm follow the example of the knight in  
no Schiller's ballad? We used to read it  
at school in our little village in Bulwer-  
Lytton's translation: A noble dame  
dropped her glove into a den of wild  
beasts and dared her suitor to go down  
and pick it up. This he did, but he  
forsook the lady that very day.

Many a timid boy at school has been  
dared to do something, the accomplish-  
ment of which, for he wished to show

himself brave in the eyes of his play-  
mates, resulted in a broken arm or leg,  
sometimes death. We remember a boy  
who was "stumped" to dive from a  
height into Mill river. We gathered  
around his grave in the Bridge Street  
cemetery and a pretty girl with long  
curls sang in a husky voice:

"There's a light in the window for thee,  
brother,  
There's a light in the window for thee."

It was thought that "Shall we gather  
at the river?", then a popular ditty in  
Sunday school, would not be appropri-  
ate.

#### A GOOD PROVIDER

Let us here quote from an obituary  
notice published in Tacoma. It was  
said of the dead woman that "it was  
her greatest pleasure to cook for and  
entertain a host of friends; her greatest  
sorrow was the fact that her husband,  
who is rather dyspeptic, could not do  
justice to the good things which she  
was anxious to cook for him."

#### "PARIS IS WONDERFUL"

The saddest sight I ever saw was in a  
Montmartre boite at about 5 o'clock of  
an autumn morning. At a table in a  
corner of the hall sat three young  
American girls, quite unattended, ad-  
venturously seeing life by themselves.  
In front of them, on the table, stood  
the regulation bottles of champagne, but  
for preference—perhaps on principle—  
they were sipping lemonade. The jazz  
band played on monotonously, the tired  
drummer nodded over his drums, the  
saxophonist yawned into his saxophone.  
In couples, in staggering groups, the  
guests departed. But grimly, indomi-  
tably, in spite of their fatigue, in spite  
of the boredom which so clearly ex-  
pressed itself on their charming and in-  
genious faces, the three young girls sat  
on. They were still there when I left  
at sunrise. What stories, I reflected,  
they would tell when they got home  
again! And how envious they would  
make their untravelling friends. "Paris  
is just wonderful." —Aldous Hux-  
ley (Along the Road).

We spoke not long ago of the once  
popular song "Tommy, make room for  
your Uncle." Mr. C. M. Hudson re-  
minds us that Punch remarked in the  
world war that the American forces  
would take the field to the strains of  
that song.

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

"Hot News"—A screen comedy-drama star-  
ring Bebe Daniels, made from an original  
story by Herlan Thompson and Monte Brice,  
directed by Clarence Badger and made by  
Paramount with the following cast:

Pat Clancy..... Bebe Daniels  
"Scoop" Morgan..... Neil Hamilton  
James Clayton..... Paul Lukas  
Michael Clancy..... Alfred Allen  
Camera boy..... Spec O'Donne

There has been no attempt in the  
present film to do anything but bur-  
lesque extravagantly the business of  
taking newsreels. It has in its favor,  
however, the newness of its topic and  
the ever comical Miss Daniels to soften  
the adolescent dramatic values.

Most of the old tricks of creating ex-  
citement in motion picture entertain-  
ment have been used, including a chase  
around the yacht of the villain with the  
father of the heroine ying overhead in  
an airplane like a nervous bird, and the  
United States navy patrol drawing up  
by the side of the yacht in the nick of  
time.

Bebe makes good with her camera.  
Nothing daunts her from climbing on  
to the head of Liberty to get "shots" of  
a visiting dirigible, to masquerade as a  
society entertainer to photograph a ma-  
harajah who has an aversion to cam-  
eras. Needless to say she succeeds in  
all she attempts and with good measure.

Neil Hamilton as the one and only  
cameraman in the business until Miss  
Daniels decided to give the profession  
a try, may look like one of the ener-  
getic and fearless tribe who can work  
day and night and get their reels back  
to the studio in time for the theatres  
the day after, but he does not act it.  
Perhaps the story will not let him.

A little more of the essence of things  
as they are not and never could be,  
even for sweet comedy's sake, would  
probably handicap the Three Graces  
themselves.

The revue this week is "Harem-Scar-  
em," devised and staged by C. A.  
Niggemeyer, a new director for Publix.  
He was brought from the West and with  
the assistance of some more clever Fos-  
ter girls and the good old Ben Hur act,  
he succeeds in passing the time before  
the film is shown.

#### QUEST

(For As the World Wags)

Straw hats and silly faces,  
Silly laughs!

They gather  
Round the little ice cream shop,  
Light-trousered, uncouth-grinned  
And raw,  
They stand there stupidly,  
Poor things!

And she within,  
Bright-hued and winsome  
As a butterfly,  
Poised

Twixt ice cream cone  
And soda fountain drink,  
Deep auburn hair  
Heaped richly on her head,  
Her ivory face quite young  
And not made up.  
I hope they do not get you,  
Little friend,  
And they—  
God make them

Into men.  
MARGARET LLOYD.

"Jimspar" nominates for stationary  
secretary of our hall of fame Mr. Percy  
Satawhile of the White Cloud laundry  
at Hazard, Ky.

As the World Wags:  
I hear the Democrats in our town  
want the library to change one of its  
books to "Smith Family Robinson."  
INDY ANNA.

#### A NOW DISCREDITED DISTRICT

As the World Wags:  
So there are "unlawful joints," "graft  
jobs," "painted ladies" and, no doubt,  
hideous immorality in the Back Bay.  
Some years ago it was generally thought  
that these blots on civic reputation were  
visible only in what the late Alexander  
P. Browne called, "The Small-of-the-  
Back Bay," a region also more or less  
humorously known as "Fairyland."  
Yes, there are painted ladies in the  
Back Bay, as Capt. John M. Anderson  
has observed with eyes that remind one  
of the Pinkertonian motto, but they  
are noble dames, the highly respectable  
wives, sisters, daughters and maiden  
aunts of leading citizens. It might be  
said that for women not to be painted  
artistically leads a passerby to suspect  
them of slatternliness, of unwarrant-  
able neglect of their facial appearance.

As Jezebel in a recent tragedy by an  
Englishman is represented as a brave  
and patriotic woman, the term "a  
painted Jezebel" is no longer one of  
reproach. The prophet Isaiah in an un-  
gentlemanly manner described bitterly  
the street costumes and gait of Zion's  
daughters, but painting of the face was  
not in the list of their iniquities. Nor  
did Jezebel open her vanity bag in  
public and take out mirror, rouge box  
and lipstick. Expecting the visit of  
Jehu she paid him the compliment of  
painting her face—but it was in her  
chamber, not in a public place. Unfor-  
tunately for her this Jehu was not  
susceptible to woman's beauty and he  
ordered her to be thrown out of a win-  
dow.

Is it possible that under the new  
police regime the adorable Mrs. Golightly,  
the peerless Eustacia (my favorite  
niece) and others of the "smart set"  
will be debarred from taking their  
walks abroad in the Back Bay; that  
beauty shops will be searched for cos-  
metics, and padlocked if rouge be  
found therein? Why not? For the  
Volstead act was followed by the cen-  
sorship of books. Is it not inevitable  
that "painted ladies" even if they are  
members of the Chilton Club, should be  
allowed to apply rouge and deepen the  
color of their lips only for the pleasure  
of their families within doors? Will  
there in consequence be a migration of  
"our best people" to the South end—  
anywhere out of the Back Bay? Will  
there be a rehabilitation of streets that  
have justly or unjustly been regarded as  
mean?

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Those preferring raspberries and  
cream to strawberries should know that  
raspberry boxes are as ridiculously  
small as the price is ridiculously high.  
Looker On writes that he enjoys straw-  
berries by squeezing the juice of an  
orange or of two oranges over them and  
adding a little sugar if the oranges are  
not sufficiently sweet.

#### THE WRONG SPECIES OF MINT

As the World Wags:  
This spring in working over my newly  
acquired flower beds I came across sev-  
eral plants that roused my interest.  
Crushing a leaf, I sniffed it. "Mint, by  
jove!" I exclaimed. "I must nurture  
these for later I shall have use for  
them."

This week-end I had some guests from  
the city. As Sunday was warm and  
humid, I thought some mint juleps would  
go well. My guests and I sat on the  
veranda chatting and sipping our juleps  
—thank God there are still some Ameri-  
cans who sip their liquor. Soon a re-  
tired colonel went down to the lawn  
where he commenced to cavort. Then,  
one by one, my other guests, a stately

lawyer, a sedate professor, and a re-  
tired divine, slunk away to join the  
ex-warrior. To my amazement, my  
guests were jumping and gyrating about  
on the greensward like men possessed.

I hastily summoned the local boot-  
legger. Upon his arrival I pointed to  
my guests who were still at their antics.  
"Behold," I remarked, "the consequences  
of your liquor." Without a word he  
went to the pitcher of juleps and smelled  
its contents. Plucking out a few ver-  
dant sprigs, he scrutinized them. He  
then turned to me and said: "The liquor  
is O. K., but this ain't mint. It's cat-  
nip." VILLIERS ST. BENOIT.

#### AMONG THOSE PRESENT

(Marengo, Ia., Pioneer News)

Mr. and Mrs. Ora Roundabush at-  
tended the funeral of the latter at Hart-  
wick last Thursday.

#### FROM THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Colonel (to stranger at golf club):  
"I hate these modern girls. Look at that  
creature over there! Fancy her parents  
letting her go about in plus-fours and  
an Eton crop. Bah!"  
Stranger: "That, sir, is my daughter."  
Colonel: "Oh-er, sorry! I didn't  
know you were her father."  
Stranger: "I'm not. I'm her mother."

This English colonel should read the  
vicious attack on the modern woman,  
young and old, attributed by Booth  
Tarkington to Judge Olds, furious, in  
the last installment of "The World  
does Move." (Saturday Evening Post.)

#### THE THINKER

(For As the World Wags)

I'm a Mesopotamian ghulack  
And I read the tabloid sheet;  
The heavy news is only fit  
For a Byzantine logothetic.

I'm a voracious tabloid reader,  
For I like my scandal neat;  
And I get the whole of the daily news  
In a couple of glances fleet.

In a couple of fleeting glances  
I get all the news complete,  
For I'm a Mesopotamian ghulack  
And I'm fond of the tabloid sheet.  
F. F. H.

Boys blessed with imagination, boys  
who read the "Arabian Nights" and did  
not anticipate or unconsciously wait for  
Burton's "anthropological" notes to the  
"Thousand Nights and a Night" longed  
to visit countries which were gaudily  
colored in the maps of Mitchell's  
geography. Later when the fury of  
collecting postage stamps bit them,  
countries of Central America had a  
strange fascination. These stamps were  
picturesque, suggesting scenes and deeds  
of romance. Little Augustus has reached  
man's estate, and knows man's cares,  
trials, tribulations, but he still sees the  
old maps—as old today as those con-  
sulted by daring navigators and travel-  
ling merchants with letters to eastern  
potentates. His collection of stamps  
was long ago dispersed but those of  
the five countries are fresher in his  
mind than those of Valley Forge or  
the John Ericsson Memorial. If Augus-  
tus has not seen Carcassonne, Honduras  
is to him an unknown land, associated  
in his mind only with mahogany, un-  
fortunate foreign loans and O. Henry.

But our friend can dream again the  
dreams of his boyhood by reading  
Wallace Thompson's "Rainbow Coun-  
tries of Central America," published by  
E. P. Dutton and Company; he can  
read with entertainment and profit and  
see the pictures of buildings and people  
that otherwise would be to him non-  
existent.

Costa Rica, red earth; Nicaragua,  
orange dawn; Honduras, yellow hills;  
Salvador, green valleys; Guatemala,  
blue gardens. Mr. Thompson assures us  
that there are pots of gold at the end  
of this rainbow and under its arch.

Those who look at a country only to  
wonder what can be made out of it  
peculiarly will find in this book facts,  
figures, surmises, prophecies as to the  
future. Those who are forced to con-  
tent themselves with the description and  
not the landscape can here satisfy their  
curiosity, but students of human and in-  
human beings, their manners and cus-  
toms, will be more interested in the  
pages that would not attract Mr. Grad-  
grind and disciples of professional econ-  
omists. Mr. Herkimer Johnson and his  
co-mates will first turn to the chapters  
"Life Under the Rainbow," "The  
Human Background" and reserve the  
more "solid" information for a time  
when perhaps there will be no other



A correspondent has favored us with a page of The Boston Herald of March 7, 1896. This page contains the advertisements of theatres and other places of amusements.

"The Artist's Model" was playing at the Hollis Street, Isaac B. Rich, proprietor and manager. The company was George Edwardes's London Burlesquers.—"\$30,000 Worth of London and Paris Costumes. Crowded Houses Applaud Tumultuously and the Critics are Conquered Completely." Photographs of Marie Studholme were to be presented at the souvenir matinee on March 11. We remember this show; it was a good one, amusing, brisk, with one or two songs and some lines that were in the Palais Royal vein.

Kathryn Kidder was at the Boston Theatre (Eugene Tompkins, proprietor and manager) as Madame Sans Gene in Sardou's comedy, "An Elaborate and Historically Correct Reproduction of the Court of Napoleon." Robert Ingersoll was to lecture on the following Sunday.

Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, proprietors and managers of the Tremont Theatre, advertised "His Excellency"—libretto by W. S. Gilbert, music by Osmond Carr as "Unique, Unctious (sic) unexcelled." The company was George Edwardes's Comic Opera Co. We thought at the time the libretto was dull and the music only so-so. Was not charming Nancy Macintosh the leading woman? There was graceful dancing. The first comedian's chief gag was "rotten cotton gloves." After the 10th utterance of this description the gag did not amuse even the "guffoons" with their hair trigger laughs.

"The Mikado" was at the Castle Square. "Mignon" was announced for the next week. Neil Burgess as Abigail Prue in "The County Fair" was at the Park, John Stetson, manager. "The Gay Parisians" advertised as the "Best, Brightest, Merriest Farce" was the attraction at the Boston Museum where the curtain-raiser was the comedietta "6 Months Ago." The Boucicault-Martino Company was to be seen in the grand romantic play "The World" at the Bowdoin Square, Charles F. Atkinson, manager. "Saved from the Sea" was announced for the next week. "The White Slave" was at the Columbia. Next week, "The Irish Alderman," John Kernell. The "2nd Gigantic Bill" at the Grand Opera House comprised "The Plunger," Richard Golden, Filson and Errol, and 10 big vaudeville features.

Harry Williams's own company was at The Howard and there was The Howard's Olio: McAvoy and May, Imogene Comer, Geo. H. Wood, Metropolitan Trio, and Cora Rouff among the stars.

At the Grand Museum, William Hawthorth's "great American comedy drama 'A Nutmeg Match'"; Kate Dallas as Cinders. Ida Howell, Shaffer and Blakely and Mile. Valesca were in the Olio.

At Austin and Stone's were the Swiss Mountain Choir (Tyrolean girls) and "the best variety acts, only the best."

Prof. Carpenter was "illustrating" hypnotism at the Dudley St. Opera House. Rice and Barton (McDoodle and Poodle) entertained the Palace audiences. The Crystal Maze, 169 Tremont street, was in "the fifth month of its enormous success." At the Masonic Temple, 183 Tremont street, could be seen from 9 A. M. till 10 P. M., "Nana, Perfect Beauty Perfectly Presented. The Greatest Work of Art the World has Ever Seen."

What became of Giacinta de la Rocca, "the beautiful Italian violinist"? She was that week at Keith's. "On account of a severe cold, the Black Patti will not be able to appear until Monday, March 9."

Now if these different shows were to be here tomorrow night as they were seen in March 1896 which should one attend? Unless memory has failed us "An Artist's Model."

There is strong opposition abroad to talking films. Mr. Basil Tozer in London reminds cinema magnates that screen plays have become amazingly popular chiefly because the audience has two of its senses gratified at the same time. It hears an orchestral performance; it sees the performance of a play. "Many a wonderful invention," writes Mr. Tozer, "has proved to be a lamentable failure commercially."

Mr. H. L. Phillips, whose column in the New York Sun reminds us daily that life is not without its pleasures, tells in verse

#### A TRAGEDY OF THE TALKING MOVIES

Trixie De Mar was a cinema star,  
Who seemed to ooze culture and class;  
A Hollywood hit, she was brimful of "It,"  
Her beauty no star could surpass.  
Her fame it had spread from Cos Cob to Port Said;  
She put her stuff "over the plate";  
No matter where seen on the silvery screen,  
The cities proclaimed her as great.

Trixie was cute and had manners to boot;  
She goaled 'em in most any part;  
Her work on the screen seemed to show she'd a "bean"—  
The fans raved aloud of her art.  
The role they could find seemed too deep for her mind;  
She often portrayed the elite;  
As a princess at court she seemed wholly that sort,  
And college girl parts were her meat.

"My, but she's bright!" cried the fans in delight;  
"Her breeding's superb, nothing less."  
They found her, I hear, up in Vassar, my dear;  
Her culture explains her success."  
Paeans to her charm did your Trixie no harm;  
She knocked all the flicker fans dead;  
She'd wed in July some collegiate guy—  
So her pipe-smoking press agent said.

Then came the blow turning sunshine to woe—  
It made her a bust and a dud;  
The "speakers" it seems, brought an end to her dreams:  
She fell with a sickening thud.  
Required to speak, Trixie paled and grew weak;  
Her screen life then came to a close;  
In manner not quaint she used words such as "ain't"  
And also used "dese," "dem" and "doze."

Called to portray in a "speaky" one day  
A miss whom the villain did spurn,  
When asked "Whose is that?" of the child in her flat  
She said, "Lissen, Boitram, it's yurn!"  
"I love you, my dear," said the hero, a peer,

"Oh, tell me if you love me, too!"—  
And Trixie De Mar in a voice from afar  
Said "Swecdy, I soltenly do!"

That wasn't all that abetted her fall;  
She was doomed when she opened her face;  
The ultimate "coise" of her life was her voice—  
For it seems Miss De Mar's voice was bass!

The Stillington Players, Leslie Buswell, manager, will perform Shaw's "Pygmalion" in Stillington hall, Gloucester, on July 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" on Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. The casts will include Mmes. Fitzwilliam Sargent, Harriet Eels, Cecile Sherman, Charlotte Reed, Gabrielle Ladd, and Messrs. Buswell, Chas. Hedley, Raymond O'Brien, Edison Rice and others. Both plays will be produced by Vladimir Rosing.

Miss Dai Buell of the Newtons, who played the piano in London last month, "preserves her roundness of touch and her romantic outlook" according to the Sunday Times's reviewer, who at the same time spoke of certain mannerisms "such as an all-too-ready use of the 'loud' pedal and a tendency towards impetuosity . . . Her style of treatment which did not vary much, suited better the more modern type."

Leslie Howard's comedy, brought out in Boston as "Murray Hill," was produced in London at the Ambassadors as "Tell Me the Truth." Mr. St. John Ervine, who will be the "guest" dramatic critic of the World (N. Y.) next season, wrote in the Observer: "I said to myself, 'This is the sort of piece which might provoke mirth in an orphans' asylum in Pontypool or send lonely men on the Paps of Juza into fits of laughter, but can scarcely be expected to cause a smile in the West End of London.' I was wrong. A gentleman in my vicinity hurled himself hilariously about in his stall. Ladies in front of and behind me laughed loudly. It is true that I became more and more melancholy, and that my yawns lengthened and became faster. But they had paid for their seats, whereas mine had been given to me, and Mr. Howard will rightly prefer their laughter to my depression."

Mme. Eva Gauthier, singing in London, provoked Mr. Ernest Newman into saying that while her programs are always varied "it is curious she should sing everything in the same unvarying style whatever the date of the music and whatever its provenance. . . . Of Respighi's monstrously absurd arrangements of four Scotch songs I will say only this, that if Mme. Gauthier wants to go back to America alive she had better not sing any of these things north of the Tweed."

This uniformity of expression in Mme. Gauthier's interpretation has been observed in Boston of late years. Is it not possible that it comes from her desire to arrange programs of all songs but familiar; that in her search after exotic songs, she neglects the weightier matters? When she first visited the city, the varied and appropriate interpretation was noteworthy. P. H.

book at hand, though it should be said in justice to Mr. Thompson that he is not a dry instructor, nor is he prosy.

There is a "relatively deep stratum of men and women of intelligence, education and social grace" above the lower classes. But in Guatemala—where we would gladly live—probably until we had tired living there—over 1,250,000 of the inhabitants, three-fourths of the whole population, are non-assimilable Indians. The "upper" and intelligent class live generally in houses of sun-dried brick, one story in height. A garden is within the walls. The fine furniture is of French importation or Austrian bentwood furniture. There is the comfortable "Austrian rocker" with the black bentwood rockers turned up into wheels in front and arms above the wide cane seats. There is a lack of sufficient electric lighting for the charge is by the bulb, an American dollar, or dollar and a half a light, a month.

The food is without the grease of Mexico, nor is it an insipid imitation of French and English cooking. A typical meal: Rich, well-seasoned soup, usually followed by eggs and rice, then entrees with native sauces, roasts (beef is killed at 4 A. M. and necessarily eaten the same day), separate courses of vegetables, chiefly a great variety of little squashes; sometimes salad; black beans served in a puree with thick, slightly soured cream poured over it; native cheeses; dessert, though sweets are the least important part of the meal. Mr. Thompson gratefully remembers a dish of whites of eggs beaten up with honey so the result was a virtually solid mass, filled with blanched almonds. As for coffee, the worst and the best in the world is to be found in Central America. Even the best restaurants use sweepings of the coffee mills; grades and broken beans that cannot be sold abroad.

The social life centres about the home and the club. Every one plays cards. In Salvador bridge is a highly developed art. In all the capitals the fine men's clubs are open once or twice a week to the women of the members' families. There is dancing to the marimba, "perhaps the finest dance music in the world." The serenade is a fixed social custom. Some of the native bands are excellent. There is no effort to have local stock theatrical companies. The usual form of dramatic entertainment is the wandering hypnotist, the strong man, a singer of uncertain age and a motion picture to fill the bill. The

show begins about 9 P. M. and continues till after midnight.

"Central America is no place for a man or woman without something besides a gregarious instinct and a desire to be amused." But conversation is an art, politics a keen game of wits. The hostesses are most accomplished conversationalists; the women are "the most wonderful and understanding wives and mothers." The men dress as dwellers in other tropical countries, not very differently from those in the temperate zone. The hats, gowns and wraps of the women in the capitals are of European style—long dresses, still of starched linen or muslin in the more conservative cities.

San Jose in Costa Rica has a theatre that cost a million dollars to build; a beautiful cathedral; a museum containing priceless Central American Indian pottery and gold idols. Discussing the political situation in Nicaragua, Mr. Thompson states without undue excitement the problem of intervention. "In all the rest of Central America, full as it is of charming people, we shall not find the frank directness which greets us in Honduras." The revolutions there are only an "extravagant form of activity, in which the alert and capable Honduran mind—too good for the opportunities as yet offered by the peaceful life of the country—finds an outlet for its energies." (Mr. Thompson is given to taking a cheerful view of Central American life.) It is a question whether our friend Augustus would prefer Salvador or Guatemala as a land for adoption. The Salvadorean is "a person of very decided preferences and much practical wisdom. He drinks from choice, as a rule, and gets drunk by accident." Although the Salvadorean workmen are famous for an addiction to alcohol, he works on water, not strong drink, which is reserved for relaxation and celebration. Salvador is a naturally rich country, whose inhabitants have no negro blood. The country has "a jewel-like" beauty; it is rich by nature and in willing labor; but Augustus would be happier dwelling in Guatemala City, enjoying the sight of blue volcanoes and blue gardens, visiting Antigua and Lake Atitlan; pondering among the ruins of Quirigua, the origin, glory and fate of Maya civilization.



July 17

A Parisian journalist informs us that there was a celebrated female billiard player named Frances Anderson in the United States. "She was the champion of the world," and had been applauded enthusiastically in many cities of this country. When she died not long ago in a hotel at Oklahoma, a letter was found near her body: "Do not reveal me to the world; keep my secret." Frances Anderson was a man.

Will some one tell us how much of truth there is in this pleasing anecdote? Did Anderson ever play in a Boston billiard hall? She surely was never the world's champion.

A few weeks ago we read of the surprising George Miller, who, at the age of 78, sick in Iowa City, was found to be a woman. Born in Berlin, she went to Chicago as a child with her family. When she was 18 she had her hair cut and, donning the clothing of man, she joined Barnum & Bailey's circus as trapeze performer and slack and tight rope walker. Later she worked on a railroad section, became a farm laborer, still later a railroad night watchman, carrying a gun and "quick on the draw." Recovering from her sickness, she persisted in dressing like a man, and is again on a farm. For 60 years her sex was never questioned. Did "George" Miller ever appear in Boston as a daring young man on the flying trapeze?

A graceful young man appearing here, and elsewhere, years ago as a female trapeze performer, had many male admirers who courted her (him) in vain. This gave to Thomas Bailey Aldrich the idea for an amusing short story.

For some time in the music halls of Paris a young woman, Barberte, thrilled audiences by her audacious performances on the trapeze, but at the end of her act she took off her wig and astonished the spectators by showing that she was a man. Did he not display his daring in New York for a time?

Women have in times long past, adopting male dress, swaggered and swore horrid oaths as pirates under the Jolly Roger. One of them, we think both of them, in the pride of their career, married women. There are many instances of women who went a-sojering and were never suspected of not being what they seemed to be until they were wounded or killed. There was the celebrated Chevalier d'Eon in the diplomatic service, whose sex was the subject of a wager, the settling of which gave rise to an action tried before Lord Mansfield. In a memoir it was stated that she, with her own consent, was treated by her parents as a boy, to advance her prospects in life. The chevalier was now dressed as a man, now as a woman, but he was really a man who had often and for some unknown reasons pretended to be of the other sex.

To many male theatregoers the sight of young men acting and dancing in the costumes of women is unpleasant, while chorus girls appearing as youths are good to the eyes if their bodies are slim and their movements are not too womanish. In opera for many years the contralto, more rarely a soprano, took the role of a man. Scatchi in "Scmiramide" bravely strutting it by the side of Adelina Patti, is still remembered. Older opera-goers may recall the women who appeared here as Maffio Orsini in Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia." There is poor Siebel in Gounod's "Faust," though now there is an effort to have her represented by a man, as was seen here last season to the regret of many. No woman within our recollection equalled Adelaide Phillips in an authoritative impersonation of a male character, but she had had a long training as a ballet dancer.

Women have said that they enjoyed the sight of college boys masquerading as women, but did not like to see women dressed as men. There has been a prejudice against male singers coming on the stage in the costume of a prima donna. There was "The Great Ricardo" who flourished in the late 60's. He took, for example, the part of Lucrezia Borgia in the burlesque given by Bryants' Minstrels in New York. (It was in 1868. We still see Nelse Seymour as Duke Alfonso, and hear the sweet voice of Dempster as Gennaro.)

Old Tiresias, the soothsayer, had in his life been man and woman in turn. Prying persons were never weary of asking him which state he preferred. We are far from helpful books, or we would quote some of his answers. Tiresias was the sport of the gods; he did not of his own will twice change his

sex. Why do respectable women, not afraid of work, dress as men and toil as men? From love of adventure? In the hope to receive higher wages than they could earn by doing women's work? There are men in whom "the mother" is so dominating, it is not surprising to find them in woman's dress; if they are crooks they may as chambermaids take rich advantage of their masquerade. Maupassant wrote a lively and cynical story on this theme, but his chambermaid was a disguised convict. There have been men, even rulers of kingdoms, so effeminate that woman's dress was eminently suitable.

The personal column of the London Times contains this singular advertisement: "Mental Nurse has Vacancy for Lady, Certified or Otherwise." Does a woman in England require a certificate to be acknowledged as a perfect lady?

We have received the following extraordinary excerpt from what a contributor calls "The Unpublished Recollections of a Dreamer":

"We who create, even tho' we create very poor things indeed, are made of sensitive stuff. We suffer pain, or we suffer joy, but always we suffer; I may soar on the wings of the morning or drown in the depths of the sea, but you'll never find me sitting in a mud-puddle. Life is a song or it's a silence; it's not a bit of ragtime. The robin sings of the morning, but his wings are the wings of death."

Let's see. Wasn't there a gag "O how I suffer!" in good old "Evangeline"?

As the World Wags:

In Prosper Merimee's "Letters to an Unknown" is one dated London June 1862. "The restaurants are detestable, the American Restaurant being the amusing feature, where may be found more or less diabolical beverages that one drinks through a straw; mint juleps or 'raise the dead.' All these are disguised gin."

Something almost prophetic about Prosper's comment as it appears in the present drought.

RAINBOW GOODYEAR.

Was Merimee mistaken, or were mint juleps in London concocted with gin, otherwise known as "blue ruin"? Perish the thought! In the Virginia of the chivalric days juleps were of bourbon whiskey or "French brandy." Does any one know the recipe for the julep offered by Comus in his stately palace to the Lady sitting in an enchanted chair? It was certainly not the one valued in the United States.

"Behold this cordial julep here, that flames and dances in his crystal bounds,

With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd,

Not that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thone

1 Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena, of such power to stir up joy as this.

2 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst."

3 "That flames." One would think this julep a cold-weather drink, to be classed with flip and hot buttered rum.—Ed.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Don't Tell George," a farce comedy in three acts, by Dwight Taylor. Presented for the first time. The cast:

The Hon. Phyllis Worthington	Winifred Kingston
Stephens	Elspeth Duffell
Cecil B. Thwaites	Vernon Kelso
Lord George Trevelyn	Norman Cannon
Briggs	Alfred Frith
Miss Fay Millar	Cecile Dixon
Col. Arthur Stanfield Thwaites	W. H. Sains
Dr. Conrad Bennett	Charles Courtneidee
Sergeant Redwood	Stanley Harrison
Geoffrey Stacklin	Edmund George

There is a haunted chamber in Worthington Castle. There is a Phyllis of modish pajamas who decides to sleep in it, an elegantly dressing-gowned guest, a jealous fiancé, a portly English military man with the weight of the empire on his shoulders, a headless ghost who groans, a comic police sergeant, and the inevitable Briggs. The ghost is needed to explain away Lord Trevelyn's suspicions when he finds a man in Phyllis's room, and Cecil obligingly puts on the costume of the old Crusader and does the groaning. He is unfortunately locked into the secret passage after he does his act, and the savants think the ghost has carried him away. Dr. Bennett, psychical investigator, broadly caricatured, is summoned, and there is a second-act seance in darkness, with holding of hands and incantations.

There are all the ingredients in this new play for an evening of riotous farce, and there is an abundance of clever dialogue. But the ingredients are not mixed correctly. There were plenty of deep laughs, but they were evoked by lines, not by situations. The young author has shown remarkable cleverness and originality in the things he has given his people to say. Many successful and neatly-carpeted farces which have had long runs and earned their authors fortunes and reputations lack the constant sparkle of dialogue in which Mr. Taylor has shown himself an adept in his maiden effort. He has been less effective in what he has given his characters to do, for the play is an object lesson in ideas which are good on paper but which are not pro-

jected across the footlights to strike the collective mind of the audience with dramatic impact. At the end of the second act we have lowered lights, spooky utterances, and the arrival of a "ghost" momentarily expected. The match is touched to the climactic rocket, but it does not flare and burst—it fizzles. Why? If we knew we would write plays.

The play is well cast, and the sets are adequate. Miss Kingston is charming, if occasionally incoherent, in the leading role, and all others do well by their material. Mr. Sams especially propounding his straight-faced absurdities with dignified gusto.

A major operation on this play is imperative. If it is successful, the Copley will have a good farce in another week.

H. F. M.

## THE SCREEN

### STATE THEATRE

#### "A Certain Young Man"

A screen drama, starring Ramon Novarro, directed by Hobart Henley from an original screen story, made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Lord Gerald Brinsley	Ramon Novarro
Phyllis	Marceline Day
Henrietta	Renee Adoree
Mrs. Crutchley	Camel Myers
Mr. Crutchley	Bert Roach
Mr. Hammond	Huntly Gordon
Hubert	Ernest Wood

This sort of thing has not been done since "A Gentleman of Paris," a sophisticated comedy-drama, in which Adolphe Menjou took the part of the philanderer. Menjou is infinitely better suited to such a role than the young and rather earnest Ramon Novarro.

But this is, all in all, a pleasant repetition of a former success. There are three fair women for a nice change. As a bored young man about town, Novarro passes from one to another until the bulldog of the gracious Marceline Day needs protection.

Among other good ideas which have been borrowed from "A Gentleman of Paris" is the episode of the valet's wife played by Renee Adoree. One would say off-hand that Miss Adoree has been watching Greta Garbo. She has, for this time, put aside her pensive ways and the Garbo antics become her.

Carmel Myers is in a blonde wig as if to prove that the modern villainesses of the screen can change their spots or still be ruthless if blonde. It is a brunette this time who reforms the wild youth of the bored Lord Gerald Brinsley, who, as played by Novarro, is, as we have intimated, never convincing as either the wild or the bored.

Nevertheless the reformation is the kind that will cause many a middle-aged heart to beat a little faster. It is full of overflowing with box-office appeal from dashes along the beach of what is supposed to be Biarritz, to stolen kisses and subsequent pouts.

There is a moon on the night that the new noble young man proposes and when later he finds his past confronting him, he acts wisely and in time for a misty-eyed audience to file out smilingly.

### KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON

#### "Ransom"

A screen drama starring Lois Wilson adapted from the story "San Francisco," directed by George B. Seitz and made by Columbia with the following cast:

Lois Brewster	Lois Wilson
Burton Meredith	William Burns
W. H. Fong	William V. Mong
Oliver	Blue Washington
Seafarce	James Leung
Bobby	Jackie Combs

The director of this photoplay wanted to thrill his patrons with pictured deeds of dread Chinese who abduct small children in order to wrest from scientists the secrets of their laboratories, and he succeeded very well. But this scientist was patriotic. The secret of his poison gas belonged to the government, he could not give it to even the one he loved so that her child might be saved from dire and dreadful things which were promised if the little bottle containing the death fluid was not forthcoming.

Any agony which is not drained by these harrowing episodes may be held in reserve for the final battle where a lone man fights bravely against great odds and is rescued—just in time.

C. M. D.

### SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA

#### "Crooks Can't Win"

FBO film starring Joe E. Brown of musical comedy fame. The cast includes Thelma Hill, Sam Nelson, Eugene Strouze, James Enrie and Charles Hall.

A unique background for crook photoplays, that of the gigantic silk thefts which cost New York merchants millions of dollars annually, is utilized in this production.

The story, by Joseph Jefferson O'Neill, former New York reporter, deals with a boy who is persuaded to go on

rookie makes good by solving a series of silk thefts.

Joe E. Brown, who is well known as a vaudeville headliner and musical comedy star, has a fine comedy role as a fresh newspaper reporter. Ralph Lewis, veteran star of the screen, does nobly as the old cop.

O'Hanlon and Zamboni are the headliners on the seven-act vaudeville bill.

### OTHER FILM PLAYS

METROPOLITAN—"Hot News," comedy starring Bebe Daniels. "Harem Scurry" on the stage, a C. A. Nizzenmeyer production. Gene Rodemich and his band. Other features.

LANCASTER—"Today, weekly review day." "White Gold," with Jetta Goudal and George Bancroft, and "One Exciting Night," with Carol Dempster; last three days: "The Dragnet," with George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent, and "Harold Teen," with Arthur Lake, Mary Brian and others.

BOWDOIN SQUARE—"Across to Singapore," with Ramon Novarro, and "Honor Bound," with Estelle Taylor and George O'Brien. Five acts of vaudeville and short screen subjects.

WASHINGTON ST. OLYMPIA AND PENWAY—"The Lion and the Mouse," Vitaphone talking picture held over for second week. New vaudeville at Olympia and added screen attractions at Penway.

MODERN AND BEACON—"Stormy Waters," with Eve Southern, and "Five and Ten Cent Store Annie," with Louise Fazenda. To be reviewed tomorrow.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"Under the Black Flag," with Ralph Forbes, Marceline Day and others. Julian Hall heads vaudeville bill.

July 18 1928

"Fifty cents will now make a ruby that will baffle the most expert." This statement in a newspaper reminded us that we have not spoken of a novel, "The Seven Sisters," by Jean Lilly, published by E. P. Dutton Company, the "mystery novel for July" of these publishers. Mr. Spencer, in quest of the dowry chain of priceless sapphires, discovered learnedly concerning jewels; sapphires in particular. But why and how did Mr. Spencer disappear? "The Seven Sisters." One thinks at once of the justly celebrated Sutherland Sisters; they do not come into the story; but there were skeletons in the fine grounds of the old house where Nancy, charming girl, and her timorous grandmother were living. The girl knew nothing about the buried bones and so could not boast to the neighbors as foolish "Sir John" D'Urberville: "There's not a man in the county of Wessex that's got grander and nobler skellings in his family than I."

There was a secret that weighed heavily on aged Sam, the faithful retainer, and on the grandmother, who was shaken as if by palsy when a strange suddenly stood before her. Kent, the young hero, wondered if Sam knew where the necklace had been hidden. Dig as Kent did at night, to the detriment of the lawn, he could not find it, but he made appalling discoveries, and more than once in consequence his life and Nancy's honor were in danger. If it had not been for the brave and knowing dog Ralph Prentice was certainly a desperate villain. We are inclined to believe that this wretch in his moments of a parent triumph laughed in a harsgrating, staccato manner like Ralph Delmore in the lighthouse from which he shot pursuers in the old melodrama. There's a detective, one Bailey, who is not so blind to cues as many in stories of this nature, where the young hero solves the mystery by a display of superhuman acumen. One would like to know more about "The woman of Red 34," the full blown, high colored, headlidd woman who, jealous, went bad on her man, reviling him in language that was "painful and free" (to borrow a phrase from Bret Harte).

This story, in spite of incidents that might be called sensational, is told in a convincingly quiet manner. The author is not excited in the telling. Her story is not punctuated, and punctured, with exclamation points, nor is the end of each chapter designed to leave the reader breathless, but, having taken the novel, he will not readily put it down until he has found the necklace.

A penny for your thoughts. It is a smaller penny than the one of commerce that set Mr. Gilmartin, the great Gilmartin of Scotland Yard, a-think. The Duttons publish "The Smear Penny," by Charles Barry, author of novels with titles whetting curiosity: "The Witness at the Window."

Stephen Alley, a dapper little man, a retired Anglo-Indian civil servant, a man of superfluous energy which found outlet in golf, tennis and badminton, "incessant chatter and an insatiable curiosity about his neighbors' affairs," calling on James Hurst found him on the floor in the experimenting room of his radio station. The bottle of whiskey and a syphon were full, the glasses were clean. Inspector Anderson noticed this. Was it a case of suicide?



The great Gilmarlin could not be fooled. "That's just the point," he said, with a slight brogue; "a suicide has been staged, but, as usual, the murderer forgot something . . . I'll eat my hat if the man who fired that wasn't wearing a glove."

Sergt. Cuff's hobby in "The Moonstone" was roses. Mr. Gilmarlin, highly educated, had a phenomenal aptitude for languages—he read for his own pleasure things like Caesar's "Commentaries," or Xenophon's "Anabasis" in the original. When his friend, the narrator of this story, met him wearing in France the green tabs of the intelligence corps, Laurence Gilmarlin was seated in a small hut in a ruined village, reading with a smile on his face a little blue-bound book which I discovered to be Lucian's "Vera Historia" in the original Greek. No wonder that as a sleuth our Gilmarlin was a terror to criminals; even when he was on the track of Mr. Hurst's murderer, he was one day stretched at ease, pleased at having found the London agents of the "Red Star" who had sent telegrams addressed "Krasnaya Zvezda" to Riga. To say this to his friend the narrator, he put down his beloved Aristophanes.

But who killed Mr. Hurst? As you read you will suspect every one but the guilty person. There's a fine list of persons capable of having pulled the trigger. The young nephew of Hurst had had a stormy life. Stephen Alley was caught breaking into the murdered man's wireless experimenting station. There is young Kaplan, whose father deplored the fact that his son had been spoiled by the "flash boys" and had abandoned the practice of his religion. And why did Mrs. Banks run away?

Why did Gilmarlin go into the conjuring department of Gamage's store shortly before he arrested the murderer? Though the arrest was made while Gilmarlin was entertaining a child who squealed with delight when the detective and the narrator sat at lunch before sallying forth, the facial expression of Gilmarlin interested his friend. "There was a steely glint in his eyes, and his jaw was set firmly, even viciously, but the next moment a dark frown covered his face." He was not then thinking of Caesar, Xenophon, Lucian, or his "beloved Aristophanes."

Did he put aside the classics, which he read "in the original," after he married the murdered man's secretary, Miss Crosland, who dressed in a smart but serviceable frock; had auburn hair, blue eyes and a well-modulated voice; "an attractive girl, yet with business efficiency written all over her"?

By the way the smaller penny bore the effigy of King Edward VII and the date was 1906.

Mr. Barry has written an ingenious, well told story.

And the Duttons have published a capital book for children, "More About Ellie and Mr. Me Too," by Eleanor Verdery Sloan, illustrated by Edna Potter. It contains an account of good times with the little brother and sister of Aunt Ellie at Sand Acre and Great Neck. There are pages about adventures in the hayfield, in summer; skating in winter; not to mention the description of the corn roast and the stocking game, and joyous doings in the company of the dog, the pony and the canary. It is said that Mrs. Sloan has again introduced her own children. They are made to talk as real children, and there's no writing-down to the supposed low level of children's intelligence.

"His golden locks time hath to silver turned;  
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!  
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever-spurned,  
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:  
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;  
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green."

Some one advertises in the personal column of a London newspaper:

"Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life. Patented by Desvignes, 1860, for Sale."

Has the word "Zoetrope" any meaning to the younger generation?

This wheel of life was a source of wonder in our boyhood. When W. S. Gilbert's Captain Reece of the Mantelpiece wished to make life on board ship pleasurable to his gallant crew a zoetrope was included among the recreations.

Does any one play Tivoli today and watch anxiously the little ball as it makes its course down the board entering a high-numbered hole or lost among the objecting pins? Is the game of squalls now unknown? Are children and grown persons excited over jackstraws? Is a guest entertained by a stereoscope through which he can see views of foreign cities bought by Uncle George in London or Paris?

Andre Gide among the recollections of his early years speaks of a kaleidoscope that fascinated him. He would

take it to pieces, replace the bits of glass by stronger objects, a fly's wing, the end of a match, etc. "I spent hours and days in this play. I have described it at great length because I believe that children today do not know it."

Why was the "tivolli" board so called? Why "squalls"? There was a kissing game in which children in a circle held their hands on a clothesline. If the one that was "it" standing within the circle could slap one of the hands a kiss was forthcoming. Why was this game called "Copenhagen"? There was gross favoritism shown. If "it" was a pretty girl the hands were not hastily withdrawn on her approach. "It." "You're it." And now a woman, if nature has been kind to her, has "IT," and is "it" as she makes her destructive way through life.

Did "tivolli" originate in the "delightfully situated" Italian town of that name? We doubt it. Danes have told us they never heard of the game "Copenhagen."

C. S. Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco" is often quoted in answer to those who insist that smoking is a vile practice injurious to the health. That the authorship of the ode was ever questioned was unknown to us until Mr. Cyril Goodman called attention to a passage in Louise Creighton's Life of Thomas Hodgkin:

"Of the poems these by the two Hodgkin sisters were incomparably the best. Of these an 'Ode to Tobacco' was later attributed to Calverley and published by one of his friends in the Temple Bar as his."

Hodgkin or no Hodgkins. C. S. S. wrote the ode: We will maintain it with our sword.

**ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY**  
Romain Coolus, the French writer, is noted for his interest in young authors. Some one happened to compliment him on this generous conduct.

"Yes" said Coolus, "I like to be of service to the young, but, understand, it is not wholly disinterested—"

"Ah bah!"  
Coolus went on: "They have the more time to show their gratitude for it."

**"INDIAN LOST—WOODEN SQUAW**  
taken from front porch. 808 Washington street, Evanston; lib. reward. University 9890."

What has become of all the wooden Indians that once stood in front of tobacco shops? Where were they manufactured? Was Powhatan or Pocahontas the more favored? Where and when did this invitation to enter the shop first stand? Is the name of the first carver in wood of these advertisements to the pale face clean forgotten?

Not long ago a Bostonian wishing to place an iron dog or an iron deer on his lawn had great difficulty in finding one; yet no gentleman's "estate" in the late sixties was reckoned valuable unless the house was graced with a Mansard roof and the lawn enriched by some kind of an animal in iron. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

**As the World Wags:**

Being very much interested in the sayings and doings of our good friend R. R. McOrmond, head master of Westminster school, Simsbury, Ct., we wish to ascertain whether it were he, or Rev Costley-White, head master of Westminster school, Westminster, England, who was quoted in As the World Wags on July 5 in "His Ivory Tower."

Ordinarily, when one says "The Head Master of Westminster" it connotes no one to us but McOrmond, but we cannot reconcile the dictum regarding the relative inspirational and creative merits of town vs. country life with the head master of Westminster as we know him.

If on the other hand it is McOrmond whom you quote, we have no doubt but that Westminster boys would be surprised and interested to learn their head master's views regarding the country as a place proper for play, inasmuch as Simsbury is very much out of town. At any rate, will you straighten out this ambiguity for us?

WAYNE E. DAVIS.

This school was the one at Westminster, Eng.

**As the World Wags:**

A negro was driving an old flivver in Sarasota, Fla. In lieu of the license plate, he had a shingle attached to the rear of his car and on this shingle were printed these words: "Lost it."

S. C.

**As the World Wags:**

The lights went out in our park while the local band was tootin' it up. Right away the bandmaster ordered 'em to bring out "The Glow Worm."

ALPHONSE DE LIBERTYVILLE

**As the World Wags:**

Our country club tolerates a man who is ostensibly familiar with every sport. He never has played golf, but he knows he can do it because he once played baseball. One of our hopefuls

was practising his drive. This man-of-all-sports suggested to him: "You don't begin your follow-through soon enough."

SHAKES.

Mr. John H. Boose, a popular undertaker in La Grange, Ill., is now before the elections committee of our Hall of Fame.

Mary Marie has proposed for a seat in the Annex Miss Bonnie Strain, music teacher in the schools of Magnolia, Ill.

"Jean" asks us if we have heard about the tattooed man who is suing an osteopath. "He claims the osteopath threw all his pictures out of focus."

S. W. C. writes: "Hoover and Smith are jewelers at 712 Chestnut street, Philadelphia."

**FROM THE NEW BOOK OF PROVERBS**

**As the World Wags:**

As a man sews, so shall he rip.  
Ask and ye shall receive—the wrong number.

A man is known by the company his wife keeps.

A stitch in time saves . . . many a safety pin. MARGARET WREY.

July 21 1928

**THE COMPANY PICNIC**

(For As the World Wags)

Once a year the machine slows down, We take a bus to fried clam town. Bosses, salesmen, clerks, stenogs

In summer togs  
Assemble on the beach—a rocky strand. Soon arrives the company band

All arrayed  
For the opening ritual . . .  
A promenade.

Follows the vice-president's favorite syncope,  
Then—three lusty cheers . . . for the corporation.

Pickles, doughnuts, hot dogs abound,  
Paper caps are passed around.  
King Carnival is there

I'll say, it's one swell affair!  
Our secretary speaks . . .  
The peroration

"We have no clock watchers or shirkers;  
There's a place at the top for all loyal workers."

Some more platitudes . . . "One for all and all for one."

Great fun  
"One big family . . . business and dee-moc-re-see."

Ted, the office cynic smirks at this:  
"He's full of fish."

Wait till we pull the fat men's race—  
Jerry, the porter, hits some pace.  
It's great, this "democracy in business"

stuff (once a year),  
Bunk or bluff . . . We all have one heluvagoodtime! A. S.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his weekly article published in the Sunday Times (London) paid tribute on July 1 to the memory of Holbrook Blinn.

"He at one time played a very large part in the theatrical life of London, and, really, it looked as if he would be one of the many American actors who found a greater scope for their talent in this country than in their own. In two pieces he stood out conspicuously: one was a Chinese play in which he had to enact a scene where, looking and speaking blandly, he strangled a friend who had betrayed him; the realism of it almost made one shudder. Holbrook Blinn looked the impassive, merciless Chinaman that had been pictured to us by great dramatists. The other great part which I remember him in was that of Napoleon in 'The Duchess of Dantzic.' It spoke well for his reputation as an actor that though he could not sing a note he got this leading part in a musical comedy. . . . He had gained an immense position by this time in his own country; he had also taken his share in film work and altogether he was on the high road to big fortune. I see it stated that he kept a large number of Napoleonic relics in his collection. He might well do so, because with his clear-cut features, his impassive expression, his well shaped nose, he had really a singularly close resemblance to the great Frenchman."

Mr. O'Connor speaks of the "impassive, merciless" Chinaman pictured by "great" dramatists. By what "great" dramatist?

In this country the Chinaman was at first a comic character on the stage, though occasionally by pretended stupidity he would aid the hero or heroine in foiling the villain's dark designs.

Mr. Parsloe was peculiarly fortunate in this role. Later, the Chinaman in turn became the villain on the stage and in sensational novels. What an atrocious villain, with his subterranean luxurious dwelling, his convenient torture chamber, his spies in every quarter of the globe; but we do not recall

his figuring for good or evil in any play by a "great" dramatist. Mr. O'Connor is always generous in praise and is not afraid of superlatives.

Mr. Biggers, in recent novels, has introduced his readers to a shrewd and lovable Chinese detective, Charlie Chan, the hero of his latest novel, "Behind That Curtain," published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Charlie had figured triumphantly in other stories by this ingenious novelist. We defy the most acute reader of mystery stories to guess who murdered Sir Frederick Bruce, former head of Scotland Yard, or tell the fate of Eve Durand. What had a pair of Chinese slippers to do with the murder of Hilary Galt, later that of Bruce? what was the connection between these slippers and the figures 79 plus 23? Capt. Flannery, the zealous but thick-witted conventional detective of novels where there is an amateur to shine at his expense, of course held Charlie—that "Chink" from Honolulu—in slight esteem, and on more than one occasion sneered at his suggestions, but Charlie always was ready with a suave answer in which oriental philosophy was tinged with oriental irony. Was Col. Beetham—he was somewhat of a mystery himself—the murderer? Who was Marie Lentelm, Jennie Jerome and Lila Barr? Was the butler in league with the murderer? One or two bad Chinamen flit across the scene, but there is a joyous ending and Charlie is finally able to board the steamer for Honolulu to see his new born.

**As the World Wags:**

I have read in your column the well-chosen words of Mr. Chase of Concord, N. H., concerning the trying features of our American Bastille day. Mr. Chase said a mouthful. May I attempt to paint the lily by suggesting that "Der Tag" had better be spent in mourning and in decorating the head with ashes? Since, save for the original error of 1776, we should still be a part of the British Empire with no 18th amendment. D. A. R.

**HAPPY AT FUNERALS**

**As the World Wags:**

An elderly silver-locked minister was officiating at a funeral. In his eulogy of the departed he astonished the mourners by this illuminating sentence: "Friends, all that remains here is the shell. The nut has gone." MAREE.

**As the World Wags:**

Count Keyserling has recently repeated the dictum that if the Germans were presented with two doors, over one of which was written "To the Kingdom of God," and over the other, "To lectures on the Kingdom of God," they would choose the latter. H. S. W.

**WELL FURNISHED PEWS**

**As the World Wags:**

What has Mr. Herkimer Johnson to say in his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast," concerning spittoons in churches?

We happened to mention casually the fact that spittoons or "cuspidors"—as they were called—were a part of the furnishings of the pews in the old Congregational Church in the city where we were brought up in the early 80s. Our statement was vigorously denied. In fact, our friend said that churches would never have tolerated spittoons in pews. Nevertheless, the fact is as we have stated. Was the custom peculiar to southeastern Massachusetts or was the practice general? What about the churches in the Connecticut valley?

Our spittoons were of the brown and white variety—ribbed and squat. Memory recalls that whenever the good pastor made a particularly good point in denouncing the devil and all his angels, the nervous tension was relieved during the pause by a series of staccato kerplops heard all over the church. JAMES D. D. COMEY.

We do not remember any spittoons in the Old Church (Congregational) of our little village, but the sexton chewed tobacco vigorously as he went galumphing up and down the aisles. Furthermore the minister of that church in the 60s was given to chewing, but we doubt if there was a spittoon in the pulpit. (The word "cuspidor" was not known in our boyhood. It came in years later, an affectation of the genteel though they had never been in Portugal.) ED.

**METROPOLITAN THEATRE**

**"The Racket"**  
A screen drama, based on Bartlett Cormack's play, directed by Lewis Milestone and made by Caddo with the following cast:

Captain McQuizz	Thomas Meighan
Helen Hayes	Marie Prevost
Nick Scaris	Louis Wolheim
Joe Scaris	George Stone
Ames	John Darrow
Miller	"Skeets" Gallagher
Pratt	Lee Moran
District attorney	Sam De Grasse
Chick	Lauchlin Privval
Johnson	G. Pat Collins

In the midst of so many crook and gun riots which have been made for the screen recently, "The Racket"



comes as a gratifyingly excellent film, vitally alive and as true to the original as possible. It is a noteworthy achievement for the screen and although there must, of necessity, be many and long subtitles they justify, for a change, sandwiched bits of language which more often than not, corrupt an otherwise good film.

Among other virtues, Thomas Melghan has steadfastly steered his course away from a too noble copper. The director has put his humans through their paces in a way as to keep them human with both feet on the ground and without a single flitting into the rosy clouds of romance, a mushing or mangling of the dramatic intensity of his piece. And then, we in Boston, are grateful to intelligent censors who have kept their scissors away from the film and allowed us to see it as Bartlett Cormack wrote it and Lewis Milestone directed it. New Yorkers did not fare so well.

In the screen version, the affection for the young brother by the gangster Scarisi is stressed more than it was in the play, but it is not overdone. Nothing is. The acting is excellent in every department.

Wolheim, as the domineering and power-crazed bootlegger whose murders and other business incidental to the routine of his day and night are settled by the powers "higher up," gives a fine interpretation of Scarisi. Marie Hotel has never been more amusingly sincere. G. Pat Collins duplicates fine performance of Johnson on the screen, the same part he played on the stage.

Although the reporters lose some of their importance in the present version and Miller and Pratt are made into comic relief, they are not completely robbed of their characteristics. Miller has been left his bottle, his wrinkled overcoat and his bland good humor. Ames is wistful and earnest enough as the cub reporter and Pratt is believable.

"Babes in Broadway" is on the stage, the first Publix production by Joseph Santley, and it is worthy of the accomplishments of this actor-producer. The talent is excellent, the dancing better than usual, comedians are funny and a very clever young woman gives imitations of Beatrice Lillie and Charlie Chaplin. Here again one has a short revue which is more reminiscent of its longer three-hour sisters. C. M. D.

"Single-Speech" Hamilton made other speeches, but the nickname sticks. Mascagni will go down to posterity as the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," Leoncavallo as the man of "Pagliacci." Charles Reade wrote novels still worth reading, but when his name is now mentioned "The Cloister and the Hearth" is the one enthusiastically discussed. When the first work of an unknown young novelist is loudly praised there is curiosity concerning the one announced to follow it. Sylvia Thompson's "The Hounds of Spring" met with deserved success. The theme appealed to everyone. It was treated with an intensity of feeling, and, what was surprising when the age of the writer was considered, with artistic sobriety and knowledge of excited, tortured human nature. Will Miss Thompson be known in future only as the author of that novel?

Her second novel "The Battle of the Horizons," is published by Little, Brown & Company for the Atlantic Monthly Press. Miss Thompson knew the men and women of "The Hounds of Spring." She had lived with them. No doubt she is acquainted with the English folk in "The Battle of the Horizons," but had she ever met her heroine, the American girl, Athene Reid, who longed to know England, as she told Geoffrey Graham sojourning in Washington, D. C.? He would have liked to explain to her problems that until the last week of his stay had been his "sole passionate preoccupation," but he was arrested in his laudable purpose by "a magical concentration of beauty between the line of her square delicate jaw and her hair which closed down like golden wings on either side of her face." All he could say was to express the wish that she would come to England. This was "spoken eagerly yet suavely, in the manner which impressed her as being, in contrast with the quick, springy courtesy of her countrymen, so redolently English." All this is on the first page. While "The Hounds of Spring" impressed one by its spontaneity, in "The Battle of the Horizons" there is too often the laborious striving after fine writing, after startling originality.

Athene went to England as Graham's wife. She described her family tree to him while he was courting her in Washington, seated in the long room with Malachite pillars; a room whose "silver mottled walls rose as a background for specimens of Italian furniture, Chinese porcelain, French brocades and tapestries, bronzes and Venetian glass, which by their collective perfection assigned to the architecture its so essential air of being, with all its luxurious asceticism, the mere temple of purchased patine and imported beauty."

"Luxurious asceticism"? It is pleasant to note that the Reids settled in Boston in 1718. Athene's father spent his childhood there and went to Harvard. Athene had won a college degree. Her studies at the time Graham met her ranged from sociology to Oriental languages. She thought that the Liberals and Conservatives in England entertained a life-and-death hatred. She told Graham that she had made a special study of Socialism in her third term at college. He made no reply, until she asked him what he was thinking about. "For the moment I was admiring your necklace," he said. Nevertheless she married him.

Graham's family and the English friends are described with colored photographic art. The father, a member of Parliament and a J. P., who hunted, spoke three languages badly, read and reread his classics and fumed over the newspapers every morning. He was at once attracted to his daughter-in-law while his wife had her suspicions. Patricia, Graham's sister, was a sculptor, a woman of a rather complex character but blessed with "a sort of delicious, enormous, humorous 'understandingness'." There were the twins, Clifford at Oxford; Marjoria ("Bobs") fast becoming an earnest communist, mad about animals, and inclined to be intolerant about human beings.

Less fortunate is Miss Thompson in her sketch of Athene's parents, and social life in Washington. Mr. Reid sported an orchid in his buttonhole—"the Harvard graduate grown old but not grown up," Graham thought when Mr. Reid said concisely "Glad to meet you." "The American business man doesn't grow up—he grows rich." There was a fountain squirting in the marble hall; the footmen were Chinese; there was "The conspiracy of gold plate and rare glass, of exquisite dishes and a profusion of flowers and fruits, to give one a sense of banquetting." Mrs. Reid could not bear any mention of "Kant or Mozart or von Tirpitz or any of those men." Mr. Reid sat in "a chair that might have enthroned Cesare Borgia." Graham told them that to see our industrial life he started in Chicago, came east to Detroit and Pittsburgh.

There is an amusing chapter about a recital at the Egerian Club by Natasha Wells, the "Harp Poetess from Oklahoma." She recited "Impassionata," plucking the harp, while her eyelids "moved up and down like the eyelids of a frog."

Patricia visited the Elcotts in Washington early in 1926. Mr. Elcott was a Wall street magnate with poetical brown eyes. He was usually late for dinner, would sing operatic airs in his bath and then come down "rather dreamy and apologetic and sometimes without his tie." He also played the violin—"having seven exquisite ones."

When Athene first met Graham's family the father's embrace savored of wet tweed and soap and tobacco. She was sensible of Patricia's "vivid reserve," Bobs' half admiring, half judicious glances, Clifford's beaming, gallant approval. But the mother, when Athene "bent a liquid look" on her, asked herself, with a curious, intuitive shock: "Does she care for him at all?" Athene did not at once find in England all that she had expected. Patricia in church wondered what her lover Denis would make of Athene; Jeremy, madly in love with Bobs, had sung through the hymns and psalms with a furious, droning cheerfulness. Going out of church a Miss Stanton said to Clifford: "And her legs are each insured for £2000," to which Clifford replied: "She told me herself—I met her at a party at the Deauville not long ago—that she has her ankles washed in champagne every morning. A jolly good notion, I dare say."

Interest grows as Miss Thompson tells the adventures of these men and women, some with conservative, others with radical ideas; she describes the change in Athene's character after her father lost his fortune, and she having run away with Denis, lost her adoring husband. It was Graham's mother who was the one at fault, though Athene in

Among the compositions brought out recently in Paris by Mr. Koussevitzky at his concerts were a new concerto for piano and orchestra by Albert Roussel—Mr. Borovsky was the pianist; a symphony by Dukelsky and the second act of Prokofieff's "Angel of Fire." The symphony was described by a Parisian critic as displaying "qualities of youthful freshness and elegance not so noticeable in earlier works by this composer." Prokofieff's music is said to be dramatically intense and powerfully orchestrated but of less melodic invention than was shown in his "Pas d'acier," which was played in Boston last season.

Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," performed at a Koussevitzky concert for the first time in Paris, led to the remark that if it had not been for a program note the hearers could not easily have distinguished between the passages portraying labor and those devoted to the workmen's amusements. "As it was played, it is agreeable, often amusing and this can be said in its favor—it does not drag. There is constant agitation, which confirms us in the opinion that Americans are not dreamers."

Mr. Koussevitzky, as we all know, is a warm admirer of Roussel's music. The first movement of the new piano concerto is characterized as energetic, robust, virile. The second is a sort of meditation. "One can liken this adagio to the most emotional of Beethoven's slow movements. It attains the heights to which music alone can lift us and all this is achieved with a simplicity of means that the better discloses depth of thought." The finale brings back gaiety. The concerto shuns useless development. This is according to M. Pierre de Lapommeraye.

Well, we shall hear in Boston what we shall hear, for Mr. Koussevitzky will undoubtedly put these new works on his program next season. Mr. Lapommeraye ended the article from which we have just quoted by saying: "Independently of the aesthetic pleasure given to us by Mr. Koussevitzky, we owe to him a debt by reason of his incessant search after what is new, what is unpublished. In a few concerts he has often given us more than all our orchestral associations put together."

No doubt some in the audience at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will again object to new compositions unless they have been written by local composers; they will object to them if they contain any fresh and original ideas or depart from the conventional and long-trodden path. This is to be expected; but the great majority will applaud Mr. Koussevitzky for enlarging their acquaintance; for allowing them to know what contemporary composers are doing outside of our village. Nor should it be forgotten that last season Mr. Koussevitzky received a letter condemning him in no uncertain terms for putting on the program—not some barbaric piece by a wild-eyed Russian, or Czechoslovakian or immoral Frenchman—the angry writer objected to Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony.

Mr. Edward Prime-Stevenson, an American, who many years ago wrote about music, musicians and concerts for American periodicals, has published a collection of these essays and given the title "Long-haired Iopas" to the volume. The book is printed in Florence, Italy. The edition is limited to 133 copies.

Why Iopas? Where does he come in? He was a poet-musician of Carthage who sang loudly to the accompaniment of his golden lyre at the banquet given by Dido in honor of her unexpected guests, Aeneas and his companions.

We mention Iopas here on account of a note to the adjective "crintus" prefixed to the proper name, a note in Jesse Benedict Carter's "First Six Books of Virgil's Aeneid."

"Ancient as well as modern musicians are characterized by long hair." This edition of Virgil was published in 1903. By that time long hair was not a, or the, distinguishing feature of the majority of musicians. There were disciples of Liszt who, following the example of their master, avoided the barber, but the average composers and instrumentalists no longer wished to be mistaken for Wild Men of Borneo; they looked like ordinary mortals, bankers, bond-sellers, men of business careful in their dress.

Mr. Prime-Stevenson's sub-title is: "Old Chapters from Twenty-five Years of Music Criticism." One might argue that what Brown, Jones, Robinson, and even Mr. Prime-Stevenson wrote about music 25 years ago would now be of interest only to antiquarians and archaeologists, for many of the works then new are now dust-covered on top shelves or buried deep in the great international graveyard of music. The critical articles of E. T. A. Hoffmann, Berlioz, Chorley are still worth reading, but look through later volumes, those of Hanslick's for example—Hanslick was reckoned a mighty fine fellow in his day—and as one reads, the wonder grows that any man could have written about Liszt, Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Hanslick wrote, or puffed so indiscriminately, and to disparage others, the compositions of Johannes Brahms.

But Mr. Ernest Newman, that shining example of what musical criticism can be, argues that criticism is not really worthy of notice until it is of that age. "Fifty or 100 years is even better, and at 200 criticism becomes priceless, but meanwhile 20 or 25 will do. For in that time the subjects the critic is discussing will have passed into history, carrying his criticism with them, and we can at last see the whole subject in something approximating the round. The contradictions and self-contradictions of critical opinion upon the music of one's own day become in the end so amazingly futile that intelligent people cease reading them: What is dignified by the name of musical criticism amounts, as a rule, to little more than who likes port, telling B, who prefers sherry, that he doesn't know who wine is—and vice versa. Obviously, where so many writers are busily contradicting each other every day, they cannot all be right. But after a few years even the wrongest opinions upon music have an interest of their own. It is then possible to see them objectively as illustrations of the culture-conditions of their time."



But do the critics of the large cities today contradict, one the others, daily? Do not Mr. Newman, Mr. Colles, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Fox-Strangways, even Mr. Cecil Gray agree, as a rule, on the most important matters brought before them in London? Are Messrs. Henderson, Gilman, Sanborn and Downes of New York always at swords' points? Not a bit of it. They may from time to time show a personal preference, or, if you will, a personal prejudice, but on the main issues they agree, especially when musical righteousness is at stake. We do not believe that Mr. Newman thinks one of his critical reviews futile, because Mr. Colles may express a contrary opinion, and we are sure that Mr. Colles does not think small beer of himself, nor do his readers underestimate him, because he happened to disagree with Mr. Newman. If all critics were like little birds in their nest, there would be no advance in the general appreciation of music. The fact that two Parisians fought a duel over the question whether Sarah Bernhardt being a woman should play Hamlet showed a healthy interest in the drama. It would be an encouraging symptom of Boston musical health if an admirer of, say Honegger, should challenge an unbeliever in his talent, to a duel on Boston Common. This duel should take place during Mr. Honegger's sojourn here next season. Seconds could easily be found in the Symphony audience, with a referee taken from the faculty of the New England Conservatory or from the musical department of Harvard University, but he should be able to swear that he knew Honegger's compositions only by the titles.

There are two famous examples of concise criticism:  
A reviewer wrote of a tenor making his first appearance at Covent Garden: "We wonder who taught Signor —, and why."  
A play entitled, "A Dreadful Night" was produced in London. The late A. B. Walkley wrote one word: "Exactly."  
But who was the critic that said of a singer frequently on the stage of Covent Garden: "Last night Madame — made her debut as Aida. There were icicles on the pyramids and skating on the Nile"? And who was the singer?  
Francis de Croisset, the French dramatist, in his book about the theatre. "Nos Marionnettes," recently published, gives a list of virtues which, if only mentioned on a playbill will close a Parisian theatre: Modesty, honesty, economy, prudence, patience. Is the following translation by Mr. James Agate? "Unselfishness, an admirable quality in private life, is lamentable in the theatre. Renunciation fares no better; sublime among the virtues, on the stage it becomes fearsome. . . The stars of the cinema emerge from no conservatoire; their grounding is in a sports stadium. Of Racine and Musset, they know nothing, they are mistresses of polite swimming and American jazz."

spite of her college degree, was in some respects a linnet-headed creature. Geoffrey Graham finally found her, poverty stricken, having failed in various efforts to support herself, finally "typing" in a city office, living in a shabby room with an iron bedstead and scraggy carpet.  
"The Battle of the Horizons" is entertaining reading but it does not find a place on a shelf with "The Hounds of Spring."

# SCREEN

A motion picture does not necessarily inspire applause, and yet when "The Racket" finished showing on the Metropolitan screen last Friday, patrons of the theatre, who were fortunate enough to be present, voluntarily went through the business of pounding their hands together to show their approbation. None of the persons who were responsible for the excellence of the photoplay were present to be inspired by the enthusiasm of the audience but, doubtless, the managers of the theatre were hovering about to see how Boston would survive yet another screen play concerning the great gangs of Chicago.  
Not only did they survive, but one screen reviewer who sees on an average of five photoplays a week had a little longing for more time to sit through another showing of the picture just to be sure that it was all there, all richly perfect in portraiture detail and devoid of the ordinary methods of stirring fatish women to sighing and fatish men to dozing.  
And another thing—our watch and ward-off society may have caused us to blush a bit when certain books are mentioned in mixed society, but our motion picture censors are, evidently, on a high plane of Olympus, where intelligent care of something good in the photoplay line is treated gingerly and the trusty shears saved for something which is not brilliant.  
Little did we dream that we could ever grin expansively and invite the cosmopolites of the Great White Way and the inhabitants of Greenwich Village to Boston to see something which narrow prudery had chopped to bits in the broader atmosphere, so we have been led to believe, of Manhattan.  
Surely we may be excused for crowing a little. There may have been deletions in "The Racket," but the intensely dramatic finish of the gangster and the more important part of having

him speak his mind to an ambitious district attorney, is on the screen to round out the story.

It is generally understood that there are good angels and bad angels, and good politicians and bad ones, and so for the life of us, can we understand why this play was kept from Chicago, or why New York censored the subtitle, or why New York censored the subtitle, among other things, in which Scarsdale tells the D. A. how far he would go for a vote.

The author, the producers and the director have been complimented for making this photoplay honest and free of the salve which the makers of the movies have felt, in the past, was necessary for the consumption of the great American public, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Russians and the Turks. In this film there is no happy ending though the hard-boiled cabaret performer is discovered to be a defunct princess and supporting her poor old father with her gallant nature and a tooth brush and a flannel nightgown when she happens to be put in jail for a few hours. The sentiment stops when she tells him sincerely that he "makes her feel like a mammy song." Here one is so moved at this display of intelligence that a demonstration is likely.

Assistant United States Surgeon-General R. C. Williams justly objects to tight garters and belts, thought many to be necessary to man's dress, but what shall one say of this: "Men still wear useless neckties because custom dictates it."

Does Mr. Williams distinguish between useful and useless neckties, would he have all neckties thrown into the dust-bin? We knew a prominent merchant in Albany, N. Y., a man of wealth and many attainments who never sported a necktie, but his collar button was a head-light diamond. Men with full beards have gone, no doubt now go in rural districts, without a necktie. In some of our states even the hempen cravat is out of fashion: the sheriff politely insists that his prisoner should be seated.  
Where now is the cravat of the last seventies known as the Stanley? It was a useful article of dress: with one a shirt could be worn easily for a week without change. "Useful?" To some this necktie was indispensable. It went

with reversible cuffs. Those lost to shame would wear a dickey—and we have heard of the dicky of paper, to be worn with collars of the same material. Hildebrandt—(some spell the name Hildebrandt) Montrose in the good old song—it was in the repertoire of "Cool" Burgess—chalked his paper collars, though he was represented by the poet as a howling swell and pet of the ladies. Personally we prefer the foulard to the ordinary necktie of commerce and do not shrink at the sight of one so gorgeously colored that it shrieks. Nor do we insist on the harmonious agreement of necktie and socks. The cravat that should excite loathing in the breast of every God-fearing citizen is the "black string tie" which has a propensity to rise above the back of the collar.  
Did any of the noble Stanleys of England ever wear the cravat to which the name was given? Did Derby, the earl, wear a derby hat? But we are poaching on Mr. Herkimer Johnson's ground.

Scene for our friend, the Historical Painter. Church women inviting Capone to join a beach church in Florida. "He received them courteously, but when they got within the villa they found themselves surrounded by Capone's bodyguard, whereupon they were so frightened that the invitation was forgotten."

Why did Jane Austen dislike the Christian name Richard? She wrote in a letter that Mr. Richard Harvey's match had been "put off until he had got a better Christian name of which he had great hopes." She liked "Henry." She described a Mr. Wigram: "Not ill-looking, and not agreeable. . . sort of cool, gentleman-like manner, but very silent. They say his name is Henry—a proof how unequally the gifts of fortune are bestowed. There seem many a John and Thomas much more agreeable."

There are men, strangers, who pass you on the street; by their walk or by the way they hold their head you are sure that they would stop and turn around if you should shout "Fred." As a rule men with this Christian name are genial souls.

Pierre Bayle was greatly interested in names given to men and women. He combatted the idea that because a woman of dissolute behavior as the Roman Julia was so named, all other Julias then and in his time would necessarily follow her example. His chapter on this subject is good reading as are on comets, whether they presage national or personal disasters.  
The most objectionable names are those that are not printed in volumes of letters or memoirs, but are replaced by asterisks. One comes on a racy anecdote about "Madame \* \* \*." It's a good story, but who was she?

There are men, who, ashamed of a good name taken from the Bible, spread their name as "G. Percy Beauregard." One might be excused for dropping "Uriah," for it is now associated with Uriah Heep; but Uriah, the Hittite, whose wife was Bathsheba, was a valiant man, so valiant that King David played him a dirty trick. After Uriah had been slain in battle by David's contrivance, Bathsheba mourned her husband. In this film there is no happy ending though she had been willingly or half-unwillingly unfaithful to him. It must former is discovered to be a defunct princess and supporting her poor old mourning was past David made her an honest woman by marrying her. No father with her gallant nature and a tooth brush and a flannel nightgown when she happens to be put in jail for a few hours. The sentiment stops when she tells him sincerely that he "makes her feel like a mammy song." Here one is so moved at this display of intelligence that a demonstration is likely.

We have allowed "Angus" to use the word "Scotchman" instead of "Scott." "Looker-on" in the Daily Chronicle of London had something to say on this subject not long ago.

"A Scot, writing kindly, registers against the use on this page of the word 'Scotchman.' Now that we have (at last) had the secret of making haggis divulged to the Saxon world. I wish somebody would tell me why a Scot may not be a Scotchman. I am always anxious to do the right thing by the dominant race, but when Sir James Barrie tells us: 'There are few more impressive sights than a Scotchman on the make and tells us, moreover, through the mouth of a Scottish character, it is perplexing. I have even heard a Scotch—that is to say, a Scot—ask for Scotch.' If we are not mistaken, Sir Walter Scott used the words 'Scotchman' and 'Scot' more than once indifferently."

## FENWAY AND WASHINGTON STREET OLYMPIA

"Tenderloin"  
A screen drama with vitaphone accompaniment, starring Dolores Costello, written by Melville Crossman, directed by Michael Curtiz and made by Warner Brothers, with the following cast:  
Dolores Costello  
Conrad Nagel  
Professor Mitchell Lewis  
George Stone  
Dan Wolheim  
Pat Hartigan  
Fred Kelsey  
Detective Simpson  
Dorothy Vernon  
Aunt Molly

Although "The Lion and the Mouse," was the first screen play with dialogue to be presented to Boston audiences with the possible exception of the embryonic "Jazz Singer," the present offering was the first to be made in the motion picture studios with talking sequences. It is then, natural, that experimental tactics are in evidence with vocal adornment neither sweet nor fancy, but unadulterated and rather loud language. It is, nevertheless, interesting and will probably remain so for all time as the first off-spring of the incompatible couple, the silent film and the stage drama. It is also worth attention because it is the play the venturesome Warner Brothers took to their bosoms as they jumped off the cliff of the popular and successful silent screen, to land, they knew not where—with their dialogue.  
As the average screen play, lately, has been a crook play, "Tenderloin," falls in line, but, one also finds in it a good, honest and hard-working cabaret dancer as a heroine who goes cinematically pastoral, slides down hay stacks, swings on apple tree boughs, feeds the cows and chickens and reforms a bad crook in hay-scented atmosphere.

This is relief from the episode where she is wrongly accused of being wilfully in possession of a bag of money which had been stolen from a bank. She had innocently picked the bag up while fleeing, on a horrid night, from the results of hitting the one she loved with an alarm clock. The beautiful Dolores Costello makes a pitiful spectacle surrounded by movie scions of the law giving her the third degree with the added power of speech. It must be recorded that this is the only spot where a large and serious audience laughed when it wasn't in the plot to do so.

Miss Costello is as dewily gracious as ever and her voice is pleasant even if it is not schooled, yet, in the proper method of reading dramatic lines. Conrad Nagel is far from one's idea of a good or a bad crook, but he does very well until he says "naw" vitaphonically George Stone, as the Sparrow, does excellent work. The film ends with a group singing of "Sweet Adeline."

A brave attempt to give American audiences something new in the amusement line is, evidently, succeeding.

## KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON "Hot Heels"

A screen drama starring Glenn Tryon, written and directed by William Craft, made by Vitaphone, with the following cast:  
Glenn Tryon  
Patsy Ruth Miller  
George Stone  
James Brubury, Sr.  
Tod Sloan  
Jockey  
For inventive genius in recording unlikely possibilities, some of the adult motion picture makers have it all over Aladdin and his lamp. The present "vehicle" known as "Hot Heels," started out to be one thing and ended, quite elaborately in Cuba, with Tod Sloan, internationally famous jockey, in the cast and Glenn Tryon doing all of the successful riding in a steeplechase.  
Hot Heels is the name of a race horse, or what evolved into a race horse from an animal used in a defunct melodramatic theatrical troupe stranded in Skee-dunk. The young man who plays the orchestra, it is all in one, for the final performance, also owns the hotel in Skee-dunk, falls in love with the leading woman and finances the company to Cuba, where he wins the race already mentioned, retrieves his fortunes and marries the girl.  
C. M. D.

METROPOLITAN—Thomas Meishan in "The Racket," film version of Bartlett Cormack stage play. Joseph Santley's stage presentation, "Babes on Broadway," Genie Rodemich and his band. Other features.  
LOEW'S STATE—William Haines in "Telling the World." To be reviewed tomorrow.  
MODERN AND BEACON—Walter Hagen in "Green Grass Widows," and "The Crimson City," with Myrna Loy. To be reviewed tomorrow.  
LOEW'S ORPHEUM—Norma Shearer in "The Actress." Vaudeville and short screen subjects.  
SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA—"The Lion and the Mouse," with Lionel Barrymore, Max McCoy and others. Vitaphone production. Personal appearance of Charles Ray on stage.  
BOWDOIN SQUARE—Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Tim McCoy in "Womankind." Vaudeville and short screen subjects.  
LANCASTER—Today, weekly review day. "The Last Laugh," with Emil Jannings, and "The General," with Buster Keaton. Last three days: "The Wheel of Chance," with Richard Barthelmess, and "The Devil's Tradedmark," with Belle Bennett.  
EXETER—First half: Eve Southern in "Clothes Make the Women," and Charles Ray in "The Count of Top," last three days: George Raft in "The Dagnet," and Laura La Plante in "Thanks for the Buggy Ride."



## Murder and Mystery

The counters and shelves of book-shops groan under the weight of detective stories, mystery stories. The jackets assure possible purchasers that these novels abound in "blood-curdling" situations, "thrilling" scenes; that the story begins, bang! With an atrocious murder. The authors say with the Fat Boy, "I'll make your flesh creep."

"And much of Madness, and more of Sin,

And Horror the soul of the plot."

The villain seeks revenge, or is in pursuit of priceless jewels, or is the leader in a plot to bring about war between nations that profit may accrue, or he is a sadist, a maniac. Often he is foiled and brought to punishment, when he does not kill himself, by an amateur detective, a gentleman of leisure who amuses himself by showing the incompetence, the stupidity of blundering professional sleuths.

The question naturally arises why are not the services of these authors called in when the mystery of a crime baffles Scotland Yard or the Pinkertons whose eyes are supposed never to sleep?

Some of these novels are not without humor; in some the narrator is revealed as a man of literary taste, an artist in the sobriety of his style and in his ability to disguise the inherent improbabilities, not to say impossibilities, of the tale he tells. Few of the novels are to be put on the shelf that holds those great detective stories "Bleak House," "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," a volume of Poe and the earlier tales of Conan Doyle's.

There would not be so many of these stories if there were not an insatiable demand for them. The more "thrilling" they are, the more restful they are said to be, so that the tired brains of professional men welcome

the relief. There seems to be a craving for supping full with horrors. Not long ago an American on a bus route in London heard the guide, instead of describing the usual places of interest, point out two prisons, the lodgings of two murderers, and more than one apparently respectable district as the haunt of desperate criminals.

No wonder then that Mr. George Minot of The Herald having written of famous murders is now telling of mysterious disappearances. "Now is the time for disappearing" has been said by others than the one that sang the line in a once popular operetta. And many have disappeared—without previous announcement—even against their will.

### THE FUNERAL

(For as the World Wags)

The time was late in May,—  
A gray old farm house set amid the hills—  
Upon whose door a century of storms  
had knocked,  
Blue clustered lilacs banked around the well,  
And twittering swallows darted from the barn.  
Bright sunbeams sparkled on the mill pond near,  
And shiny crows cawed hoarsely from the pines,  
Beside the gate the village hearse was drawn  
With two black horses, draped in tasselled net;  
The solemn neighbors gathered at the home,  
The tall old man who in the coffin lay,  
For four score years had lived upon the farm,  
And done his daily work and paid his bills,  
And treated kindly all his faithful beasts,  
And looked for guidance to the Bible on the shelf.  
His boyhood bride had died not long before—  
His grave was dug beside her on the hill.  
The service o'er, they laid him by her side.  
The old man's dog well knowing what it meant.

With downcast mien walked slowly to the barn.  
No more for him, the early morning romp,  
The evening's happy ramble for the cows,—  
Upon his head no more the old man's hand would rest.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

In our boyhood days a young man of the village was refused a clerkship in a bank because one of the directors said: "I understand that David is a man about town." Now there was only one business street in the village. It was appropriately called Main street. There was one "billiard saloon." There were two eating houses where the demon rum had lodgings. Kaiser, the baker, sold what was then known as lager beer, in an arbor in his back yard. It was whispered that a boot in the keg gave body and flavor. Root beer was to be obtained at the toll bridge. It was not easy to see where "a man about town" could disport himself. We learned in later years that the director's objection and characterization were based on the fact that the young man played the double-bass for dances.

"Man about town." "He's a perfect man of the world." Yet this "man of the world" may never have been out of New England except for a trip to New York, returning to tell wild tales to the loungers in the store. There are men who pride themselves on being cosmopolitan. It was Mr. St. John Ervine who remarked: "The dullest and dreariest men I have ever known are those who may be called cosmopolitan. Most of them are known to, and wanted by—the police."

### THE WORST YET

As the World Wags:

Now that the Republicans have Herbert as their candidate, I suppose the speeches will start off, "Ladies and gentlemen, it behooves me," etc.

LORD DOUGLASS.

As the World Wags:

I nominate for a reserved seat down about the fifth row in your Hall of Fame Mr. Eagle Freshwater, buyer for Showers Brothers Company of Bloomington, Ind.

F. R. ELLSWORTH.

### AD SOCIETY NOTES

(Kennebec, S. D., Advocate Leader)

While Walt Picker was escorting Miss Edith Rigen home from a dance Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Picker several times on the public square.

### OPEN SEASON

As the World Wags:

Now is the time the tourist will begin working crossroad puzzles.

LOOKWIN.

### INCREDIBLE

As the World Wags:

I saw a man who didn't wear a leg-horn hat with the brim turned down all the way around.

G. W. T.

Women spend as much on one hair-wave as a man spends on hair-cutting in 12 months.—Judge Turner.

As the World Wags:

"In the winter of 1916 when they were living at Tuckahoe her husband threw a plate of sauerkraut at her, she charges."—N. Y. World.

Which was her cue that the wurst was yet to come. What? I. W. G.

### "—AND SO TO BED"

"Miss Gladys Burlton has created a new sphere for herself by conducting conferences for women clerks in England. The saleswoman, she says, should be like a doctor, 'diagnosing' the customer and assuming the soothing bedside manner that inspires confidence."—Boston Herald.

Customer—I want to look at your neckties.  
Salesman—Yes, indeed. Let me feel your pulse.

C.—Just a moderate priced one you know.

S.—Of course. Now say, "ah." Again. That's right.

C.—Just a plain every day tie, you understand. Nothing flashy.

S.—No, no. Turn around, please. Now say "ninety-nine." Again, "ninety-nine." There. Have you been sleeping well?

C.—I thought something in gray with maybe just a touch of maroon.

S.—A slight fever. Perhaps a touch of the grippie. Have you had diphtheria?

C.—I wouldn't want to spend over \$2 at the most.

S.—I'll send you to ward seven. Do you want a wheel chair, or can you walk?

C.—Please, just one little necktie. Anything at all as long as it goes around my neck.

S.—Give this prescription to the nurse. I know you'll feel better in a day or two.

C.—Just one, little necktie.

S.—Our best bargains, of course, are in the free clinic basement.

C.—Please, Can't I have a tie? Even one of these bow things with an elastic would be all right.

S.—You will have to stop drinking and take more exercise after this. Here comes the wheel chair. Tell the attendant to show you the isolation ward for golf clothes on the way.

C. (Weeping as he exits)—Please, just a piece of string will do.

—THE MOCK TURTLE.

From the poems of Sir William Watson:

"The Gods, being merry, and having for a whim

Created Man to make a jest of him,  
And taken counsel of their hearts how best

To crown with a pure perfectness the jest,

Set him fast-anchored shiplike mid the foam

Of the Infinite Seas he else had joyed to roam.

"There doth he bear, while tempest round him flits,

The laughter of the great, high, heavenly Wits;

And there, though he persuades himself that he

Is well contented with captivity,

He dreams of the isles he never hath espied.

And the far oceans to his sails denied."

### STATE THEATRE

#### "Telling the World"

A screen drama starring William Haines, written by Dale van Every, directed by Sam Wood and made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Don Davis.....	William Haines
Crystal.....	Anita Page
Mazie.....	Eileen Percy
Don's father.....	Frank Currier
Landlady.....	Polly Moran
Lane.....	Bert Roach
City editor.....	William V. Monahan
The Killer.....	Matthew Betz

Since William Haines has essayed the role of a bumptious young man at West Point, at college, on a transcontinental train and in the marines, his antics are continued without a great amount of inspirational suffering to a newspaper office in his present film, where, with his usual good luck, he gets a "scoop" on a good murder when his news buddies thought to give him a goose chase.

There is a nice little orphan in the present film who, after watching the shooting of one man in a telephone booth, comes to the timely rescue of the reporter. Then she waits for him in a taxi until dawn while he writes his story, falls in love with him and leaves for China in a theatrical troupe when she discovers that his intentions are not honorable.

But it is time for the reformation to start, and the young man finds that he sincerely loves the girl; so he takes a wedding ring to Shanghai only to find that she is in Sinking, a portion of China under military rule and liable to revolution.

The old-time motion picture thrillers have educated us to the rest of the action, where the young heroine is wrongly accused of murdering the Governor of Sinking to cover ambitious native officials and the hero comes in time to send for the United States navy.

William Haines as a serious youth, which he usually becomes the last half of his films, is far more impressive than the self-conscious and wholly obnoxious upstart he regales international audiences with at first. Anita Page, the pleasant young woman to whom murders become almost a daily occurrence, is pretty and capable of delicate emotionalism. The rest of the cast played as sincerely as possible.

### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

#### "The Crimson City"

A screen drama, starring Myrna Loy, written by Anthony Coldeway, directed by Archie Mayo and made by Warner Brothers, with the following cast:

Nan Toy.....	Myrna Loy
Gregory Kent.....	John Miljan
Nadine Howells.....	Leila Hyams
"Dagger" Foo.....	Matthew Betz
Major Howells.....	Anders Randolph
Sing Yoy.....	Solin
Su.....	Anna May Wong
Richard Bland.....	Richard Tucker

When East meets West in Hollywood about the same Chinese characters are used over and over again. Matthew Betz as the manager of a Chinese night club is something new in orientals, and Myrna Loy does well in her present undertaking of giving yet another "Madame Butterfly" to the screen, with Anna May Wong in the same cast for comparison.

The white derelict is saved by the little yellow girl and he returns to his own kind. One villain is killed outright and another is bested.

The associate picture is "Green Grass Widows," featuring Walter Hagen, golfer and winner of the British open golf championship.

C. M. D.

The reader has probably met Mr. Blowhard. He is usually round. You find him in all public places. Knows all the actors intimately. Went to school with some of 'em. Knows how much they get a month to a cent, and how much liquor they can hold to a teaspoonful. He knows Ned Forrest like a book. . . . Is well acquainted with a certain actress. Could have married her just as easy as not if he had wanted to. Didn't like her "style" and so concluded not to marry her. Knows Dan Rice well. Knows all of his men and horses. Is on terms of affectionate intimacy with Dan's rhinoceros, and is tolerably well acquainted with the performing elephant.—ARTEMUS WARD.

The public man! Suppose he is a candidate for the highest office, a swarm of people buzz in the newspapers about him, the boyhood playmate, the college chum, the struggler in the lean years of the beginning that led to a possibly glorious end. Photographs and tintypes are unearthed.

In "McClure's Model Village for Literary Toilers," by the late James L. Ford, there is a description of a fleet canal-boat arriving, hailing from Galesburg, Ill., "laden with hitherto unpublished photographs of Ulysses S. Grant and recollections of that warrior, and of his uncles, his aunts, his progenitors, his progeny, his man-servant, his maid-servant, his cattle, and the reporters within his gates."

Why should "Al" Smith or "Herb" Hoover escape? How can they? Even shy Mr. Coolidge was and is photographed daily. Nor are the estimable wives of the candidates spared. The intimacy of home life is invaded. The fierce light that beats upon the throne is a candle-ray in comparison with the spot-light playing on a presidential candidate and his family.

We were led to the making of these comments by Lucio's little article in the Manchester Guardian:

### THE MEN WHO KNEW HOOVER

A menace from which in this effete little isle we are thus far relatively free is the orgy of publicity with which the United States greets people who once gave a cigar to a candidate for the presidency, or lent him a bicycle, or taught him algebra, or did his washing, or pushed him into a ditch, or sold him socks, or showed him a good camping pitch in 1883. All over the states just now the pack of men who knew Hoover is in full cry, and the local papers of every state are gratefully receiving important revelations of this sort, be they never so long-winded, and adorning them with the photograph (or photographs) of the donor. There is now and henceforth an utter slump in confidence of men who knew Coolidge. Nobody any longer cares a couple of cents for inside information about poor Cal. Considerably more amusing stories are being told by men who knew Al than men who knew Herb, for Herb has always taken himself seriously, as became a big business man, while Al has been a jolly chap, hail-fellow-well-met with every man, since the days when he worked in a fishmonger's shop. Already the legion of good Democrats who have assured the local editor that Al told them a peach of a funny one while wrapping up the pickler for them is so great that placed at intervals of a yard its members would stretch from Oshkosh, Mich., to Hot Dog, Okla., or somewhere else.

### AD LIGHT EMPLOYMENTS

As the World Wags:

It is axiomatic that new machines create new methods of earning a living. There is the cigar lighter, for instance. We encountered the hardy pioneer of a new calling in the lobby of a New York hotel. He was faultlessly attired. Spats, a stick, and a Russian-grand-duke bearing somehow blended harmoniously with a broad, optimistic Rotarian outlook. You would lend him your fountain pen or introduce him to your bootician without question.

A young man in golf clothes sat waiting for a friend. He took a cigarette from his case and a lighter from his pocket. The bespatted one paused in his stroll, his eyes alight with interest and a dash of veiled cupidity.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to the young man. "Little hobby of mine. I'll bet you five dollars she doesn't start on the first twirl."

The young man looked up in amused surprise. He took a five-dollar bill from his pocket and laid it down. The grand duke matched it with another. The young man twirled the wheel with his thumb and the wick ignited at once. With a compliment for the lighter and a glance at its trade-mark the grand duke bowed smilingly and continued his stroll. The young man pocketed his winnings and left.

A middle-aged man came from the elevator and sat in the same chair. He took a panatella from his vest pocket.



and produced the inevitable lighter. "Excuse me, sir," said the grand duke, "in his stroll. 'Little hobby of mine. I'll wager five dollars your lighter doesn't start on the first twirl.' With a look of amused surprise the man produced the money. He emitted a fellow-club-member chuckle and said his lighter was a good one. He twirled—and lost.

"The average is good," the grand duke told me. He saw that I had been watching him. "It runs about 73 per cent. There are two or three sure-fire lighters on the market, but I spot 'em and lay off. A month ago my last racket went up the spout, leaving me with a century to start a new one. I hung around hotels and clubs (I have an entree in several good ones) and compiled statistics about lighters. When I was sure I was right I went ahead. If I lost 20 times in succession my capital would be gone, but I knew that couldn't happen. I make from \$25 a day up. Depends on how hard I work."

I took out a cigarette—and a match. "Scab!" hissed the grand duke, and turned on his heel. H. F. M.

Sport is our sole means of preserving the qualities of primitive man in the man of today. . . . Through sport it will be possible to remove every trace of the crimes of civilization.—Jean Giraudoux.

## SCREEN

Twelve o'clock noon is hardly the time one would expect a film theatre to be packed to the doors with patient patrons standing in several lines before the box office and those in the second stage of watching the entertainment packed in back of the seating space eying enviously the dim figures seated before them. It is still a habit to think of a full theatre at a respectable hour after dinner or luncheon, even a film theatre, where the continuous performance was first incorporated, to catch those who disliked having their amusement dictated by the clock, or the ladies who had some time to kill and would a little rather see the love episodes on the screen than try on hats, or the mixed populace who had a train to catch in "a couple" hours.

It was high noon, however, when this observer was tolerated by the management of a local theatre showing the new talking films and allowed to pass the box office lines and join the standees in the rear of the seating capacity.

For 15 minutes we stood there modestly, bobbing in back of a tall gentleman who in turn rested his weight on the opposite foot from the one selected by the chubby woman in front of him. We were then overcome with curiosity to see if "the power of the press" was a hollow phrase. Selecting our usher carefully, we hissed "press-s" softly in his ear so as not to offend our erstwhile companions, and were informed proudly that there wasn't a seat in the house. "Oh, I say, I might put a chair for you in the balcony box," so we thanked him awfully and decided that there were certain advantages to a balcony box.

The usher was friendly. He assured us that "it had been like this since 10:30 this morning." He found us a comfortable chair in the first box with a good view of the other boxes opposite and the solid structure of the building before us. Again we exercised our ingenuity and found that several years' balancing in the subway double-curve at Boylston street while poised for flight had so trained us that we could mock at the law of specific gravity and catch glimpses of the screen without great discomfort to any but those more fortunate ones in front of us. In this way we saw enough of the screen to become warmly enthusiastic for the future of the talking film play. The period of declamation will soon pass.

There is something very satisfactory about a large audience, especially when they are friendly to what is being done for their amusement. Any stage performer will tell you that in most instances the audience contributes more than it realizes to the success of the play. In the present case, the celluloid should have crinkled happily as it unwound in the expansive atmosphere of its eager public. It may even be necessary to take photographs of the stars making a speech between the reels, which will be rather a pity, as an actor so careful of his art as to stay in his part and refrain from drinking in the adulation of a clamoring public as himself, has always been a thing to comment upon. But the film seems to be leaning heavily upon its respected contemporary, the stage, and one can imagine it whispering ecstatically, "Whither thou goest, I will go—thy people shall be my people."

It is too early in the game for the judicious and wary to foretell how popular and revolutionary the talking film will be. Perhaps Sydney Carroll emulated a giraffe from an upper box when he said that he was looking forward to the time when he could see and hear his film entertainment in his own library. Personally we like the catching enthusiasm of a crowd. C. M. D.

## Royalty and Art

Mr. Oswald Birley has painted a portrait of King George the Fifth, but not as a king in gorgeous state. One likes to think of a monarch wearing his crown even at a game of bridge or at a flower show. In a portrait he should also sport his sceptre. Of course, at a simple family meal, the crown could be put for the time being on the sideboard, a chair, or hung on the hat rack in the hall.

In Mr. Birley's portrait George wears a black jacket and vest—not even a fancy waistcoat—trousers and "a Guards tie." There is a dispute over this tie. The Guards officers of today say it should be worn only with a light colored lounge suit; the tie is too gay for dark clothes. There has long been a prejudice, wholly unwarranted, against red neckties, but in the Guards tie dark blue may mitigate the offence. Furthermore, the king can do no wrong—even in matters of dress.

Portrait painters and sculptors are often reproached for the manner in which they dress their subjects, if a monarch or mighty person can properly be called a subject; let us say, rather, victims. King George, for example, has been portrayed in "frock" dress, i.e., evening dress with breeches and black stockings; also in a frock coat. It will be remembered that the portrait by Sims was harshly criticized because a royal leg presented a grotesque appearance. Even a monarch may not have the legs of an Apollo. Trousers cover anatomical sins as well as royal shins, if the tailor cuts artistically.

There has been objection to trousers in sculpture. It is thought that a toga or knee breeches present a more pleasing appearance. In old-times rulers were more fortunate. Suits of armor concealed physical deficiencies. And so Artemus Ward, visiting the Tower of London, was impressed by Richard the Third in a heavy tin overcoat, on horseback; by another king "mounted onto a foam-in steel, his right hand grasping a barber's pole"; by a wax figure of Queen Elizabeth, "mounted on a fiery stuffed boss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocco nostril dilates hawtily." But in South Africa there is an outcry against the statue of Gen. Botha, because he is mounted on a fine horse instead of a Boer pony, as there were protests against the statue of Mustapha Kema Pasha, who is in conventionally polite European dress.

The erection of a statue, however honorable the intention, is too often one of the penalties of greatness.

Rumblings from the mental earthquake which took place recently in Manhattan when the New York cinema censors exercised their talents on the screen version of Bartlett Cormack's play "The Racket" are still to be heard though growing fainter as time washes out, as it will, the heat of the moment.

All would have been well if Mr. Cormack had taken his censoring kindly, but he did not. He gazed upon the mutilated form of his creative efforts and fought back bravely with his clever pen. He told the New York public just what had been censored and the probable reasons. Even some of the suave and learned stage critics hopped from their pedestals for the moment and devoted themselves to the cause. Mr. Percy Hammond of the New York Tribune applied himself to the question and gives some sage explanations of the censorship blight on so excellent a screen play.

"Once upon a time," writes Mr. Hammond, "Anthony Trollope, a novelist, was hailed before the censors of his day for using the words 'fat stomach

in his picture of a bishop. As he suddenly changed the description from 'fat stomach' to 'deep chest,' Mr. Trollope excused his judges by explaining that they all had fat stomachs themselves and were therefore personally offended by the illustration. Mr. Cormack senses a similar emotion in the glands of the politicians who amended his photograph of them in 'The Racket.'

"Mr. Cormack's diagnosis of a censor's impulses agrees mildly with that of Mr. Trollope and of Harvey O'Higgins, who has been thinking them over for the Outlook. 'To speak in the solemn language of psychiatry,' says Mr. O'Higgins, 'the impulse to censor an art arises in people when that art evokes in them the emotion of fear.' It may be true, as Mr. Gormack indicates, that the political board of taboos shivered with horror when they saw minor politics dangling from the gibbet of 'The Racket' and made haste to erase the vision, shrieking as they did so, 'Out, damned spot! . . . Myself, being of a shallower type of mediator, suspect that their motives spring from places not so deep. It is, perhaps, the human passion to be bossy that inspires censors to give orders to the arts. Most of us are fond of whip-cracking, from traffic cops and parents to floorwalkers and drama critics. Give us a little authority and the fumes of it invade our brain; making us proud and giddy. Equipped with the privilege to issue commands, we are prone to overexert it. What fun it is to tell our fellowmen what they shall and shall not do! The enactment of laws is good sport, but the enforcement of them is bliss. Most of us were bred in the foothills of Sinai.'

"We soon shall have to sit for 10 minutes at the beginning of every reel to be told who developed it, who fixed it, who dried it, who provided the celluloid, who sold the chemicals and who cut the actor's hair."—George Bernard Shaw.

There have been so many governments that have objected to being cinematized or having their inhabitants shown in any way on the screen that was either comical, brutal or both, that it seems merely incidental that Chicago is starting a campaign against the showing of gun raids, gunmen and underworld life which Ben Hecht started in his understanding motion picture script about the great forces, both hunted and hunting, that prowl about the Loop when, according to the motion picture versions, its few law abiding citizens, are sleeping as peacefully as possible with machine guns rat-a-tat-tatting down the boulevards.

Chicago says she will have no more such film nonsense. Hotel business not what it normally should be. C. M. D.

## By ROY R. GARDNER

The Viennese still set great store on looks. They always did. Poor they may be, and live very small—but when they stir abroad trust them to cut a gallant show. Even in the piteous years following the war they never lost their knack. Though good foodstuffs they could not come at, at the hotels they set their tables out as invitingly as ever; the whipped cream on which they dote might prove too often sour, but there it was, to please the eye with its foamy whiteness. Because they knew how to fashion a garment, men and women alike looked smart and up-to-date even when they had to do their best with material both scant and poor. "Splendide," to use their own expressive term, the Viennese must be; to be "splendide" means, in translation perhaps not too sympathetic, "to cut a dash."

They do love a dash, these Viennese, a show. And they want it highly colored. Their love of color they show on the streets, where women with gaudy kerchiefs on their heads sell flowers, oriental poppies mostly, in early June, set next, for contrast's sake, to corn flowers of brilliant blue. For the Schubert "festival" weeks the people hung those streets with flags of all the nations, long pennon-like flags that do not conceal a building's facade, but brighten its surface rather, as they float in the breeze, with a delicious play of color.

## INDIVIDUALITY

Even in hanging out a flag they display individuality. The same valuable quality they exhibit in their dress. They do not dress as we do; young and old, rich and poor, all alike so far as we can contrive it. From a seat in a Ring cafe one can see a wider variety of garb in half an hour's time than we could find at home in a month. The young women, to be sure, and the girls dress much like Americans, although, to an eye untrained in such matters, they

appear to attain an unusually high average of taste and smartness. But if older women fancy skirts that trail in the dust, they make no bones of letting them trail, or of wearing bonnets and shawls, or coats cut after the mode of the nineties, when sleeves like balloons were "in." The peasant women who wear shawls on their heads, aprons and high boots, perhaps are following need more than taste, but to the variety of costume in evidence undoubtedly they add.

The men, more eagerly even than the women, pounce on every feature of dress through which they can express individuality. They admire the English, the knowing younger ones, to the point of smoking pipes in the street and struggling with monacles. On their legs they wear every variety of pantaloons imaginable, ordinary trousers usually very well cut, knickers very generally plus fours—not many of these—short leather breeches after the Styrian style with stockings covering just the calves, or with no stockings at all.

Some sport stiff collars, others soft; some, Byron-like rolling collars with a free display of neck. On their heads they wear bowlers, soft felts almost white, or green or brown, Tyrolian hats with a shaving brush for ornament, or perhaps no hat at all. So with their beards; smooth faces prevail among the younger fry; between smooth faces and beards a foot long, many variations are possible. To watch the world in Vienna go by is to witness a continuous show.

## LOVE FOR SHOW

This love for show and its setting the Viennese brought into play when they planned to allure the world to their two "festival" weeks in commemoration of Schubert's death centenary. True to type, they opened the occasion with a function in the Rathaus square at half-past ten of a Sunday morning, June 3. An impressive setting they had at hand. The steps of the Rathaus itself, a city hall unrivalled, surely, in splendor the length and breadth of Europe, served as an imposing centre of ceremonies. Opposite rose the massive bulk of the Burg Theatre, to one side the University building, to the other the Parliament, dazzling white in the hot morning sun. In the square, the papers stated, no less than 30,000 souls were gathered.

They and their setting were a sight to see. So were the trumpeters stationed high up in the Rathaus tower to open officially with a tucket and flourish, the festival week. It mattered not much to the Viennese that the trumpeters thus picturesquely but unfavorably placed high above the throng trumpeted calls and fanfares that sounded sadly out of tune; speeches by the mayor and two other worthies, with the help of loud speakers, sounded better.

The famous Philharmonic Orchestra, with Schalk himself on hand to lead it, provided the main feature of the occasion. They played Schubert's C major symphony. Of course they did themselves no justice, even with loud speakers to help. Its choirs, indeed, could all be heard, but not in right proportion; all precision, too, of attack failed. The spectacle had to serve.

Spectacle again must have had the best of it at those two "Serenades" the Philharmonic Orchestra gave, with the aid of a chorus, in the Josefsplatz. To sit in a spacious palace courtyard gazing up at stately palace walls proved, no doubt, a pleasant experience. But did it pay for the acoustics of a decent hall?

So it went. A string quartet to which solo singers lent their assistance gave concerts in the courtyard of Schubert's house. The court is charming, white-walled, with beflowered balconies, and a garden at one end; Schubert, however pitiful his later lot, was born in not mean surroundings, unless the house has gained in character. But how, outdoors, with the life of a busy city thoroughfare going its noisy way, could chamber music have sounded!

## LIGHT AND COLOR

Something, perhaps, like a chorus in the cathedral, Beethoven's "Missa Solennis," none the less, in the Stefansdom, offered those in attendance an experience all apart. The great west door, in the occasion's honor opened, displayed the endless length of the nave and the choir. They glowed with light and color, the crimson and gold of damask hangings, the cool gray stone of massive pillars. Wooden confessionals, benches and choir stalls, all worn black with age and use, added the needful sombre note to the riot of blue and green in altar pictures, the gold of shrines and burnished altar vessels.

If splendor palled, one had only to raise one's eyes. Bright artificial light lost all its force before the soaring pillars had reached half their height. For what light they enjoyed the vast distant spaces near the vaulted roof depended on the late afternoon sun. Against the gloom of the remotest corners even the sun could not prevail. They held to their gloom, the darker because they adjoined broad reaches of white stone wall illuminated by the sun shining through painted glass—some of it very



ancient glass and beautiful—and colored with delicate greens and lavender, the tints beloved by Puvion de Chavannes—cool colors and chaste, restful after the thrilling gorgeousness below.

The smell of the incense of centuries lingered in the air. In the high vaulted places every sound echoed. Mystery, majesty, beauty—a fitting setting for Beethoven at his grandest.

It was setting, however, once more that counted. The singers in the gallery over the west door could project their voices only feebly to the east end of the nave and the choir; Beethoven's greatest moments sank in the Stefan-dom, to a scurrying blur of sound. Even

quieter passages, though exquisitely sung, could not tell in surroundings all untoward. One cathedral performance, for the sake of the setting, could have been wise. They lost an opportunity, none the less, the Viennese, when they did not sing the mass again in a fitting hall to show the world how it should sound. For they made it plain that they know the right way.

With concerts thus little or nothing, except for the pleasure of hearing music in surroundings strange and exciting, at their opera the Vienna powers that be should have offered strangers something notable. In this field, too, for the sake of a splurge, they sacrificed much. They had "The Aegyptiaca Helena" too much on their minds.

A new opera by Richard Strauss is, of course, a great event. The Viennese made the most of it. Though the edge of the event was dulled by the fact that the first performance on any stage had taken place a few days before in Dresden, lustre enough was left. In Vienna Strauss himself conducted the performance, on his birthday, too. Tickets, at extremely high prices—\$23 for two orchestra stalls—were not to be had for love or even for money; even persons who held a promise in black and white had to fight hard for their rights. Not a tenth of the people, the papers had it, who wanted to be on hand at the "premiere," got in.

#### FROM OUTSIDE IN

The nine-tenths who were disappointed stationed themselves, apparently, on the Ring in front of the Opera to watch the lucky one-tenth go in. Spectators filled the windows across the street, as though a procession were going forward. The lobby of the Opera itself was thronged with people there to see what they could see.

It was a shame they could not penetrate no farther, those folk who so dearly love a display. The spectacle inside was one worth fighting for, the expenditure of many shillings. The Vienna Opera, one of the stateliest in the world, formed a magnificent setting for a company truly imposing. The men, by request, appeared in full gala garb, with their medals and orders on, those who possess them. Though profusely jewelled and regally dressed, the women rarely let slip that instinct of fine taste which preserves Viennese, whatever their gorgeousness, from the flamboyant. They looked, in short, like somebodies, nine-tenths of the men and women present, as distinguished a body as one often comes to see.

Richard Strauss, when he came to the conductor's desk, for distinction held his own with the best. Since last he appeared in America he has grown old, but he is a person whom years become. The grand manner he has at last achieved, the real grand manner of simplicity and poise. Very grand indeed he looked while he acknowledged the cordial greeting—which was not quite so universally cordial as one would have expected; not above half the people stood. As soon as he decently could he ended it; he raised his baton to begin.

Till the curtain fell at the end of act one he had to play second fiddle. The "regisseur" who had staged the opera, Dr. Wallerstein, for an hour or more held the centre of attention. A regisseur, stated he in an interview, must base his scheme on the principle that not one word of opera is understood; only by means of his own ingenious exertions can the public know what is going on. If he had voiced his opinion frankly, probably he would have said that not a word matters—to paraphrase the duchess's dictum, take care of the looks and the sound will take care of itself.

He made his stage look very magnificent; a villa on the seacoast, a gift from Neptune to his favorite, a she-magician of the name Aithra, offered a fruitful field for magnificence. She lay, the sorceress, on a couch placed very high and remote, freely exposed to the sky but protected from too much wind and weather by hangings of an exquisite green that looked in some lights blue. Steps led from her open terrace to a plane below, where a corps of servant maids had much to do. Below the maids, on a third level, a mus-sel shell held the place of honor, a gift from Neptune to his lady. The mus-sel knew everything. When she imparted information—through a speaking tube

—the shell, to clarify the situation to the audience, shone.

The scene was all very opulent, darkly rich, suggestive of things far away and strange. In its extravagant way, too, it had beauty in it, the type of beauty that appealed to Paul Veronese—but Paul Veronese quite gone to seed, over-ripe. It is to be hoped, at all events, that its decadent beauty sufficed the public and also served to make the text's meaning clear. The singers, placed so high in the air and far away at the back of the stage, with hangings all about them, could make by few of their words distinguishable.

#### NONE TOO LUCID

This mattered the less in that the words, even in the reading, are none too lucid. When Hoffmannsthal, the librettist, like Mr. Erskine, the professor, fell to wondering what happened to Helen of Troy after Troy fell, he made no such neat job of his guess at the facts as Mr. Erskine made of his. Menelaus felt he ought to kill her; so much the Austrian set forth clearly. He made it manifest, furthermore, that Menelaus could not do it, her charm remained so potent. But not every listener—not

all the noted German critics—seized quite all the significance of the numerous potions that were brewed and quaffed throughout the action. Mrs. Jeritza, indeed, spent much of her time offering her spouse golden goblets, or else flinging them roughly away if he refused to touch the contents.

She must have done extremely well; for every critic lauded her singing and her acting to the skies; for her beauty and her force of temperament they could scarcely find words warm enough. Beautiful she may be, but surely her beauty is of the saucy soubrette type, not the classic. In movement she is awkward and angular. She allows herself postures that lead to round shoulders, and she waves her long arms excessively and meaninglessly. If all the world finds her singing expressive, expressive, of course, it must be. Those, however, who swear her voice sounds well, they have let their eyes, no doubt of it, get the better of their ears.

At the end of the first act she received vociferous applause from half the house or more, a pointed silence from the rest; quite as always, politics run rampant in Vienna. Those who applauded Mrs. Jeritza madly sat still and cool when Strauss himself appeared. For one or the other, though, applause held on for fully a quarter of an hour—applause acknowledged by Strauss with becoming dignity. Hers Mrs. Jeritza received, at first, with a curious air of anger. Presently feeling better, she turned kittenish, to the high delight of her devotees.

Of Strauss's music a listener cannot write intelligently who knows it only from a short study of the piano score, a single full hearing and part of another at the general rehearsal. Melodious the music is, but whether or not its melody is of genuine beauty and its power remains to be proved. Of its expressiveness a listener can scarcely judge who makes no claim to understanding what the poet called on the composer to express. The music can boast, as might have been expected, of an orchestral sonority truly superb. The only pity is that Strauss should have written so injudiciously for the voice that no singers on earth could make their tones sound other than forced and shrill. Strauss's birthday performance at Vienna was probably as good as any performance is likely to be.

#### CAUSE OF SUCCESS

Its success, nevertheless, when all is said, lay in the composer's presence at the desk, and in the constantly changing bizarre pictures on the stage, with fantastic maid servants bustling about, blacks, Egyptian soldiers, African princes out of the desert, horses, eunuchs, little slaves in hat and feather, elves.

To do the composer honor, the opera authorities tendered him a banquet after the final curtain fell. Grand company was invited—so grand indeed, the papers had it, that the hearts of many not asked burnt sore. To commemorate the occasion, Strauss made a present of his Helena's manuscript, bound in blue leather, to the library of the Vienna opera. And so ended the occasion.

It was a genuine occasion, one long to be remembered. A question, nevertheless, comes to mind. Did it cost the promoters of the festival weeks too dearly? For, after all, not many persons could possibly gain admittance to that premiere. What, then, remained for festival visitors who were not of the elect? Routine mostly.

Not all the operas enticingly listed in advance came to performance; Strauss's "Intermezzo" fell by the way, so did "Don Giovanni." Not all the singers announced appeared in the flesh. Certain operas, notably "Die Gaubertiole," were given performances extremely mediocre.

To lay the blame for all these shortcomings on poor Aegyptian Helen may be unjust. The feeling, none the less,

will not down that she exacted too much time and thought for the good of Vienna's festival weeks, and that the authorities over-estimated her power at making deficiencies good.

In Vienna much was hoped from those festival weeks. Interviews in the papers hint that expectations were not quite fulfilled. For another year wider advertising, above all in America, is recommended.

Very good. To offer, however, something worth while would serve the purpose better. If the promoters could bring themselves to recognize that one accomplished singer is worth more than yards of painted canvas and velvet hangings, they could save money enough on settings to enable them to engage fine singers; thus they could furnish strangers with many performances as excellent as their "Fidelio."

If they would let their orchestra, one of the world's best, and their admirable choruses be heard in suitable halls instead of in public squares and cathedrals, they would please real music lovers the more. Those music lovers, too, might wisely be given opportunity to hear the Viennese way with Viennese music written today, Schoenberg's, say, or Webern's. And, above all, the authorities ought to make it possible for Americans definitely to secure tickets for all events advertised before they leave their country.

That eternal note of spectacle, Vienna, after all, has no need to force. The city itself, the loveliest of capitals, offers spectacle enough. To see it just as it is, should suffice to attract any tourist who loves the beautiful, the gay, infinite variety. For festival weeks pray let the Viennese, another year, offer music lovers music of a quality, orchestral, operatic and choral, worthy of their high repute. This the Viennese can do the instant they come to recognize that the jewel it is that counts, not its setting.

Will the contributor who signs himself "Tantalus" send his address to The Herald-office so that he may hear something to his advantage?

#### "HE NEVER"

(For As the World Wags)

He never smoked at breakfast, for he never smoked at all;

So he never dropped hot ashes on the floor.

He never disregarded signs, "No Smoking," on the wall,

And he never made match-scratches on the floor;

He never took the nearest seat and let the crowd squeeze past;

He never stuck his toes up through your chair;

He never left the theatre the act before the last,

And trailed his overcoat across your hair;

He never told in March of scores he'd made at golf in June;

Or sniffed perceptibly when you told yours;

He never boasted shots and drives with iron, cleek or spoon,

At tedious length describing faults and cures;

He never got the early news of fistic pugilism

And quoted it verbatim, round by round;

He never talked enforcement, or mob-law, or smuggled rum,

While you read, "Amundsen, lost! Italia, found!"

He never ended statements with, "You know! You know! You know!"

Or clinched the matter with, "Believe me, kid!"

He never said, "And that's that," for your final overthrow;

BUT he raised exactly seven sons who DID.

J. H. BARNES.

Some of the homes for the unmarried mother are obsessed with the idea of an orgy of reiterated prayer all day.—Dr. Elwin Nash.

#### MUGS FOR "MUGS"

As the World Wags:

I had my hair cut yesterday, but didn't make the first page of even our local paper and doubt if your rotogravure editor would accept my picture either before, during or after the operation. Such is fame.

I enjoy my visits to the local "emporium of our tonsorial artist." I can sit in his chair and without effort answer "Yes" to his continual chatter on local affairs while I feast my eyes on the reflection of serried rows of shaving-mugs on the shelves at my back. Those shaving mugs! Sometimes, if half the female population of our village have anticipated my visit to the barber shop, I have time to examine these fascinating reminders of earlier days. Fine relics they are of a former generation. Though the owner may have long since gone to his reward his personal mug retains its

honored place. All are spotless white, evidence of affection on the part of our genial host.

Each shaving-mug bears the name of the owner and a design or picture exemplifying his trade or business. Familiar names—each worthy I knew well. There are mugs of those who were our leaders socially and politically, and with fine democracy scattered in between the names of much humbler men. The pictures are delightful—no dashing automobiles or airplanes. No, indeed—the horse and express-wagon age is here depicted in gilt and brilliant color.

There is the mug of my old milkman—he flourished in the golden age and retired the same year that the commonwealth established a system of inspection. Beside it is emblazoned the name of a gifted lawyer, moderator of a generation of town-meetings. What memories are recalled! And so it goes: there are the shaving-mugs of farmers, blacksmiths, druggist, horse-trader and the keeper of a wonderful (in 1880) billiard saloon. These shelves are a living directory of our business men of a previous generation—with one exception. I do not see the name and emblem of our undertaker.

And now may I ask the aid of our friend and counsellor Mr. Herkimer Johnson? When did the pictured shaving-mugs come into being? Were they ever a feature of city shops or were their glories reserved for the patrons in country villages? What becomes of shaving-mugs—has any one a collection of those of our famous Americans? Has Mr. Johnson at the local shop in Clamport a gilded shaving-mug bearing his name surmounted by crossed quills and a ponderous tome? I hope so, and that it may occupy its accustomed place for many years to come, a delight and education to yet unknown generations.

HIRUM ARUNDEL.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson shaves himself. We have seen him operating on his face, rather awkwardly, but without gashing his skin, in which, as in other respects, he is unlike Thomas Babington Macaulay. His weapon is a safety razor, but from fear of cutting himself he has removed the guard, so that his razor is like that of the old years, though probably not of so finely tempered steel.—Ed.

Who was the Chinese student that described the American University as "an athletic association where opportunities for study are provided for the feeble-bodied"?

"THE SQUIRREL, WITH ASPIRING MIND"

As the World Wags:

Time: A hot, sultry day, causing an inordinate thirst to man and beast alike.

Place: The double-decked fountain opposite St. Paul's Cathedral copiously spouting water into a partially filled reservoir below. Birds satiating their thirst from the upper reservoir, but no provision made for small four-footed animals to quench theirs.

A gray squirrel enters through the fence surmounting the fountain, and with a flying leap lands on the coping of the lower reservoir. He vainly tries to find a place to drink from on the inner side of the coping, running back and forth.

A crowd of idlers and weary workers returning from a strenuous day in hot offices and shops begins to collect, to watch the efforts of Mr. Squirrel, scenting ultimate downfall.

Mr. Squirrel decides that he can get a foothold on the roughness of cement joining the coping together.

Denouement: Mr. Squirrel starts to take a good drink when suddenly he slips and falls kerplunk into that with which he would slake his thirst. General mirth among onlookers as poor Mr. Squirrel hastily removes himself from the water and dashes across the grass, much chastened and bedraggled.

Moral: Provide suitable drinking places for our four-footed friends that give so much enjoyment to many. H. T. O.

Mrs. Erna Betz, suing for a separation from her spouse, says he never drank until he visited Germany last December, not even on the North German liner; but, tasting beer at Helmhof, he liked it so much that a visit planned for five weeks was prolonged to three months. This reminds one of the old story of the Italian priest who was sent out to find the best vineyard. Having found it, he stayed in the village till he died.

Twelve o'clock noon is hardly the time one would expect a film theatre to be packed to the doors with patient patrons standing in several lines before the box office and those in the second stage of watching the entertainment packed in back of the seating space eyeing enviously the dim figures seated before them. It is still a habit to think of a full theatre at a respectable hour after dinner or luncheon, even a film theatre, where the continuous perform-



ance was first incorporated, to catch those who disliked having their amusement dictated by the clock, or, the ladies who had some time to kill and would a little rather see the love episodes on the screen than try on hats, or, the mixed populace who had a train to catch in "a couple" hours."

It was high noon, however, when this observer was tolerated by the management of a local theatre showing the new talking films and allowed to pass the box office lines and join the standees in the rear of the seating capacity.

For 15 minutes we stood there modestly, bobbing in back of a tall gentleman who in turn rested his weight on the opposite foot from the one selected by the chubby woman in front of him. We were then overcome with curiosity to see if "the power of the press" was a hollow phrase. Selecting our usher carefully, we hissed "press-s" softly in his ear so as not to offend our erstwhile companions, and were informed proudly that there wasn't a seat in the house.

"Oh, I say, I might put a chair for you in the balcony box," so we thanked him awfully and decided that there were certain advantages to a balcony box.

The usher was friendly. He assured us that "it had been like this since 10:30 this morning." He found us a comfortable chair in the first box with a good view of the other boxes opposite and the solid structure of the building before us. Again we exercised our ingenuity and found that several years' balancing in the subway double-curve at Boylston street while poised for flight had so trained us that we could mock at the law of specific gravity and catch glimpses of the screen without great discomfort to any but those more fortunate ones in front of us. In this way we saw enough of the screen to become warmly enthusiastic for the future of the talking film play. The period of declamation will soon pass.

There is something very satisfactory about a large audience, especially when they are friendly to what is being done for their amusement. Any stage performer will tell you that in most instances the audience contributes more than it realizes to the success of the play. In the present case, the celluloid should have crinkled happily as it unwound in the expansive atmosphere of its eager public. It may even be necessary to take photographs of the stars making a speech between the reels, which will be rather a pity, as an actor so careful of his art as to stay in his part and refrain from drinking in the adulation of a clamoring public as himself, has always been a thing to comment upon. But the film seems to be leaning heavily upon its respected contemporary, the stage, and one can imagine it whispering ecstatically, "Whither thou goest, I will go—thy people shall be my people."

It is too early in the game for the judicious and wary to foretell how popular and revolutionary the talking film will be. Perhaps Sydney Carroll emulated a giraffe from an upper box when he said that he was looking forward to the time when he could see and hear his film entertainment in his own library. Personally we like the catching enthusiasm of a crowd. C. M. D.

## Mr. Ames and Operetta

That Mr. Winthrop Ames has decided to abandon Gilbert and Sullivan because they do not attract the public to a profitable extent is a surprise and disappointment to many; a surprise, for it was thought that the revivals were peculiarly successful; a disappointment, for it was hoped that "The Gondoliers," and possibly "Patience" would be added to Mr. Ames's list.

The operettas as produced by Mr. Ames were sumptuously mounted; the chorus was an exceptional one, vocally and by the spirit and grace of its evolutions; the principal singers were for the most part adequate. Why, then, was there a lack of popular support? Were there not enough persons of the older generation who remembered joyfully performances of the past? Did the whimsical humor of Gilbert and the melodies of Sullivan fall on younger ears as old-fashioned, even slow and dull? This certainly was not true of the music. Was Gilbert responsible for the lack of interest, not to say of enthusiasm?

Some may say that the public's taste has been corrupted, debased by the light music, the jazz of musical

comedies; but this would be unfair to certain contemporaneous composers, ingenious in rhythmic invention, finders out of sparkling or haunting melodies.

We are inclined to believe that Gilbert's scheme of absurd premises leading by logical processes to absurd dramatic situations was caviare to the general, nor was the clowning introduced in "The Pirates of Penzance" of such a hilarious nature that it served as a stimulant to enjoyment. Operettas, as well as plays, have their day. The traditions of original performances are largely lost. Offenbach and his witty librettists have suffered in Paris as Gilbert and Sullivan have suffered in this country and even in London. Still there are those who are faithful to the men who once ruled the operetta stage; who delight in Gilbert's quips and logical unreasonableness, and know that Sullivan was a master of his art. To them Mr. Ames's abandonment is not only a disappointment; it is inexplicable. P. H.

That many of our readers are interested in the furnishing of churches is shown by letters from various districts of New England inspired by Mr. James D. D. Comey's statement that spittoons were in the pews of a Congregational church known to him in his boyhood. Apparently years ago the proper furnishing of a pew included a rack for the hymnbooks, stools upholstered or plain for the children who stood during the "long prayer," sometimes an arm-rest at each end of the pew, and at least one spittoon of ornate or chaste design. Meeting houses might have easily admitted the last-named article of furniture; but was a spittoon to be found in a gothic structure?

### SPIT AND BE SAVED

As the World Wags:

When I was compiling a history of the Congregational Church of Foxcroft, Me., a few years ago, I found in the records that when a meeting house was built in 1850 the pulpit furnishings included a pitcher, a tumbler and a spittoon. The pew of the richest man in the church contained a spittoon until his death a few years ago. L. P. EVANS.

As the World Wags:

Cheering to receive the news from Mr. James D. D. Comey that the old-time whaling masters of New Bedford insisted on spittoons in their pews. The intelligence brings to mind a story of still older times in a Maine town where a cuspidor ornamented the pulpit as well, as a concession to the pastor's habit of tobacco chewing. This clergyman of a century ago, the Rev. Moses Sweat, or Parson Sweat as generally known, who enjoyed a 36 years' pastorate in one place, could not refrain from his devotion to the weed, even through meetin' time. Ever and anon during his hour's discourse he would pause, and putting his finger firmly on the manuscript to mark the place in his sermon, would bend over and expectorate copiously into the receptacle placed behind the reading desk. The parishioners took the proceeding for granted. Parson Sweat was a learned man who hid his light in a small town. He owned a polyglot Bible containing eight versions of the scriptures, which he could translate in every tongue. It is related that the scholarly President Appleton of Bowdoin College, after visiting him and hearing his polyglot readings and interpretations, remarked, "I don't know anything in comparison with that man."

GREGORY GOWEN.

As the World Wags:

Spittoons were to be found in some northern New England churches in the '70s, at least.

In the later '60s the Methodists in our town built a church, considerably finer than most in the district, and the pew-holders, except where there were no men in the family, installed spittoons as a matter of course. They were generally of a mottled brown (the spittoons, not the pew-holders), and were upstanding or squatly as taste dictated. As the care of these utensils devolved upon their owners and as some of the owners were a bit careless, it would have been easy to locate many of the pews in the dark.

For a time there was a spittoon in the pulpit, though the ministers were never tobacco-users, and it was not disestablished till some finicky clergyman put in a protest.

Our church cannot have been exceptional in respect of furnishings, for the spittoon had a recognized standing in the Protestant churches in the vicinity; its occasional predecessor, the sawdust box, had fallen into disrepute for reasons not

worth mentioning here. The early '80s seem to have finished them.

L. M. NEWMAN.

As the World Wags:

In the matter of spittoons as in many other things, the churches have shown themselves to be in advance of the times.

A friend of mine, recently called to the pastorate of a New England church, discovered a pile of antique crockery in a dusty corner of the belfry tower. The janitor of the building explained that they had been taken out of the pews but a short while before, and as they did not know what to do with them, they had stored them there. There should be a market for these somewhere.

Not more than 20 years ago I was a member of a Sunday school in a Congregational church in Greater Boston. During the rehearsal of the Easter program we had access to the pulpit—a sanctuary of mysterious possibilities. The pulpit was an old wooden one, and at one side, convenient to the minister's foot, was a pedal. When the pedal was pressed, a spittoon automatically slid out from a hidden recess, only to disappear again as the pressure was released.

A few years ago, when I was working as cylinder pressman in a large printing establishment, there were sawdust boxes everywhere. Now I am given to understand that the larger shops have followed the example of the churches, banishing the boxes and keeping the floors swept and garnished, yet the men seem to be able to work under these conditions. J. D. K.

### "TIVOLI"

As the World Wags:

This game was very popular all over the West when I was young, but it was universally known as "Chinese billiards." L. R. ROBINSON.

### MORE "FOOLISHMENT"

As the World Wags:

Though Flanders fields may have their poppies, Miss Edith P. Flanders, W. C. T. U. official of Manchester, in this once sovereign state of New Hampshire, will not stand for pop containing 1.07 per cent. of alcoholic content.

A few days ago the young people of the East Manchester Tennis Club thought they would have a lawn party. As part of their provision for entertainment a supply of pretzels was acquired for the raising of a proper thirst, and several brewings of root beer were put in process of manufacture, according to the directions on the bottles of extracts, for its slaking. These directions prescribe the use of a yeast cake in the formula, just as one is essential in a baking of well-raised bread.

All would have been well and in conformity with the 18th amendment and the Volstead act if the sun had not come out hot and accelerated the normal functioning of the natural law of fermentation. There was no Joshua to command the sun to stand still, and there ensued a conflict of laws, between the law of Nature and the Volstead act. Nature accomplished its hellish purpose despite the Volstead act and the expressed views of both Republican candidates for the governorship of New Hampshire, and though the young people withdrew from sale, the one of the five brewings which had become fit to drink, under the frown of Miss Flanders and the grins of the Manchester police the sun did its day's work as usual and rose the following morning untrifled and unjailed.

The question has not been answered yet in New Hampshire as to when the natural fermentation of the cider in the barrel down cellar makes a criminal out of the deacon standing on the kitchen floor. ABGL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

### THE EXPERT GUIDE

As the World Wags:

"Guide," exclaimed the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water?" The Yankee looked up from his baiting with a sigh and replied: "That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter." CEEJAY.

### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

#### "Warming Up"

A screen drama starring Richard Dix, written by Sam Mink, directed by Fred Searles and made with sound effects by Paramount with the following cast:

Bert Tulliver	Richard Dix
Mary Post	Jean Arthur
Mr. Post	Claude King
McRae	Philo McCullough
Doyle	Wade Boteler

The first picture with sound effects but without dialogue is something else that is interesting in the collection of entertainment that is now coming from the motion picture studios. There is no denying the fact that the noise and excitement of a crowd which one now hears lends itself to the dramatic value of the current offering in which Richard Dix is glorified as a rookie baseball

pitcher who achieves membership with the Yankees and pitches the winning game in the world's series the same season.

There are several technical difficulties which the producers have either closed their eyes to or blithely ignored. Baseball contracts are taken more seriously than "Warming Up" would have one suppose, but in spite of these minor liberties taken in the name of dramatic license, the film play is amusing and the action on the diamond is realistic enough.

There are calls from the crowd that are amusing, expressions from the baseball players that burst from the screen like a Fourth of July celebration, and the radio broadcaster in action is used to tell the progress of the game.

That part is thrilling but when the love interest is introduced by the singing of an unconnected song by an unseen person, something about the dawn and you, while the screen principles are talking to each other in bright daylight in front of a booth at a fair, one might suggest that realism ends.

Richard Dix plays his part sincerely enough from the time he is introduced by George Marion, Jr., as coming from the country with two shirts because he wanted to stay a long time. He falls in love with a young woman who he thinks is a governess and she, to keep up the deception, meets him at the back door of her residence wringing out a dish cloth. Jean Arthur as the pseudo nurse-girl is enough like dainty Mary Brian to be her twin. Whether it was accident or intent to make McRae, the baseball villain, look, as much as possible, like "Babe" Ruth was not one of the pleasing things about the film. "Pow-Wow" is on the stage, devised by Paul Oscar, encouraging to the feather industry, with good little Indians dancing the blackbottom. C. M. D.

## Something for Nothing

Aug 20 1928

The interstate commerce commission has in contemplation the placing of a curb upon the use of private cars by the wives, families and friends of railroad officials.

This statement brings to mind the abuse of the "pass" in years gone by. Men, abundantly able to pay for the transportation of themselves and families, proud-spirited in other ways, would abjectly beg for passes or imperiously demand them as a right, not as a privilege. They would pose as men of importance in their village, who might in some way or another benefit or injure the railway. Having obtained the pass, if it were for a year, they would ride to and fro without definite purpose or business, to take all the advantage possible of the permission; perhaps to show their superiority over the humbler ticket buyers in the car. Editors of country newspapers were importunate in their demands. The only one whose claim was rejected was known to Artemus Ward. Perhaps it was because of his inebriated condition when he came on the railway official that his demand was of no avail; but the editor had his revenge then and there by saying that he knew why he could not obtain a pass: "Your road is so darned slow, it can't pass anybody."

(We quote from memory, and are not letter-perfect.)

In one of the New England states the granting of passes to its legislators became a public scandal. How could they, how could the accepting editors, deal impartially with any project of railway officials even if the project were against public interest? Then there were clergymen who believed that their holy office called for special privileges. If they could not obtain a pass, they surely would be taken for half fare.

The thought that stockholders in the railways were thus wronged never entered the greedy heads, nor was regarded as absurdly altruistic, by these clamorers for passes. Yet they, and their successors today are only among those who expect something for nothing.

## Our Witch Doctors

Dr. Roland Williams at a meeting of the British Medical Association said that "faith of a large portion of the intelligent public in witchcraft is not extinct." It seems that many of



July 29 1928

The Cape Playhouse at Dennis furnishes good entertainment to its subscribers from Barnstable to Yarmouthport, from Provincetown to Woods Hole. The performances begin at 9 P. M. The season so far has been successful artistically and pecuniarily.

For the week of July 16 the play was Shaw's "Candida." Miss Peggy Wood took the part of the clergyman's wife. The other parts were thus distributed: Prosperpine, Uytendale Allaire; Morell, Minor Watson; Mill, Leonard Mudie; Burgess, Perry Ivins; Marchbanks, Romney Brent.

The performance on the whole was excellent. Miss Wood gave an understandable portrayal of Candida's character, not an easy task. Analysts and psycho-analysts have done Shaw's heroine much harm, by asking whether she was really bored by her self-satisfied husband; whether she would have run off with the romantic Marchbanks if he had not been given to flopping; or did she merely indulge herself in a sort of motherly affection for the youth, the affection that is often a disguise unconsciously assumed for a warmer feeling. Vain contentions, vain babblings on the part of the analytical disputants.

Miss Wood made it clear first of all that Candida was blessed with the saving gift of humor. To her the husband and the foolishly romantic youth were both children; the husband the one the more in need of mothering. Add to Miss Wood's intelligent conception of the part, her pure and clear enunciation, the significance of her diction, her personal grace and charm.

Was it not a mistake to dress her and Miss Allaire in the hideous costumes of the assumed period of the action? "Candida" is not the play of a certain year or even period. It is as fresh and vital a comedy now as it was when it was first performed.

Mr. Watson had played at this theatre earlier in the season the leading character in "The Barker." As the Rev. Mr. Morell he gave what might be called a substantial performance, occasionally with the voice and the vocal stress of the Barker. Mr. Brent's Marchbanks was worthy of all praise; surprisingly good when one considers that Mr. Brent has been associated with roles in which the comedy element dominated and was pitched in a lower key. Miss Allaire as "Prossy" resisted the temptation to fall into extravagance. Her typist was never the caricature of one, and the "underplaying" when "Prossy" had partaken of champagne made the scene the more effective. It seemed to us that Mr. Ivins, representing Burgess as a cockney, failed to catch Shaw's idea of the man. Mr. Ivins played the part as a conventionally "character" one. His performance was good in its way—but was it Shaw's way?

The season at this theatre opened on June 25 with "In Love with Love." "The Bride," "The Barker" and "Candida" followed. The play last week was "Apple Sauce." This week it will be "The Silver Cord."

A sign of the times: "Special Chauffeur's Season Tickets" are on sale.

Teachers of singing sometimes invent singular devices to impress pupils. Francesco Berger of London, who was 94 years old last June, wrote amusingly about the old time "Pops," eccentric performers, etc., for the Sunday Times.

He told of a man in the later years of the 19th century who announced that the beauty of Italian voices arose from the purity of Italian air; that if this air were brought to England, voices of equally fine quality would be found in that country. He followed up this monstrous announcement by constructing cylinders about two feet in length, made of silver or metal that looked like silver, professed to fill them in Italy with local air, and sold them here at a high price, in a shop specially opened in Oxford street. They were enclosed in elegant cases, reclining on white satin paddings, and many were the dupes who readily paid their guineas to purchase them. A friend of mine who at the time was considered the foremost amateur tenor in England, invested in one, and carried it with him to any concert at which he was to sing. To see him apply his 'magic flute' to his lips and inhale a regulation quantity of 'Italian' air, was enough to make a cat laugh. Of course, the tubes had never left England, and when the swindle was exposed, the man was prosecuted and his shop was sold up."

Now Mr. Eric Blom, a leading English music critic, has written a "tragic-comedy" about singers and teachers of singing. The play is entitled "The Trouble Factory."

"Madame" Carlotta Mattison, a teacher of singing, was dismissed as hopeless, after three lessons, by the celebrated Maestro Cipriani, but, having acquired a certain knowledge of the business and a line of impressive talk, she lived comfortably by persuading young people to take lessons, assuring them that some day they'll be famous. Those that had luck finally passed into musical comedy. One of her pupils, Irene Raeburn, having studied with "Madame" for a year, gave a recital with moderate success. She took it into her head to go to Milan that she might study with the great Cipriani. "Madame" was annoyed, but Irene left her. In Milan she learned from Cipriani that "Madame" was a fraud and her (Irene's) voice had been ruined by bad teaching. In desperation she killed herself. "Madame," shocked, perhaps repentant, thought of retiring, but her lazy husband, living on her, persuaded her to go on. The last curtain falls on "Madame" making an appointment with another pupil.

Apropos of the play "The Great Neck" "Ray" writes: "The ancient custom of 'necking' was practised chiefly by necromancers, often afflicted with necrophobia, whose deeds were chronicled by a necrologist after their bodies had been subjected to necropsy and found rest in a necropolis."

#### SPECIFICATION

(A film actress must have refinement, charm and poise, says Mr. Jesse Lasky.)

The girl who wishes to make her mark  
In Movieland may be blonde or dark;  
Whatever she is she must be resigned,  
But it helps a heap if a girl's refined.

Bobbed hair and dancing eyes don't cut  
The ice they did with the film-struck mutt,  
Though, of course, such things don't do much harm  
So long as a girl has lots of charm.

And then there's poise—she needs a lot  
If she's going to tell the world what's what . . .  
But not too much, for nothing annoys  
A "fan" like too much "avoidupoise!"

—London Daily Chronicle.

Handel's oratorios in London as heard by Wagner in 1855: "Every one in the audience holds a Handel piano score in the same way as one holds a prayer book in church."

Yes, with us music is too little of an art and too much of a sport. We think it finer to do something badly with the odds against us than to do the same thing well after proper training. A fiddler who murders Saint-Saens outside the Wigmore Hall is surer of a front-page paragraph than a Kochanski playing Szymanowski inside. If a tenor wants the popular press to rave over him, let him sing Tristan without ever having seen the opera, and, if possible, without rehearsal. Let Sir Thomas Beecham produce a Mozart opera at great expense and after years of study, and we are exceedingly critical of him; but let some one put on Mozart in a style that has the well-meaning amateur written all over it, with singers who cannot sing, actors who cannot act, and an orchestra that cannot play, and we are delighted—for here we recognize the sporting spirit that has made England great, the spirit that makes the spectators at a boxing contest chuck coppers into the ring for a game loser. It is all very admirable in its way, this regarding music as a game rather than a serious business; but it is perhaps hardly the way to make the greatest imaginable success of it as an art.—Forrest Newman.

From Ashley Dukes's new book, "The World to Play With":

Director— . . . the dramatists of the future will be more and more theatre men and less and less men with messages.

Playwright—You speak with a good deal of authority. Perhaps I had better ask you—what is to be the standing of the director in your new theatre?

Director—The director will be what he has always been—the unseen player in the theatrical performance. He will exercise absolute control in the playhouse. He will begin by choosing his own play, which is generally considered to be the theatrical manager's business.

Playwright—I see that I must now be careful to treat you with respect. Director—Next he will choose the cast, which means the entire cast, from the leading lady to the butler; and his decision will be final.

Playwright—That is certainly a complete revolution in theatrical practice.

Director—He will be responsible for the entire mounting of the play, whether or no a designer be employed.

Playwright—Very good; then the designer will be kept in his place.

Director—He will expect the same co-operation from his author as from his other partners in the theatre!

P. H.

his clients still use goose grease for "wheezing chests." If rubbing this grease on children's chests is witchcraft, then many New England mothers in the sixties were witches, and those in our little village flew to the Sabbath on Mt. Tom, fearless of rattlesnakes in their zeal to do homage to the Black Man.

If a child had taken cold and wheezed and snuffled and coughed in our village, his chest, nose and throat were rubbed with goose grease, his feet with bear's grease, and a piece of red flannel soaked in camphor was tied about his neck. If that was witchcraft, if these remedies are still administered in England by mothers whose names are in Satan's black book, let Dr. Williams make the most of it.

He is described as "the well-known Harley street physician." "Well-known." What man mentioned in the newspapers today is not "well-known"? Is there any one that does not belong to an "exclusive" club? These words, overworked, are to be classed with "browse," "intrigue," "gesture," "vision." A man does not look at books in a shop, he browses; finding perhaps an author who, though having vision and making a fine gesture, intrigues him. But to go back to Dr. Williams.

Other instances of witchcraft believed in by his intelligent clients is the use of spiders' webs for cuts and salt bacon for boils. These remedies were not unknown in New England. The physician was not reported as saying anything about the removal of warts. It is possible that some of his patients steal a bit of beef, rub it on the warts, and then bury it at the cross-roads. There is the conjuration with string, also the application of milkweed, the washing of the afflicted hands in moonrays collected in a silver basin. No doubt Dr. Williams would say that these remedies were warmly recommended to witches taking the form of

mothers, sisters and aunts, living otherwise soberly, highly respected in the community. He cannot truly say that this is a grossly material age, deaf and blind to spiritual impressions.

It is not likely that the older generation of theatregoers in Boston will be permitted to see Ben Jonson's "Volpone," even in Stefan Zweig's version. The Repertory Theatre brought out Congreve's "Way of the World" in an unnecessarily chastened form and Farquhar's "The Beaux's Stratagem" is announced for performance by Mr. Jewett's players. If they were tempted to produce "Volpone," the awful vision of censorship would no doubt rise through a trap-door at the first rehearsal.

But if Bostonians have not seen "Volpone" in New York; if the Theatre Guild will not play it here, the play can at least be read in the charming little volume published by the Viking Press. The title page reads: "Ben Jonson's 'Volpone,' a loveless comedy in three acts, freely adapted by Stefan Zweig. And translated from the German by Ruth Langner." A note says that the adaptation is "a very free conception of the context and transformation of many of the characters. . . . The names are Italian names and are symbolic of the character: Volpone, the fox; Mosca, the gaffy; Crow, Raven, et cetera. . . . To be played as a commedia dell'arte, lightly, quickly, caricatured rather than realistic; allegro can brio." The cover pattern, frontispiece and initial letter are taken from the London edition of Jonson's comedy illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley.

Perhaps a stickler for fidelity to text would say there is more Zweig than Jonson in this version and would exclaim "O rare Ben Jonson" with a double meaning. It is not necessary to go so far as the late William Archer who, recognizing the poetic genius of the playwrights roughly classed as Elizabethan, denied them true dramatic force and skill in construction, save in the case of Shakespeare; but only "special" English audiences would enjoy a full performance of Jonson's comedy. Zweig has omitted the sub-plot with Sir Patrick Wouldbe and his wife. Other characters as the Dwarf, the Eunuch, the Hermaphrodite have been thrown overboard. In the cutting, "Come, my overboard. Celia, let us prove" has not been spared.



If any one thinks all this cutting and treason to Ben, let him remember that this was done in London even in the early years of the play's popularity. (The comedy was long popular. Even Mr. Pepys, a playgoer not easily pleased, not impressed by the name of Shakespeare so that he could not discriminate, pronounced "Volpone"—he spelled the name "Vulpone"—a most excellent play, the best he ever saw.)

A "loveless" comedy? In "Volpone" all the characters except, perhaps, poor Colomba, the wife of Corvino, who would act as Sir Pandarus to Volpone, are obsessed with a raging lust for gold. The plot is probably known to all our readers: How Volpone, a rich Levantine in Venice, feigns a sickness unto death so that a contemptible, sordid crowd brings costly gifts, money to his bed, in the hope of gaining by his last will and testament; how he with the aid of his jackal knavish Mosca baffles and mocks them; how Volpone himself is robbed at the last by Mosca, to whom the Fox in his cunning had bequeathed all his property merely as a matter of form. As Volpone rages before he is turned out, Mosca mocks him: "Who are you anyway? You have some resemblance to the deceased Volpone, that evil joker and fox who nipped his tail in his own trap." Throwing open doors and windows, for the room "still smells of fear, it's close with grasping, greed and malicious words." Mosca calls for guests. They will be merry, feasting and drinking, laughing at every one who's mad and "most at him who's mad about money."

We have not read Zweig's German. The translation is lively, sturdy English, with words and phrases not for the ears and eyes of prigs and prudes; a translation suggesting by its fleetness of speech the necessity of corresponding quickness in action on the stage. Here is a comedy that can be read many times with pleasure.

One misses the names of the comedians who took part in the Theatre Guild's production. We are far from books of record. It is our impression that Dudley Digges played Volpone; Alfred Lunt, Mosca, in this terrible satire on covetousness, greed, licentiousness, and injustice.

Another book published by the Viking Press, one that should interest the general reader as well as those passionately or patronizingly devoted to music, is a translation of Debussy's "Monsieur Croche. Anti-Dilettante," a collection of criticisms contributed to the Parisian press. The translator's name is not given. The explanatory notes—which are not in the French edition—are unnecessary, at times amusing in their childish simplicity.

Debussy has been reproached for certain opinions expressed in this readable volume; for his "cramped-mindedness." Mr. Ernest Newman has accused him of being a dilettante of the worst kind. "He has no method, no wide or deep background of musical knowledge; criticism, for him, means simply the expression of his personal reactions to the works he hears, which is dilettantism pure and simple."

That's precisely the reason why we find this book delightful, even when his opinion on this or that work is surprising, even malicious in prejudice. Was it not Baudelaire who said that the ideal critic must be a partisan? It is something to learn what Debussy thought of Strauss, Gluck, Gounod and others; what he thought about art in general. One does not hold Berlioz as a critic in less esteem because he could not appreciate the fugues of Bach; Chorley was a critic of indisputable parts even if he could find nothing in Schumann's music. It should be remembered that all of Debussy's critical essays are not in this volume; it is also possible that in his later years he might have revised, even changed, his opinion in some instances.

The national as well as the personal equation inevitably entered into the expression of his views. This does not make them the less entertaining, the less valuable. It was natural for him to think that Gluck had exerted a bad influence on French music; that Wagner had done the same by persuading French composers of moderate or little ability to strut in the mighty Wagnerian manner. So there are English critics who deplore the arrival and sojourn of Handel in London as checking the development of English music.

It is true, as some would have it, that "except in the rarest of instances, the worst possible critic of music is a composer"; that on account of his musical nature, his method of work, he

is unable to understand the temperament and musical workmanship of others? There are striking instances of one composer's narrowness in viewing the compositions of another; yet these "narrow-minded" men as critics may write nobly of art in general and by their occasional, even frequent exhibition of prejudice, instruct and stimulate the reader, besides satisfying the natural curiosity concerning one great man's opinion of a co-mate in the musical vineyard.

## SENESCENCE

(For As the World Wags)

Babs Ruth  
"S no youth;  
Clarence De Mar  
Might be a grandpapa;  
Ty Cobb  
Is still very much on the job;  
Susan Lenglen  
(Sh!)—might be said to be getting on.  
What do you mean, youth will be served?  
Just that I'm forty, I'll not be unnerved.  
Maybe some cute little digger  
Will still call me "Sweet grandpapa,"  
Though there's so much to my finger  
That most of them laugh thus: "Ha-ha!"  
Still I don't sigh;  
Babs Ruth  
"S no youth,  
Neither am I.  
Then why  
Should I cry,  
Or my youth's obsolescence defy?  
For the chairs at the club are luxurious  
And the world is still fair to the eye  
F. F. II.

Gertrude Swig, proprietor of a soft drink parlor in South Milwaukee, is now a member of the annex to our hall of fame. Mr. E. H. Goodpasture, a farmer of Owingsville, Ky., has been proposed for membership by Helen Mae.

## WITH AN INDEX

Publishers are capricious in the matter of indexes. Books that imperatively demand them are often without them; or when they are provided, are inadequate. On the other hand, an old edition of Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison" is indexed in so full a manner that there is practically a condensation of the novel. The Everyman's Library edition of Hakluyt's "Voyages" has an index of over 30 pages, but one dealing chiefly with persons and places. The library illustrated edition of Hakluyt, issued by the same publishers, is without the index.

Birbeck Hill was accused of making too full an index for his Boswell's Johnson. This index fills a large octavo volume, but it is not only indispensable to one who wishes to refresh his memory of the doctor's bow-wow sayings and of the mass of information in Hill's notes, it is good reading in itself. Would that Marcel Proust's great novel might be indexed! We believe that a dictionary of the characters is now in the press. Dickens and Balzac, not to mention one or two others, have thus been honored for the convenience of readers.

Conscious or unconscious humor characterizes the labor of some index makers. There is the familiar instance: "Bent. Chief Justice, his great mind." Turning to the indicated page one finds that the judge had a great mind to commit some one.

It is said that the index of an early edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica contained:

Art  
Art Squares.  
Art teaching  
"Art thou languid."

Another example:

Lead poisoning  
"Kindly Light."

And Harry Graham noted:

"Polish, floor  
"Jew."

In Dr. St. George Mivart's "The Origin of Human Reason," is a story of a talkative cockatoo. The index points to the story as follows:

Absurd tale about a cockatoo.  
Anecdote, absurd one about a cockatoo.  
Bathos and a cockatoo.  
Cockatoo, absurd tale concerning one.  
Conversation held with a cockatoo.  
Discourse held with a cockatoo.  
Incredibly absurd tale of a cockatoo.  
Invalid cockatoo, absurd tale about.  
Mr. Romanes and a tale about a cockatoo.  
Preposterous tale about a cockatoo.  
Questions answered by a cockatoo.  
Rational cockatoo, as asserted.  
Romanes, Mr., and tale about a cockatoo.  
Tale about rational cockatoo, as asserted.

Very absurd tale about a cockatoo.  
Wonderfully foolish tale about a cockatoo.

George Bernard Shaw's latest book contains a sentence, not a long one, indexed under: Officer, Private, Sergeant, Vallet, Lieutenant, Major, Colonel, Brigadier, Tailor, Bootmaker, Solicitor, Golfing Hotel Manager. We have not read this book of Mr. Shaw's. For the note about the index we are indebted to a foreign correspondent.

As the World Wags:

I saw this electric sign in the window of a garage. "Rent a car and drive it yourself." Inside the garage I could see a big gray hearse. SIS.

## WILL SOMEBODY ANSWER?

As the World Wags:

Ellen Terry was in Boston in March, 1902. In a letter to Mrs. John Fiske of Cambridge she wrote, "I had hoped and hoped to come over to Cambridge to see you, but now I know there is no possibility of being able to do so, as I find I have to attend to rehearsals next week and to throw over some engagements in consequence."

This was before my time as a Boston theatre lover. In what plays did Ellen Terry play in Boston during her 1902 visit? Did she visit Boston after her performance of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" in 1907? E. J.

As the World Wags:

Being the "shortest handed" shorthand writer in our office, I was called upon to take a letter from the New Boss. In the midst of the letter he says: "Do you retire a loan?" Being only a modest and meek stenographer, I replied very sternly, "No, I sleep with mamma."

I am an A1 stenographer and typist, five feet two inches, blonde, and speak fluently. I would like a position at once. A1 STENO.

It was Richard Grant White who in his horror of genteel phrases spoke of women going through that "mysterious operation known as 'retiring.'" The old nursery rhyme was probably changed by the genteel:

"To retire, to retire," says Sleepy Head." (ED.)

## SCREEN ROMANCE

(For As the World Wags)

She found her perfect lover in the movies

And like a moth she sought the silver screen.

(And who is there to say what true love is?)

I saw her one night, lovely and serene,  
Mounting a street car near the theatre  
Where she had swirled a moment with the one

Who though he didn't love, he didn't hate her,

And then the street car moved, and she was gone.

Strange girl. Perhaps, but wiser than we thought.

Her face was such that bent no lover's eye.

She made herself content that she had caught

The shadow of a man as he rode by  
Upon the shadow of a horse within a land

That was more real to her than rock or sand.

MARSHALL SCHACHT.

As we expect to see Mr. Herkimer Johnson tomorrow in the course of our month's wanderings, we shall take with us a few books to leave with him that he may find additional material for his colossal work. No detective stories, though he is passionately fond of them and boasts of solving the mystery and naming the murderers before the fifth chapter is reached. (It's a poor story in which some one is not killed in the half-dozen first pages.)

Three of the books we have chosen for Mr. Johnson are of the class known as "improving": "Hamilton on Principles," "Jeffersonian Principles," both edited with an introduction by James Truslow Adams; "The Pacific: A Fore-cast," by Lt.-Col. P. T. Etherton and H. Hessel Tiltman (with illustrations). The remaining volume is a novel, "War Among Ladies," by Eleanor Scott. These four books are published by Little, Brown and Company. Probably they have already been reviewed in The Herald, but we may be permitted to say a few words about them.

Some may think from the title that Miss Scott's novel is a sparkling comedy of London or English provincial life. They may think of Scribe's "Bataille de Dames" or some Viennese operetta. Thus they will err. "War Among Ladies" is a singularly grim, relentless tale—it might be called a cruel story, of intrigues, plots and counter-plots of

female teachers in an English school for girls. This school is running down hill on account of the inefficiency of the weak and amiable mistress and the inability of some of the teachers to adapt themselves to the more modern methods of instruction. Fearing that they will all be turned adrift by the higher powers, these teachers put the blame on poor Miss Cullen, who blunders on, hoping by retaining her position for four more years to receive the pension that will then be due her. Her associates, fearing their own dismissal, try by malicious reports and contemptible trickery to force her out. The motto of the novel might be Thackeray's bitter saying: "There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them."

At last Miss Cullen throws a bomb-shell as she thinks, but it turns out to be a boomerang. Foolish woman, to put her trust in the apparently friendly inspector and in her own sour sister. The attractive Viola is the only teacher that befriends Miss Cullen, befriends her to her own cost.

The interest of the story is not only in the plots of the teachers; there are the pupils differing in character; there is Viola's love affair that provoked unwarranted scandal; there are the descriptions of the cliques and groups among teachers and pupils, satirical descriptions, pitiless descriptions, with now and then a relieving touch of humor.

One might reasonably ask if there is any foundation in the English school system for Miss Scott's attack. It might also be asked without impertinence whether as teacher or as pupil she can say, (changing a line of Walt Whitman's): "I am the woman; I suffered; I was there."

We have all heard the statement sung to the effect that every Englishman is born a Liberal or a Conservative. May it also be said that every native American is born a Jeffersonian or a Hamiltonian. Mr. Adams has chosen passages from the writings of the two great men to illustrate Hamilton's political philosophy and Jefferson's "general thoughts on politics, government, religion, education and the art of living," in their own words. He has also supplied introductions by way of a summary of the respective views, a judicial summary, not that of a partisan.

Of the two volumes the one about Jefferson is the one to interest the reader who, like the man in "Middlemarch," is of "miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote"; for Jefferson was the one of the more diversified interests, the one nearer to us by the warmth of his feelings, his belief in the people. He was, as Mr. Adams reminds us, a broadly cultivated man, interested in all the scientific thought of the day, deeply read in the classics and in French and English literature, a musician, an unusually good architect, a man of a profoundly religious nature, though there are some so ignorant today as to insist that he was an atheist. Never was an American statesman more outrageously, unjustly abused during his public and private life; never did one preserve a more dignified silence when attacked. As Mr. Herkimer Johnson sympathizes, as he has often assured us, with Jefferson's opinions and philosophy, though we doubt whether he could state them clearly, this little book should be a close companion. Mr. Johnson, being a man of democratic views and life, believing in state rights—which have now nearly disappeared—disliking Hamilton's preference for a central and quasi-monarchical government, is no doubt unjust to Hamilton and could not enjoy the romantic play in which Mr. George Arliss portrayed him as the one great and good statesman of his day and generation. "Hamiltonian Principles" may soften Mr. Johnson's prejudice, but will not, from what little we know of him, convert him.

Having read "The Pacific: A Fore-cast," our friend and too infrequent contributor, will be able to talk learnedly at Nickerson's store, while the mail is being distributed, of Japan and China, their resources; of soviet plots; of British, French and American interests in the Pacific, an ocean that some fear will in the future be ironically so-named; of the naval base at Singapore; of the fate of the Philippines, Guam and Hawaii if Japan declares war against the United States. One may find repetitions in the volume, but the reiteration of statements may give them seemingly greater authority. Lt.-Col. Etherton is certainly well acquainted with eastern problems, having been a consul-general in Chinese Turkestan and an assistant judge of H. M. supreme court for China. The motto on the title-page is Napoleon's saying that the Far East will decide Europe's destiny. How will it deal with the United States, Australia and French possessions? The great enigma is: "Whether the complete development of the Pacific as the new world centre will come without, or only after, an armed conflict in that ocean." The real conflict has been one of ideas; European standards vs. Asiatic traditions, prejudices, customs. Suppose



The play has its moments as it would with the clever Sydney Chaplin in the cast, but they are not often enough or bright enough to keep a sophisticated audience more than tolerantly amused. Hollywood did this sort of thing several years ago before the camera-angle craze, even to the mother-in-law with tartaristic proclivities.

Betty Balfour, who we understand is popular abroad, affects us mildly as a pleasant person with plenty of energy, but Edmond Breon is the only one in the cast, with the exception of Chaplin, who kept us interested. He wore a monocle as if he were used to it and conducted himself otherwise in a way that was a relief after the pseudo comedy we have had of the type.

## Nordica's Birthplace

A few miles north of Farmington village stands the house in which Lillian Nordica was born. This house was for years abandoned. In 1927 a Nordica Memorial Association was formed for the purchase of the estate—about 115 acres—and for the restoration of the dwelling house. The trustees have already received small subscriptions, so that work was begun early in the last spring. They now ask for additional sums, small or large.

The trustees in their appeal include a short biographical sketch of the singer. It is natural that in their zeal and enthusiasm they fall into exaggeration. "Nordica was regarded in her time as in all respects the greatest dramatic soprano the world has known." Were she living, she would be the first to smile and deny the statement.

Mme. Nordica had by nature a glorious voice. It had been well trained; a voice that lent itself to heroic, lyric, and coloratura roles. She had laudable ambition; the willingness to work, and in her later years she knew how to possess her soul in patience until she felt herself qualified for a role. She was not what is known on the stage as a "quick study." For the musical preparation she was largely dependent on her intelligent and faithful accompanist. In her early years in the opera house she was conspicuous only as a singer; her dramatic ability was negligible; she was not even a mistress of the first essentials of the art. As the years went by she saw more and more the necessity of further study and was at last an imposing Isolde. To attain this end she toiled unceasingly, acquainting herself with even the shades of the verbal meaning of the German text, suiting the action to the musical phrase, inquiring into the psychology of the character. The triumphant result is known to all. It gave Mme. Nordica an honorable position among Wagnerian singers.

As a woman, free from arrogance, generous in her attitude toward her rivals on the stage, helpful in her encouragement of younger singers, frank and honest in her dealings and in the expression of opinion, brave as was shown in her last and tragic year, she was honored and beloved by all. She richly deserves a memorial. The fame of a singer quickly becomes a tradition. The preserved record does not always do her justice, and in Mme. Nordica's case there can be no reminder of the stately figure and handsome face. The house in which she was born should not stand dilapidated and forsaken. Restored, but only to its original shape and condition, serving as a storehouse of memorials, it should be a standing reminder of an accomplished singer, a noble woman, a true daughter of Maine.

P. H.

Once in a while when the motion picture turns to altruism it succeeds in being more entertaining than annoying and such a display of wit and wisdom is in "Roadhouse." Lionel Barrymore is one reason, perhaps, for the agreeable mood one can receive so evident a lecture, so painstaking a thrust at gentlemen and their sons who enjoy a tolerant understanding of each other and who believe that a wild oat crop is a necessity.

The analytic are going to wonder how even a modern youth could be cinematically tried for the serious charge of murder when the photoplay is careful to show that the deadly missile came from a weapon of a gangster. But, if the scion of indulgent wealth had escaped from his escapade with only a good scare, there would have been no great moral to point out to fathers and mothers, sisters, aunts and uncles.

Lionel Barrymore plays the father of this misdirected heir and with even more than his usual thought and understanding because he is not called upon to be more than a domestic villain who enjoys a game of poker. The other impressive portrayal is by Warren Burke who is the son, a young and eager screen player who has natural ability. This is his first long and difficult role and he handles it with ease.

"Beware of Married Men," starring Irene Rich is the associate picture on the program.

A screen drama starring Sydney Chaplin based on the stage play, "A Little Bit of Fluff," by Walter W. Ellis, which was first produced in England and played in New York city in 1916; directed by Jess Robbins and Wheeler Dryden; made by British International Pictures, Ltd., and released in America by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

As this is the first of the British films to be released on the new contract so far as we know, we would like to be brotherly or neighborly and declare it to be a first rate job of cinema production with our old friend Sydney Chaplin in the stellar role, but unfortunately we can only say that now we know why the English prefer American-made films, if this is a fair sample

At last a book about the theatre which does not want to save it or reform it or uplift it or do anything priggish with it, but is content to tell us something about it! "Nos Marionnettes," by Francis de Croisset, the collaborator with M. Robert de Flers in half a dozen amusing comedies and the single author of a dozen light-hearted pieces, is a candid little book revealing in all its freshness the mentality of one who is at once a playgoer, a boulevardier and refurbisher of old themes. France is the home of tradition, and nowhere is tradition stronger than in the French theatre. Moliere survives not only in the house of Moliere; and the maker of the normal modern French comedy will willingly agree that he has founded it not upon life, but upon Moliere, in the same way that the writer of the normal French farce will admit that his play is taken not from observed preposterousness, but from recollected Labiche.

The French mind is often, and always wrongly, declared to be volatile and insouciant; it is in reality mathematical and faithful to pattern. The orderliness of Racine and the hurly-burly of Shakespeare is an old comparison, but it is also the precursor of some useful new ones. The type of English farce which has proved so overwhelmingly popular of recent years, such a farce for example as "Thark," is utterly formless. It is a road leading nowhere, a road in disorder, a road which you might call "up" and strewn with magnificent nonsense. Whereas your French farce remains what it always was, a thing of logic. It may be crazy, but it is orderly after the manner of crazy pavements.

In this witty little book M. de Croisset lays down the canons accepted by every French playwright. Is the theatre immoral? Plato said so, and so did the Jansenists who would have nothing to do with Racine, and Rousseau, who condemned "Le Misanthrope." Our author's point—and I agree—is not that the theatre is immoral, but that it cannot exist by concerning itself solely with moral things. Happy the country which has no history, but unhappy the theatre which should attempt to tell the story of the eventless. Masterpieces are essentially shocking, since it is the property of masterpieces to shock us out of normal habits of mind. It is a superficial view that the public will flock to an essentially immoral piece. It does nothing of the sort; it flocks to the pieces which the next generation perceives to have been supremely moral. On the other hand, human nature being what it is, it is inconceivable that a public should be found for pieces labelled and advertised as moral. One or two English playwrights may have disproved this, but they disproved it before an English and not a French audience.

M. de Crolsset gives a list of virtues the mere mention of which on a playbill must close any theatre—modesty, honesty, economy, prudence, patience, and a dozen more of their sad sisters. "Unselfishness, an admirable quality in private life, is lamentable in the theatre. Renunciation fares no better; sublime among the virtues, on the stage it becomes fearsome." One would suggest to M. de Crolsset that it can be worse than this; it can be smug. One would remind him of the terrible passage in a famous English play in which the *raisonneur* says:—"Nina, there are some people walking the earth who are wearing a halo. It's invisible to you and me; we can't see it; but it's there, round their brows, none the less. They are the people who have made sacrifices; who have been offered a sword or a sceptre, or a bludgeon, and who have shaken their heads and passed on. They are the people who have renounced."

They are the people who have renounced."

Constasy is as quickly disposed of. "To say of an actress that her roles are Manon and Magda, Marguerite Gautier and Paula Tanqueray, is to praise her as she would wish to be praised, whereas to declare her the faithful wife par excellence is to court an action for libel. Again one agrees. And our author concludes this part of his lively little book with a list of qualities which are recognized as scenic—vanity, avarice, coquetry, feather-headedness, ingratitude, pride, hypocrisy. Proof? It is left to us to recognize that upon these qualities are built, wholly or in part, "Twelfth Night," "L'Avare," "The Way of the World," "Frou-Frou," and "A Doll's House," "King Lear," "Coriolanus," and "Tartuffe."

It is a commonplace of the theatre that the great comic actor is an actor who in the last resort can make his audience cry. From which it has been deduced that farce-writers must have tragic minds. Exceptions could one thinks, be given; but there can be no doubt that every French farce-writer has an appreciation of the rational. This is because he is French, and because our own Sterne was right when he said that if the French have a fault it is that they are too serious. Your French writer is devastatingly witty on the subject of light love just because marriage is an essentially serious affair. There is really no contradiction between the Intoxication of M. Guitry's "L'Amour Masque" and the spirituality of his "Pasteur." The same holds good of M. de Croisset. We are not in the least surprised, therefore, to find this master of gay trifles taking passionate interest in an absorbing world-problem.

Of the modern young woman we read: "The theatre still hesitates to present the woman of today, shying before her as 30 years ago the horse shied at the motor-car. The theatre should look to this; in comparison with the cinema it is behind the times. The theatre is not at its ease in its handling of modern life. Its traditions get in the way. Faded recollections of Henrietta and Agnes, the still pathetic evocation of the ever-romantic Camille, the dazzling shade of Celimene—all these radiant and delicate phantoms interpose themselves between the theatre and the present day. But the cinema, which was born yesterday, has no traditions and no ghosts. The shoe of the tennis player has replaced the cithernus. The cinema possesses no recollection of the sedan-chair of Celimene or the coupe of the Lady of the Camellias. It is much if it can hark back to the fiacre of Emma Bovary. The stars of the cinema emerge from no conservatoire; their grounding is in a sports stadium. Of Racine and Musset they know nothing; they are mistresses of polite swimming and American jazz." But I think I could point out to M. de Croisset one or two English playwrights who have not been afraid to stand up to the



modern English girl. It is in my mind that in the 'nineties a certain Mr. Shaw stood up to a score of young women born 30 years before their time.

This little book has many negative virtues. It contains no word of expressionism. It does not dither about Art Theatres in Prague. It keeps producers, scene-painters and lighting fiends in their places by ignoring them, and so brings us back to the proper business of the theatre, which is to concern itself with character and the actor's interpretation of character.

## One in a Thousand

Aug 6-1928

Not long ago young women of Mt. Holyoke Seminary (now a college) were pictured in Isadora Duncanesque costumes as dancing and posturing gayly on the green. Whether in their "interpretative" frenzy they symbolized the four seasons, Apollo and the Muses, or the evolution of education was not stated. The thought came into the minds of those who knew the school in the sixties and before that: What would Mary Lyon of blessed memory say to all this?

And what does she say, as she now discusses methods of education with Bronson Alcott, Pestalozzi, Froebel, with Plato an amused listener, to the admission of Ralph Boas, Jr., a likely youth of fifteen summers, a brave youth, for he is the one male student among a thousand of the stronger sex.

There was a time when the young women at Mt. Holyoke looked forward, or were expected to look forward, to the life of a missionary on a coral isle in a far-off sea, in the African jungle, or among the worshippers of strange, hideous or benignant Hindu gods. There was the comforting prospect of martyrdom after a life of privation and self-sacrifice with the thought of furnishing with yams and breadfruit a cannibalistic feast. The statement that on commencement day the ladies of the graduating class, certified as competent to cook, sweep, dust and mend, stood toeing a chalk line while assembled missionaries picked and chose was current in the middle years of the last century. It has been refuted with no little show of indignation, but in those years no undergraduate was allowed to whistle or sing "The King of the Cannibal Islands."

When the Vokes Family visited Boston the inimitable Fred was seen in one of their plays as entering in the guise of a professor a very select young ladies school. And what extraordinary events followed his arrival! What will be the result of Mr. Boas's addition to the huge flock? He is reported to be a serious young man, having won honors in the high school, specializing in French—we hope not in "scrofulous" French novels—delighting to hold the eel of science by the tail. Will his sojourn at Mt. Holyoke lead him to the study of sociology; of problems of women's place in the business and professional world; of the works of Freud and Havelock Ellis; or will he, changing his name to Boaz, find his Ruth?

Aug 7 1928

## WILBUR THEATRE

### "The Great Necker"

Taylor Holmes in a farce comedy presented by Chamberlain Brown. The cast: Workmen..... Charles A. Baker  
Madame Estelle..... Marjorie Gatenon  
James..... Sydney Paxton  
Arthur Pomroy..... Taylor Holmes  
Adolph Cohen..... Nat Carr  
Sam..... Charles A. Baker  
Mrs. Hawthorne..... Valerie Vaine  
Pansy Hawthorne..... Irene Purcell  
Teddy Ferguson..... Phillips Holmes  
Nina Soubibbs..... Doris Underwood  
Hawkins..... Ralph Simone

The central character of this pot-pourri farce which originated on the West coast and has amused audiences in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia is a gay dog of 45 who resolves to cast his pasts behind him and wed a blushing and seemingly innocent young person of 16. He has an elaborate apartment, a droll and tactful manservant, a package of letters which should be burned, and a lively squadron of ex-mistresses who interrupt his courtship by intruding through several vague entrances and by means of the telephone.

There is a young nephew who also falls in love with Pansy and sees behind her quaker-like mask the reckless

flapper of the era. There is Pansy's mother, who is the straight-laced prude of conventional stage pattern, and who drinks highballs under the impression that she has grape juice, and there is a Cohen of laughable pronouncements who woos her.

The plot is negligible and the continually suggestive of musical comedy. Protracted "acts" of a sort are thrown in here and there, more for their own value than from any necessity. In the first act the stage is darkened to show bits of a film which Cohen has produced, and in the talky third act there is a long dialogue between mother and daughter about the "mysteries of life," which should be either shorter or funnier. A pink-bow-ribbon garden set for the last act with a balcony for Juliet and a trellis for Romeo heighten the musical show motive.

Many of the sophisticated lines about women and marriage are quite funny, and last night kept the large house in a jovial frame of mind. The play was well staged and all the parts well taken. True farcical speed was maintained except for a dreary slowness in the third act. Mr. Holmes as the philandering Pomroy was deft and resourceful. He was recalled between the acts, and made a graceful curtain speech. H. F. M.

## FENWAY AND WASHINGTON STREET OLYMPIA

### "Street Angel"

A screen drama featuring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, adapted from the play by Monckton Hoffe, directed by Frank Borzage and made by the Fox Film Company with the following cast:  
Janet Gaynor..... Charles Farrell  
Gino..... Guido Trento  
Neri..... Henry Ametia  
Masetto..... Natalie Kingston  
Lisetta..... Louis Liggett  
Beppo..... Gino Conti  
Landlady..... Jennie Bruno

The motion picture triumvirate who were responsible for the excellent production of "7th Heaven" have once more made an inspired and affecting screen play in "Street Angel." Janet Gaynor again proves that she is a remarkable screen actress and Charles Farrell is pleasant and convincing as the artist Gino.

Using the same shaded backgrounds of soft blacks and grays that distinguished his former work, Frank Borzage again marshals the talent at his command to perform the sad story of two young lovers who are parted on the eve of their wedding by fate, seemingly, and a little law, only to be reunited after their period of retribution by a kinder fate.

Most of the action of the screen play takes place in Naples. A pitiful girl is arrested for stealing while she is endeavoring to ply the trade of the "street angels" and is sentenced to a year in the workhouse. The court does not inquire into the cause of her misconduct against society nor does it take into consideration her young and unsophisticated appearance or one fears that the judge would have given her the money for the medicine for her mother and sent her home with a pat on the head. That would have been the end of the drama.

As it is, the little convict evades the trusty officers of the Neapolitan law and slips back to her poor home, where she finds her mother dead. But she is allowed no time to mourn. Climbing down the waterspout while the minions of order ascend the stairs, she succeeds in hiding in a drum in a travelling circus and moves on to her next adventure as a respected member of the travelling troupe.

Safely away from Naples and her troubles she derides a young artist who has lured the crowd away from the show, whereupon he joins the company in order to paint so fair a maid.

The test of the play moves evenly, dramatically and with an agreeable sprinkling of romance and tragedy. The heroine breaks her ankle and the hero wraps her in a voluminous shawl, which is vastly becoming to the ardent Miss Gaynor and calls for Naples. It is only a matter of time before the police are again on her trail. This time she serves the cold law, passing her duller moments in jail by whistling vitaphonically the tune which she has learned from Gino.

When she is at last free and the two meet once again shrouded in a mist from the sea, one is pleased that the judge did not take a kindly interest in the strange young miscreant and dismiss her with a pat on the head.

We have said that Miss Gaynor was satisfactory in every way; and although hers was by far the most brilliant work of the cast, the entire production elevates "Street Angel" to one of the best films of the year.

## KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON THEATRE

### "Hangman's House"

A screen drama featuring Victor McLaglen, adapted from the novel of the same name by John Byrne, directed by John Ford and by the Fox Film Company with the following cast:  
Victor McLaglen..... Victor McLaglen  
Citizen Hogan..... June Collyer  
Constable O'Brien..... Larry Kent  
Dermott McDermott..... Earle Foxe  
John Darcy..... Robert Rosworth  
James O'Brien, lord chief justice..... Belle Stoddard  
Anne McDermott.....

There is, evidently, a faithful following of text and character manipulation in this adaptation of an Irish love story which might have been written especially for the screen so well is it padded with cinematically flavored climaxes.

There are a steeplechase, a good old-fashioned villain and a big fire when "Hangman's House" is erased from the landscape. June Collyer makes an attractive colleen and Victor McLaglen, who, when last seen in these parts was Spanish, is a vitalistic leader of the Irish Free State at present. He does his part well, as usual.

The plot is typical of its kind, where an obedient daughter of the present generation, but an older civilization, bows to her cruel father's wishes and marries the men she does not love. He turns out to be the scoundrel every one but the parent knew him to be, shoots a beautiful horse, "informs" the police that Citizen Hogan is in their midst and drinks continuously.

There is interest in whether or not he had married the daughter of the lord chief justice of Ireland while he had a wife living in Paris, and in the solving of this important question one finds whatever originality the film can claim.

The scenes, supposedly taken in a lovely spot in Ireland, are too perfect, perhaps, to be impressive. There is evidence of an elaborate back drop in some of them.

Excellent technical efficiency is found in those where the small boat is being sculled up a misty river.

Larry Kent played Dermott McDermott with what seemed to be the right amount of reticence and courage. Although there were few passages in the photoplay without Victor McLaglen which might be called animated, those who enjoyed the novel would doubtless find the film version of it satisfactory in every way. C. M. D.

NETER—First half: Margaret Livingston in "The Scarlet Dove" and Glenn Tryon and Ruth Miller in "Hot Heels"; last three days: Adolphe Menjou in "His Tiger Lady" and on Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Aug 11 1928

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "Loves of an Actress"

A screen drama, starring Pola Negri, adapted from the memoirs of Rachel, the celebrated French actress, by Ernest Valda, direction and scenario by Rowland V. Lee, made by Paramount with the following cast:  
Pola Negri..... Pola Negri  
Rachel Duval..... Nils Asther  
Lisette..... Mary McAlister  
Baron Hartman..... Richard Tucker  
Count Vareski..... Philip Strange  
Dr. Durande..... Paul Lukas  
Samson..... Nigel de Bruiler  
Count Morency..... Robert Fischer  
Marie..... Helene Gieré

There is no evidence in the present screen play of a sympathetic or comprehensive understanding of the strange, talented Jewess, Rachel, who was one of the great figures of the French stage. There were at least two excellent sources of information from which such information could have been drawn, her memoirs and Mr. James Agate's study in brief of the remarkable woman. The result of trying to put so vital a character on the screen in a routine fashion does not do justice to the character, Miss Negri or the medium used.

The picture is made with sound, accompaniment. This is the first time one has been able to hear the twitter of birds in the cinema morning with the aid of the Vitaphone, and voices are to be heard singing merrily or drearily, alone and in duets whenever the little blind boy is supposed to be present, as he is, perhaps, over often in the present rendition of a courageous woman.

The story, as Mr. Lee has created it, is about the same thing we have seen since the m. p. censors have been liberalized, but no matter how lecherous the splendid Miss Negri is forced to be, she remains one of the interesting women on the screen. There are times in the present effort when she rises above her director and his adaptability to habit and gives us glimpses of Rachel, a Rachel who is fascinating.

The men in the cast perform well enough and the photography is excellent. Some of the scenes taken on country roads, spotted with sunlight and shade, are beautiful and the costumes are becoming to Miss Negri. Rachel did not, at least, suffer the indignity of being dressed in short, tight skirts and rolled stockings.

Joseph Santley's second revue for the Publix theatres is on the stage and he calls it "Wonderful Girl." Schooled as he has been in musical comedies, he retains the progress of a musical show in his miniature productions. He has a story and music to go with it. Instead of a ballet or an ensemble he also

goes back to a chorus and the leading man falls in love with the prima donna the first five minutes of the piece, proposes in 10 minutes and is accepted in 15 instead of the regular three acts before the wedding and finale. Those in the cast arc: Heller and Rilev, Al and Ray Samuels, Babs, the Paramount quartet, the Gould girls and Gertrude Rodemich and his band. C. M. D.

Aug 13 1928

SHUBERT THEATRE—Sunny Days musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Clifford Gray and William Cary Duncan, music by Jean Schwartz, staged by Hansard Short, and presented for the first time in Boston, with the following cast:

Victor Duval..... Rob Lively  
Nanine..... Maxine Carson  
Babette..... Peggy Cornell  
Georgette..... Evangeline Raleigh  
Angele Larue..... Ruth Lockwood  
Ginette Bertin..... Jeanette MacDonald  
Maurice Vane..... Jack Sheehan  
Leon Dorsey..... Douglas Leavitt  
Paul Morel..... Carl Randall  
Countess D'Extremore..... Veronika Hootes  
Madame Dorsey..... Billy B. Van  
Rudolph Max..... Edward Cobham  
Butler.....

When A. H. Woods, patron of the indecorous in Gallic farces, produced "The Kiss in a Taxi" several seasons since, it was foreordained that sooner or later the there of that sprightly piece would be woven in and out of a flock of pretty girls dancing and skylarking, with the sort of music which spells cheerfulness, and with a patter of comedy which would at least equal that in the original. So, in course of time, came "Sunny Days." A large audience smiled, laughed and applauded last evening, long before Billy B. Van strode upon the stage, which happened along in the second act. Any musical comedy which can run along by itself for an entire first act without the aid of a first-class comedian, must have some merit.

This one had Miss MacDonald as the earlwhile cabaret dancer turned shop-girl; it had Carl Randall, whose dance with pretty Peggy Cornell in the "I'll Be Smiling" number nearly stopped the show; it had Miss Lockwood, with a rare other reformed chorus girl, as a rare fund of racy lines saucily delivered. Also, for good measure, it had a "girl" chorus which in physical attractiveness and dancing ability measured up to any seen here in recent seasons. Perhaps the dancing in that act, as in the later scenes, is of the stamping variety which seems in the mode today. It certainly has vivacity, and as certainly it must require rigorous training. More distinctive were the steps shown by Miss MacDonald, or Mr. Randall, and Mr. Sheehan in their various numbers.

The story tells of the amours of M. Dorsey, rotund banker, who likes to masquerade as his head cashier and who in consequence finally has to pay well for his frivolous misbehavior. Mr. Van is the head cashier. We behold him first as a caustic, crochety old family man—he calls his unseen spouse Effaney. As the atmosphere of the garden party on his employer's estate envelops him he unbends. He has a very funny scene with the banker and a bottle, and then he becomes the Van of old. One feels that from that point on he is using his own peculiar brand of comedy, now unctuous, now broad, but sure-fire stuff either way.

They say that Mr. Van declares that this is his last stage season, that he is making his farewell appearances. Mme. Patti had those moments; Mr. Tunney likewise. Mr. Van may relent. If he does not, another of the old guard of low comedians will be widely missed by his thousands of admirers.

Miss MacDonald, here one year ago this month in "Yes, Yes, Yvette," has gained in several ways. She is not a prima donna, doubtless does not pretend to be; but she sings pointedly, acts with fine sense of humor, and dances gracefully. Miss Lockwood has been given honorable mention. Of the ladies, there remains Miss Maple, who as Mme. Dorsey wears stunning gowns easily, and is clever in her own right. Mr. Lockwood seemed over-fond of expletives; otherwise he was comic in a heavy fashion. He has one good song in which he announces determination to turn over a new leaf because he is "bound to be, wants to be, has to be, got to be good." Mr. Sheehan, in the role of a blundering, well-meaning author-lover, was excellent.

Mr. Short, a past master of stage technique, showed skill in the massing of his chorus. The settings were substantial and colorful. Which brings us to the final act, placing in the reception room of the Dorsey chateau, in which Miss MacDonald and Mr. Randall have a duo dance up and down a long flight of stairs which must be seen to be appreciated. That dance may be imitated, but it never will be done as well. It was the climax of an evening of surprising steps. W. E. G.



Aug 22 1928

Mr. Edward Prime-Stevenson was a name that was familiar a quarter of a century ago to Americans who were interested in music; for as a critic he was not bound by traditions. His independent views disconcerted some, irritated others. Mr. Ernest Newman has written entertainingly about Mr. Stevenson's book, bearing a singular title, and "privately printed for the Author (sic) by The Press of the Italian Mail, Florence."

I remember meeting Mr. Edward Prime-Stevenson a good many years ago, when he was writing on music for various American papers. Soon after that, he was fortunate enough to be able to give up the daily grind of criticism, and his life since then has been mainly spent, I believe, in the agreeable occupation of living where he liked and doing what he liked. He made his home in Italy, but he has travelled widely; and there must be few towns of any importance in Europe and America in which he has not listened to music. He has now republished a number of his old writings on the art; and excellent reading they make. For the non-classical reader, by the way, it may be explained that "long-haired Iopas" is the "crinitus Iopas" of the "Aeneid," the court musician who performed, as Mr. Prime-Stevenson puts it, at "Queen Dido's smart state-dinner." There he sang, Vergil assures us, to his own accompaniment on the cithara, of "the wandering moon, and of the eclipses of the sun; of whence are the races of men and of beasts; whence arise showers and fiery meteors; of Arcturus, of the Rainy Hyades, and of the Two Bears; of why the winter suns make so much haste to set in the ocean, and of what retarding cause prolongs the slow summer nights"—thus, apparently, combining the office of Cathaginian musician-laureate and the art of the program symphonist with the profession of astronomer, astrologer, ethnologist, geographer and weather prophet.

#### AN IRONIC FANTASIA

Upon the Vergilian account of the singing and playing of the good Iopas Mr. Prime-Stevenson performs a delightful sympathetic-ironic fantasia, taking the old artist as a type—as indeed he must have been—of the composer and singer of today. After the performance, says Vergil, "the Tyrians redouble their applause, and the Trojans approve"; or, as Mr. Prime-Stevenson has it, "the singer's lyrics do not seem to have been received with as much delight by the Trojan guests as by the 'home crowd'; for we note that the Carthaginians appear to have shown considerable enthusiasm, a boon indeed to local talent anywhere at any epoch, while the Trojan visitors, not over tactfully, seem to have given themselves the airs of connoisseurs."

Mr. Prime-Stevenson seems to have had a good deal of trouble with the Italian composers, who have done some charming things with our English spelling. The mistakes, however, give the volume a quaint flavor that I, for one, should have been sorry to miss. I would recommend my readers to get the book for themselves but for the fact that it is "privately printed (not published) in a strictly limited edition of 133 copies only." In a way this is a pity, for in these four-hundred odd large and closely printed pages there is a great deal that is of the highest interest to students of music and musical criticism.

#### CRITICISM IN RETROSPECT

For these reprinted essays are, on the average, about 25 years old, and it is only when it has grown up to that age that musical criticism begins to be really taking notice of. Fifty or 100 years is even better, and at 200 criticism becomes priceless; but meanwhile 20 or 25 will do. For in that time the subjects the critic is discussing will have passed into history, carrying his criticism with them; and we can at last see the whole subject in something approximating the round. The contradictions and self-contradictions of critical opinion upon the music of one's own day become in the end so mad-deningly futile that intelligent people cease reading them: what is dignified by the name of musical criticism amounts, as a rule, to little more than A, who likes port, telling B, who prefers sherry, that he doesn't know what wine is—and vice versa. Obviously, where so many writers are busily contradicting each other every day, they cannot all be right. But after a few years even the wrongest opinions upon music have an interest of their own; it is then possible to see them objectively as illustrations of the culture conditions of their time.

#### THE ETERNAL MISTAKES

It is for this reason, among others, that I find Mr. Prime-Stevenson's reprinted essays such good reading. He has had an exceptionally wide experience of music, and his judgments have knowledge and thought at the back of them—which will account for so many of them having stood the test of time. His enthusiasms are infectious, and whether he is writing about the singers or players of a generation or so ago, or analysing certain masterpieces that, when these articles were written, were more of a "novelty" than they are now, or expounding what he believes to be the immutable laws of distinction between good music and bad, he generally persuades us to see the thing as he sees it. But personally I find even more fascinating than the eternal verities in his criticism and the eternal mistakes that are inherent in it, not because it comes from Mr. Prime-Stevenson but because they are rooted in the very being of criticism; for there is not a mistake that any of us is making today over some contemporary composer or other that has not been made by some predecessor of ours over a contemporary of his, and a rational criticism would begin by trying to work out for itself a few elementary principles of caution derived from the practice of the past.

#### BOGEY OF "DECADENCE"

For instance: when Mr. Prime-Stevenson was writing about Richard Strauss, that composer was just beginning to set the musical world by the ears. Many critics saw "decadence" and "excess of the cerebral" in his early music. No doubt they were right; but as "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung" seem to be losing nothing of their popularity,—to be recognized, indeed, as classics now—the inference would appear to be that "decadence" per se or the "cerebral" per se is not necessarily a disqualification for a work of art. That is to say, it may endure in spite of these liabilities, because it has more than counter-balancing assets; and a rational criticism would surely be as sensitive to the assets as to the liabilities, and as able to forecast the future value of the ones as of the others.

Always we come back to the same question—what can history teach us on the subject? During the last few years we have heard a great deal about the dire effects on the future of music, public and private, of such mechanical developments as the gramophone and wireless. We have only to turn to Mr. Prime-Stevenson's pages to see that 20 or 25 years ago many people thought the very existence of the concert pianist threatened by the coming of the piano-player. The virtuoso pianist, however, is as popular as ever;

and if history teaches us anything it is that whatever the ultimate effects of the gramophone and the wireless upon our musical life may be, they will not be the effects we assume now.

#### WAGNER AND VERDI

I find particularly valuable some of Mr. Prime-Stevenson's discussions of Wagner, for they show us the difficulty contemporary criticism has in deciding whether the obvious faults of a great composer will prove fatal to him or will simply be fused by time into the general tissues of his enduring work. Mr. Prime-Stevenson in these discussions shows the unconscious bias of his epoch and of a certain personal habit of mind. He ruthlessly exposes the weak points in the dramatic scheme of the "Ring." Well, the dramatic scheme of the "Ring" is no better today than it was in 1900 or 1880; but the "Ring" is more popular than ever. Musical humanity, in fact, turns the same kindly blind eye upon Wagner's defects as a librettist that Mr. Prime-Stevenson turns upon the defects of Verdi as a librettist. Rationalised criticism would surely employ the same rigor of analysis in both cases; but Mr. Prime-Stevenson, while refusing to let poor Wagner look over the hedge, allows Verdi to get clear away with the horse. Improbabilities, obscurities, and absurdities in the "Ring" are apparently to receive no mercy from the critic; but improbabilities, obscurities, and absurdities in "Il Trovatore" are to be condoned with a smile. If Wotan or Brynhilde does this or that our author demands a practical reason for it, and rages if this is not forthcoming.

But when Mr. Prime-Stevenson himself discovers that "exactly where outside (Manrico's prison) Leonora could have listened and warbled her antiphon" is not "clear" to him, he indulgently supposes that "maybe Leonora discovered Manrico by a music-downer's locating wand, or by a primitive electrical apparatus . . ." "We must remember," he says, "that a librettist's realism is not the realism of Piccadilly or the Boulevard des Italiens." We must remember this, apparently, only in the case of Verdi, not in the case of Wagner. "Many ill-made operas are like deformed children; we must love them as they are, without dwelling too much on their congenital defects." Quite so; but surely one should apply this benevolent principle not only to "Il Trovatore" but to the "Ring"? Mr. Prime-Stevenson notes that we can only "speculate" how Aida got into Radames' crypt "and has remained there undetected"; and why, since she got in at all, she and Radames cannot escape as clandestinely . . . But, after all, he smiles, "we are busy with a stage-play." Yet when Wagner does something in a stage-play that is inherently improbable in terms of real life, the logical Mr. Prime-Stevenson shows him no mercy. And the lesson of all this kind of thing for critics is that while it is right that a work of art should receive the most searching analysis, it must not be supposed that a defect in it, or any number of defects in it, will kill it if it has an inherent principle of vitality, the discovery of which principle should be the true business and the true glory of contemporary criticism.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Mysterious Lady"

A screen drama, based on the novel, "War in the Dark," by Ludwig Wolff; directed by Fred Niblo, and produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with this cast:

Tania . . . . . Greta Garbo  
Karl . . . . . Conrad Nagel  
Gen. Alexandroff . . . . . Gustav von Seyffertitz  
Col von Raden . . . . . Edward Connelley  
Max . . . . . Albert Pollet  
General's Aide . . . . . Richard Alexander

Here is a screen play with absolutely no wastage. From the very beautiful opening scene in which Tania is disclosed, gazing wistfully down from her box on the brilliant scene in the Hof Opera in Vienna, through countless stirring moments of actually dramatic import, to the final scene in which she and Karl return to Vienna, still in the simple Serbian garb which brought them safely out of Russia, "The Mysterious Lady" moves swiftly, steadily. Mr. Niblo has done some great things for moving pictures, on larger canvases; but seldom if ever has he fashioned a more compact, more thrilling work. And he had a well-nigh perfect cast with which to achieve this.

From available statistics it appears that this is the sixth picture which Miss Garbo has made in this country. In many ways it is her best. No one, after viewing this picture, will deny that she is a remarkably talented actress, capable of meeting every histrionic demand, appealing in impassioned love scenes, impressive in those which exact revelations of the emotions of hatred, fear, horror. With this gifted Swedish star there is no need of the spoken word, scarcely of the ubiquitous phrases which too often interrupt pictorial continuity.

In itself, the role of Tania, a Russian spy sent to Vienna to obtain from Capt. Karl von Raden important military papers, is of repellent character. Miss Garbo tempers it as Tania, despite her desperate mission, responds sincerely to the love which the dashing young Austrian evinces for her. In the subsequent scenes of betrayal, of his military degradation, his pursuit of her to Russia to choke the truth of her perfidy and the name of her accomplice out of her, of their meeting in Warsaw, under the baleful scrutiny of Tania's master and hopeless admirer, Gen. Alexandroff, or the risks which may mean instant death to either or both, Miss Garbo and Mr. Nagel, with Mr. von Seyffertitz ever in the immediate background, are players of the finest quality.

After Tania has redeemed herself in the eyes of her lover, after she has shot the abhorrent general and engineered Karl's escape and her own, the story drops suddenly to the curtain.

#### KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON THEATRE

##### "The Magnificent Flirt"

A screen comedy written and directed by D. Abbadie D'Arrast, featuring Florence Vidor, and made by Paramount with this cast:

Mme. Marquerite Laverne . . . Florence Vidor  
Count Phillipe de Castelle . . . Albert Conti  
Denise Laverne . . . . . Loretta Young  
Hubert . . . . . Matty Kemp  
Georgette . . . . . Marnetta Milner  
Tim . . . . . Ned Sparks  
Vale . . . . . Tom Ricketts

Night life in Paris is much the same as night life in New York and Hollywood. Rich idlers frequent the various resorts, for amorous dalliance with fascinating ladies, and well-to-do women, married or single, whether born to the boulevards or fugitives from Terre Haute, Ind., flutter about the brilliant lights, waiting to be singled. It is not necessarily a sinful life, but it seems wasteful. So, probably, Mme. Laverne and Count De Castelle had found it, just before she dropped her glove at the end of an all-night whirl of dancing and dining, so that the count might pick it up and return it to her in person the following evening. After that meeting, life again became interesting to the count, and Mme. Laverne's intuitions and wit, always sure and sharp, became surer and sharper. So that after a period of flirtation, with jealousies both from within and without, to ruffle the waters, something had to be done. The count would marry her, but he believed her scarcely respectable, she gowned herself so spectacularly. She did use too much rouge, for her daughter, Denise, told her so flatly, after confessing to her mother that she loved and was loved by young Hubert, the count's nephew; and that the count would not consent to their marriage because of his distrust of Mme. Laverne. When Hubert protested that Mme. Laverne was a good woman, the count hid him in his apartment, invited Mme. Laverne there to a tete-a-tete dinner, with much wine of course, and proposed a week's pilgrimage to Venice. She agreed delightedly, to the horror of Hubert, behind the portiere. "And we can be married in the cathedral by the grand canal," she added, on departing—and Hubert grinned. So "the magnificent flirt" wasn't so bad as she painted, and there was a double honeymoon in Venice.

Just a trifle, as to story, but deftly told, with capable acting, substantial settings, mostly interiors. Miss Vidor moved about easily and surely, never obtrusively. She gowned and disrobed as a lady should, out of sight of the audience, thanks to a discreet camera. Mr. Conti wore the count's evening clothes with proper distinction, but pyjamas betrayed and aged him. Mr. Sparks, with those same oddly slanting eyes, the same expressive pantomime which always reminded us of the late Dan Daly, gave timely comic relief;

W. E. G.



## Mr. Hale's Night Off

Philip Hale has been dramatic and music critic of The Boston Herald for many years. He had not been in New York for fifteen years until a few days ago. As he was spending only one night in Gotham, picking his single entertainment was a nice problem. He chose the Boston Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall. -Variety.

Like Walt Whitman, Mr. Hale is a cosmopolitan. He does not have to go to New York once in fifty years to know the soul of the city. Picking his night's entertainment was not a difficult problem for him. He visited New York as the guest of the Symphony orchestra.

## MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES Across the Atlantic

A screen drama starring Monte Blue, written by John Ransome, directed by Howard Esherton and made by Warner Bros., with the following cast:

Monte Blue ..... Monte Blue  
Phyllis Miller ..... Edna Murphy  
Dan Clayton ..... Burr McIntosh  
and Clayton ..... Robert Ober

With the late world war for a background and with Col. Charles Lindbergh's epic flight for partial inspiration, Mr. Ransome has evolved a story which bites into each of these great episodes for material sufficient to consume scant hour's time to tell in pictures. Starting in the pre-war industrial plant of old John Clayton, we have scenes of sentimental and comedy vein with Mr. Blue as the younger son making love to his secretary, Phyllis, and doing stunts in an early type airplane instead of attending to his business as vice-president of the concern. Then comes the war. Hugh Clayton enlists, but before he goes abroad he marries Phyllis, who meantime had rejected Dan Clayton, the elder, more cautious-minded, brother. In an aerial engagement with the enemy aces Hugh's plane is shot down, and he is reported as among the missing. His mind a blank as to his identity, he passes nearly eight years in military hospitals before he is released. Still known to himself and his associates only as "Lonesome." He wanders back to his own home, happily for the author of the story, and becomes, through his evident deep knowledge of aircraft, a valuable artisan in his father's new plant, now devoted to the manufacture of planes.

After mourning for Hugh as one dead for so many years, Phyllis agrees to marry Dan, and they, with old John Clayton, sail for France, where the wedding is to be held. They go to La Brie, where Hugh and Phyllis years ago had planned to spend their honeymoon. The ceremony, however, is to await arrival of "The Spirit of Hugh," a new model plane just completed at the factory. Hugh, taken up as observer in a test flight, regains his memory, thanks to an extremely high altitude, and on landing is adjudged as one crazed and detained in an asylum. He escapes to the flying field, steals the craft, and successfully makes the flight across the Atlantic, landing at no other spot than La Brie, and arriving just in time to prevent his wife from becoming an unwitting bigamist.

There are many excellent views of the terrain of various lands, as the plane speeds over New York, Newfoundland and France. The bombardment which brings down young Clayton's war plane is effectively staged, and there are attractive scenes in and around La Brie. The best acting is by that veteran of the stage and screen, Burr McIntosh. His grim effort to master his emotion as he stands at the base of the great monument erected to the memory of those who died through the war, was a vivid bit. Mr. Blue's methods are more simple, and restricted. Miss Murphy and Mr. Ober were mere foils to the others.

On the bill also is a comical romance of the car-barns, with Louise Fazenda, Clyde Jones and William Demarest. It is called "Pay As You Enter," and it has a laugh in nearly every foot of reel. W. E. G.

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

### "Fazil"

A screen romance featuring Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen, adapted by Philip Klein from the French play, "L'Inconnue," by Pierre Frondaie; scenario by Seton I. Miller, directed by Howard Hawks, and produced by William Fox with the following cast:

Prince Fazil ..... Charles Farrell  
Fabienne ..... Greta Nissen  
Helene Debreuze ..... Mae Busch  
Almed ..... Vadim Granoff  
Jacques Debreuze ..... Tyler Brooke  
Rice ..... Eddie Sturgis  
Alcha ..... Josephine Borio  
John Clavering ..... John Boles  
Gondolier ..... John T. Murray  
Iman Idris ..... Erville Alderson  
Zouroya ..... Dale Fuller  
Ali ..... Hank Mann

"Fazil" proves to be a picture which could have been spoiled, cheapened, by

misdirection or by over-acting.

it escaped such fate is creditable to Mr. Hawks, to Mr. Farrell and to Miss Nissen. By insisting on a tight continuity, by waving aside opportunities for digression from the main theme or for piling on the "sheik" stuff, Mr. Hawks has kept the presentation to a high level. By their repression, their apparent desire to make a convincing film rather than to tear the passions to tatters merely to please a sentimental gallery, the two leading players have contrived to leave a semblance of sincerity and substance where only ashes of wasted endeavor might have been found. "Fazil" is not a world beater in the annals of filmdom; it is just another well-written story, capably staged and acted.

Prince Fazil, wealthy young tribal ruler of Arabia, is sent to Venice on a mission. He had received indifferently a gift from his Sultan, a comely maiden as the nucleus of a harem which he has never possessed. "A horse or a camel would have been more acceptable," he tells the messenger. In Venice he stares from a casement window across a canal into the eyes of Fabienne, blonde, beautiful and young. They meet conventionally, are swept into love and hasty marriage. Fazil's love, however, is that of possession. Fabienne must have no male friends. When she tells Fazil that social customs on the continent and in Arabia differ, he returns to his homeland, leaving Fabienne to live her life as she chooses.

But they still love each other and Fabienne pockets her pride and seeks him out in his desert home. She finds that he has established a harem, and gives him his choice of dismissing his cluster of wives, or her. The other wives depart in panic. Soon again, Fazil and Fabienne clash and friends engineer her escape from what now has become a prison. Fazil pursues, is shot. Dying on his feet, he yet has strength to reach Fabienne's side. He tells her what he repeatedly had refused to say before, that he loves her as lover and not as master. He places on her finger the same poison-bearing ring which once he had threatened to apply to himself, and to soft music their souls, eternally joined, drift off into the darkness. Not a happy ending, but logical, consistent.

Aside from the wholly adequate acting of Mr. Farrell and Miss Nissen, "Fazil" can boast of some fine photography. Mere flashes of the desert, with scurrying horsemen, are caught. We see a gondolier, and hear him sing, as he pilots the lovers along Venetian lanes. These are merely color for the more substantial views, the courtyard and the vast halls of the prince's palace, the harem with its none too prepossessing inmates. It is the tragic "feel" of the last five minutes of the film which really counts. Here picture, action and sound are synchronized in the truest sense.

The stage program, entitled "Teeling Off," with the 12 Gamby-Hale girls, Rome and Dunn, Earle La Vere, Alice Wellman, Duffin and Draper, and Gene Rodemich and his orchestra. Pleading if conventional entertainment.

W. E. G.

## SOUSA'S BAND PLAYS AT SYMPHONY HALL

Lt.-Comdr. John Philip Sousa and his band, in the course of a golden jubilee tour, gave two concerts in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon and last evening. At each the audience was substantial and appreciative, especially of all things Sousaesque. Respectfully heedful of the dolorous dissonances of Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, Death and Transfiguration, moderately diverted by Sousa's descriptive suite, Tales of a Traveller, each audience became animated, joyous, when a familiar Sousa march was started. At least half a dozen of these marches were given as encores, while the newest one, The Golden Jubilee, was listed as a program number.

The Stars and Stripes Forever, one of the most popular, following that particular number, served chiefly to accentuate the thin melody of the later work. Far more satisfying was the Nichols-Sousa sketch, Among My Souvenirs, in which the famous bandmaster weaves old-time tunes into the fabric of this modern ballad.

The band now assembled under Sousa's baton is splendidly balanced, and has groups of cornetists, trombonists and flutists each of whom apparently could rank as a soloist, given opportunity. Mr. John Dolan's cornet numbers revealed an excellent tone. Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano, sang three numbers, including a waltz song, Love's Radiant Hour, composed by Sousa for lyrics written by Helen Boardman

The Harvard University Press has published "Ballads and Sea-Songs from Nova Scotia." Collected by W. Roy Mackenzie.

The following review is taken from the literary supplement of the London Times:

"The peninsula of Nova Scotia is, or was, rarely adapted to the culture of a folk-song ranging from the traditional ballads of medieval England and Scotland to the improvised shanties of the nineteenth century sailormen. No part of this narrow province is very far removed from the sea... this awareness of the sea and its romance is the factor which must lend to any representative collection from Nova Scotia a variety not to be found in the records of an inland state or province," says Mr. Mackenzie in his introduction to this most ensnaring book, a book put together with much labor and patience but obviously with great enjoyment on the part of the author.

Collecting folk-songs and ballads must be a wonderful training in tact and quick-wittedness; a mere echo of a ditty is borne on the wind and the collector is hot-foot after the person who can say or sing it to him. These hoarders of old songs are often moody and will give but a verse at a time; but patience and enthusiasm win them round. Mr. Mackenzie is evidently at home now in many melodious and convivial quarters where sailors and shantymen make him free of their company and their ballads, to our lasting profit and gratitude. His admirable and amusing collection is comfortably arranged, with sensible notes as to where the English, Irish or Scottish originals may be found, and brief references that will be of value to specialists and interesting to the casual reader. His "rough sort of grouping" is all that is required; it begins with the relics of the old country ballads which were brought to Nova Scotia by the settlers in the 18th century, and ranges over "songs of a familiar broadside type" mainly about romantic love and betrayal, battle songs like "The Plains of Waterloo" and "Brave Wolfe," the adventures and tragedies of seafaring men, sea-shanties, nursery tales and heterogeneous poems that might fit in anywhere. There are many variants of some songs, and local color, Canadian and American, is freely introduced; besides, there are purely local poems about accidents and murders which are very interesting. Of these the distressing tale of "Young Charlotte," which comes from Vermont, is popular in Canada. This young person went to a ball in mid-winter insufficiently clothed, refusing from vanity the blankets that her mother wished to fold round her in the sleigh for her 16-mile drive with young Charlie:

When they reached the door young Charlie jumped out  
And offered her his hand;  
"Why sit you there like a monument?  
You'll neither speak nor stand!"

A lifeless corpse young Charlotte was,  
For she froze with him in the sleigh,  
A lifeless corpse young Charlotte was,  
For she froze by the mountain way.

"The Fatal Snowstorm" tells of a mother and infant dying in the snow:

Come all you pretty fair maids,  
And a warning take by me;  
Don't believe a young man  
Or anything he'll say.

The desertion theme runs through many songs; one that is said to have been a great favorite with Crabbe when he was a schoolboy at Aldborough, "The Sailor's Tragedy," is current in Pictou. In this the ghost of the pretty fair maid vindictively pursues the sailor on the high seas:

One day as he was sailing on the mainmast high,  
A little boat he chanced to spy;  
And in that boat was a ghost so grim,  
Which made him tremble in every limb.

With great persuasions into the boat  
The young man he was forced to go.  
The boat it sunk in a flame of fire,  
Which made the ship's crew all admire.

"McLellan's Shooting" commemorates a local accident—"Take warning by McLellan's son, Mind how you trifle with a gun," is the moral, in the rhythm of "Struwwelpeter"—and the ballad of the "Bear River Murder" is as recent as 1895.

"About a brutal murder  
I now say a word,  
I mean that Bear River murder,  
No doubt of it you've heard.  
"If Wheeler is the murderer,  
It's gibbeted he ought to be,  
For hanging is too good for him!"  
Said Detective Power to me.

"I think he is the murderer, and it does seem to me  
As if he done the murder before he went to tea.  
Next morning when she was found  
She was laid upon the floor,  
And the pot of beans in the oven  
She had placed there the day before.  
... "So it's boys guide your tempers  
And fight for sweet liberty,  
There is no freedom now in prison,"  
Said Detective Power to me.

The tragedy of young Munro, who was lost in a log-jam, and of his sweetheart Clara Vernon, who died of grief and was buried in his grave, properly comes from Maine, but is sung in two versions in Canada and is said to be popular in Scotland. It was on a Sunday morning that the logs piled up mountains high, and in spite of the day:

The boss did say "Turn to, brave boys,  
Without one dread of fear,  
And we'll break the jam on Gerry's Rocks..."

Six Canadian shanty-boys  
Did volunteer to go  
For to break the jam on Gerry's Rocks,  
With their foreman, young Munro.

The six were lost; and when young Munro was taken from the water there was a maid on the bank "whose moans and cries did rent the sky. For her lover who was drowned."

We buried him quite decent  
All on the third of May.  
The boss to Miss Clara  
Her lover's wages paid.  
Likewise a cheque of a thousand pounds  
She received the very next day.

But these things proved of small solace, and when less than three



months later she expired with young Munro.

The wreck of the Atlantic, a White Star liner, on the coast in 1873, when the fishermen went out in their dories and saved hundreds of lives, is recalled in a long ballad full of charming detail:

The captain in that trying hour  
Spoke kindly to the men,  
Saying "Be calm, good men," while angry waves  
Swept angry over them.

One Mr. Street, a gentleman,  
Quite frantic with despair,  
From Cabin came, and in his arms  
His little daughter bare.  
And to one Ellery he said,  
"Pray, Charlie take my child,  
That I may go my wife to seek,  
The billows raging wild."

The unknown balladist has a touch of poetry in the lines:

Oh, angry sea, give up thy dead,  
Oh, rocky reefs, sink low,

but he speedily relapses when he comes to the moral that "there's breakers all round, And in an unexpected hour, The last great trump will sound."

The lovely and traditional old ballads given in this book are delightful to read in their several versions. Mr. Mackenzie has no illusions about local productions:

The ballad-singers of Nova Scotia I am willing to match against the ballad-singers of any other clime or region, but I have no inclination, and no warrant, to become boastful about the achievements of my fellow-countrymen in the matter of ballad composition. . . if we have cause for gratulation in our dealings with folk-song, as I believe we have, this is due mainly to the affectionate persistence of our singers in cherishing the ballads which they and their forefathers brought to these shores from the British Isles.

His remarks about sailors' shanties, "for which, even in the abbreviated texts in which it is necessary for me to present them, I have a peculiar affection," are particularly interesting, and, indeed, one can spend hours wandering through these pages, reading about Kidd and his imperfect repentance:

I murdered William More, and left him in his gore,  
Not many leagues from shore, as I sailed, as I sailed.  
My repentance lasted not, as I sailed,  
My repentance lasted not, my vows I soon forgot,  
Damnation's my just lot, as I sailed, as I sailed.

or about Jack Sheppard, or the Dying Cowboy, or Caroline of Edinboro Town, or the Jolly Ploughboy, or Mary on the Silvery Tide, or a hundred others.

Some forty odd tunes are included at the end of the volume; the collector regrets that there are not more and wishes he had begun his labors with as keen an interest in the recording music as he always had in the recording of texts. Many will share this regret. But still he may take satisfaction in this work of excellent and cheerful scholarship, which turns the distresses of life into lively and stimulating song.

Knox. It remained for Mr. Howard Goulden to win the most enthusiastic applause with his xylophone solo, the brilliant polonaise from "Mignon." Nor are Mr. Goulden's talents confined to this most deceptive of instruments.

Throughout the concert he leaped from drum to drum, as it were, or imitated dogs barking or horses whinnying, as in "The Whistling Farmer." He even shot deafening charges into a stage corner from two immense revolvers, to add to the climax of a march. Sousa conducted with less of his old-time verve, but none the less with characteristic grace and assurance. It was good to watch those up and down and lateral slashes of his magic baton in the marches which have thrilled old and young, from coast to coast, these many years. There will never be another Sousa.

band. The two programs, starting at 3:30 and at 8:15 P. M., are identical and will be as follows:

Percussion known as "Militaire Francaise" from "The Algerienne" . . . St. Saens  
Cornet solo, "Habanera" . . . Sarasate  
Suite, "Tales of a Traveler" . . . Sousa  
(a) "The Kaffir on the Karoo"  
(b) "The Land of the Golden Fleece"  
(c) "Easter Monday on the White House Lawn"  
Soprano solo, "Love's Radiant Hour" . . . Sousa  
(new)  
Miss Marjorie Moody  
(Lyric by Helen Boardman Knox)  
Symphonic poem, "Death and Transfiguration" . . . Richard Strauss  
INTERVAL  
Sketch, "Among My Souvenirs" (new) . . . Nichols-Sousa  
(a) Sextette for flutes, "Dance of the Mirlitons" . . . Tchaikowsky  
Messrs. Evans, Petrie, Phares, Orosky,  
Zlotnik and Hall  
(b) March, "The Golden Jubilee" . . . Sousa  
(new)  
Xylophone solo, Polonaise "Mignon" . . . Tierney  
Mr. Howard Goulden  
"Balance All and Swing Partners"

**"The Bellamy Trial" Is Given Its First Production at The Copley**

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Bellamy Trial," a play in three acts by Frank E. Carstarphen and Frances Noyes Hart, based on the novel of the same title by Mrs. Hart; performed last evening for the first time on any stage with the following cast:

Mr. Farr . . . . . Fred Eric  
Court Clerk . . . . . Charles Prosper  
Constable . . . . . George Russell  
Dr. Stanley . . . . . Gerald Rogers  
Mr. Lambert . . . . . E. L. Clive  
The Judge . . . . . David Clyde  
Melanie Cordier . . . . . Barbara Boyd  
Douglas Thorne . . . . . Richard Whorf  
Miss Thorne . . . . . Elsie Fudson

Mrs. Daniel Ives . . . . . Edmund George  
Elliott Farwell . . . . . W. T. Watt  
Luigi Orsini . . . . . Charles Romano  
Stephen Bellamy . . . . . W. H. Sams  
Dr. Gabriel Barretti . . . . . Ian Emory  
Patrick Ives . . . . . Gaby Fay  
Susan Ives . . . . . Wallace Erskine  
Ranolph Phillips . . . . . Patricia Calvert  
Margaret Dunne . . . . . Sydney Long  
Clerk of the Jury . . . . . Roger Wheeler

One scene, a courtroom in a county seat, serves for the entire action of the play. Assembled are the judge, the attorneys for government and defence, the jurors, each a type, court attaches, the two prisoners at the bar, Susan Ives, wife of Patrick, and Stephen Bellamy, husband of Madeleine, the murdered woman. Tedious, traditional court procedure, formal opening; constant sparring by the aggressive prosecuting attorneys and the watchful counsel for defence, zealously guarding his clients' rights, each alert to assail a weak spot in the other's armor. Each witness gives such testimony as seems calculated to convict or to free the accused pair—of an overheard conversation, of a missing note, of fingerprints on a lamp.

At last the evidence is all in, the lawyers sum up, the judge delivers his charge, and the jury returns with a verdict of not guilty for each defendant. So far the interest in this drama has been cumulative. We know that Madeleine Bellamy had been murdered. Motives have been advanced, assailed, eliminated. Characters of eminently respectable persons have been exposed for public dissection. Madeleine might have been a saintly wife; she may have been catty, jealous, money-mad. If Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy, each accredited with ample reasons for wishing her removal, did not kill her, some one surely did. Who?

The third act, representing a lapse in time of a mere half-hour, holds the grim secret, illumines the baffling mystery. The courtroom has been cleared, the judge is fussing with his papers. In Mrs. Hart's story the revelation is contained in a letter to the judge—a very long and circumstantial document, pitiable in every line. In possession of the letter for some time previous, the judge had observed the stipulation that it be not read until the conclusion of the trial. In the play the spoken word must be utilized, and it is Mrs. Daniel Ives, mother of Pat and mother-in-law of Susan, who speaks.

It seems unfair to those who will view "The Bellamy Trial" to set forth at this time what actually occurs in that final scene. That should be left as a surprise. It may be stated, however, that it gives Miss Dudgeon the opportunity to share the honors of the performance with Mr. Clive and Mr. Eric,

easily the dominant figures in the play as the clashing attorneys.

From a first hearing it would seem that Mrs. Hart has introduced every vital character which appeared in the original story. It has been Mr. Carstarphen's task to assemble text and character in orderly fashion, to prune judiciously so that no spoken word shall be wasted, no link missing either in the case which the prosecuting attorney seeks to establish or in the defence which Atty. Lambert is intent on maintaining. The play has exceptional strength. It moves steadily forward in almost unbroken continuity. The interest of the audience is held in masterly fashion, little breaks of comedy coming at just the right intervals. Each character has individuality; Melanie Cordier, the French maid with her dubious moral background; Orsini, the Italian gardener, who rattled off ground measurements in fractions of inches because he had observed that lawyers wanted exact figures; Stephen Bellamy himself, high strung and on the verge of a nervous breakdown; Dr. Barretti, the distinguished-appearing fingerprint expert, who incidentally had the fingerprints of the wrong person, as frequently happens in real murder trials. These are only a few of the strangely assorted persons who writhe in the witness chair. Each, by the way, excepting the two defendants, is summoned in his or her turn from the outer chamber. They come upon the audience suddenly, and depart to varying degrees of applause.

It is true that much latitude is allowed these witnesses. This is necessary, that

through them the narrative may be told completely. They are allowed to make violent retorts to counsel, to heighten dramatic effects. It seemed amazing that the court did not order Susan Ives to speak louder, that the jury might hear her testimony. Certainly much of it was lost to the audience. Also this same jury was ignored for long stretches at a time by each attorney. Mr. Lambert's summation for the defence was a forensic masterpiece but hardly a review of the evidence. Mr. Farr was more the astute lawyer of the two.

However, in the face of the overwhelming odds in favor of the solid success of "The Bellamy Trial," it would be captious indeed to seek out tiny flaws. Last evening's performance, before an audience both friendly and discriminating, indicated that here is a play which deserves to rank with two other famous dramas of similar character, "Within the Law" and "Madame X." In more ways than one it is superior to either in theme, treatment and interpretation. It looks as if the Copley Theatre is to house another long-run attraction.

W. E. G.

Aug 20 1928

#### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

##### "Walking Back"

A screen dramatization featuring Sue Carol: written by Monte Katterjohn from George Kibbe Turner's story "A Ride in the Country," directed by Rupert Julian and produced by the De Mille studio with the following cast:

Patsy Schuyler . . . . . Sue Carol  
Smoke Thatcher . . . . . Richard Walling  
Beaut Thibaut . . . . . Ivan Lebedeff  
Mr. Thatcher, Sr. . . . . Robert Edeson  
Mrs. Thatcher . . . . . Jane Keckley  
Mrs. Schuyler . . . . . Florence Turner  
Gyp . . . . . James Bradbury, Sr.  
Pet Masters . . . . . James Bradbury, Sr.  
Crooks . . . . . Billy Sullivan, George Stone

This is a picture in which the older players do the acting and the young folks furnish the thrills and all-round devilry. A compact little cast, with Robert Edeson, Jane Keckley, Florence Turner and James Bradbury, Sr., for such histrionics as the story demands, and Miss Carol and Messrs. Walling, Rankin, Lebedeff, Sullivan and Stone for foolish youth and gun-toting thugs.

"Smoke" Thatcher is a wild son, wilful and hot-headed. He figures in several escapades, but caps the climax when he borrows a car to reach "Patsy" Schuyler at a dance, drinks too much and with Patsy as his passenger engages in an automobile ramming contest all over the highway with "Pet" Masters, another wayward youngster. Finally the borrowed car, wrecked beyond redemption, is coaxed into a garage, headquarters for a criminal gang. Three members of this gang enter while Smoke and Patsy are there and, lured by an offer of reward sufficient to enable him to pay for the ruined machine, Smoke agrees to drive their car to an undesignated rendezvous.

This happens to be the bank where his father, holding a responsible position, is doing some night work on the books, too late, the boy realizes his predicament. The father is held up, the vaults looted, and the getaway seems perfect, when the father, rushing in pursuit, sees his son at the wheel. Horrified, he raises his pistol to fire, when Beaut Thibaut drops him with a bullet in the shoulder. Thatcher, Sr.,

PAGE

shoots into the air to give the alarm, and the pursuit is on. Smoke, torn between remorse and rage, maintains a reckless speed even when approaching the city. When Thibaut threatens first to shoot him and then Patsy, who has been taken along to "make the party look pretty," Smoke defies him and drives straight into a police station, taking down front wall, desk and all. The crooks are taken red-handed by the astounded policemen, and Smoke learns there is a reward of \$8000 on Beaut Thibaut's greasy "dome."

The closing scene shows the reconciliation between the convalescent father and the penitent son. "They are not lawless," says Thatcher, Sr., to his wife, as he tosses the key to his own car to smoke. "They are just wayward, the boys and girls of 1928." Which is not much of a moral, but it may indicate the general attitude of fond parents toward the neckers and flask-carriers of the current year. W. E. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE BOSTON THEATRE "Chicken a la King"

A screen comedy based on the stage play, "Mr. Romeo," by Harry Wagstaff and Wallace A. Manheimer; scenario by Izola Forrester and Mann Page, directed by Henry Lehrman and produced by William Fox with the following cast:

Maisie Devoe . . . . . Nancy Carroll  
Horace Trundle . . . . . Ford Sterling  
Oscar Barrows . . . . . Arthur Stone  
Eddie Roberts . . . . . George Meeker  
Babe Lorraine . . . . . Frances Lee  
Effie Trundle . . . . . Carol Holloway  
Maid . . . . . Nora Hayden

They call it a comedy, but it is farce, pure and simple. It would be, with two such broad slap-stick artists as Messrs. Sterling and Stone. However, no matter how classified, "Chicken a la King" is good fun, neatly devised and resourcefully acted. As warm weather entertainment it is refreshing and exhilarating. It tells first of the home life of the Trundles on the morning of their 25th wedding anniversary. Horace has built up a well-founded reputation as a tight wad at home. Effie does not dare to suggest that she needs a new dress or hat. Oscar, Effie's sap brother, chooses this day to arrive on a visit. He makes it known that he is about to marry a chorus girl, and Horace orders him from the house, then decides to nip this back-stage romance in the bud. He finds Maisie, Oscar's girl, with her side partner, Babe Lorraine, working in a burlesque show. He quickly capitulates to the blandishments of these two accomplished gold-diggers and speedily becomes the king of butter-and-egg men. Oscar trails him, makes deals with the two girls, and all three are on the road to affluence when Effie discovers what is going on. She in turn conspires with the two choristers, and we see this domesticated spouse metamorphosed into a gay butterfly, as part of the game. When the game is nearly up Maisie tries to blackmail Horace to the tune of \$10,000. Horace plans to give her marked money and then have her arrested, but Oscar, Effie and the fates intervene, and the money eventually reaches the willing hands of Effie herself. Horace, to prove his faithfulness, had marked the 10 \$1000 bills so that, spread fanlike, she could read, "I love Effie." Altogether it cost Horace \$17,000 to have his little fling, and he certainly did a lot of running round for it.

Mr. Sterling has been doing that sort of clowning since the first one-reel films were shown in the "opery house." He does it better now, for he economizes on physical effort, and trusts more to facial byplay. Mr. Stone is the rural sap to the life. Miss Carroll and Miss Lee make a precious pair of scheming blondes, and Miss Holloway does some neat characterization as Effie. The rain and snow storm scene in the closing moments of the picture, with Mr. Sterling as the victim, is one of the funniest yet devised.

Aug 21 1928

#### FENWAY AND WASHINGTON STREET OLYMPIA

##### "Lights of New York"

A screen melodrama, the first full-length all-Vitaphone photoplay; story and scenario by Huzh Herbert and Murray Roth; directed by Bryan Foy and produced by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Kitty Lewis . . . . . Helene Costello  
Eddie Morgan . . . . . Cullen Landis  
Molly Thompson . . . . . Gladys Brockwell  
Mrs. Morgan . . . . . Mary Carr  
Hawk Miller . . . . . Wheeler Oakman  
Gen. . . . . Eugene Pallett  
Detective Crosby . . . . . Robert Elliott  
Sam . . . . . Tom Dugan  
Collins . . . . . Tom McGuire  
Tommy . . . . . Gus D'Emory  
Mr. Jackson . . . . . Walter Pennington  
Mr. Dickson . . . . . Joe Delaney

It is safe to say that yesterday thousands of curious movie-fans flocked to these two theatres to see and hear the first complete, full-length talking movie. It would be interesting to poll those thousands of opinions as to the merits or defects, the advantages or handicaps, the chances of permanency of this latest venture into the field of pictorial and auditory illusion. As



sheer novelty it certainly takes a prodigious step forward. Whether that step shall proceed, be halted, or retraced, remains to be seen.

This piece, "Lights of New York," is merely another version of almost similar episodes in "Broadway" and other lurid melodramas of night clubs, bootleggers, and "frame-ups." We have the country boy, as Mr. Landis conceives him, the country girl of Miss Costello, the patient, guileless mother of the boy, giving him money to go to New York to make his fortune; the villainous night club proprietor who counts murder among the essentials of his nefarious existence, his discarded woman, his sneaking accomplices, a police detective, and a comedy barber. To such as these are intrusted the spoken word which is to mark the entrance to filmdom of this new species of entertainment.

Just how effective are their endeavors? By what margins do they enhance, or blast that almost perfect illusion which for years has been one of the vital factors in screen productions? Yesterday, at a first hearing, several points were noted. First, there were no subtitles; voices attempted to tell the story. In a way this was a saving of time.

Secondly, synchronization seemed perfect as to lip-movement and audible sound. But such a variety of sounds! From the lips of such seasoned players of the stage as Mary Carr, or Mr. Pallette, or Gladys Brockwell, the words came in fairly natural fashion, with proper modulations and inflections. Most of the others emitted sounds such as might come from a ventriloquist's automaton, or from persons hopelessly afflicted with adenoidal ills. These sounds were flat, or dull or strangely unnatural. And they seemed to come from one spot, the centre of the scene. In close-ups the effect was improved; but it was noticeable that in a scene participated in by, say, half a dozen characters, it was necessary to cut the film through the centre, to flash first one side and then the other, to bring out the spoken words with decent clarity.

It is obvious that the mechanical details of the all-talking film are in the embryonic stage; it is probable that those who are its most enthusiastic sponsors already have plans to perfect them. This much likewise seems obvious: that for any approach to completely satisfying results it will be incumbent on producers to rush into the market place and acquire the services of stage-trained players who can project across the footlights the human voice in all its ranges of emotional import. Failing in this, movie-land will have to establish elementary schools in elocution. There is yet much to be done before the blending of eye and ear impressions can be perfected, before the audience loses the consciousness that its collective mind is being compelled to perform two functions at the same time. This is the age of marvels. The all-talking movie may yet have its place in the sun.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE "Forbidden Hours"

A screen romantic drama by A. P. Younger, featuring Ramon Novarro and Renee Adoree; directed by Harry Beaumont, and produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

His Majesty Michael IV... Ramon Novarro  
Aurea Mancini... Renee Adoree  
Queen Alexia... Dorothy Cummings  
Prime Minister... Edward Connelly  
Niko... Maurice Cannon  
Sina... Alberta Vaughn  
Duke de Kresshoff... Roy D'Arcy

In "The Student Prince," Mr. Novarro was allowed a scant year of happiness, then stripped of his student days' love that he might fulfill his obligations as the new king. In "Forbidden Hours," the author is kinder. He arranges matters so that the boyish Michael IV not only may have his little romance, but may retain more than its ashes for memory. He, by a few strokes of the pen, has Michael abdicate his throne, to be recalled as he reaches the frontier lines with his chosen love, a Parisian commoner. His people have decided that they want him back as their ruler, and that he may marry whom he so elects. So there is a happy ending, with a cathedral wedding ceremony, and everyone pleased.

"Forbidden Hours" is light entertainment, saved by the gossamer humor of Miss Adoree, by the very natural boyishness of Mr. Novarro. The first half of the film is sheer comedy, deftly played by these two. With the evening regatta on the lake, when Michael deliberately overturns his light craft, and bears his terrified passenger, Marie, to shore and to a cottage where he has planned to trap her, the action becomes more serious. After a furious scene of passion uninvited and repulsed, Michael becomes penitent and begs forgiveness. With that gesture of pardon comes real love for both. When the queen-mother leads with Michael to give up Marie, she refuses, signs his abdication decree, and rushes to find her. Marie, influenced by her uncle, the prime minister, permits herself to be found in the arms of Niko, cousin to the king. "And I have up my kingdom for you," exclaims Michael. When she offers to be anything he wishes to him, if he will go back to his throne, he tosses her into

a room filled with carousing soldiers and drives off. Remorseful, he turns back in time to rescue her from the fate which has threatened more than one stage heroine. Then came reconciliation, the call of his subjects, and the wedding.

The piece gives several indications of being re-written and abridged. The final scenes are fairly telescoped to an abrupt curtain, there are missing sequences, supplied only by unconvincing subtitles. Only fanciful treatment and sincere effort by the two featured players prevent it from becoming the merest film routine.

W. E. G.

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRE

##### "The First Kiss"

A screen drama, co-starring Fay Wray and Gary Cooper, adapted from Tristram Tupper's story, "Four Brothers," directed by Roland V. Lee and produced by Paramount with the following cast:

Anna Lee... Fay Wray  
William Talbot... Gary Cooper  
Carol Talbot... Lane Chandler  
Leslie Fenton... Paul Fix  
Malcolm Williams... "Pap"

It is the last and not the first kiss which counts most in this film of Chesapeake bay oyster tongs, "poor white trash," and little Anna Lee's one and only romance. Anna Lee's last name was Marshall, and her father was rich. The Talbotts came of good Maryland stock but had gone woefully to seed. "Pap," a failure at parental guidance and uplift, drank himself to death early, and then Mulligan, so named by his deceased mother to annoy his grandfather, whose greatest enemy bore the same name, took charge. He was prompted to this, not only by his father's gin-sped passing, but by the fact that Anna Lee had slapped his face and called him "poor white trash" when he forced a kiss on her petalled lips. He turned river pirate to finance his three brothers whom he assigned respectively to the professions of medicine, the law, and the ministry, but they thought the money came from the grandfather.

Six years later Anna Lee returns from Paris, the brothers have been educated, Mulligan has prospered at his piracy and in odd moments has built a dream ship dedicated to Anna Lee. She has been loyal. To her Mulligan confesses his criminality, sells the ship, and with the proceeds returns the loot, is detected, arrested, tried and convicted. When the court defers sentence Anna Lee sends for the successful brothers, and her plea and theirs win probation for Mulligan. Anna Lee has bought the dream ship, and they sail away on a sun-filled honeymoon.

The picture is overloaded with subtitles, the story's conclusion, in film form, is weak and unconvincing. Otherwise there is some excellent photography of scenes along the riverfront of St. Michael's, of boats and moonlights. Miss Wray acts bravely, with a quivery sort of emotion in the more tense episodes. Mr. Cooper, tall, gaunt and inclined to stare moodily at nothing at all, evidently took his role very seriously. He was at his best in and about his boats. The parts of the three brothers were evenly portrayed.

"Parisian Nights," John Murray Anderson's first Publix production since his return from abroad, held the stage. It was beautiful, dramatic and comic in turns.

W. E. G.

#### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES "The Girl from Chicago"

A screen melodrama, featuring Conrad Nagel and Myrna Loy; from a story by Arthur Somers Roche, adapted by Graham Baker, directed by Ray Enright, and presented by Warner Bros., with the following cast:

Handsome Joe... Conrad Nagel  
Mary Carlton... Myrna Loy  
Big Steve Drummond... William Russell  
Bob Carlton... Carol Nye  
Dopey... Paul Panzer  
Col. Carlton... Erville Alderson

The most striking phase of this good old knock-about melodrama is the atmosphere of constant suspense. Opening with a prologue showing Col. Carlton and his daughter Mary in their restful southern home, awaiting word from Bob, adventurous son and brother, the scene changes quickly to New York, peopled with gunmen, police detectives, and night resorts. Into such a world Mary has rushed, after learning that brother Bob is in prison, awaiting electrocution for a murder pinned on him by members of the gang into whose clutches he had fallen. Mary, posing as a girl from Chicago's underworld, singles out Handsome Joe or Big Steve as knowing most about the crime, and plays up to each in desperate efforts to learn the truth. Big Steve is a sure-enough crook, but Handsome Joe is really Lt. Bill Saunders, of the detective bureau, pseudo-gangster working on a hunch that young Carlton is innocent.

Such a situation spells suspense. At any split second the audience expects shots and a subsequent fatality, with either Handsome Joe or Big Steve, now

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Mr. Gilbert Gabriel, the brilliant dramatic critic of the New York Sun, has this to say about the New York World's plan of postponing for a day the review of a play; the publication of a "news notice" on Tuesday morning of the play performed on Monday night, and the publication on Wednesday morning of a carefully considered critical article.

"The time for resolutions is now or never. I don't see much sense in this much vaunted plan of a next door newspaper to delay all its reviews for a day and a night. Most plays are not worth the dignity of that course. Most first nights are news and merit no more nor less than a news notice. And that's my summer resolution: to give the usual fiascos—and fiascos are fairly usual—the short report they deserve. To be curt, in such cases, is to be kind.

"I'm sorry, but I never did get the thrill I ought from chasing bad performances all around the page. The world is too full of sorry actors to celebrate any particular one's failings and foolishnesses for three-quarters of a column. Among my idiosyncrasies, fearfully disciplined to date, has always been a ten times greater interest in the play than in the players. At the head of my new leaf stands a vow not to bother the reader with long burlettas about inept and suffering casts.

"There isn't much mutual fun, either, in turning a notice of a poor play into a bulging disquisition on what's happening to the folk drama of the southern Appalachians or the spirit of revolt in Czechoslovakian constructivism. Tying handsome generalities to a poor play is like tethering an elephant to a hatpin. There is no need of trying to find sermons in cut rates.

"So, concerning perhaps half or more of the first nights I go to, I'll claim a right to brevity. And then, dismissing that evening's subject with a courteous kiss, go along with talk of the play of two nights before, instead, or of the play of three nights before—provided that play was worth it—or of a month before, even. Or of some play to come. Or of some play abroad, or some play on its way to or from there. That, at least, is an ambition—to rid the daily description of the drama of any stiff obligations of time, place and space, and not to waste two typewritten pages on a bad play only because it happened to open in New York last night."

#### TOO MUCH CHALIAPIN

And really we had a little too much of Chaliapin at times. After all, there are other characters in the opera of "Faust," and though their general ineffectiveness was partly their own fault, we too often felt that Chaliapin was monopolizing more of our attention than Mephistopheles is really entitled to. It was not merely that Chaliapin was a disturbing rather than an assisting element in the ensembles; that might be accounted for, in part, by the absence of steadiness and legato in a good deal of his tone. It was rather that, as an actor, he was too persistently in the limelight. He seemed reluctant to believe that the opera could get on without him at any stage of the proceedings when there was an opportunity for him to assert himself: his biggest offence against good taste in this respect was his occupying the front-centre of the stage with his sprawling posture on the walls of the well at the climactic point in the second act when Faust rushes into Marguerite's arms.

His assertions of independence sometimes came dangerously near mere caprice, as in the serenade, where his rubato, besides giving the orchestra an unnecessary amount of trouble, took much of the essential quality out of the music.—Ernest Newman.

M. Diaghilev talked last month in London with a member of the Observer's staff about the changed attitude of the public and the newspapers since 1911 when he brought his ballet troupe to that city:

#### THE UNCHANGING PRESS

"Another great difference I notice in the public is that seventeen years ago every Englishman had his own newspaper; his opinion then was not his own, but that of his paper. That has completely changed. The opinion of the press has ceased to play any part in the individual attitude to the theatre; often it even acts by contrary.

"But one must admit, of course, that in all these years the newspapers have not essentially changed at all. For the last ten years and more, we have seen in the papers the same types of newly-wedded couples, dogs and cats, champions of different games, and railway accidents. And one can even say beforehand, according to the month, the particular breed of dog one will find displayed in their columns.

"That is what is known in England as tradition. And in that sense theatrical criticism represents the best tradition. It remains faithful to the opinion it held twenty years ago. It is strange, because critics change or die, but those who succeed them express just the same opinions. When, the morning after a new production, I am asked what opinion I have of the press, I have no opinion, because the press has no opinion either. There is never a single fresh voice even to say something stupid.

#### "FUTURISTA"

"I once had an Italian valet who used to call everything he did not like or could not understand 'futurista,' and that is exactly what the English critic does. Everything one tries to do, and everything one tries to express, is always 'futurista' for the English critic.

"The critics have, however, during the last few years acquired the habit of saying they do not understand. And now they ask why and how, and with what object, things are done. The only answer I can give to these questions is that I do not know in the least why or how, or with what object.

"In a scene by Picasso there is a black spot. Several people came to ask him what it meant. He replied that it was 'The shadow in the Infinite,' and the strangest thing is that everybody understood what it meant.

"I could also have invented similar replies, but I am afraid in that case more things would be understood than ought to be. I am sure the public demands much less explanation, and it is not in the least because it is more stupid than the critic. But the public has the advantage that, apart from the word 'understand,' it has not forgotten how to feel, and that is a point of which the critics could learn a lesson from the public."

Mr. Sydney W. Carroll, writing for the Daily Telegraph of London, expresses his dislike of the musical comedies now popular in London. He



deplores the American innuence.

"I dread the prospect of a continuance for any period, however brief, of the present form of musical stage piece, especially when it claims to be of the light and entertaining order. America has brought over to England a frenzied electric crazy thing known as jazz, and our public will swallow with ease and eagerness any stupid story, any outrage in the way of entertainment or exploitation of stage personality, so long as they are not given time to think, so long as it is noisy enough, brazen enough, vulgar enough, and fast enough. There must be many touches of sloppiness and false sentiment, bits of crude slapstick, and plenty of movement, especially from the hips and the toes, to say nothing of such things as the 'black bottom.'

"Today, stridency seems at a premium. The male chorus must bellow and bray their loudest. The ladies must transform themselves into Grenadier Guards, and drill with breathless and horrific precision. No marks are given for grace or beauty. The highest awards go to exhibitions of vitality and energy. Quickness and nimbleness of footwork are considered of greater account than rhythm and poetry of motion. We have to go to the Russian Ballet to find what was once a sine qua non of the comic musical piece, however frivolous.

"How few of our modern musical plays, imported or home-made, have the inestimable quality of charm! How few of them preserve any sense or continuous probability of story, how many of them are cursed with the irritating itch of the professional clown, bent upon amusing his listeners and onlookers at all costs! Where are the wit, the humour, the spontaneity and sparkle, the originality of Gilbert and Sullivan?

"Stop! Let me be just. I had a moment or two of rare exaltation, it is true, at Drury Lane. The old-world, strangely fascinating and novel atmosphere of 'The Show Boat' thrilled me deeply, and Robeson's singing of 'Ol' Man River' was worth all the musical pieces I had seen for the last five years. Soul! Yes. He had a quality of soul not expected by me, yet all the more delightful by reason of its surprise. I would I could find more of it in the theatre."

At every turn wherever we go music is made as a stop-gap to fill the silences which today humans dare not face. People are terrified of silences, so they have music, and I consider it a great insult to music.—Sir Hugh Allen.

When playing a concerto always look toward the conductor. Do not look at him; that will confuse you. Look toward him. It is all he requires—the graceful touch of homage. If you neglect this tribute he will not take your hand before them all.—Harry Farjeon.

The essential trivialities of Greek drama are masks, stilts, chalk-pit theatres, groups of young ladies trained in an adequately gloomy method of intoning choruses.—Hubert Griffith.

keenly interested in Mary, as a victim. Handsome Joe's quick wit, his disarming smile, averts deadly explosions, and the story moves to that point where only five hours of life apparently remain for young Carlton. Then things happen. Big Steve, at last openly suspicious of Handsome Joe, traps him in Mary's apartment and the shooting starts. And what shooting! Shots from a window, to warn the police. Shots through heavy doors, shots in the dark, and with the arrival of the motorcycle emergency squad a veritable bombardment. Big Steve, who has just been named as the actual murderer, is killed, the Governor, after much hysterical telephoning, calls off the electrocution, and bullet-proof Lt. Saunders and grateful Mary pose in loving embrace in the old southern home, for the fade-out.

A well-made picture, with logical captions and skillful blend of thrills and rough humor. Mr. Nagle is dapper and resourceful in a dual role, Miss Loy charming in by-play, convincing in dramatic moments, Mr. Russell was a likeable gunman, despite his misdeeds. Most of Mr. Nye's histrionics were exhibited behind iron gratings.

W. E. G.

**COLONIAL THEATRE**—"Cross My Heart," musical comedy in two acts, with 10 scenes; lyrics by Joseph McCarthy; book by Daniel Kibell; music by Harry Tierney; staged and presented by Sammy Lee with Louis Gress as musical director, and the following cast:

Charles Graham ..... Bobby Watson  
Mrs. T. Montgomery Gobble ..... Lily McCoull  
Elsie Gobble ..... Doris Eaton  
Sallie Blake ..... Mary Lawlor  
Tommy Fitzgerald ..... Franklin Ardell  
Richard Todd ..... Clarence Nordstrom  
Beatrice ..... Elizabeth Campanole  
Eddie Tucker ..... Edgar Fairchild  
Maharajah of Ma-Ha ..... Eddy Conrad  
Maxie Squeeze ..... Harry Evans  
Winnie ..... Ross Marie Simoni  
Finnie ..... Rosalie Daniels

The first brand new musical comedy plot of the season of 1928-29, all dressed up with lively and sentimental tunes, all kinds of dancing and so many changes of parti-colored costumes that the eye actually was dazzled, disclosed itself last evening in "Cross My Heart." As usual, it wasn't, as a plot, as deep as a well, but at times it was fairly broad. In brief it concerned the determined efforts of Mrs. Gobble, widow of the lollipop king, to marry her daughter, Elsie, to an East Indian prince who turns out to be really a cheap if comic crook. Elsie in the end gets Charlie Graham, the Gobble social secretary, and Sallie Blake, Mrs. Gobble's poor niece, marries into the exclusive Van Ness family after her romance with the only son of that house who has masqueraded under the name of Richard Todd because he preferred to lead a jazz orchestra in a night club to building ships for his father. The prince, or rajah, has a fellow rogue,

Maxie, for attendant, and the two double-cross each other; which explains why they found Mrs. Gobble's jewels on the rajah instead of Maxie, the second story worker, after the ballroom lights went out and were turned on again.

The first act has seven scenes, the second, three. Three of these are elaborate sets, rooms in Mrs. Gobble's home, the interior of the Slave Ship cafe in Greenwich Village, and the gardens of the Gobble estate. In each of these is abundant room for dances, individual, by twos, and ensemble. In past seasons, when a play-bill announced, "dances staged by Sammy Lee," that meant you were going to see some nifty stepping. In "Cross My Heart," Mr. Lee has beaten all his previous records. It was dancing every time last night that brought down the house, and not one encore was allowed. This was wise, otherwise more than one commuter would have lost his or her last train home. In solo dancing Miss Lawlor, Miss Eaton, and Miss Sinnott carried off the honors. Bob Gilbert and Arvil Avery were actually sensational in their posture dances, and the Ten Little Tappers were right there to step in when the others tired. A good dancing show. As for musical numbers, "Lady Whippoorwill," in the second act, with dances of course, bids fair to become the liveliest hit, although "Dream Sweetheart," "Right Out of Heaven into My Arms," and "Good Days and Bad Days" were tuneful and worthy. The costumes worn by the girls of the chorus were no whit prettier than the girls themselves. Mr. Lee always did "know how to pick them."

Several Boston favorites are in the cast. Miss Lawlor has improved remarkably, and her dancing last evening was ever fascinating to watch and often difficult to accomplish. Miss Eaton and Miss Campanole played smaller roles blithely. Mr. Nordstrom was most at ease in song. Mr. Watson reminded one of the "Georgie Cohan of many years ago. Mr. Conrad did his best with a lean low comedy role. Miss McConnell, exponent of that type of comedienne best described as rough and tumble, with Malapropian tendencies in speech, really took first honors in rough humor. At least plump in figure, she danced with the lightest of them, wrestled all over the stage with Mr. Conrad, and tapped, did the front over, and what not. If only she had essayed a cart-wheel or the split. However, one must not ask too much.

W. E. G.

### 'Excess Baggage' at Plymouth Theatre Depicts Life Backstage

**PLYMOUTH THEATRE**—"Excess Baggage," a comedy in three acts by John McGowan. Presented by Joseph Santley and Theodore Bartle, with the following cast:

Jimmy Dunn ..... Frank McHugh  
Sarah Ford ..... Nance Bouville  
Jack Merrill ..... Stuart Anderson  
Bob ..... Sam Puckett  
Charlie ..... Roland Mills  
Bill ..... John H. Dison  
Frank Arnold ..... Suzanne Witla  
Mabel Ford ..... Ben Ruyle  
Marvin ..... Ralph Morzan  
Eddie Kane ..... Peggy O'Connor  
Bettie Ford ..... Ruth Thomas  
Elsa McCoy ..... Wilfred Lucas  
Herbert Cammion ..... Allen Dailey  
Val D'Errico ..... Fred Waldron  
Al Kent ..... Benny Ross  
George McCarthy ..... Leslie Borgerson  
George DeLeon ..... Frank Bryan  
Harry Hart ..... Lucille Fenton  
Rita Rydell ..... Howard Morgan  
Dad ..... and

The Ritz Orchestra. Direction Philip Ehlich

Among the plays now in vogue depicting the lives of theatre people backstage, "Excess Baggage" takes a notable place. Probably no one but a vaudeville actor has the right to speak of its engaging matter as "realistic," yet the layman in the audience has a sense of watching real humans do untheatrical things as he sees people of the "two-a-day" live their surprisingly every-day lives behind costume and grease paint.

There is little of the rubber stamp about Mr. McGowan's idea of a vaudeville actor. We are informed that he is a graduate of the turns himself, and the characters with which he has peopled the backstage and dressing room scenes of this play are widely diversified and possess individualities of their own. There is Jimmie Dunn, the hooper, no less self-confident one "Roy Lane—Company," there are the hard-boiled "wisecrackers" of the comic quartet, there is "Dad," the kind-hearted, solicitous and noney stage door man, there is the ingenue Betty Ford and her tenacious mother, who appear in a "sister act," and the simple, likable and devoted couple whose lives are the basis of the story.

Eddie Kane and his wife, Elsa McCoy, we first meet backstage in a third-rate western theatre. Eddie walks a rope, juggles and does a "slide for life," and Elsa merely appears in a pretty costume and hands him his props. They had thought to play "bigger time" and their hopes are waning. Elsa is discouraged, but Eddie must see her at the foot of the rope if he is to have the confidence to do his dangerous better house and Eddie is jubilant, but film people arrive with an offer for

Elsa which outshines Eddie's triumph. With a grimace of pain behind his clown's make-up, he urges her to accept. She does and he, incapable of doing his act without her encouragement, leaves the stage. As she rises to movie stardom, his apparently dependent position becomes the secret joke of the profession. Goaded to desperation at being known as "Elsa McCoy's husband," and furious at an apparent attachment between his wife and her foppish leading man, he gets an engagement and does his slide without her. Several possible endings present themselves—we shall not dull the anticipation of the playgoer by revealing the real one.

There are unusual settings of the realistic type, unusual props, and in the last act a simulation of a vaudeville house, with a rope stretched to the balcony, and actors in the audience. All members of the cast take their parts in a manner beyond serious criticism. Ralph Morgan plays Eddie Kane with admirable restraint and makes of the youthful, wholehearted troupier a well-rounded person of flesh and blood. Frank McHugh as the bumptious Jimmy deserved his many laughs, and Allen

Dailey did his movie sheik of studied exits to a proper turn.

H. F. M.

### AUSTRALIANS GUESTS AT COPLEY THEATRE

A large contingent of the officers and men of H. M. S. Australia, newest addition to the Australian navy, now visiting in Boston, were guests of E. E. Clive and the Copley Players last night at the performance of "The Bellamy Trial."

At the conclusion of the performance, Mr. Clive proposed to the officers that they arrange to have a second and a third group attend this afternoon and evening. The invitation was accepted.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE "Tempest"

A screen drama starring John Barrymore, adapted from an original screen story by G. Gardner Sullivan, directed by Sam Taylor, made by United Artists, its first sound picture, and presented by Joseph M. Schenck with the following cast:

Sergeant Ivan Markov ..... John Barrymore  
Princess Tamara ..... Camilla Horn  
Sergeant Bulba ..... Louis Wolheim  
The Peddler ..... Boris de Foa  
The General ..... George Fawcett  
The Captain ..... Ulrich Haupt  
The Guard ..... Michael Visaroff

Up to the time when Ivan Markov, Russian peasant soldier, once sergeant and lieutenant, enters on degrading solitary confinement in a military prison, "Tempest" is any one's picture, Mr. Barrymore's, Miss Horn's, Mr. Fawcett's,

Mr. Wolheim's. From that point it is Barrymore's alone. In those gripping scenes you see the man age, you see him possessed of maniacal strength as he climbs to his barred window to peer out, you detect the fear of insanity in his widened eyes as he broods. On the walls of his dirty prison cell he sees now the taunting features of the princess to whom he has dared to confess his love, now his loyal comrade Bulba, beckoning him to follow as he leads his squad into action.

In previous scenes Mr. Barrymore's strokes have been lightly made as if to reserve strength for the real acting to come. He has retrieved the clothing of the Princess Tamara, stolen from the river bank by the boorish Bulba, and received a whip-lashing by the outraged lady as his reward. He gets drunk at his first appearance at a military ball, enters the princess's boudoir and falls asleep in stupor on her aristocratic couch. It is for this that he is stripped of his uniform and cast into prison. Then comes the red uprising, atop the world war. The hideous peddler who has tempted him through his prison bars becomes chief commissioner. He releases Ivan and makes him second in command of a blood-crazed populace. When Ivan prevents him from sending the princess to the firing squad, the peddler threatens Ivan with arrest for treason, and is shot by Ivan in self-defence. By a desperate ruse he, the repentant princess and Bulba escape across the Austrian frontier.

This is the barest of summaries. It cannot embrace one-tenth the entire story, or its vivid film presentation. It can but hint at the splendid acting, not only of Mr. Barrymore, but of Miss Horn, the Messrs. Fawcett, Wolheim, de Foa and Haupt. The picture runs for one hour and forty minutes, and in that time never for an instant does it strike one false note, nor can one discover one superfluous foot of film. Picture, direction and portrayal deserve a column of highest praise. For the moment, this much must suffice.

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE "Half a Bride"

A screen drama starring Esther Ralston, adapted by Doris Anderson and Percy Heath from the story, "White Hands," by Arthur Stringer, directed by Gregory LaCava, and produced by Paramount with the following cast:

Patience Winslow ..... Esther Ralston  
Capt. Edmunds ..... Gary Cooper  
Mr. Winslow ..... William J. Worthington  
Jed Session ..... Freeman Wood  
Betty Brewster ..... Mary Doran

When Arthur Stringer wrote "White Hands," trial or companionate marriage was a fairly new topic for debate and experimentation. One hears less of it now. The novelty has worn off. Still the story has much good material for picturization. Patience Winslow, after reaching the satiation point in social flightiness, decides to elope with Jed Session for a six months' trial marriage.

She doesn't know what love means. Her father, believing that it is high time to subject her to discipline, has her locked in a stateroom of his sea-going yacht until all she can see is the rolling ocean

when she is released. She escapes in a launch, is followed by Capt. Jim Edmunds, and both are shipwrecked on an uninhabited island following a tropical storm.

Disciplining of Patience begins. She and Capt. Jim squabble and fight, but Jim's sturdy, simple code gradually is impressed on Patience. She forgets Jed, sews, scrubs and cooks in their hand-made hut like any of a million wives, and realizes that love is for a lifetime and not for six months. She even is reluctant to leave their island haven when a rescue ship is sighted, and the very night they are landed, conveniently at the dock in her home city, she returns to Jim, with a parson, on board the freighter on which he has shipped as a mate, disavows all her old false beliefs and confesses that he is "her man."

Miss Ralston, whose best work previously has been in comedy, reveals new talents as the wayward young woman who comes to love the man she had despised and abused. Mr. Cooper again looked natural in a maritime background, he must love tall ships, gray seas and sky. His work is marked by his characteristic repression. The island scenes pictured were exceptionally interesting. Why is it that tropical rains always rouse dormant passions, and how did Jim build his first fire after he had shown that he possessed no lighting equipment?

W. E. G.

### NOTES and LINES By PHILIP HALE

Two books that should be of interest to those who are not afraid of music



and musicians have been published by the Oxford University Press: "Sullivan's Comic Operas: An Appreciation," by Thomas F. Dunhill, and "J. S. Bach, a Biography," by Charles Sanford Terry. Both books are provided with an index. Mr. Dunhill's description of the operettas is illustrated by musical excerpts in notation; Mr. Terry's biography by 76 illustrations of towns, houses, churches, theatres, organs, and there are portraits. These full-page pictures, with the exception of Bach's portrait which serves as a frontispiece, are grouped at the end of the octavo volume. There are also genealogical tables. Truly a stately volume.

Mr. Dunhill in his preface remarks that he has endeavored "to vindicate Sullivan from the severe condemnation which has been passed upon so much of his work," and has therefore found it necessary "to deal vigorously, and even harshly, with some of my personal friends." And so he belabors Dr. Ernest Walker, the author of a history of English music, who, Mr. Dunhill says, damned Sullivan with faint praise and damned him with brickbats; speaking of "abysmally cheap sentimentality," "vulgarity," "dullness"; "the bulk of 'The Golden Legend' is hardly ever worse than dull drawing-room music... a melancholy production." And so Dr. Walker's estimate of Sullivan is "cruelly crooked, unfair, and truculent." Well, we all know that Sullivan, in spite of his many fine musical qualities could be mushily sentimental; no one today, except Mr. Dunhill, would defend "The Golden Legend."

But Mr. Dunhill is given, extolling Sullivan, to the partisanship that underdresses other composers in the operetta field. He is singularly unjust to Offenbach, whose only "genuinely artistic achievement" is "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"; who in other works appealed "only to the lowest order of intelligence with his flippant, superficial and vulgar extravaganzas."

Pish! Piffle! Likewise, go to! Offenbach was a great melodist; he could be tender and pathetic without sinking into sentimentalism. Some of his melodies as "The Song of Fortunio," Perichole's Letter, "Dites-lui" in "La Grande Duchesse," the tenor romance in "La Princesse de Trebizond," not to mention many others, are Mozartian in their beauty. He had a remarkable knowledge of theatrical and dramatic requirements: an uncommon gift of suiting tunes, ensembles, rhythms to texts and situations. Some of his librettists, as Meilhac and Halevy, members of the French Academy in their later years, were as witty as Gilbert, more spontaneous, not depending on topsy-turvy logic, never monotonous in their invention. "La Belle Helene," "La Grande Duchesse," "La Vie Parisienne," not to mention other librettos signed by the two, are superior to the best of Gilbert's.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Dunhill's first chapter is entitled "Mainly in Defence." After speaking of "Origins and Influences," he reviews the operettas at length, beginning with the excellent and strangely neglected "Trial by Jury," which Mr. Dunhill admits shows an indebtedness to French models. He finds "The Sorcerer" from a musical standpoint a disappointment, and is free to say that there are boring pages. While "Pinafore" does not contain Sullivan's "best work" it is "as a whole the most spontaneous in expression." "The Pirates of Penzance" is "largely a repetition of 'Pinafore,' (?) but more heavily burdened with extravagant details." And so Mr. Dunhill goes through the list, preferring "Iolanthe" to the others; finding "Princess Ida" unable to survive as a satire, suffering from constructive faults; enthusiastic over the brilliance of "The Mikado," regretting the "nasty name" of "Ruddigore," declaring that the operetta can boast of imaginative qualities "to which none of the others, save perhaps 'Iolanthe' can lay equal claim;" not greatly pleased with the libretto or the music of "The Yeoman of the Guard," while Gilbert was at his best in "The Gondoliers" which is "the last wholly spontaneous work" of Sullivan's, "the gayest music England has ever produced." Mr. Dunhill passes lightly over "Ivanhoe," the one attempt at grand opera. "Haddon Hall" (libretto by Grundy) contains music in Sullivan's best manner; "Utopia, Ltd.," shows a lack of freshness; "The Grand Duke" is a "poverty stricken affair." Sullivan's last complete opera was "The Rose of Persia" (Basil Hood librettist) which has only "a few fleeting touches" of Sullivan's "old fancy and innate refinement." "The Emerald Isle" (Hood, librettist), completed by Edward German has Irish music by Sullivan which is "scarcely as much as half the real thing." The remaining chapters in the book are entitled "Sullivan and the Orchestra," and "Recognition."

Considering Sullivan's orchestration, Mr. Dunhill states, as others have stated, that the full score of only one operetta in the series is readily accessible: "The Mikado," which was photographed in Germany. The library of the British Museum possesses a copy, justly objects to the inadequate or

rough treatment of the many delicate pages in Sullivan's scores in careless performances.

Mr. Dunhill's book is readable. The "appreciation" is discriminative.

Mr. Terry's "Bach" is an exhaustive account of that composer's life which, industrious, often humdrum, never romantic, might be summed up by the words, counterpoint and children. The industry of Bach is equalled by that of Mr. Terry, who has taken advantage of the latest biographers, successors to the voluminous Spitta. The volume contains a long list of authorities quoted, but Mr. Terry has added much fresh matter gathered from his own researches. Many of the photographs were taken by him. The book with its detailed descriptions of places, courts, churches, persons, associated with Bach; with its wealth of explanatory footnotes is for reference and consultation, not for easy reading. There is, the Lord be thanked, no critical appreciation of Bach's compositions. "His personality has been so buried under the towering pyramid of his manuscript that, for most of us, he is but faintly visible on a background of the Bachgesellschaft folios. The fault lies with his biographers." Strange to say, Mr. Terry does not mention among the biographical articles published shortly after Bach's death (1750) the one written by Johann Adam Hiller in his "Lebensbeschreibungen berühmter Musikgelehrten und Tonkünstler" (1784), but he is inclined to believe that Bach's wardrobe must have contained more than three coats, 11 shirts and a pair of shoe buckles, the articles named in the inventory of his effects at his death.

In this volume there is so great an amount of information about the surroundings of Bach and the contemporaries with whom he came in contact, that one loses sight of the hero himself, and might be excused if he should turn to Mrs. Esther Meynell's, "Little Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" for a more vivid description of her husband's daily life, routine, trials with Leipzig officials, and sturdy character. No doubt Mr. Terry's book is indispensable for students of Bach and the time in which he lived, but one would like to know more about Anna Margareta Buxtehude; whether she was bodily and facially so ill-favored that neither Handel nor Bach would wed her to obtain a famous position in Luebeck. As the composer Bach is now extraordinarily in fashion, especially among women bestowing their gracious presence on piano recitals, Mr. Terry's biography may give them a substantial springboard for the flight of their emotion even when the music is only monotonous repetition of dull patterns.

## Aug 31 '92 8 AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE

The conversation does not end quickly. Prattling and babbling, what a lot he says!

Only when one is almost dead with fatigue

He asks at last if one isn't finding him tiring.

(One's arm is almost in half with continual fanning:

The sweat is pouring down one's neck in streams.)

Do not say that this is a small matter: I consider the practice a blot on our social life.

I therefore caution all wise men

That August visitors should not be admitted.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, writing to us, quotes the above lines from the Chinese of the Third Century, as translated by Arthur Waley.

It seems that Mr. Johnson has been disturbed by "veranda birds," who perched on chairs and were not to be driven away by his silence or by his hints. Listen to his tale of woe.

As the World Wags:

"O where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul!" Even in this village there are interrupters of meditation and soulful enjoyment of trees, bluejays in their bath, the marsh ever changing color, the water of Nantucket sound. They are more disquieting than whirl of airplanes in the heaven above, or the chug-chug of unmuffled motor boats driven furiously by spectacular, turbulent young men. These visitors who loiter on the veranda, genteel loafers, the idle rich, are no respecters of the humble who, forgetful of past experiences, had looked forward to a vacation. No doubt these callers think their presence a compliment: "Let's see how that poor devil Johnson is getting along." As their terrible approach is sounded at the end of the veranda, a voice booms, "Hope we are not disturbing you. We heard you were not working this month. Lucky dog!"

If we only knew what to talk about. Politics, golf, yachting, bridge, Mr. Tunney's adventures in Ireland—it is hard for us to feign interest in topics that to the callers are all-absorbing.

When there was a lull in the chatter, I cleared my throat and said in my best conversational voice: "Mr. Howe in his interesting reminiscences now publishing in the Saturday Evening Post, speaks twice of a 'Barlow knife.' Can you tell me what sort of a knife it was, or is?" Answered by silence, I threw out another line: "Do the English ever apply the word 'Creek' to a little tributary river?" (I had looked up the difference between the American and English use of the word that morning.) The visitors looked bored. (Somebody is always boring somebody.) Nor did they perk up when I pointed to crows on the marsh and said: "We hear them soon after sun-up, as if they were planning for the day's work or pleasure, quarrelling, perhaps, in their disagreement, or noisy in unanimity. Has their cawing a rich vocabulary?" I followed this question by asking: "Can any one of you gentlemen tell me whether Michael, Raphael, Gabriel or Uriel is the archangel who presides over the East wind?" There was a scraping of chairs and I heard those joyful words: "Come, Jim, we must be going. So long, Herkimer."

A few days ago visitors interrupted my reading "Jacob Faithful." I had not seen the book since I was a lad and I wondered whether I should enjoy it again. Good old Capt. Marryat! Yes, the story held me so that I was loath to put it down. Mrs. Turnbull, with her affectations, Lord Bubbleton, Fleming and Marables, the coquettish Mary, old Tom and young Tom, the life on the barge, Jacob as a waterman and later on a man-of-war; above all the Domine with his never-failing quotations from the Latin poets. You may remember that Jacob's mother a fat gin-pig, died of spontaneous combustion; became "a sort of unctuous, pitchy cinder," so that Jacob's frightened and drunken father jumped overboard. Now Krook dies of spontaneous combustion in "Bleak House." Dickens in his preface to the novel cites cases of spontaneous combustion in Italy and France, also a case occurring in Columbus, Ohio, "very clearly described by a dentist." "Bleak House" was published in monthly numbers in 1852-3; "Jacob Faithful" was published in 1834. Dickens had surely read that novel.

Is Marryat widely read today? There are from time to time allusions to the triangular duel in "Midshipman Easy," "The King's Own" and "Peter Simple" are not wholly forgotten; but how about "Sharyelov, or 'The Dog Fiend'" and "The Phantom Ship"? And how many can call Marryat by his Christian name? name?

A vacation means everything to a school boy. A man should be granted a fortnight off at least to prepare for a month's vacation, and two weeks or more to recover from his "rest." I confess that when I am supposed to be collecting material, studying man as a social and political beast for my truly colossal work (as yet unpublished), I feel like saying with Artemus Ward, "I could live for months without any kind of labor, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Ciampont.

Is it possible that Mr. Johnson, occasionally knowing dark and downcast hours, exhausted by his prodigious work is turning into a hermit crab? Perish the thought! When he returns to Boston the stimulating air of Blossom Court will renew his physical energy and mental activity.

He speaks of crows on the marsh. The crow, in spite of his conjugal fidelity, has been treated shabbily by the poets; been characterized as ignoble, lurking, villainous, a dastard bird. "My roost is the creaking gibbet's beam." It is a pleasure to find a poet not so vituperative.

## MARCHING CROWS

(For As the World Wags)

From out the forest depths

Of consciousness they come

In jagged file

And fiercely cut

Across the morning

Of my rest.

A distant bugle caw

Prepares the way

And vague the

Slumbrous thought resists,

Then lapses

In the lull

Precursing storm,

Where hush perturbed

But soundless dwells.

Now harsher grow

The cries—of hunger

Or of hate—

I know not which

It's all the same

So far

As the wounding scar

They leave across

The drowsing silver mist

That hovers o'er my field

Of sleep.

So deep they cut.

On, louder, fiercer

Come the hordes;

They take possession

Of that field so sweet

So full, so mellow

Like rich, ripened corn,  
They peck away the fruit—  
The battle's theirs.

MARGARET LLOYD.

Has any one compiled an anthology of verses printed in the Congressional Record? Let us quote from Congressman Harry C. Canfield's elegy on the loss of Submarine S4.

"Entrapt inside a submarine  
With death approaching on the scene,  
The crew compose their minds with dice,  
More for the pleasure than the vice."

Mr. Canfield, we understand, is one of Indiana's illustrious bards.

SEP 1 '92 8

## CONGE

(For As the World Wags)

I met Old Love

It didn't matter

A newer love

Was on the way.

Our eyes met cold

Where once great passion

Had tempted with

Its magic sway

I met Old Love

(How old he seemed)

A newer love

Was on the way.

Brookline. MARGARET LLOYD.

Many have been pleased by Tom Dobson's music for John Masefield's "Cargoes," and have found Italian trills tame in comparison. Now comes some "beastly particular" person in London, who says of "Cargoes":

"It is most amusing to discover that in Mr. Masefield's poem the Quinquere of Nineveh and the Spanish galleon were taking their goods precisely where they were least wanted, so that the 'dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack' was taking 'iron and coal back to Newcastle again after a rattling voyage round the British Isles.' The criticism may not be perfectly relevant, but, if we remember the terrifying accuracy of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' it may be that little details like this do show that the poet was napping for a while, and that it was his somnolence which pleased the public best."

The note book of the late Count Robert de Montesquiou Fezensac is being published in a Parisian literary weekly. There is a paragraph about an American woman:

"A fault (or a merit) of poor Mme. Castellane (Anna Gould), a victim of prodigious pecuniary disasters, is that she is stripped of snobbery. Judge for yourself. Invited to dine for the first time at the Duke of Rohan's she was asked where she was going to take her repeat. She answered: 'By the side of the Montparnasse railway station.'"

## FOR BROADCASTING

"The first official publication embodying the findings of the advisory committee on spoken English which was appointed in 1926 by the British Broadcasting Corporation, under the chairmanship of Robert Bridges, the poet-laureate, with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Professor Daniel Jones, George Bernard Shaw, Logan Pearsall Smith and A. Lloyd James as members, has been issued in the form of a booklet.

"In an introduction to the booklet A. Lloyd James, the honorary secretary, points out that 'It is not suggested that these pronunciations are the only "right" ones, and it is not suggested that any special degree of authority attaches to these recommendations. They are recommendations made primarily for the benefit of announcers, to secure some measure of uniformity in the pronunciation of broadcast English, and to provide announcers with some degree of protection against the criticism to which they are, from the nature of their work, peculiarly liable.'"

Some of the pronunciations given in this little book will strike Americans as curious:

"Aspirant—Stress on second syllable.

"Centenary—Seen-tee-nary.

"Chagrin—(a) Noun, shagrin, accent on the first syllable; (b) verb, shagreen, accent on the second syllable.

"Combat—Cumbat.

"Decade—Dekkad.

"Falcon—Fawkon.

"Housewifery—Huzzifry, accent on the first syllable.

"Laboratory—Stres on second syllable.

"Tryst—Vowel as in rice."

## HOLIDAY LUCK

My neighbor Brown wrote yesterday, Brimful of biff and beans, to say "that glorious weather they had struck On holiday—'such ripping luck!' But when the jackass has returned, A laugh at him I shall have earned: His grass is yellow, munched and tall; His weeds have thrived, and that is all; His trees and plants are full of blight;



Stray cats have smashed things left and right—  
Is there naught else I can remember?  
(My holiday is in November!)

W. S. L.

## OVERWORKED ADJECTIVES

(From the Sunday Times, London)

It seems, in the 20th century, as if there was never an article written which was not "powerful." No self-respecting film magnate will produce a picture unless it is a "stupendous spectacle." A farce possesses the property of "roaring"; a criticism generally manages to be "trenchant," while nurses and waitresses are never anything but "smiling," and bus conductors never anything but "cheery." One would think that in this atmosphere of superlatives and extremes life must be highly "intriguing." One would think that "with the air thick with 'startling revelations,' 'breathless yarns,' and 'crucial questions,' the existence of a citizen must be more than 'thrilling.'" But one has to remember the truth behind these variable expressions. After all, a nice derangement of epitaphs is not everything.

Here is a book to be published by Messrs. Victor Gollancz in September which should interest Mr. Herkimer Johnson, Mr. George Minot and all others alive to brave and surprising deeds: "Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror." The volume will contain about 1250 pages. "Oriental, Latin and Greek examples are followed by modern tales grouped under various headings." The editor, Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, presumably a gentle soul, will contribute a long introduction.

We are also tempted to secure a copy of "Satyrs and Sunlight," by an Australian poet, Mr. Hugh McCrae. Here is his description of the day of judgment:

"Stars falling in thousands: birds on the shoulders of angels  
Singing a mystical jargon; negroes washed up by the sea;  
Arrow-heads pecking the valleys; prisms of gold and of purple  
Swarming with cherubim children; dragons all over the earth."  
Yes, we must have a copy, even if the book does cost 84 shillings, net.

## REDUCING ABDOMEN

(From a serious Boston paper.)

Dear Mrs. Lee:—Kindly tell what I can do to reduce my stomach, am satisfied with the rest of my body, but do not like the fat on my stomach. C. K. T.

Learn to walk correctly with shoulders back, chest up and stomach held in. A good exercise to reduce an over-fat abdomen is to lie flat on the floor with your toes braced under a heavy piece of furniture. Then raise yourself to a sitting position without the aid of your hands. Lie down again, release your toes. Raise one leg and try to kick a pot beyond your head. Then try the other leg. Then do the stunt with both legs.

## SHADOWS

At night, when I go down the street,  
Queer shadows sprout beneath my feet.  
And shrivel up, and lengthen out,  
And jerk, and throw themselves about;  
And not a soul would recognize  
Me in this singular disguise.

And shadows, shadows are we all,  
Shadows projected on the wall  
Of Time, strange shapes of mockery,  
Imps of a light we cannot see:  
How shall we know, from near or far,  
What sort of things we really are?  
E. S. D.

## Singing Oysters

Whistling oysters have been exhibited. Barkers in front of side-shows have waxed eloquent over the brilliance of the whistling, but have not explained how the oyster was assisted as a virtuoso by artificial means.

It was left for a Japanese newspaper to remind us of the world-wide interest in the singing oyster of North Carolina. The Osaka Mainichi, stating that American oysters are male and female, thinks that in North Carolina they lift up their voices in songs of love.

North Carolina has been famous for tar and turpentine, Mt. Mitchell and Mr. Josephus Daniels. The state may now plume itself on the fact that its oysters have excited the attention of nations far away. It is true that there are doubting Thomases, as M. de la Fouchardiere, a scoffing Frenchman, who reminds the readers of Oeuvre that newspapers are suffer-

ing from that annual disease, "the malady of the sea serpent," but he admits that as sedentary persons are inclined to sing as they work, it is not surprising to find oysters bursting into song. He quotes the saying of a sailor in the Bay of Along, who told a tourist that when the tide goes down millions of oysters close their valves with a clicking noise, and open them in thankfulness when the tide comes back.

"This," says M. de la Fouchardiere, "the Americans call music. It is in fact about as good as a jazz band." He adds that if Colchester oysters are mute and inglorious it is because of the English climate, the English fogs, injurious to vocal cords.

Nearly forty years ago Mr. John R. Philpots published in London a book in two volumes and of 1370 pages. It is entitled "Oysters and All About Them." It is a storehouse of statistical and curious information. Turning to the excellent index, we find that North Carolina is not ignored: "So long as North Carolina holds open her hundreds of thousands of acres to the cultivator, the oyster industry of the country, employing its thousands of people and its millions of capital, cannot perish." (This sounds like the peroration of a speech by Daniel Webster.) But Mr. Philpots says nothing about the voice-production of the amateur or professional

North Carolina oyster. Nor did Frederick Law Olmstead, describing economical conditions in North Carolina, as a seaboard slave state in 1855, have a word to say about oysters though he spoke of the shad and herring industries.

Is it possible that the Osaka Mainichi is "spoofing"? That the oyster of North Carolina is no more an accomplished singer than the Cotuit, the Mobjack, the Blue Point, the Lynn haven? The falsity of the old comparison "dumb as an oyster" is not yet firmly established, nor has one yet heard of an oyster singing in elegiac mood on leaving his shell for the gullet of his destroyer.

## METROPOLITAN THEATRE

## "The Sawdust Paradise"

A screen comedy drama starring Esther Ralston, written by John Mankin, adapted by Louise Long, directed by Luther Reed, and produced by Paramount, with the following cast:

Hallie	Esther Ralston
Butch	Reed Howes
Isaiah	Hobart Bosworth
Danny	Tom Mather
Tanner	George French
Ward	Alan Roscoe
Mother	Mary Alden

If it were not for the synchronized noises of a carnival show or of a wheezy portable organ in a seedy evangelist's tent, one easily could be deceived as to the age of "The Sawdust Paradise." This can't be a late product of a leading studio, of a brilliant author budding or established, of a star who at least screens well. That would be a natural deduction after sitting for an hour or more before this sugary, shallow, indifferently acted picture. Mr. Waters, who wrote "Burlesque" for the stage, surely suffered reversal of form in his first film fiction. The only saving factors are the pointed captions and the motherless baby.

Hallie, bally-hoo girl for a crooked carnival outfit, gets 90 days for cheating patrons of her chance game. She is paroled in custody of Isaiah Morgan, an evangelist who is "losing his punch." Hallie becomes converted, adopts a baby, when the mother collapses and dies at a revival meeting, and even wins "Butch," her shell-game lover, to her reformed way of thinking when he returns to show her a carnival show he has bought. When this show is wrecked by a rival, Hallie persuades "Butch" to forget it, and to accompany her along the path of rectitude.

Miss Ralston, who starts in tawdry spangles and ends in the sackcloth of a beatific penitence, brings only a few stock artifices to the part. She is most natural in the scenes with the baby. Mr. Bosworth plays the aged evangelist in benevolent manner, though those cynically-minded might have been waiting the moment when he would weaken, as did the Rev. Davison before the lush charms of Sadie Thompson.

W. E. G.

The Herald has already mentioned the findings of the advisory committee on spoken English appointed two years ago by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Robert Bridges, poet laureate, is the chairman. The members are Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Prof. Daniel Jones, George Bernard Shaw, Logan Pearsall Smith and A. Lloyd James. We now add to the words previously mentioned a few pertaining to music and the drama:

"Auld Lang Syne—Syne is to be pronounced like sign; the 's' is not to be pronounced 'z'."

"Fantasia—Fantazeea, with the accent on the first 'e'."

"Fauteuil—Fo-til; the committee recommends an English pronunciation."

"Furore—The committee recommends the pronunciation fewroar (accent on the first syllable), except for the musical term, which is fooroary (accent on the third 'o')."

"Pianoforte—Final 'e' to be pronounced."

"Viola—(a) Musical instrument, ve-ola; (b) flower, vyola."

The Concise Oxford Dictionary allows "e" or "t" as the final of "pianoforte," and accents "pianist" on the first syllable.

The biographical sketches of Henry Longan Stuart mentioned his remarkable novel, "Weeping Cross: An Unworldly Story," which was published 20 years ago by Doubleday, Page and Company, but said nothing about Stuart's dramatization of his novel. He wrote to us shortly before his death that this play was being considered for production by a New York manager. (A typewritten copy of the play is now in the Herald office.)

Stuart prefixed to the drama a prologue which, it seems to us, would be dramatically effective in an unusual manner. In the novel there is an unusual poem, "In Exitu," which is followed by the author's preface and a long prologue purporting to be the hero's account of his early life. Those who have read the novel remember the strange adventures of the "Irish papist," who was landed at Boston on Feb. 26, 1652, and, "bound like a malefactor," was led up "the snowy street to the fort, a contemptible place to one who had seen the great fortresses of Europe." They remember Mrs. Agnes, the extraordinary and fascinating woman who bewitched Richard so that he served her caprices; loved her passionately until she was slain by an Indian's bullet. The novel includes a vivid description of the Long Meadow Massacre. Stuart hoped to remove what had been considered by some as an indelible blot upon the Jesuit Order and Missions. But the description of the massacre is not the great episode in the novel, which is a story of passionate devotion. The motto of the book is taken from one of Montaigne's essays:

"A woman may yield to such a man whom in no case she would have married: I mean not for the conditions of his fortune, but for the qualities of his person. Few have wedded their sweethearts, their paramours or mistresses but have come home by Weeping Crosse and ere long repented their bargain."

Sigmund Romberg's book of reminiscences, "Fifteen Years in the Theatre," will be published in November. Messrs. Lane announce the publication this fall of "Harlequinade: Being the Reminiscences of Constant Collier."

"At the theatre a few evenings ago I left my stall at the interval and went in search of iced beer. The young lady behind the bar informed me, when I had made my request, that beer was not served in any stalls bar in the West End. Not having asked for beer in a stalls bar before, I cannot say whether or not this is right, but if it is, why should it be? Is it creditable that the stalls disdain beer?"—Looker On in the Daily Chronicle (London).

"Stall. Each of a set of seats in a theatre, usually between the pit and the stage." An English journalist was angered recently because the announcement of a theatre about to be built in London stated that there will be a gallery but that no decision had been made as to the provision of a pit, a statement that "might make generations of the theatre managers turn in their graves, for a theatre without a pit was an unthinkable thing in the great days."

The Manchester Guardian had this to say: "It may be argued . . . that the pit or floor of the house is still important, but why is it that modern managers seem so shy of the good old word with its wealth of theatrical history? If the whole floor is given up again (as it was originally) to one class of seats, why call them stalls or (odious word) fauteuils? Is it 'refinement' that demands the disuse of the most familiar word in stage history?" It might be said that in many London theatres the pit is now the part of the floor that is behind the stalls.

In our little village, where the theatre was thought to be the playhouse of Satan, the pit was the bottomless pit—not the bottomless Pitt shown in a famous caricature of that statesman in Napoleonic times, but the pit of torments and the burning lake. There was in our Sunday school a book that revealed the horrid, abominable life of actors and actresses, lost souls. The frontispiece pictured a young man looking at a sign, "This Way to the Pit." He wore dissipated clothes, had a reckless air, and was smoking an immoral cigar.

We should like to see the new melodrama, "Secret Egypt," by Sax Rohmer, which was produced in London last month. The Hon. Jim Dexter, disappointed in love, takes to drink. Going to Egypt he finds the burial-vault of Cleopatra. Then he rescues a beautiful Arab maiden from a villainous Pasha, who has the habit of saying slowly: "There is a limit to my generosity." Whenever he says these words, a venerable native comes up behind the person addressed and chokes him with a scarf. The woman who had jilted Jim, the golden-haired Lady Howard St. Denis, turns up in Egypt and tries to win back her former lover; but he is faithful to the Arab maiden, a princess of high degree. Lady Howard consoles herself with the promise of a night in the "blue pavilion" of the wicked Pasha. Will not Mr. Clive or the Jewett Players secure the American rights to this play? It surely would have a lucrative run.

The Herald mentioned not long ago Mr. W. Roy Mackenzie's "Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia." We have received the following letter from "W. G.":

"It might be worth mentioning that the Detective Power mentioned and perhaps immortalized in the ballad of the 'Bear River Murder,'



"If Wheeler is the murderer,  
It's gibbeted he ought to be,  
For hanging is too good for him!"  
Said Detective Power to me,

was the Sherlock Holmes of Nova Scotia. I believe he is still alive and vigorous in old age. The last time I met him was on a train some years ago, from Boston to Halifax. He had then returned a short time before from a trip away out West, where he had tracked a New Brunswick bank embezzler. The only clue was the fact that the man had a dog to which he was very much attached and this was his undoing. 'Hick' Power was able to trace him from state to state, town to town, and one night he announced himself, 'Hawshaw' fashion, 'I am Detective Power, Halifax, N. S. You are wanted in N. B.' "

The moving picture "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be allowed in Texas only with changes that make Simon Legree a Yankee. It is hereby suggested that Emily be conducted across the ice by the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, that the pursuing bloodhounds be changed to Boston bulls and that Little Eva's trip to heaven be a personally conducted tour arranged by the Southern Colonels' Mutual Benefit League.—H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun.

We quote from the Manchester Guardian's (Aug. 17) description of the Eisteddfod meeting at Treorchy:

"I was outside the pavilion last week when the adjudication in the male voice competition was being given. A dense crowd awaited the final decision. Suddenly a big American charged down with a yell that realized all one's boyhood dreams of what a Red Indian war cry should be. His yell was answered by a chorus of shouts, and all at once a group of big Americans was executing a frantic dance of triumph, locked in each other's arms and shouting like mad. Prof. Dawe, who brought the Cleveland Choir over to Mold and Swansea, was hoisted on heaving shoulders, his hat knocked over his eyes, his tie flying loose, and his voice ringing across the field. The lady who had accompanied for the choir was next lifted to what must have been a precarious eminence in that wildly excited throng, and Prof. Bassett the conductor, was treated in the same way. Staid American ladies kissed other staid ladies and members of the choir, and finally the whole mass broke into 'My country, 'tis of thee,' followed by a rendering of 'Hen wlad fy nhadau' that made the hills resound. Handkerchiefs and hats were waving, and the last scene of all was a photographer climbing on the roof of a neighbouring shed with a camera and the triumphant choir trying to subdue its excitement sufficiently to be properly grouped. It was a good ending—a good day."

#### LYMPIA AND FENWAY THEATRES "Four Sons"

A screen drama adapted by Philip Klein from the story by Mrs. L. A. R. Wiley, directed by John Ford and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Mother Bernie	Margaret Mann
Joseph	James Hall
Francis	Francis X. Bushman, Jr.
Johann	Charles Norton
Andrew	George Meeker
Amabelle	June Collyer
James Henry	Wesley Franklin
Major von Stamm	Earle Fox
The Doctor	Albert Gran
The Burgomaster	August Toulaine
The Schoolmaster	Frank Reicher
The Iceman	Jack Pennick
The Icekeeper	Hughie Mack

"Four Sons" is one of the nearly perfect pictures of the day. There are several reasons why. It follows consistently the original story by Mrs. Wiley; it had an intelligent, wide-visioned director in John Ford; its photography is beautiful, graphic, memorable. Besides Mother Bernie, there are a dozen characters vital to the continuity of the story, each played by competent actors. The action is so skilfully guided that it never runs overlong in one emotional line. Lightning-like flashes of humor relieve tensely dramatic or deeply tragic scenes. For once we have true pathos, natural sentiment, treated always with that simplicity of method and means which can spell naught but truth.

Margaret Mann, 60-year-old actress who for 10 years, they say, played "extra" parts at Hollywood, has created a veritable film memorial to motherhood. Her devotion to her four sons in times of peace and plenty in the village of Burgendorf, her simple prayer at each meal, "For all thy blessings, dear God, I thank thee," delivered first with all her boys at the table, and at last with phantom occupants of the four empty chairs; her sacrifices, patience against repeated buffetings by fate, her benign love for her fellow villagers, old and young, all are expressed by methods as old as the hills, but too seldom noted either on stage or screen.

Every player seen in this picture is admirable, the four sons, the cruel Von Stamm, the kindly, portly postman, the declamatory burgomaster, the rotund innkeeper, the schoolmaster, even the young iceman, in the New York scenes, who goes to war as Joseph's buddy. The ensemble scenes are done with fine perspective sense. Atmosphere, color, naturalness, all are there. "Four Sons" is a picture worthy in every way.

#### MODERN AND BEACON

##### "The Scarlet Lady"

A screen drama by Bess Meredith, directed by Alan Crosland and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Lya de Putti	Don Alvarado
Prince Karloff	Warner Oland
Zareff	Otto Matieson
Valet	John Peters
A Captain	Valentina Zimina
A Revolutionist	Jacqueline Gadsden
Princess Olga	

"What are the other fellows doing?" "Russian revolution stuff." "All right, we'll do one." So must the producers of "The Scarlet Lady" have entered into a losing race with very similar films, like "Tempest," "The Mysterious Lady," and others of less consequence even than "The Scarlet Lady." True, this film has more cold-blooded murders by the chief villain, Zareff; it has more looting of wine cellars; but it has the same sort of hero, the same sort of heroine who shoots the villain and saves her lover, and the same old frontier to which to escape when all the shooting is over.

Miss de Putti, as a red conspirator who loves, hates and again loves a very patient prince, poses, tragically or behaves as nearly like a coquette as an actress who actually has dramatic talent can; she more often resembles a mere soubrette in a spit-fire role in musical comedy. Helpless in such an incredible character as producers and director have forced upon her, she was best in her early scenes as the hunted bolshevist who hides in the prince's palace.

Mr. Orland, who fairly exudes evil through his mandarin eyes, does his best as the revolutionist leader who prefers to shoot down his aristocratic victims before breakfast, and who toys with Lya's emotions after he learns that she really loves Prince Karloff. Mr. Alvarado merely walks in the prince's shoes. There is nothing else for him to do. Even the titlist fails to come to the aid of his picture. Lya's introductory caption, "Lya—a weed in a garden, untended but unsoiled"; "You have turned my love to hate," and many more like these, border on the ludicrous.

May McAvoy is featured in the companion piece, "A Reno Divorce," in which she and Ralph Graves, who not only wrote the story but plays the artist hero, make a delightfully romantic pair in a story of very slight structure. W. E. G.

Labor day; and so in shi sleeves, crowned with a symbolical paper cap, we refuse to work. There are men and women, anxious to see their articles in print. Let them work for us. Some of them are curiously unwilling to sign their names, though they may write, not attacks on rulers, governments, censors and incensors, but comments on manners and customs, the months and their flowers, books for the young. "The world that turns upon its own axis, and has Lunar influences, and revolutions round Heavenly Bodies, and various games of that sort."

Alas, many of our gallant contributors are no more: The Rev. Babington Brooke, Maj. Marshall Tred, Old Chimes for many years the oracle of the Porphyry Club. Where is that graceful writer Sarah Hepatica, who wrote in a manner that Mme. de Sevigne

and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu might have envied. The Quilest is now the editor of the Commonweal. Another brilliant contributor is entombed in Japan according to his fond desire. But Mr. Herklmer Johnson, Mr. Abel Adams, Mr. Marcellus Graves, "Woof-Woof," and Col. Percy T. Beauregard, are still faithful, though not constantly, with pen in hand.

#### THE (BORIC) ACID TEST

Auntie's down with para-typhoid, Uncle suffers from ptomaines. And the doctor looks suspicious and inquires about the drains; Two policemen died last Friday and the driver of a tram— There's a rumor it was measles, but the sergeant says it's ham.

Chorus:

O refrain from vain conjectures  
And from rumors born in stealth,  
And remember all the lectures  
From the Ministry of Health!  
Keep your minds at ease and placid,  
For the inquest showed at least  
Not a trace of boric acid  
In the corpse of the deceased.

If this morning's milk has curdled, and the cream has turned to cheese, It's a proof that no preservative has entered into these; If the fish is phosphorescent and the beef is turning blue You can tell they've not been doctored with some now forbidden brew.

Chorus:

So if botulism briefly  
Brings about your swift release  
Let your final thoughts be chiefly  
Those of gratitude and peace.  
Let not vain regrets detain you—  
If you'd struggled on alive  
Boric acid might have slain you  
At the age of ninety-five.  
—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

#### EQUAL RIGHTS—HOORAY

(From the Ottumwa, Ia., Daily Courier)  
BORN—July 21, to Mr. Orville Howard, Wildwood drive, a son, at the St. Joseph Hospital.

Is it the looking-glass that gives a girl more self-respect than the average boy of 16?—L. H. Tatham.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I want the Union to be Reserved.—N. T. Nash.

Let me die to sweet music.—J. W. Shuckers.

#### COOLIDGE AND THE CRANE

As the World Wags:

The report of the President's latest feat in the great outdoors is of great interest to his fellow-sportsmen; particularly if they are Republicans, pre-saging as it does from the omen of the flight of birds, eventual success of other more far-reaching policies and aims in the polling booth.

It appears that the President, appropriately costumed for the adventure in a gray suit with starched collar, was quietly sitting in a boat with his friend, Mr. Lewis, and a secret service operative, when a crane was observed "circling overhead." That in itself was a wonderful sight to see, and probably the President, Mr. Lewis and the secret service operative are the only living white men who ever saw a crane doing just that thing within approximately 20 yards of a moving boat.

Whether the crane was looking down on the President or the other way does not appear, but "Mr. Coolidge did not remove his gaze from the water, nor did his expression change, but suddenly he snapped to the secret service man, 'Give me your gun.'"

The secret service man handed his .38 automatic pistol to the President, who fired "almost from the hip, and the bird dropped."

How he accomplished this feat of marksmanship in a starched collar without removing his gaze from the water or changing his expression, is the subject for a saga. Neither did he puncture his hat-brim, nor Mr. Lewis, nor the secret-service operative. Perhaps they were lying in the bottom of the boat. At all events, that is the record of what happens to cranes which circle overhead above presidents.

There is nothing comparable to it in the annals of sport since the episode of the coon in the gum tree, also at about 20 yards' range from the muzzle of Davy Crockett's trusty rifle. "Don't shoot, Davy. I'll come down," said the coon. And Davy had a rifle while Mr. President only had a .38 automatic. Marvellous, Watson, marvellous! The campaign must be on. ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

As the World Wags:

So the Boston police are trying to make a Sahara out of the State street area, as the newspapers say. Will the camel replace the bull and the bear as the symbol of the financial district?

BILL G.

#### HUNT'S APOLOGY

Coventry Patmore once called on Leigh Hunt, who kept him waiting for two hours. When Hunt did enter the room, he smiled and exclaimed: "This is a beautiful world, Mr. Patmore, a very beautiful world."

#### OUR IMPROVED HOME LIFE

As the World Wags:

Come, children, for our study hour today let us turn for comfort to that part of Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech dealing with improved home life in these United States. Now, gather around and listen. He says: "I especially rejoice in the effect of our increased efficiency upon the improvement of the American home." (Laura, put that flask right back in your pocket. That drug store gin will stunt your growth.) "Successful democracy rests wholly upon the moral and spiritual quality of its people." (Shame on you, Algernon! Hand that pint of white mule right over to papa. Of course, you'll get it back. Maybe.) "Our growth in spiritual achievements—" (Boom, boom, bam, bam, bam! Children, get away from the window. Those dry sleuths are a little wild in their shooting and dum-dum bullets in your little tummies will not make you any happier.) "Material prosperity and moral progress must march together." (Boom, boom! bam, bam, bam!) Oh, children, let us stop reading Mr. Hoover's speech on improved home life. There seems to be so much static in the air. R. H. L.

It is very difficult to educate parents.—Dr. Saif of Vienna.

#### PLEASURE DRIVING

(For as the World Wags)  
I like to run over peoples  
In my noisy auto car,  
And grind their bloody vitals  
Into the avenue tar.

VICE-VERSA

#### "Whispering Friends," Farce Written by Cohan, Given at The Hollis Street

Hollis Street Theatre — "Whispering Friends," a farce in two acts, written and presented by George M. Cohan, and staged by Sam Forrest, with the following cast:

Daly	Alexander F. Frank
Natalie	June Mullin
Al Wheeler	Leward Meeker
Doris Crawford	Louise Frussing
Emily Sanford	Lily Cahill
Joe Sanford	William Harrigan

The moment Al Wheeler, Joe's pal, and Doris Crawford, Emily's closest friend, met each other for the first time in the Sanford home on the evening the Sanfords arrived home from their honeymoon trip abroad, it was on the books that something was going to happen. That something, kindled from the tiniest of tete-a-tete schemes to sound out Joe and Emily, to discover if Joe had married for money, or love, spread through five scenes into a conflagration. When one or more of the four tried to stamp it out, or when all four thought they had it out, the sparks rekindled in another quarter. At one moment Joe could be heard upstairs, playing Emily to sleep with his ukulele. That would be a sign of harmony and reconciliation. Another moment, and Joe's trunk would be packed and on the way to a taxi, sure token that all was over and Joe was on his way to freedom and the divorce courts.

True, Emily, who had lived happily with a former husband for 10 years, six of which he had passed in an invalid's chair, had a catty way of referring to 'my house.' She really had millions. Joe, who insisted on carrying on in the insurance business and on paying his share of the household bills, was willing to live in a mansion, though Daly, the stalking butler, annoyed him. Joe referred to him as Hamlet's ghost. At that, probably Joe and Emily would have lived amiably together for many years had not the two merry jokers, Doris and Al, interfered. Doris and Al, however, did not escape unscathed. Engaged within the period of, say six hours, they narrowly escaped a complete scrapping of their own romance. Of course, the agile Mr. Cohan, tongue in cheek, brings everything to a proper conclusion. Even to the last minute, he must have his joke on the audience. One is all set for a tragic note, for news of Joe's suicide, after his final exit from 'my house.' Al, sturdy old pal, fears just that. And then, upstairs, a raucous tune, a ukulele's strumming, and as the curtain goes down you know that all is well. Joe's back, for good.

Mr. Cohan has turned out one of the neatest bits of lightweight entertainment the stage has known for many a season. With the slightest of themes, he has woven a fabric rich in honest humor, homely Americanisms, plausible characters, ludicrous situations. There is spontaneity of dialogue which hits the audience pleasantly. You know that Joe's speech is typically American, that there are young women precisely like Doris Crawford, frank to express



their thoughts, impish in their machinations against the male sex; that there are just such well-meaning but bungling friends as Al Wheeler; that Emily Sanford represents many a woman past 35 who, though wealthy, is not afraid to enter into matrimony with a poor man, somewhat her junior. It is all good theatre, and most of it is true to life.

Next to writing a capital farce, Mr. Cohen has evinced rare good judgment in casting it. Each of the four principals seemed moulded into his or her role. Both Miss Cahill and Miss Prussing brought additional charm of face and figure to theirs. All were deserving of highest praise. Nor should Mr. Frank's butler or Miss Mullin's maid be omitted from honorable mention.

"Whispering Friends" is commended to every honeymooner, to every person of either sex who may have a meddlesome complex, and to the theatre-going public at large, as a delightful evening's entertainment.

W. E. G.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

#### "The Cardboard Lover"

A screen comedy starring Marion Davies. Adapted by Carey Wilson from the play, "Dance of the Cambray Nave," by Jacques Deval; directed by Robert Z. Leonard, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Sally ... Marion Davies  
Simone ... Jettie Goudal  
Andre ... Nils Asther  
Sizor Torino ... Andres de Sazuroila  
Alzine ... Tenen Holtz  
Penny ... Pepi Lederer

Dull moments are conspicuous by their absence in this latest sprightly comedy featuring Marion Davies. Just what happens when an ingenious young American girl matches wiles with an alluring French "vampire" is portrayed in such a lively manner that the audience is spared even a single moment of boredom. The lady of the almost irresistible charms is vividly portrayed by exotic Jettie Goudal, and the role of Andre, the masculine bone of contention, is played in thoroughly finished style by Nils Asther.

Miss Davies proves herself a versatile comedienne in the astonishing number of antics through which she scampers to "get her man" with all the doggedness commonly attributed to the Mounted Police. In the moments when success seems far away, Miss Davies registers wistfulness with equal effectiveness. The scene in which she impersonates her rival in order to test the invulnerability of the fascinating and bewildered Andre is particularly clever. There are moments when the film becomes somewhat slapstick, but with such a theme these moments are almost unavoidable. Miss Davies and Miss Goudal are excellent foils to each other. The former enhances her blond prettiness with fluffy frocks and wraps, while Miss Goudal's unusual, dark-haired type is set off by a striking coiffure and sartorial creations which are both daring and distinguished.

"The Cardboard Lover" can well be recommended for a lively hour's entertainment.

O. S.

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "Danger Street"

A screen melodrama, adapted from a story by Harold MacGrath, directed by Ralph Ince, and presented by FEO with the following cast:

Rolly Sigbsby ... Warner Baxter  
Kitty ... Martha Sleeper  
Dorgan ... Duke Martin  
Bull ... Frank Mills  
Borg ... Harry Teubrook  
Bauer ... Harry Grant Allen  
Gloom ... Ole M. Ness  
Sammy ... "Spec" O'Donnell

Rival gangsters who, when they are not shooting up each other, buy silk shirts and hosiery at Groom's haberdashery, open the action of "Danger Street" with a wild shooting bee. A lone bullet, fired by Dorgan, one of the gang leaders, brings it to a close. Dorgan meant to get Rolly Sigbsby, but Kitty jumped in and took the leaden missile. As it was the cause of healing all misunderstandings between Rolly and Kitty, Mr. MacGrath, the author of the original story, gave it the title of "The Beautiful Bullet." The picture as developed by Mr. Ince is quite as interesting and lively as the story.

Kitty, of course, is the heroine. She likes good books, and music; and she does not care for Dorgan, who covets her. When young Sigbsby, wealthy sportsman, hides in the lower East Side after being jilted by a girl of his own class, he wanders into Bauer's chop house, where Kitty works. The rest is romance, gun-play and fistfights, brightened by several comic flashes by Sammy, who is no other than our grown-up friend of the juvenile movies, "Spec" O'Donnell. In the end Rolly and Kitty are united, and no one dies in the last act.

Mr. Baxter, looking very much like a matinee idol, and giving his role more dignity than exuberance, was a gracious hero, more skilful in shooting gallery marksmanship and in fist encounters than in making love. Miss Sleeper has several opportunities to indicate that

she possesses genuine talent. The two gang leaders, Duke Martin particularly, are true to type. The picture would run smoother, the story more swiftly, if not so cluttered up with detailed captions, held overlong on the screen.

W. E. G.

"When I frame to myself a martyrology of all which have perished by their own means, for religion, country, fame, love, ease, fear, shame; I blush to see how naked of followers all virtues are in respect of this fortitude; and that all histories afford not so many examples either of cunning and subtle devices, or of forcible and violent actions for the safeguard of life, as for destroying."—Dr. John Donne in "Biathanatos."

Readers of newspapers may wonder at the increasing number of men and women who kill themselves by jumping from high buildings. Balzac wrote that it must be a terrible state of mind that leads one to seek death at the mouth of a pistol. What is to be said of those who leap for death, not life? Does the pavement far below act as a lodestone to the unfortunate, half-crazed by pain, fear of punishment, shame, despair? Perhaps some Frenchman, seeking notoriety, may jump from the Eiffel tower; does an American skyscraper tempt one contemplating suicide?

There were famous towers of old but we do not read of men climbing the tower of Babel to end their life. The tower in Siloam fell and crushed 18 who were not sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem; we do not read of one man that, with desperate mind, leaped from it. Does one say as he looks below, "I see as from a tower the end of all?"

"While from a proud tower in the town Death looks gigantically down," wrote Poe in his "City in the Sea." In these days death looks up and waits below.

When Mr. Tunney met the Prince of Wales, it was learned that the Prince was "very much his natural self throughout the talk."

This reminds us of Mr. John L. Sullivan's talk with Edward the Seventh when he was Prince of Wales. On Mr. Sullivan's return to the United States he was asked how he found the Prince. "Well, he was at first rather nervous, but I soon put him at his ease."

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the present Prince when Mr. Tunney took his leave. In ushering him out the Prince "stepped back and insisted that the retired champion precede him through the exit." "After you, my dear Gene." Let us hope that Mr. Tunney did not insist that the Prince should go first; that he followed the example of the Englishman who, when a King of France waved for his visitor to precede him, did not shilly-shally and bow and scrape, but with a simple word of courtesy walked on and let the King follow him. For this King declared that the Englishman was a thorough gentleman.

We wish we could have been with Mr. Tunney when he entered the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Had he read the savage attack of Sir Richard F. Burton on the Library, for Sir Richard was justly incensed at the churlishness of the officials in refusing him a manuscript he needed in the preparation of a supplementary volume of "The Thousand and One Nights." What chiefly interested Mr. Tunney? The library of 200 Greek manuscripts framed by Giacomo Barocci, a Venetian nobleman; the Latin and English manuscripts given by Sir Kenelm Digby; the Selden collection; or the books bequeathed by Sir Thomas Browne?

Mr. Tunney with the Prince of Wales; Mr. Tunney in the Bodleian Library. Either scene would be a subject for our old friend the Historical Painter.

"Mr. Tunney expressed surprise at the knowledge shown by the Prince of Wales of current affairs, as he always thought royalty 'kept in the back-ground.'" No, not always. Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern was not a self-effacing person. There is a long list of monarchs who insisted on taking the centre of the stage. One speaks of "the fierce light that beats upon the throne"—or words to that effect, but there have been Kings and Emperors who took great care that the spotlight should not only light the throne but play upon them in public and in private—if they ever courted privacy.

To go back to suicide:

#### QUERY

He laughed at life,  
And why not?  
He never could keep  
What he got;  
He wanted to write,  
But it seemed  
All the fine things  
That he dreamed  
Crumbled to dust  
At the touch  
Of paper to pen;

Over much

He labored in vain

Till one day

All that he had

Meant to say

Seemed such a small

Thing beside

The mystery death

Opened wide,

He purposely stepped

Through the door...

And now does he know

Any more?

E. LESLIE SPAULDING.

### HOW HE HATES HIMSELF!

(Adv. in a London newspaper)

Educated, travelled business man, linguist, initiative, adaptable, pushful, alert, extensive business training, fields industrial, commercial, literary, highest references, seeks post, clerical, secretarial, or otherwise representative; expert shorthand-typist. Write Box G 10, etc.

These photographs of various candidates, vociferous or mute before the camera, smiling to assure voters that they are good fellows, devoted to the interests of the pee-pul, or putting on for the moment the mask of profound statesmanship, do not show them in the old-fashioned heroic pose ridiculed in these lines from "Hiawatha's Photographing" by Lewis Carroll:

"First the Governor, the Father;  
He suggested velvet curtains  
Looped about a massy pillar;  
And the corner of a table,  
Of a rosewood dining table.  
He would hold a scroll of something,  
Hold it firmly in his left hand;  
He would keep his right hand buried  
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat;  
He would contemplate the distance  
With a look of pensive meaning.  
As of ducks that die in tempests.

Grand, heroic was the notion:  
Yet the picture failed entirely:  
Failed, because he moved a little;  
Moved, because he couldn't help it."

As the World Wags:

A correspondent writing recently The Herald's "Mail Bag," in the process of getting in his hack at Gov. Smith, said: "But the tiger does not readily change its spots." What the writer meant, undoubtedly was that the leopard cannot change its stripes.

Served, as the letter was, with an extra large order of extra cold hash, this was a most delectable titbit. However, the Happy Warrior was again reduced to a proper pulp, so let the first class in zoology stand up. J. W. G.

As the World Wags:

I have an accumulation of burnt matches. The stems are whole. Is there any place in Boston where I can have them recapped?

MARY CAMPBELL MacTAVISH.

Mr. Harold L. Judkins, Jr., has nominated for our Hall of Fame Poisson Lunch of Suncook, N. H. "Giggs" has nominated Mr. F. Le Barbera "consorial artist" of Boston.

Mr. C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts in his novel "This Side Idolatry," based on the life of Charles Dickens, represents Dickens as vain, ostentatious, arrogant, selfish, inherently vulgar, dishonorable in his dealings with publishers, greedy for money, contemptible in his treatment of his wife.

If there has been and is a whitewashing of public men long regarded as cruel tyrants and monsters of iniquity, so many rejoice in seeing heroes belittled and besmirched.

Some years ago—it was in the seventies—a novel was published in London. The author—was his name Alfred Bate Richards?—fashioned his hero after Thackeray and made him out to be a hypocrite and a sycophant, despicably envious, small and mean. We have forgotten the exact title of the novel but think it was "So Very Human."

We know what Lady Mary Wortley Montague said about Fielding and how Thackeray dealt harshly with him and Swift. Bulwer-Lytton's wife tore him publicly to pieces while he was alive. The elder Disraeli wrote about the calamities of authors; he did not foresee the rage for throwing idols from their pedestals. No one believes today that Lady Mary or Thackeray told the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the great and noble Henry Fielding; or that Byron was the complete scoundrel that figures in a recent novel by a woman regardless of facts. No one believes that Thackeray was the man described in the spiteful novel. How about Dickens?

If Mrs. Fields of Boston was not un-

duly prejudiced in his favor, a Leo Hunter entertaining distinguished guests, he was the paragon of paragons, the quintessence of all that is estimable and lovable in a human being. Yet when he first came to this country many found him showy and vulgar in dress and in speech. Washington Irving was shocked when, calling on him at his hotel in New York, he was addressed: "Well, Irving, what'll you have," and was offered a sherry cobbler, a mint-julep, or a brandy smash. The invitation was of the bar-room-one-foot-on-the-rail-order. And there was a note of patronage in the invitation.

Old Gen. Lambert used to say that the best of men are only men at the best. Let us rejoice in Dickens, the novelist, and not inquire into his character. He may have caricatured his mother as Mrs. Nickleby, his father as Mr. Micawber. There is no doubt that he portrayed Leigh Hunt cruelly and unjustly as Harold Skimpole, though Dickens denied it, but in a shuffling manner. There is also no doubt that his introduction of his early love as Flora in "Little Dorrit" was so contemptible that he deserved a flogging. It is undoubtedly true that his conduct towards his wife was to say the least singular; for he did not find out that they were not suited one to the other until she had borne him 10 children. And then his foolish, stupid address to the public concerning the matter, and his quarrel with Punch because it refused to print it or notice it.

It is pleasant to think of the characters created by him, men and women, often fantastic impossible beings, who nevertheless are more real to us than many of our neighbors; the man that described the storm in "David Copperfield," and the night-ride of Jonas Chuzzlewit.

### MUTE APPEAL

When I am dead  
Don't lay me on my back—  
I never could breathe when on my back;

Lay me on my right side—please;  
And when I am dead  
Don't close the coffin lid—  
A closed room always suffocated me;  
Nor bury me in a flat ground—  
Cities on flat ground ever chilled me;  
But bury me on a hill-top,  
For dawns and dusks alike were sweet;  
And when I am dead don't line the coffin

With fluffy things—  
I never could endure curtains at my window;

Please bury me at the foot of a tree—  
A greff tree to which I can cling  
When blows some dungeon wind;  
Let my grave slope south  
Where I may share, with Mark Twain's child,

Warm winds, sweet rains, red roses;  
Don't let them roll clay clods on me—  
I heard them fall on my mother's grave  
Forty faded years ago—

In a word don't—when you bury me—  
Ignore all rules for bringing peace  
And seek to make atonement by crying,  
"Requiescat in pace"—

No, first you bury me in the way  
That long peace comes,  
And then turn back without a snuffle  
From where you laid me down.

—ABORIGINE.

As the World Wags:

Apologies of your remarks about suicide, I, too, cannot understand how any one wishing to kill himself jumps from a height. He knows he may, having fallen, remind those on the pavement or in a court of the old newspaper cliché—"a dull, sickening thud"—and linger in agony for minutes. In the old ballads drowning was the romantic ending; in history, the sword, dagger, or poison. One remembers the ancient Romans falling on a sword or commanding a slave to hold it; Hannibal with his ring with poison in its hollow; the wicked women of Milo drama laughing hysterically as they drain the fatal cup. I do not recall any one soon after the introduction of fire arms killing himself with a gun.

I remember reading about a proposed Suicide Hall in Germany or France—the proposition was made in all seriousness, not in jest—where every possible means of leaving the world would be provided except a tower for jumpers. That any one should choose this way of farewelling the earth was evidently not dreamed of by the builder and furnisher of the hall.

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

A clergyman, the Rev. Henry Sykes, an English vicar, who had lived in Palestine, left at his death £26,628, with net personality £26,558. He made this singular statement in his will:

"In making this will I have more to pass on to others than I could ever have expected. How it comes about I hardly know. Perhaps being unmarried is one reason. Another may be the rather strong opinion I have held and aimed to practise that along the way of simplicity of taste and habit lies a true road to contentment and satisfaction in this life. In this wise, too, income may tend to outstrip expenditure."

It is possible that the rashly thinking



may have lived this vicar of simple life as a "big-brother." Has any one gained a fortune by crookedness in business ever told in his last will and testament how he gained his fortune? how he was "smarter" than others? Repentance or remorse would not lead this man to reveal his true nature, but he might exult in his shrewdness, in his ability to take advantage of others. There are tombstones that need revision of the inscriptions.

#### SPEEDING THE GUEST

As the World Wags:

"And will you walk along to the station with me, Douglas?" asked the visitor.

"I'm afraid I can't," replied the son of the house apologetically.

"Why? You surely are not tired?"

"Oh, no; but we're having dinner as soon as you go."

LOOKER ON.

#### LOEW'S ORPHEUM

##### "Detectives"

A screen comedy written by Robert Lord and Chester M. Franklin, directed by Chester M. Franklin and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:  
House Detective.....Karl Dane  
Bell Hop.....George K. Arthur  
Lois.....Marceline Day  
Orloff.....Felix Brevor  
Mrs. Winters.....Felicia Drenova  
Chin Lee.....Tetsu Komai  
Roberts.....Clarence Lyle

In this, the fourth M-G-M comedy vehicle of a comic pair, Messrs. Dane and Arthur, a moderately plausible story is utilized. Dane, as the big, gawky, dumb house detective, and Arthur, mischievous, nimble-witted bell hop, are attentive to Lois, the hotel's public stenographer. Arthur regards Dane with derision, both as a sleuth and as a lover. After perpetrating a number of practical jokes on Dane, he gets his chance to prove that of the two he is the better detective. Both figure actively in the sequences of a pearl robbery in the hotel, perpetrated by Orloff, a bogus lecturer on Egyptian mummies. Quitting the hotel hastily, Orloff and his crew hide in a country retreat, with trap doors and other treacherous devices to trip the unwary.

In their frenzied, ludicrous pursuit of the robbers, Dane and Arthur, accompanied by the pretty stenographer, fall into all sorts of predicaments, with Dane, boastful and bungling, as the chief victim. The pearls, hidden originally in a flashlight, pass from hand to hand, as does the flashlight. Finally the robbers are out-manoeuvred and routed. Dane gets the emptied flashlight, and Arthur the pearls. Dane, after a wild narrative of his adventures to a roomful of policemen, is discredited, while Arthur receives the reward, thereby proving himself the real detective, and winning the hand of the diffident Lois. It is all good foolery, minus much of the slap-stick methods of routine comedy skits. A new type of screen comicality, it probably will be followed by others of like calibre, with the heroes of "Rookies" again in the clown roles. W. E. G.

Sept 6, 1928

Mr. W. J. Turner, an English poet, musician and writer about music, is the author of "Musical Meanderings." The book is published in this country by E. P. Dutton and Company.

Mr. Turner as he meanders through the mazes of music does not maunder. He is not constantly lost in wonder, love and praise. He does not worship the pedestal as well as the idol. Great names do not make him bow the knee. He is in line with John F. Runciman and Vernon Blackburn—the one with his sledge-hammer style, the other with rapier-like thrusts—who warred valiantly against the academicians, the reactionaries, all those content with the old and established order, regarding any composer who strayed from the beaten path which Mendelssohn trod with mincing step as evil-minded, dangerous fellows.

Even in his first chapter, "The Difficulty of Being Great," Mr. Turner throws stones at the Lord's anointed. He begins by praising the pianist, Arthur Schnabel, to the skies, praising him with a certain misgiving, "since nowadays publicity is not for great men but for simulators who will take whatever shape their publicity agents suggest as advantageous to them." He incidentally remarks that Paderewski, Gleseking, Bauer, Rosenthal did not leave much of an impression on him. Busoni's playing of Mozart was the finest he ever heard. The Mozart playing of most other pianists is "very anemic." Hofmann, "a most supreme pianist as far as sheer pianism goes," disappoints when he plays Beethoven.

All this and more about pianists lead to remarks about Brahms which will

surely irritate the fanatical worshippers of Johannes. He is "notably lacking" in design and planning. "There is not a single large scale work of his which has complete unity of design."

He is the most rococo and pretty pettifoggery of composers and a most finished craftsman. The great master of "sehnsucht," of love by moonlight—with nothing so crude and physical as a real mistress in the bedroom with him! No, mere moonlight and nightingales, and a room filled with shadows, the shadows of regret and sentimentality. . . . it is one of the most strange and surprising phenomena in musical history that this sentimentalist of genius should have been considered austere and difficult.

Brahms is a "great man." This great man "was partly the product of his friends and of the anti-Wagnerian party who required a 'great man' to lead their army against the barbarian hordes of Liszt and Wagner. And since Wagner and Liszt were barbarians Brahms had to become a classic; so we get this sentimental schoolgirl pushed upon a pedestal and made the classical champion of the period." Brahms, thus flattered, did his best to live up to his role. "He remains firmly planted upon his pedestal, he harangues and makes gestures—firm, magnificent, rhetorical gestures—but march he will not. Now a hero who will not march is no good at all as a successor to Beethoven, because the essence of Beethoven is that he did march. In the jargon of musical criticism this may be described as his power of development. Brahms never moves, he merely rests first upon one foot, then upon another, and distracts our attention from his stationary position by a display of the most marvellous musical cunning that has ever been known."

Those who swoon in ecstasy at the mere mention of Bach's name and hail Mr. Samuel as his prophet should read the two chapters entitled "The Great John Sebastian." They will be irritated, offended; they will scream in denial of Mr. Turner's statements. Why is Bach now so popular in London? asks Mr. Turner. Snobbishness accounts for some who crowd the hall to hear Mr. Samuel, and listen to him in "a hushed and respectable silence, a reverential awe which was once reserved for the thundered declamation of the Church." Bach is the fashion. Another reason is "spurious intellectualism." Yet Bach achieves formal perfection far less frequently than Mozart, and is constantly to be found muddling through as clumsily as any Beethoven. Again, "Bach, the intellectual giant of our sentimental dilettantes—is consistently capable of a feebleness that equals, if it does not surpass, the feebleness of Sir Arthur Sullivan." Bach had very little specific sensibility to sound. "The Chromatic Fantasia is a series of breakdowns and fresh starts. . . . Yet today we are deeply impressed by it; we are moved by it in spite of its technical imperfections, and I would be inclined to say that as it stands it is correct and that its imperfections are essential to it." In spite of his enormous output, his work lacks variety. "He was a stayer, even as much of a stayer as Wagner, but Bach lacked a certain power of musical imagination which Wagner possessed. He did not have 'at his command that gift of musical imagination which Mozart and Wagner had.' He is below Beethoven and Wagner in imagination and in originality of thought, 'but his wonderful variety and Rabelaisian vitality give him a unique place in the history of music. . . . It is the absence of all appeal to the imagination that enables us to take such pleasure in his workmanship," yet Mr. Turner is heretic enough to believe that Bach is in no respect a better craftsman than Wagner. While Bach "in the sensibility which, with intellectual power and vitality, produces the finest imagery is below Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner, yet he is among the greatest composers by 'a sublimity of conception, an intrinsic greatness, almost impossible to define but comparatively easy to feel.'"

These chapters on Bach and Brahms are only three out of thirty-seven, with subjects ranging from critics and composers to the future of broadcasting, from Berlioz to jazz-kings, from Stravinsky and Mozart's operas to film opera and Russian Ballet. With "Falstaff," Verdi takes his place with Berlioz, Wagner and Beethoven as a great creative artist. Mr. Turner admits Berlioz to a place near Beethoven and Mozart in his affections. "It is my sober opinion that he of all other musicians is the only one to equal them in original genius."

"Musical Meanderings" is stimulating. We know of no other book about music published in recent years that so holds the attention, invites, one might say provokes discussion, opposition, or acquiescence. Mr. Turner is fearless in the expression of his opinions, but not as a madman beating on a drum. He can give a reason for his convictions. He can be humorous, he can be ironical in his attacks. Read the chapter

"Odious Comparisons" in which he shows how the flamboyant or mushy program notes to a symphony by Elgar fit well the music; read the attacks on the Royal Schools of Music; read "Drivellization" in which musical criticisms published in the Daily Express and the Daily Mail are ridiculed; read the delightfully amusing "Impressions of Vienna in 1927." He saw there a modern play "Liebe," "in itself no more contemptible than the average play one sees in a London theatre." "The men shouted—everybody shouts at you in Vienna, it is considered rude to speak quietly and without emphasis—but not only did they shout, they flung their arms about and spoke in a sort of sing-song with a regular emphasis falling like a hammer automatically on certain syllables, until one thought one was listening to a performance by mechanical robots. . . . We left a large and cultured audience behind us enjoying it immensely."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," screened and synchronized, familiar for the past six months to film worshippers in New York, is at last to be shown in Boston, and at popular prices, which New York did not enjoy. Starting Saturday, Sept. 8, the Modern and Beacon theatres in this city will house for what confidently is expected to be a phenomenal run the monster production on which Universal is said to have expended \$2,000,000 in cold cash and two years of time in the making. Every financial, technical and physical resource of the organization was utilized, 5000 persons were employed.

Harry Pollard directed the picture, and the cast includes James B. Lowe as Uncle Tom, Mona Ray as Topsy, Virginia Grey as Little Eva, Margarita Fischer as Eliza, George Siegmann as Simon Legree, Arthur Edmund Carew as George Harris, Lucien Littlefield as Marks, and many others prominent in the motion picture world. Even the bloodhounds have worthy pedigrees. Erno Rapee's augmented symphony orchestra from the Roxy Theatre in New York, the Dixie Jubilee Singers, 100 in number, are heard during the progress of the film.

The figure four seems a lucky number in screen successes. First we had "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Then came "Four Sons," that memorable film of devoted, self-sacrificing motherhood, now on view at the Washington Street Olympia and the Fenway theatres. Next week comes to Loew's State Theatre "Four Walls," the story of the regeneration of an ex-convict, a film version of the play by Dana Burnett and George Abbott. Lastly, "The Four Feathers," derived from a story written many years ago by the English author, A. E. W. Mason, is soon to be sent out by Paramount.

First National has acquired the screen rights to "The Miracle," following a controversy of two years' duration. Production, including sound effects by symphony orchestras, choruses and soloists, will start soon.

Pauline Frederick, well-known actress, will make her debut on the talking screen in "On Trial," Warner Bros. production of Elmer Rice's play of that title. W. E. G.

Sept 7, 1928

#### I AM HE

(By Michael Shane)

I am he that saith  
In the wind my breath—  
Rise, black clouds, from your ocean lair,  
Trample the twilight from the air,  
Plunge day to death.

I am he that spoke  
When the thunder broke—  
Blind out the upturned eye,  
Hurl down the elm tree nigh,  
Cleave the great oak.

I am he that rode  
When the earth felt goad  
And sprang from Winter into Spring;  
In the great heart of everything  
Is my abode.

I am he that ran  
When the world began;  
I am he that shall rend the sky  
When the last sun flames by—  
I am not Man.

#### UP THE LADDER

It appears that there are "social climbers" even in soviet Russia. To put the feet on the first rung of the ladder, a woman takes employment as a maid, a clerk, or some other lowly position so that after a time she may join a labor union. We read that Russian women who under the Czar belonged to the "upper classes" frequently take places as servants. They are insured and registered by their mistresses. At the end of four months they are allowed

to join the union. Their superior social position is then assured.

A monkey on a stick is not so amusing a sight as an American woman endeavoring to force her way into the ranks of those who, as she snobbishly thinks, are "our best people." Even when she falls from the ladder when she is only half way up, she is not discouraged. Try, try again. An extract from a recently published notebook of Robert de Montesquieu is to the point:

"A witty woman of my acquaintance was speaking of those invaders who have made their way into regions that seemed inaccessible to them by the aid of sales for charities. She ended by this magnificent and terrible quip: 'Charity has done much harm to society.'"

Anybody who is travelling so swiftly along the road of life becomes more and more indulgent of the worship of ancestors.—Lord Birkenhead.

No one expects that the new suburbs will be beautiful. The most we may hope is that they will not try to be beautiful.—Lord Hugh Cecil.

#### AROUND A KNIFE

We asked a few days ago about the "Barlow knife."

As the World Wags:

In Friday's Herald you referred to "Barlow knives," which carried me back in memory to when I was very young in the mountains of east Tennessee.

There was a jingle we used to sing, only two verses of which I can recall: "Buck-horn handle and Barlow blade Best old knife that was ever made."

There was also another song which I do not remember but it was sung by the partisans of another famous knife, the I X L.

Perhaps some former mountaineer can provide you with these songs, which would add greatly to that "elephant" book of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's.

AMOS S.

We remember the I X L knife but never heard of the Barlow until we saw it mentioned in Mr. Howe's entertaining stories of his early newspaper life published in the Saturday Evening Post. Who was the Barlow that gave his name to a knife? The only Barlow we knew was the boresome prig in "Sandford and Merton." Are any boys urged to read that book today? The author, Thomas Day, was a singular character. He wished a wife who had been modelled according to his ideas, so he went to an orphan asylum, picked out a 12-year-old girl whom he named Sabrina Sidney. She disappointed him, for she would flinch when he dropped melting sealing wax on her bare arms, and scream when he fired at her clothes with a pistol to make her courageous. At last, disgusted because, making a visit, she wore thin sleeves instead of warm ones, he married her to a par-rister and provided for her boys when she was a widow. Then Mr. Day tried to train a young horse in a new manner. The ungrateful beast kicked Mr. Day so that he died.

One should remember him kindly for his "Sandford and Merton" is more amusing to grown persons than even Burnand's elaborate parody of it; yet in the latter book the story of the hermit's cell is an unflinching joy.

Ah, the association of ideas! Here we were asking about the Barlow knife and were led far afield. Did the excellent Jonas in the Rollo books have this knife? Was Mr. Reuben Pettin-gill's "common clasp knife" a Barlow? According to Artemus Ward Mr. Pettin-gill with that simple weapon could make from soft wood horses, dogs, cats, soldiers.

"I remember his masterpiece. 'It was 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps.' 'Looking at it critically I should say it was rather short of Alps."

"An Alp or two more would have improved it; but as a whole, it was a

wonderful piece of work; and what a wonderful piece of work is a wooden man, when his legs and arms are all right."

#### THE BROADCASTER AT HOME

As the World Wags:

It all started with a single cell, and then the surface cooled and vegetation appeared and Adam and Eve came out of the chaos, and by skipping a few hundred thousand years we come to the radio announcer, who sat all day long before the listening microphone, that symbol of the great American ear. All day long he read the continuity that was written for the broadcasts by the clever young man with the squeaky voice. Then came the children's hour, and the announcer became an "Uncle" reading animal stories to his invisible radio nephews and nieces. Hours



words . . . words. Finally the relief announcer came in and cleared his throat. Home dashed Announcer No. 1 and there was a squeal of delight from the five progeny.

"Papa, papa," shrieked the merry little dears, "tell us a bed-time story."

With a muttered curse he bounced the whole five out of the window.

OSWALD THE GREAT.

The greatest artists in dressmaking are gradually evolving costumes which cannot be seen.—Lord Darling.

#### WORDS, TOO MANY WORDS

(From the Observer, London)  
Now that the Oxford English dictionary has finished with "w" it is possible to estimate the letters of the alphabet in point of comparative popularity. Judging by the list of "main words" in the dictionary, this is the order of precedence:

S (27,929)	R (10,434)	V (4219)
P (23,182)	B (10,049)	N (3484)
C (21,295)	F (9339)	J (1727)
T (14,457)	E (9247)	Q (1633)
D (13,478)	H (8900)	K (1577)
U (13,165)	G (7551)	Y (1347)
M (12,988)	O (7118)	Z (289)
A (12,183)	L (7049)	X (86)
I (11,350)	W (5600)	

The unexpected high position of the "I" and "U" is due to the large number of words beginning with "in" and "un."

547 of 1928

#### I WENT DOWN TO MARKET

I went down to market, to buy a loaf of bread,  
To buy a jar of honey,  
And a reel of thread.

I went down to market, all by myself today,  
But all the streets were queer streets,  
So I lost my way.

Nowhere that I turned was there any face I knew,  
And all the people stared, and  
Thought me alien, too.

Then I met a lady, and "Lady, pray," said I,  
"What foreign town might this be?"  
But she passed me by.

I met a gentleman, and "Tell me, sir," I said,  
"Where is young Charley Lamb, sir?"  
"He has long been dead!"

"Where are the gentle poets, and the dames I knew?"  
"They are all forgotten, and  
So, poor ghost, are you!"  
ERNESTINE GUNN JOHNSON.

#### AN AID TO READING

"One upon a time no drawing room table was complete without a paper knife of ivory or tortoise shell, with a silver haft. It was used to cut the pages of three-volume novels or of the weekly and monthly periodicals. . . . The number of new books with uncut edges seems to be increasing. This seems to point to a revival of the paper-knife as a Christmas present."—Daily Chronicle (London).

One would infer from this paragraph that a paper-knife in England had long been a curiosity for a museum or a subject, with quaint illustrations, for a magazine like our Antiques. How did the Englishman cut leaves, if not with a paper-knife? Did he run his thumb along the edges? Wordsworth once picked up a volume of Burke's works in De Quincey's cottage. It was tea-time. "Dry toast," writes De Quincey, "required butter; butter required knives; and knives then lay on the table; but sad it was for the virgin purity of Mr. Burke's as yet unsullied pages, that every knife bore upon its blade testimonies of the service it had rendered. Did that stop Wordsworth? Did that cause him to call for another knife? Not at all. . . . he tore his way into the heart of the volume with this knife, that left its greasy honors behind it on every page; and are they not there to this day?"

There is the pleasure of anticipation in cutting the leaves of a new book, but only when there is cutting at the top or at the side of a page. When one must cut at the bottom, there is only vexation of spirit, and one runs the risk of spoiling the page in the haste to read on. Perhaps detective and "mystery" stories should be uncut, so that the reader is obliged to take his pleasure slowly; he cannot bolt this food at one sitting.

The simpler the paper-knife the better. It should not have too keen an edge; the edge should not be thick. It should lie on the table for use, not as an ostentatious ornament, of the kind often found in houses whose inmates do not read books but lend an enlightened

patronage to flashy magazines containing stories in which "sex" is the soul of the plot.

Mr. Martin Demosthenes Wiley Chamberlain Louis Henderson Raspberry Todge Tew, a farmer of Cooper, N. C., has been nominated for our Hall of Fame. We suggest his election to the office of honorary president.

#### ADD "SPIRITUOUS SUCCEDANEA"

As the World Wags

In these parlous times when the farmer can make wine legally and the city resident cannot brew malt for himself without facing a term in jail, it may not be inappropriate to see if we can gather some light of prohibition in the past, before it became a "noble experiment." What I shall relate is of my own personal knowledge. It is a sad tale, mates. The lady president of a local W. C. T. U. in the middle West, about 30 years ago, came under the care of a physician for loss of locomotive power in her limbs. That was the name of legs in that era. Inquiry disclosed that she was a constant as well as sincere patron of a then well-known "tonic," which we will call Teluna, although it was not the real name by which it was vended. It was just whiskey with a dash of caramel and other needless things, but it analyzed a good 50 per cent. alcohol. Statesmen praised it for its bracing qualities, after exhausting debates on control of the liquor traffic; and the old girl tried it for "that tired feeling" induced by hard physical labor in smashing brass rails, mirrors and other parts of a well appointed bar, or to relieve the dryness of her throat after exhorting the other old girls to direct action against the slaves of drink. It is perfectly true, as well as undeniably sad, that she got a daily "kick" out of this Teluna, and such was her faith in it as a "pick-me-up" and her devotion to it that she acquired a typical case of alcoholic neuritis. The moral of it is not obvious, but the physician reported that case as a curiosity and it was published in a medical journal of that time as a horrible example of an old girl gone wrong. I'll bet she had nothing against Teluna, while the going was good. I may add, though not in the business, that "Wine Tonic" of 15 per cent. by volume (you know what), may be had at any drug emporium, by permission of good old Andrew Volstead. Lady Leaguers having that tired feeling from yelling "scofflaw" at us city brewers of malt may find relief in this modern edition of Teluna, but they should beware of over indulgence in "tonics." The beer of our grandfathers is much safer, and Hoover recommended it as non-intoxicating during the world war. This was before he was a candidate. All this shows what a scientific subject prohibition is.

WOOF WOOF.

50-50

As the World Wags:

Telephone Operator—That language is entirely uncalled for.  
Customer—So were the last seven numbers you gave me.

As the World Wags:

How long, O Lord, will "diction" be used in place of "enunciation"? Singers and stage folk misuse it in this way, but there is no power of compulsion against them. The Boston Herald, discussing in an editorial the peculiarities of speech of the presidential candidates, spoke of the "so-called diction." So called by whom?

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY.

As the World Wags:

A cablegram in the morning papers said that the average Parisian takes three baths annually. What do they do on the other 49 Saturday nights.

R. H. L.

#### TRUE, GENTLE SIR

An income dependent on earnings is an income which is dogged by uncertainty and anxiety.—Mr. Lees-Smith, M. P.

#### THAT DEPENDS ON MISS MAUDE

As the World Wags:

When a man hails from New York they call him a New Yorker; what do they call a feller who comes from Great Neck?

M. L. M.

As the World Wags:

As an employee of the notorious McGillib's Information Bureau I feel it my duty to reply to Miss MacTavish's request for a Boston establishment for recapping burnt matches. And now if Miss MacTavish will just tell us which ends of the matches in question are burned McGillib's will see its duty and do it.

VICE-VERSA.

Francesco Berger, born in 1835, has long been a prominent figure in the musical life of London as a teacher of the piano, and director and secretary of the Philharmonic Society. He is also known there as a composer of church music, part songs, etc. We believe he has an opera to his credit or discredit. Now he is writing entertaining articles about "Music Fashions in London."

There was a curious custom in providing refreshments for those who took part in benefit concerts. "I remember how at mine, a bottle of sherry, another of port, some bottled beer, lemonade, sandwiches and cakes were carried from my home to the concert room, where, I believe, no one ever partook of them, and they remained as perquisites for the hall-keeper." Mr. Berger gave 30 of these concerts.

In former days male singers and instrumentalists wore white or lavender gloves. The latter removed them before they began to play. "Hans von Buelow carried the dressy business so far that even at morning concerts he appeared in evening dress, wearing white gloves, and carrying an opera hat tucked under his left arm." Mr. Berger either does not know, or he has forgotten, that male singers appearing in Parisian concerts, morning or afternoon, wore evening dress. This was the custom when we went to concerts in Paris in 1885-1887. The custom obtained for years afterwards; perhaps it obtains today. We heard the first performance in Paris of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," conducted by the composer. Faure, the baritone, was in impeccable evening dress though the performance was in the afternoon. He wore no gloves. The tenor, Edward Floyd, wore a frock coat, black cravat and his large hands were encased in white gloves. Guilmant, the organist on that occasion, said to us: "Ah! Monsieur Faure is always comme il faut." In Berlin in 1884 we saw Joachim bring in a stovepipe hat when he was about to conduct an orchestra—what a miserable conductor he was! He put this hat on the floor near the conductor's stand just before he took up his baton. When the intermission came, he bore the hat with him—presumably to the sandwich and beer bar—returned with it, and again put it on the floor.

In the United States Buelow, whenever we heard him, entered gloved. He would slowly "unglove himself" looking over the audience, and put the gloves on the piano as he took his seat.

Mr. Berger further says: "Ladies when appearing in public had to carry a bouquet, to hold their music, to display an elaborately lace-bound handkerchief, to dangle a fan from their waist, to wear a gorgeous head-dress of natural or artificial flowers, and to be encumbered with a couple of yards of trailing skirt. The first woman to discard all this paraphernalia was Antoinette Sterling, who ventured even at evening concerts to wear morning dress, and, as she generally sang from memory, had no music to carry. Lady artists at concerts had to be 'led on' by what were known as 'conductors,' whose duty, besides this perfunctory one, was to accompany them on the piano."

A singular tradition of Italian opera survived in Boston until the appearances of Mme. Albani and Adelina Patti in Mechanics building; (Mme. Sembrich respected the tradition to a later date): The heroine, joyous or unhappy, carried a lace handkerchief when she was coquettish, or steeped in gloom. It was with her even in death-agony.

When the Grand Opera House at Toronto was demolished a newspaper published an article describing the relics which the theatre contained. This paragraph is worthy of reprinting:

"All manner of stage-properties have been found. There was Irving's gondola, which was specially constructed for Sir Henry Irving to play Macbeth at the Grand. This gondola has been presented to the Christian Brothers, who will use it when they put on 'Macbeth' at the Massey hall in the near future."

Who rode in this gondola? The three witches? Banquo's ghost on his way to Macbeth's supper where the host behaved in a manner that greatly disturbed the guests? The gondola was, of course, for Irving's production of "The Merchant of Venice." It was filled with carnival revellers in the scene just before Shylock's return to his house from which Jessica had fled.

"When Miss Ann Codea, the tall and exuberant French actress and singer, raps with a stick the hip-pocket of her meek male partner and there is a tinkle of glass followed by a hurried exit, it is superfluous that she should afterwards tell a Victoria Palace audience that she had for three years been away in America."—The Times.

We have received the following letter:

"Reading over your review of Dunhill's 'Sullivan's Comic Operas,' I find no reference to 'The Chieftain' which I supposed was by Sullivan. Only last June I heard a baritone singing one of the songs over the radio, and most effectively. Some of it was so much to the good that notwithstanding the many years since the opera was performed at the Museum, snatches of it come back to me occasionally, with the appeal 'pretty good music am I not?' Probably I am confusing it with 'Sweet Adeline' and other classics."

We said nothing about Sullivan's music for "The Chieftain" or for "Box and Cox," although the latter contains the pretty lullaby, "Hush-a-by, bacon." Space is limited, dear sir, and we spoke only of the more important operettas as considered by Mr. Dunhill.

"The Chieftain" was a revised and lengthened version of "Contrabandista," with the libretto by F. C. Burnand and the music by Sullivan. "Contrabandista," an operetta in two short acts, was first played with Offenbach's "Ching Chow Hi" in December, 1867. Herbert Sullivan and Newman Flower say the operetta "failed even to get applause and was withdrawn immediately." Mr. Dunhill says it made a great hit, was much enjoyed, and held the stage for three months. The operetta, according to report, was written, composed, and produced in 16 days.

"The Chieftain," which contained a good deal of new music—one of the best numbers is a Spanish duet with a recurring figure of accompaniment cribbed unblushingly from Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole—was produced on Dec. 12, 1894. It came after "Utopia Ltd." and before "The Grand Duke." Mr. Dunhill writes that the entertainment had as a whole, "a mild flavor



...fashioned innocence which scarcely stood the test of revival. The libretto (Burnand's) was poor stuff, but there was some welcome sunshine in the music which reminded one now and then of 'The Gondoliers' and from the inventive standpoint it was a fresher and more musical achievement than 'Utopia Ltd.' It did not prove a popular success, however, and was only presented for 96 performances."

A suggestion has been made that theatre programs should contain a short synopsis of the story of the play, so that late comers could follow it. I cannot see such a suggestion going any further, for no playgoer wishes to know the plot, particularly in these days of mystery thrillers. A much better plan, and one that might be adopted generally, was in force during the run of a play at the Criterion Theatre some years ago. The story of the first act only was printed on a leaflet.—Daily Chronicle (London).

Mr. Thornton Wilder, famous for his "Bridge of San Luis Rey"—for which he was greatly indebted to Prosper Merimee's "Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement"—talked gaily last month of writing seven "repertory plays for seven classical types—high comedy, domestic tragedy, a quiet play of the Chekov type, a farce, a costume play, and so on." Insatiable Wilder! Will not one suffice? Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey" is a delightful story. Let him remember the fate of Henry James and Joseph Conrad, both novelists of distinction, yet how they failed when they entered, hopefully, the play house.

Music should be looked upon not as a form of pleasure, but as an emotional shampoo.—Dr. Percy C. Buck.

It is quite wrong that any orchestral season should pay for itself.—Sir Hamilton Harty.

It was stated a few days ago that "in deference to the protests of the delegation from the United Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy the film version of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was to present Legree as a Yankee." This led newspaper paragraphers to make more or less merry remarks about other changes in the story that would please these sensitive Sons and Daughters.

Now comes forward Mr. Lyman Beecher Stowe and says: "Legree has been a Yankee ever since he was first conceived in my grandmother's brain in 1851."

"When we murder Imagination, silken skirts and gold embroidery cannot replace the corpse. Punch has no scenery, nor need of it; and the old Globe Theatre was too busy with the glories of the great Elizabethans to bother about it. The milliner, the carpenter, and the upholsterer have suffocated the comic and tragic muses, and the Ghetto-smell has corrupted the air of the heights. Punch was pure drama."—Julian Hawthorne. P.H.

548,528 548,528  
Paul Whiteman, Renee Adoree  
And Tom Meighan at  
Metropolitan

METROPOLITAN THEATRE  
"The Mating Call"

A screen drama adapted by Walter Woods from the story of like title by Rex Beach; directed by James Cruze and presented by the Caddo Company with the following cast:  
Leslie Hatton ..... Thomas Meighan  
Rose Henderson ..... Evelyn Brent  
Catherine ..... Renee Adoree  
Lon Henderson ..... Alan Roscoe  
Marvin Swallow ..... Gardner James  
Jessie ..... Helen Foster  
Judge Peebles ..... Luke Cosgrave  
Anderson ..... Cyril Chadwick

Sight and sound will fill the stage of the Metropolitan through the coming week. Sight, in "The Mating Call," in which we have Mr. Meighan walking more or less purposely through a screen version of one of Rex Beach's best popular stories. Mr. Meighan is fortunate in one respect: He has the support of two leading ladies, Miss Brent, for once cast in a role which has no semblance to crookedness; and Miss Adoree, whose romance comes late but permanently in the picture. As for sound, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra of 40 provide an hour of it, in straight concert numbers or as accompanists to the Metropolitan's dancers and singers. The band is really the feature attraction.

Mr. Whiteman in person now seems inclined to keep in the background, yielding the spotlight to several talented members of his organization. One whom he introduces as Art Hall, if we caught the name aright, played "Pop Goes the Weasel" and other ditties in trick manner, and even extracted a Sousa march from a tire pump. In this, the band's final appearance in this city, in a popular priced theatre, the trend seemed less toward the old Whiteman conception of jazz. The instrumentation is more subdued, more rational, with undoubted gain in appeal and effect.

"The Mating Call," relating the story of the young Florida farmer who returns from the war to find that his war-bride, Rose, has annulled her marriage and re-wed a rich townsman, has no outstanding qualities. Hatton, the hero, goes to Ellis Island for another bride, and after a suicide, a retributive homicide and some Klan activities have intervened, finds that the little Russian peasant girl, played by Miss Adoree, is really his soul mate. W. E. G.

"It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles  
And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

Helen of Troy even in the shades may count herself fortunate among women. She remembers gratefully Homer, Marlowe, Rossetti, who proclaimed her beauty in resounding lines; she smiles at John Erskine's tribute to her, is pleased with Mme. Gerard d'Houville's "vie Amoureuse de la Belle Helene" and admits with her that Menelaus was a gentleman. She hums the melodies that Offenbach put in her mouth, preferring them to the recent tunes of Richard Strauss; smiles at those who revive the old story that she never went to Troy, but it was only her image that set the venerable men chirping about her as they saw her move divinely tall, divinely fair. What does the matchless dame think of Mr. Alan Sims's "Phoenix," published by Little, Brown and Company?

She would say, if she were asked by Hercules or Chiron, the Centaur: "It's very entertaining, a remarkable tour de force, but Mr. Sims's mythology is not the one I knew; it is not the one described by good old Mr. Bulfinch or the one I learned at school."

Your hopeful son, Mr. Ferguson, the young Augustus, would perhaps be able to tell you that Phoenix, with Chiron, taught the young Achilles, and accompanied him to the Trojan war. And what had he not heard and seen when in his old age the whole world was at peace? "I, Phoenix, Amyntor's son, of Thessalian Ormenion, tell that which I have seen and heard. To what I have seen, my own eyes must bear witness after death; what I tell as having heard, Peleus, very grandson of God, saw with his eyes and told to me in the flower of his age long ago." The story begins with Peleus resisting the beautiful and shameless Hippolyte who accused him to her lord Akastos. There is the wooing of Thetis by Peleus who would not have won her, so various and repulsive were some of the shapes she assumed, had not Chiron given him sage counsel. The Argo sails for Colchis in quest of gold; the blinded Phoenix gains his sight by Chiron's ointment—composed of honey, vervain, hyssop, mallow, mallow, fennel, viper's tongue, yarrow, comfrey, smallage, shepherd's purse, elder and one element the most powerful of all, to which Chiron could give no name. There were evil centaurs, jealous of Chiron's pupils—centaurs to be feared as those in Algernon Blackwood's fantastic story were dreaded by O'Malley's guide in the wild pasture land. There are strange adventures of heroes by land and sea before the topless tow-

ers of Troy loom in the distance and Menelaus and Ulysses escaped the murder prepared for them as envoys only by Hector's betrayal of the plot. "We were not greatly interested by this news, supposing Helene" (Mr. Sims does not put the proper names into English spelling)—"as, I am afraid, all men did,—to be the kind of woman who never wearies of being stolen from her rightful husband. However, it was obvious that there must be war between Peloponnesos and Asia. I determined then and there neither to have any part in it myself nor let the boys in my charge accept any inducement to sail with such a trivial expedition. How many kings and princes who made that same resolve cast down their lives notwithstanding, amid all whom they held dear, before the changeless limestone walls of Ilios!"

It has been said that the purpose of Mr. Sims in this romance was to show the folly and cruelty of war. Sunbeams from cucumbers! The horrors of war are vividly depicted, it is true. No one can forget the descriptions of the camp and the battlefield; but why accuse Mr. Sims of any other purpose than that of achieving a work of art? He has succeeded in turning romanticism into realism, so that what might seem to be pure fantasy is as real to the reader as if the tale were told by an eloquent historian. Gods, goddesses, demi-gods, warriors, centaurs, women of earth, are here true human beings as in the biographies and anecdotal anthologies of today.

And Helen? Paris, dismayed by her coldness, begged her, a guiltless wife, to go back to her husband. "Ilios has no room for such as you, Helene." He reproached her for her ingratitude which alone had maintained the war. Phoenix peering through the lofty chink of a shutter, heard his vain entreaties. She answered not. "He had sought to embrace her . . . but was prevented, as he must have been on a thousand occasions throughout those ten joyless years, by the marble stillness of her countenance. He left her then to her solitary couch." Poor Homer told a different story. But the Thersites of Mr. Sims sings from the ship of Helen's husband:

"Helene, tell me  
Now we're all serene, my dear,  
(Nicer to be Mrs. Melalaos?)  
Paris never got—'What?'  
'You know what I mean, my dear.'  
(Never more than kisses, Menalaos)"

And other ribald lines.  
Achilles in this story wept over the body of Hector. "If you could be alive again, I would not kill you." Paris slew Achilles as he stood before a tripod in a temple. Phoenix saw Menelaus looking toward a Trojan wall. "There with one hand uplifted against turret, her golden head unveiled stood Helene. The sun, setting behind us, colored the high wall and fired its brazen battlements. Helene stood aloft untouched, clear white from head to foot. Only her face was hidden by the splendor of her hair . . . Was she a living woman for whose sake we fought? or did some delirium from the tainted air infect us, rendering us all the dupes of our own infirmity? Helene had come to Ilios twelve years ago—that was never questioned. But thereafter? Was she still real? or had we, besiegers and besieged alike, been filling this plain with our dead for the shadow of a dead woman?"

Yet when Paris was slain by Menelaus, he named her. "The anguish of his green face was smoothed; his clutched eyes opened, gazing, as it appeared, into the depths of eyes above them; his hands lifted and fell together upon his breast; his mouth softened, whispered 'Helene' then closed seemingly beneath a pressure of lips descending upon them. Menelaos roared aloud and dashed down his fist upon the serene upturned face. But of us all Paris was the only one who did not feel the blow."

In later years Phoenix was told by a boy that Achilles dragged the body of Hector along the field. The boy had heard Homer singing this song. Phoenix said Achilles did no such thing. "Well, it is not for us to contradict these young poets." As for Helen, she never went to Troy. The wizard king Proteus took her from Paris at Pharos in their flight and "sent him on with a speechless countenance to break his guilty heart." Old Peleus prophesied that Homer would be remembered "as the man when Phoenix is well-nigh forgotten as a name." He lives in the story now told by Alan Sims.

There is an agreeable sincerity about the evidence of a woman witness in a Bournemouth motoring case.  
"One car went up in the air, looped the loop, and came down on the pavement. I had never seen a car loop the loop before, and it was rather interesting."  
If she had been a Scotswoman she might have worded it as the elder did when he saw a carriage running away down a steep hill: "It was an awful sight, but it's folks inside it maun na been a rich speeritual experience."—London Observer.

MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES  
"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

A screen melodrama adapted by Harry Pollard from Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, directed by Mr. Pollard and presented by Universal Super-Jewel with the following cast:  
Eliza ..... Margarita Fischer  
George Harris ..... Arthur Edmund Carew  
Uncle Tom ..... James B. Lowe  
Topsy ..... Mona Ray  
Eva ..... Virginia Gray  
Simon Legree ..... George Siegmann  
Aunt Ophelia ..... Aileen Manning  
Shelby ..... Jack Mower  
Mrs. Shelby ..... Vivien Oakland  
St. Claire ..... John Roche  
Mrs. St. Claire ..... Gertrude Astor  
Cassie ..... Eulalie Jensen  
Marks ..... Lucien Littlefield  
Loker ..... Gordon Russell  
Little Harry ..... Lassie Lou Ahern  
Harris ..... Seymour Zeliff  
Haley ..... Adolph Milar  
Aunt Chloe ..... Gertrude Howard  
Phineas Fletcher ..... Nelson McDowell  
Mrs. Fletcher ..... Grace Carlyle

The story of Uncle Tom, Little Eva, and Topsy is almost as old as the hills. Our fathers and mothers read it, frequently saw it as a play. "Uncle Tom" shows were numerous in those days. Sometimes they were exceptionally elaborate. They would advertise "real bloodhounds." We recall one which topped all its rivals, boasting not one Marks the lawyer, but two.

Jennie Yeamans once played Little Eva; so did Mary McVicker (later Mrs. Edwin Booth), Mabel Talliaferro and Fay Templeton. No less than Laurette Taylor has fished as Topsy, likewise Emma Dunn and Rose Melville. And that disciple of realism, David Belasco, to say nothing of Denman Thompson, Joseph Jefferson, Wilton Lackaye, Thomas Wise, James K. Hackett and Theodore Roberts, has won sympathy and tears as Uncle Tom.

It has remained for Universal to give to the present-day patrons of the theatre a screen version of this immortal tale which should be seen by old and young, of whatever color, race or creed. In its way it is epochal. For mass production, for realistic, beautiful photography, for fidelity to the original story, for superb acting by at least half a dozen of the principal characters, it probably never will be duplicated, in any form, on any stage.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" opened Saturday at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. It is scheduled to remain for four weeks. In that time several hundred thousands of persons will view it and, what is more significant, will remember it for many a day. They will remember the Topsy of Mona Ray, a little colored girl, who if only for that one interpretation deserves to be ranked high among juvenile screen stars. They will remember Mr. Lowe's Uncle Tom, Mr. Siegmann's Simon Legree, the most bestial, brutal Simon Legree ever conceived. They will remember Eliza Harris, Cassie, George Harris, Marks, and Haley. They will recall the realism of the ice-crossing scenes, the floundering bloodhounds, the thrilling rescue of Eliza and her child by Phineas Fletcher, the Quaker; the pictures of the turbulent Mississippi and of the old packet on whose decks so much of the action takes place; the relentless snow storms, the auction mart, the brutal lashing of Uncle Tom, his passing, and that of little Eva. Incidental to all this they will hear the nearest approach yet to perfected synchronism of sight and sound in the nicely modulated music of a large symphonic orchestra, broken now and then by the chanting of spirituals by Jubilee Singers. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a splendid educational picture, drawn large and true. W. E. G.

548,528 548,528

Apologos of the death of Henry Longan Stuart, who was at one time a valued member of The Boston Herald, Miss Louella D. Everett sends us a sonnet written by Stuart and published in the Freeman of Jan. 30, 1924.

REQUIESCIT  
About thy coffin shall no pungent cloud  
Of incense drift, with no white  
wreaths be hid  
The heavy folds and fringes of its  
shroud,  
Nor blessed water patter on the lid:  
No querulous anthem from the surpliced  
choir  
Shall bid our hearts mistrust their  
requiem,  
No chill foreboding wake as lower—  
nigher  
The cowed chancel, muttering, an-  
swers them.  
All these are symbols of a strenuous  
faith  
That had for thee nor comfort nor  
dismay.  
Throughout thy life thou did'st so hansom  
death  
He shall not now load fetters on thy  
clay.  
But, by the incense of thy good  
deeds blest,  
In fashion of thy life thy hearse be  
drest.



We believe with a child-like faith everything that is published in a newspaper. We accept everything however incredible the news, communications, advertisements may seem. As Victor Hugo accepted Shakespeare in bulk. And so we were not surprised at learning that the heat in Italy was so intense early last month that persons in Tuscany were able to roast chickens without lighting any fire, under the rays of the sun at a height of 1000 and 1800 feet. Nor would we question "Vice-Versa's" statements in the letter now printed in this column.

#### MARVELOUS, WATSON, MARVELOUS

As the World Wags:

That story about Coolidge's marksmanship reminds me of an unfortunate little thing that happened to my grandfather when he was a boy on the ranch at Waterproof Ridge. They used to get some peculiar weather there at Waterproof Ridge. Cyclones were quite common, and often a high wind was put to advantage. One afternoon when the wind had calmed down enough so that you could pump water in the kitchen and catch it in a bucket in the parlor, my grandfather, alone on the ranch, suddenly saw a band of Indians appear over Waterproof Ridge a half mile away. He wouldn't have seen them, he always said, if the wind hadn't been with him. He always was lucky. Well, he took down the old blunderbuss that lay on the south wall of the kitchen—it lay on the north wall when the wind was in the south—he took the old gun down and attempted to pot shot the redmen from the front veranda, but the cannon balls that were used in the old fireplace refused to go the barrel. They wouldn't budge, he said, because the gun blew his hands before he had a chance

use Indians were coming pell-mell at the wind and towards the porch. Grandfather said the way they did this was by taking a big breath of air, then turning around to exhale. Every breath they took they jumped forward a foot. And grandfather said they were breathing like wild horses. Grandfather was only 12 then, but he'd been in worse places, so he said. He just slung a few of those cannon balls that were used in the old blunderbuss into the wind at just the right height. He said he figured they would blow right through the darned Indians and kill them.

And so they did. But just as the Indians started to fall over dead the wind suddenly switched and blew the cannon balls right back to Waterproof Ridge ranch. And one of them went clean through grandfather's heart, he said. He always said he would've lived if the wind hadn't been so cold it froze his circulation solid. VICE-VERSA.

And we know that Mr. Edwards' Uncle Si would not willingly deceive us.

#### HOT SPELLS

As the World Wags:

"Well," said Uncle Si, reflectively, pushing his Adam's apple down under his collar, "this may be warm, but it ain't hot; way back in '67 we had a real spell. The showers didn't do no good—the rain was so hot when it struck the ground it killed all the grasshoppers and such. The sun curled up the shingles so that the roofs looked rough, like pinecones. Don't talk to me about heat. About 3 P. M. on the last day of the spell it reached 134 in the shade. All the thermometers blew off their tops. The cows shed all their hair and looked like Mexican dogs. The tar sidewalk front of the library melted. Aunt Hopkins came along and stepped in it. She sunk way up to her last boot button. They pried her out with a fence rail. No, sir, don't you call this hot. I ain't took off my red flannels yet."

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI

As the World Wags:

(Silver stars for gallantry in action during the world war have been posthumously awarded by the war department to three enlisted men of the 316th Infantry, 79th Division.—News dispatch.)

He calmly braved the shells o'erhead, Nor blanched he at the Boche afar, And 10 years after he was dead, They voted him a silver star.

H. F. M.

#### LET JOY BE UNCONFINED

As the World Wags:

In the controversy that has arisen over erection of an office building addition at No. 1 Joy street, let the Episcopal church not lose sight of what it stands for, peace and goodwill, and that it should exemplify Christianity.

It is a shock to the citizens of Boston to feel that in disregard of widespread

protests there could be any question of continuing work on the proposed extension of the diocesan house, which according to published plans would be an aerial eye-sore. To erect such a building would be extremely detrimental from many well known vantage points and an injury to the traditional beauty of Beacon Hill. To lower the roof only five feet and then proceed with these plans in the face of the serious protests that have reached members of the diocesan council would be about as bad as putting up a "spite fence," and that is quite inconceivable.

I do not believe that the Episcopal church could be guilty of such a sacrilege, and it is as much a sacrilege for a church to disregard the reasonable wishes of its neighbors as it would be for vandals to desecrate a church.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

MRS. HERBERT A. TUCKER.  
Boston.

As the World Wags:

Where are we at? Messrs. Hoover and Moses both pronounced "national" with the first "a" long. Gov. Smith said "alcoholic content" (accent on the last syllable). The latter spoke wiser than he knew. And what of the humble livers, in a day when Ophelia drowns herself in a bathtub of champagne and Hamlet philosophizes at 50 miles an hour? Well, anatomically, humble livers, Heaven help them! And sociologically, they have gone with all the snows of all the yester-years. Yet what matters it in a world where today's chicken-a-la-king is tomorrow's garbage?

CLEOPATRUS.

#### John Gilbert, Joan Crawford In Gangster and Gamin Roles in 'Four Walls'

##### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "Four Walls"

A screen drama based on the play of that name by Dana Burnett and George Abbott; adaptation by Alice D. G. Miller; directed by William Nigh and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Frieda ..... Joan Gilbert  
Benny ..... John Crawford  
Mrs. Horowitz ..... Vera Gordon  
Bertha ..... Carmel Myers  
Sullivan ..... Robert Emmet O'Connor  
Monk ..... Louis Natheaux  
Roma ..... Jack Byron

For once John Gilbert plays a role which is neither dashing nor debonaire. One is so used to seeing his dark eyes flash devastatingly about as a prince of the royal blood or wealthy man-about-town that it seems strange to watch him as Benny the gangster, prisoner, and reformed man. Mr. Gilbert does an excellent piece of work as far as acting is concerned, but we thought him a bit too perfect sartorially for a gentleman of the East side whose fingers played with firearms both unwisely and too well.

Joan Crawford gives a lively interpretation of Frieda, who is the cause of all of Benny's troubles. She reminded us a little of Miss Taylor as the amazing Lorelei of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." There were several scenes in which Frieda and Benny mince no words in exchanging personal observations about each other, and in these scenes both Miss Crawford and Mr. Gilbert carry out their roles effectively. The part in which Frieda arouses her gangster sweetheart's jealousy by playing up to Monk, his deadly rival, and the scene immediately following are especially well done.

##### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Home, James"

A screen farce by Gladys Johnson, directed by William Beaudine and presented by Universal-Jew with the following cast:

Laura Elliot ..... Laura La Plante  
James Lacy, Jr. .... Charles Delancy  
Mrs. Elliot ..... Aileen Manning  
Miss Elliot ..... Joan Standing  
James Lacy, Sr. .... George Pearce  
Floorwalker ..... Arthur Hoyt  
Haskins ..... Sidney Bracy

Another of those trifles which remain in the mind no longer than actual screen survey. With a theme as trite as the plot of an Al Woods bedroom farce, with routine treatment in direction and performance, "Home James" is good for a few laughs, perhaps as much as a comic caption as at any situation in the piece. It gives Miss La Plante opportunity for some trick balancing atop a stepladder in the opening scene, and for some pert and audacious grimaces in the rest of the farce. Some of the speech given her by the titlist would never indicate that Laura Elliot ever came from a country town by the outrageous name of South Burlap; rather that she was some Main street frequenter, picking up the latest slang from travelling salesmen.

Laura leaves home for New York, hoping to make a name as an artist, a painter. She winds up as a clerk in the picture section of a department store owned by James Lacy, Jr. In a pelling rain she encounters Lacy, Jr., who poses as a chauffeur and drives her home in his father's car. He is so smitten that he decides not to return to college but to take his father's place in the store

while the latter is on a business trip to Philadelphia. This is the first time in his adventurous life that he has shown the slightest inclination to work.

Following a series of ludicrous, often absurd situations involving Laura's mother and sister, on a surprise visit to Laura, to say nothing of Laura's war of wits with a vigilant floorwalker, admirably played by Arthur Hoyt, the father returns suddenly, is arrested in his own home and spends a night in jail. When his son explains why this and that has happened, Lacy, Sr., drags Jim and Laura before a justice of the peace, for a speedy wedding. Any girl, he says, who can make his son work deserves him. And "Home, James" fades out with the customary lovers' ciinch.

W. E. G.

#### SUMMER'S DEOOPING

(Thomas Nashe)

All good things vanish less than in a day.  
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.  
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year  
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,  
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?  
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source  
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course.

Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,  
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

#### FROM GLOOMY GUS

We inquired a few days ago, why those bent on suicide, whatever the reason, would jump from high buildings. Mr. Marcellus Graves in reply wrote of self-slaughter in general. Now we have received a letter that old Hegesias might have used for an argument.

This Hegesias was a disciple of the Cyrenaic sect. His temper was too gloomy to find enjoyment in accordance with the teachings of Aristippus, his master, and he was so disgusted with life that he wrote a book to prove that death as the cure of all evil is the greatest good. Hence he was called "Peisithanitos." Another of his writings described powerfully the evils of life, so that many persons killed themselves. Good King Ptolemy prohibited him from discoursing on this subject in schools.

There is a curious book in French with voluminous notes, "The Anti-Hegesias." Mr. Herkimer Johnson borrowed our copy a year or two ago and has not returned it. He probably never will return it. Perhaps in his colossal work he will refer to the letter by a Bostonian which we now publish.

As the World Wags:

Allow me to take up the cudgel in defence of a sadly misunderstood class of humanity—suicides. The writer speaks from experience, having contemplated the act but a short while ago.

In the first place let us establish the right of all of us to do with our lives as we please, inasmuch that we are brought into this world against our will and are left to flounder through it as we may. Each man's destiny, therefore, is his own, is it not? Very well.

Let us assume, then, that this destiny takes the form of an illness that leaves a man incapacitated for a long period of time and entirely dependent on others. Pride, spirit, independence, self-respect go by the board. The individual becomes an object of charity and worst of all, pity. A long period of the same mess looming ahead. Twiddling his thumbs while life flows by—and how it flows. He is not morbid, melancholic, depressed, bitter or discouraged. Reason can rise above all that. Emotion does not enter into it. He can tolerate all of the above—at the expense of others.

There's the rub—at the expense of others. Why he'd "rather die than do that." That's an idea—why inflict this thing on others? So he begins to think of "jumping from high places" or "looking into the end of a pistol." How he loves THAT idea. So he keeps on borrowing—pushing on, at the EXPENSE OF OTHERS. Some can tolerate that sort of thing, this writer can't. Not when it's a matter of years. I love life. It's damned sweet, regardless. But not at the EXPENSE OF OTHERS. Who would?

Still should I cold-bloodedly decide to jump from off the roof of the Statler (I shan't, of course) some would say me a coward, others insane, depressed, melancholic, morbid, etc. etc. Poppycock! It's the last thing in the world I want to do, but I might, or something similar. Unless I keep borrowing. So it goes. All in fun, as they say. What's the answer?

To me it's a man's pride and self-

respect against his life. If a man values the former greater than the latter, who is there to call him cowardly, or insane, or anything but possessing a courage which is greater than life? The Japanese seem to be the one race capable of understanding this delicate problem.

In any event, should I decide to "take off" one of these beautiful autumnal days let no one call me cowardly, for I know of what I speak. No doubt many other suicides are of the same order. No one can feel as the other fellow feels. We are all built differently. What is one man's meat, and so on.

If nothing else, this letter may indicate to you the manner in which a man works around to the idea of suicide. Foolish? No doubt. But can you loan me eighty dollars?

HARRY CARRY.

"When you have been well filled today, you sit down and lament about the morrow, how you shall get something to eat. Wretch, if you have it, you will have it; if you have it not, you will depart from life. The door is open. We think about ourselves, as if we were only stomach, and intestines."—Epicurus.

#### TO SECRETARY KELLOGG: AMBASSADOR OF PEACE

(For As the World Wags)

Who gives a tree to gentle soil,  
And waters it with love,  
Bequeathes to those who follow him  
A priceless treasure trove.  
Its leafy adolescence,  
Its lovely blossom time,  
Stir wintry sterile hearts to dream  
Of some fair, kinder clime.

Who plants humanity's rare seeds  
In fertile soil or bare  
Sows that which needs must burgeon forth  
Sometime in flowers fair.  
Far-spreading roots run through dark soil,  
Quick with the Father's life,  
Thrusting firm fingers toward the Sun  
To crowd out weeds of strife.

FRANCES BOWKER PRATT.

Weston.

#### "MARATHONS"

As the World Wags:

It seems quite odd that no one has suggested a woman's "talking" marathon. How easily many able contestants could be secured! A month would not be too long a distance. Some talk that much every week. The prize might be a diamond-studded muzzic, donated by the men. The distance could be made easy by assigned topics, such as: (1) My operation. (2) Why I can't love my husband. (3) Our new auto. (4) My next-door neighbor. (5) My permanent wave. (6) How I lost 16 pounds. (7) Why my fudge is best. (8) My cold plunges. (9) Whom I saw in the parked cars. In fact, there are plenty of topics. What more wonderful opening could be devised for the Boston Madison Square Gardens? What greater tribute to women? We must know who is the "talk champion." We may, unconsciously, thus be choosing the first woman President of this republic!

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

A selection of Mozart's letters, edited by Hans Mersmann, translated from the German by M. M. Bozman, is published in this country by E. P. Dutton and Company. There is a preface by A. Eaglefield Hull, also a translator's note, a summary of events in Mozart's life. There is a full index of places and proper names. The book contains 16 illustrations.

Beethoven's letters are of comparatively little interest to the general reader. Many of them relate to his dealings with publishers; his complaints about carelessly corrected proofs; questions of money for his compositions. The more entertaining are those about his household affairs and the quarrels with his friends. There is little or nothing about literature, art, politics, society.

Mendelssohn's letters are of a very different character. They are entertaining, descriptive of scenes and persons; sometimes written, like much of his music in a "gentle" vein; at times priggish and prudish in his judgment of men and life.

The great letter writers among musicians are Liszt, Berlioz, Budlow, Wagner, Tchaikovsky. They were interested in all that pertains to man, life and art. They wrote intimately; Budlow often amusingly, with sarcastic thrusts at the Philistines in his profession. The correspondence of Wagner does not inspire admiration for the man; while that of Liszt, whether he was addressing his Princess or a humble musician, reveals his world-wide interests, his generous



The letters included in the volume before us show the amazing youthfulness of Mozart, his playfulness, his belief in his own genius without arrogance in the expression of this belief; generosity towards others, his devotion to his family, even when he is, rather, in his ambition for his son, sorely galled him. Although his letters are about his art and fellow-artists, with reference to pictures, books, politics they contain his own views about the conduct of life. His judgments of men and women were keen: witness the letters about his acquaintance with Baron von Süssheim in Paris; his descriptions of the sisters Lang, the poet Wieland; the amusing characterization of the family at whose house he lodged in 1781—the daughter who threw herself at him: "She is as fat as a farm-wench, wears in a way to make one sick, and goes so scantily clad that one can readily plain as print: 'Pray look here!'" his father, who begged Mozart not to mention that they had drunk beer together lest his wife should scold him; men and women of Mozart's time in Austria were frank and free in conversation and in letters. For an example see pages 6 and 60 of this volume. Mozart wrote to his father in 1781: "You know that I usually write fasting;" and

The production is costly and imposing in general scope and ingenious detail. By the way, the face of the god borne in the first procession resembles a caricature of the late President Eliot. The Germans were on singularly friendly terms with their English prisoners, and when their situations were reversed it was pleasant to note that these relations remained unchanged. There were good solo voices. Mr. Chisholm sang with compelling spirit, but he will tear his voice to tatters if he does not have more artistic restraint. Mr. Gregory was vocally a manly and discreet lover. Miss Ayres, acting with dramatic force, has a rich voice with the dark quality befitting the character she portrays. The singers in minor parts were more competent than is usually the case. Miss Emerie as the heroine at once won the favor of the large audience by the simplicity of her portrayal. Her voice was pleasing except in the extreme upper notes where it was at times forced and shrill. The audience applauded honestly and lustily. The performance was protracted unduly. There was too much feeble comic business.

the orchestra pit, and pick up the overture. The living room of Mrs. Callahan's theatrical boarding house, shown as the curtain rises, and the story of the two bankrupt show writers starts. Arthur and Morton Havel, brothers, have these two roles as Joe and Charlie Winston, and they play them in fine comic vein throughout the performance. They don't have whiskers and gain acquaintance of two neighboring girls, supposed to have money. The boys can't even buy a cup of coffee. They fall in with a big promoter and agree that one of them shall fill in for a lightweight pugilist suddenly taken ill. The boxing lesson which one Havel gives the other before the fight is one of the many funny bits in the show. When the fight comes off following a lively preliminary, Morton Havel swinging wide and wild, delivers a blow which looks foul.

ows," burlesque.

—•—

"Firmly established?" We doubt it, for as the sweet singer of hymns puts it; "Weak and irresolute is man." Mr. Ferguson may say to himself, and boastingly to others; "I'll not be a slave to a foolish custom. I'll wear my straw hat until Oct. 1, later if the days are reasonably warm;" but there is no Spartacus in Boston to lead a revolt against the standardized and their masters, the haters. Many of us as children were forced by our fond but mistaken parents to put on heavy underwear on Nov. 1—shirt and drawers of thick red flannel; and to change for lighter wear on May 1; fixed dates, irrespective of climatic conditions, heat or cold. There were



then no decrees concerning hats for men. Who was the first, the self-appointed ruler of fashions, waiting in September till the morning of the 15th to say to the straw hat, "Thou shalt not pass?" We honor the man just and tenacious of purpose, who, wearing his straw, fresh or battered, tilted defiantly, walks on Tremont street on Sept. 16, heedless of contemptuous glances cast by men secretly envying him; deaf to the ribald jesting of rude boys. Alas, too many of us are like the Conies, a feeble folk, cringing before tailors, hatters and haberdashers. "The correct thing." "Our best people are wearing it."

Mr. C. H. Bretherton, who in his "Midass," shows that he does like Americans, censures us justly for being standardized. Standardization means monotony and is the negation of individualism. "The Englishman who can still compare the output of his hatter and his tailor with those of his neighbor is leading a fuller life, ceteris paribus, than the American who simply buys the standard hat from a hat shop and the standard suit of clothes from the gent's furnishing department," and throws aside his straw on September, the 15th.

#### AS SHE IS SPELLED

(From the Pioneer of Reformed Spellings)  
One day a fellow went to bed  
With such an aching in his head  
That to himself he softly sed  
"I wish to God that I was ded!"  
He got in bed and fell asleep—  
The winc he'd had was very cheep—  
Then in his troubled sleep he dreamed  
That things weren't really what they seemed.  
He thought he saw a lovely yacht  
That he himself had newly gacht,  
He looked again and in its place  
He saw a leather writing case  
From which he snatched a pen to write  
A letter in the ded of nite.

The wind was rough,  
And cold and blough,  
She kept her hands within her mough.  
It chilled her through,  
Her nose grew grew blough,  
And still the squall the faster fough.  
And yet although  
There was nough snough,  
The weather was a cruel fough,  
It made her cough—  
Pray do not scough—  
She coughed until her hat blough ough.

#### TO GRACE THE WHITE HOUSE

As the World Wags:  
We weren't there, of course, but we remember reading somewhere that Thomas Jefferson entertained foreign ambassadors in his shirt sleeves and sox feet; Dolly Madison, who was a boarding house keeper's daughter, liked her snuff and didn't care who knew it; the author of the Monroe Doctrine used toothpicks publicly; Andrew Jackson was so fond of the smellier sorts of cheese that strong ladies fainted; Martin Van Buren liked to and did drink his coffee out of the presidential saucer; Zachary Taylor and James Buchanan thought nothing of the outward and audible signs of inward indigestion; Millard Fillmore went to sleep at state functions and snored; Abraham Lincoln opened the door to guests at the White House in his sox feet; Chester Garfield carried an ivory ear pick in his weskit pocket; Theodore Roosevelt turned his back on guests he didn't like; Warren G. Harding—(but, oh, my dear, have you read "The President's Daughter?"); and Calvin Coolidge has been known to stuff his pockets full of oranges and bananas on leaving a banquet. Anyway, what we started to say when we got all mixed up with our reading was that the whispering campaign now proposes to defeat the Happy Warrior by claiming that he lacks the "social attributes necessary to grace the White House." Is it a knock or a boost?  
R. H. L.

As the World Wags:  
Say, I drove down McGooly's alley last Sunday afternoon in my new "Instalment Eight" and took one of these straw votes you been hearing about. I counted a flock of Hoover plates and a good bunch of Smith's, but I saw a overwhelming majority of cars without any sign on them at all, which convinces me that there must be a dark horse that nobody's talking about.  
VICE-VERSA.

#### THAT KNIFE

As the World Wags:  
As to the Barlow knife. Mark Twain evidently knew what it was, for he referred to it—I think—in the "Adventures of Tom Sawyer."  
FRANK H. BRIGGS.

#### SOCIETY NOTES IN KANSAS

As the World Wags:  
Pocahontas, in front of the Owl Cigar

Store, has been given a fresh coat of paint and is now Salome.

Willie Bell, who holds the local speed record for the new Model A, is expected to be out of the hospital in a few more days.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore R. Holme are parents of a nine-pound boy, born Tuesday. He has been named Alfred S. The committee in charge has decided that admission to the Free fair next week shall be 50 cents.

"Gene Tunney" will be the subject for discussion at the next meeting of the Avon Shakespeare Study Club.

J. P. H.

Reviewing "Her Cardboard Lover," the London Times alluded to "those sections of the audience whose enthusiasm has become an uncomfortable rule at these festivals of lingerie."

Sept 15 1928

Elith Reumert's "Hans Andersen, the Man," translated by Jessie Broeckman from the Danish, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The large octavo volume of 193 pages contains 26 illustrations and an annotated index of proper names. It is not an orderly biography; it is a refutation of charges brought against Andersen during his life and even after his death; an explanation of certain characteristics and weaknesses; a description of his sufferings, real and imaginary. A strange man, Andersen, lovable in many ways, sensitive on account of his poverty-stricken years and humble beginning; on account of his homely face and awkward, ungainly appearance, longing for a worthy woman's love and thinking that it was denied him; irritable, not an easy man in his relations with the world and even with his friends; upset when a chambermaid did not make the bed to suit him, or when a waiter did not answer the bell; constantly anxious about his health. He was not mean in money matters as some have said; he was thrifty, for he had been so poor that a dish of hot potatoes was a luxury, but in later years his purse was open to the unfortunate and he was often the victim of imposters; at home he had a staff of beggars put on fixed rations. Publishers abused his lack of business shrewdness. He had a child's pleasure in presents and honors, and he had a child's vanity. By nature the friend of children, he protested against any children being included on the projected monument that now stands in the King's Garden in Copenhagen, and gave this reason: The sculptors had not known him, had not seen him read: "I could not bear any one behind me, nor had I children on my back, on my lap, or between my legs when I read." His fairy tales were as much for older people as for children, who could not grasp the whole meaning of the stories until they were grown up. "The naive was only a part of my fairy tales; humor was the real salt in them." In other words, Andersen did not wish to be remembered only as a writer of fairy stories; he was the author of novels which had won reputation abroad, plays, poems, songs. He could not deny, however, that these children's tales had given him his world-wide fame; that children were his most faithful readers. Nor could he foresee that when composers of the 20th century would look over his works for ballet or operatic subjects they would choose one of his fairy tales.

Trifles upset him. If he poured wine from a broken bottle he was sure that glass had made its way to his stomach. "I drove to Lundeborg; the horses spet and it flew in my face; I thought of Bjaelke, who died from glanders." His nervous system was ruined. He suffered from what is called "fear of places." He feared trichinosis so that even the thought of pork sickened him. His diary contains frequent entries showing his fear of the Danish sweet soup, as: "Dined at Mme. Oersted's; had again sweet soup, which always makes me nervous. The best cure for it is to eat a lot of sandwiches." When his artificial teeth broke at a dinner in 1867 he wrote: "Youth in mind—thou art but wind—now dare I neither go out nor in!" A cholera epidemic naturally terrified him. His last years were years of morbid depression. He recalled a long line of humiliations from his 14th year when the dean of a parish church wondered why the son of a shoemaker and washerwoman wished to be prepared for confirmation. He remembered begging from door to door in Copenhagen in order not to starve; the humiliations at the theatre where he was ridiculed and tormented; the unfair and cruel reviews, sneering at his style, mistakes in spelling, queer punctuation; ignoring "the poet-heart" which was to be found behind all his shortcomings.

He was reproached for his thirst

after appreciation, his craving for acknowledgment, his readings of his own writings "with which he troubled his friends."

Lonely, he longed for a home. By nature his mind was pure. He once lodged accidentally in Copenhagen "with a madam" in a street of more than doubtful reputation, together with a friendly young lady who frequently received visits from an old gentleman who always appeared with his hat over his eyes and of whom it was said that he was the father of the friendly young lady. Later on in life, Andersen, to his surprise, met the old gentleman in the salons of the aristocracy.

There was good natured Mme. Meisling. "What he confided to Eloch about the attempts she, it would appear in conjunction with the maid-servant, made on her young lodger, cannot be put in print. Andersen in his complete innocence, did not understand her, and was almost ready to die of shame." The wife of Rector Meisling, she told Andersen later that her marriage was unhappy; she was now free and wished he would call. He declined the invitation.

When he was 26 he fell wildly in love with Riborg Voight and never forgot her. Louise Collin also disappointed him by marrying another. He had been twice rejected by the time he was 28 years old. He sighed for other women, Sophie Oersted, the Countess Mathilda Barck, Jonna Drewsen. The great love of his life was for Jenny Lind. He made this note in his diary: Sept. 10, 1843: "In the evening with Jenny Lind at Balletmaster Bournonville's. Her health and mine were drunk. In love."

"His annotations in his diary from the 10th to the 20th September, 1843 on which date she left Copenhagen, are one single love-sick sigh, and show how he is divided between jubilant hope, devastating doubt, and gnawing jealousy." Jenny was truly fond of the women he had met—but she did not love him. Two years later in Copenhagen she was an intimate friend, nothing more. At Berlin, Weimar it was the same story. They met in later years. In 1871 Andersen wrote in his diary: "Received today a letter from Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt—for 20 years I have not heard from her." He was attracted, but less devotedly, to other women, and had an infatuation for Lucile Grahn, the ballet dancer who shone in London and Paris. At first her unchaste talk offended him, but he called on her the next day. "Never marry," she said to him, "for that is all wrong." "She was witty," wrote Andersen. "She told me who kept the different danseuses, said that Taglioni had at once asked her whether she had had any children. 'That does not matter,' Taglioni had said." He was again Lucile's guest: she asked whether Mlle. Nielsen was faithful to the Prince. "It was a loose conversation," wrote Andersen, who enjoyed "the contrast between his innocent nature . . . and the careless frivolity which the seductive form of the elegant danseuse revealed to him."

The author concludes the story of Andersen's love affairs by saying that selfishness did not prevent him from marrying: "That he remained an old bachelor was simply because the women he really loved did not love him."

There were women who pursued him when he was famous, but he remained ascetic; yet when he saw the ballet in "Robert le Diable" at Paris he wrote of the 200 or 300 resurrected nuns standing "naked in transparent tulle—so beautiful! They perform the most sensuous dances to enchanting music; one could almost go mad!"

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "The Patriot"

A screen drama, adapted by Hans Kraly from Alfred Noyes's play, directed by Ernest Lubitsch, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Emil Jannings  
Florence Vidor  
Lewis Stone  
Vera Voronina  
Neil Hamilton  
Harry Cording

It is here at last, the master picture of all time to the present hour, made perfect through the superb powers of three men, Jannings, Stone, Lubitsch. Long after its initial presentation in New York screen reviewers raved over it. Sundry citizens complained by letters to the editors that historically the film was inaccurate, misleading; but one and all assented to the common opinion that "The Patriot" was and is the greatest asset the motion picture industry could have.

Why? Gilbert Miller produced it as a stage play nine months ago, and it failed, despite prestige acquired abroad. Placed on the silver screen, it reaches to glorious heights. The reasons are plain to read. Emil Jannings created

there his greatest characterization in a brilliant career; Lewis Stone acted with flawless finesse, ever by his side; and through it all Ernest Lubitsch's directing ability produced results amazing and at times stupendous.

As the mad czar Jannings is not Jannings, an exceptionally capable character actor—he is Paul I, and none less. What hours he must have devoted to preparation! His facial play, his gestures, his abrupt transitions from one mood to another, are astounding. He fawns on Pahlen, "his only friend"; moments later he suspects Pahlen of proffering him poisoned wine. He lashes Stephan, the soldier, for not having 13 buttons on his leggings; then leers from a window and commands the soldiery in the courtyard to quickstep, to lie down, rushes forgetfully back into a room, then back to the window, to set the soldiers on their feet again. He rages at his own son, searches him for patrician weapons, casts him into prison. He leaves his military councillors cooling their heels and rushes through the palace to grovel at the feet of his tyrannical mistress.

He abuses Pahlen, suspects him of treachery, and awakes from horrible nightmares to shriek "Pahlen! Pahlen!" until courtiers rush to summon the plotting minister of war to Paul's chamber. In any one scene Jannings changes his expression a dozen times. Observe his eyes, his mouth, the flaccid lower jaw, the puffed, pulpy cheeks! The eyes are cunning, smoldering, fearful, but always with that cloudy film indicative of a mind warped and broken. The mouth bespeaks rage, lechery, petulance, evil mischief. Show Jannings on the screen from the shoulders up, only, and the story would unfold itself as vividly as could the printed word.

Sept 17 1928

#### FOR RUPERT BROOKE

The girl with whom you flung yourself upon  
The windy hill, with whom you had  
Such brave  
True things to ask of life—or that bright  
One  
You saw at tea transcendent on a wave  
Like Botticelli's vision—or she whose arms  
Were quiet as a street at night, whose  
Call  
Found you homesick, drunk with  
Mama's charms—  
These were your lovers, but they were  
Not all.  
Great Lover, there's a sequel to your  
Love.  
Across an ocean and a width of years  
There are a hundred girls who sing and  
Move  
To your bright lips, your song, your  
Head that wears  
Unending youth. You were a boy who  
Died.  
I know a girl who trembles at your  
Side.

#### MARSHALL SCHACHT.

Brookline.

In Paris an "Anti-Banqueting League" has been formed. "Membership is to be voluntary and gratuitous, for the league owes its inception to a desire for economy as well as freedom from dyspepsia." It is said that the "banquet-evil" in Europe is a serious one, for the average "well-known" citizen, business man, or politician is invited to attend luncheons or evening banquets at least 100 times a year. In Paris, with cloakroom tip, taxi rides to and from the hotel, and the preliminary cocktail, a banquet costs a man from 200 to 250 francs.

"Banquet" is an elastic term. To some, any meal of a public character is a banquet whether it be of Spartan simplicity or like the one at Washington, D. C., to which Mr. Terence Quinn, congressman from Troy, N. Y., was invited: "Boys, we had 17 courses and never changed a plate." But a banquet is properly a sumptuous feast. The agreeable gentleman who invited Artemus Ward in London to dine with him on the way to the Sloschers Club said, "We'll have a banquet, sir, fit for the gods!"

"I told him good plain vittles would suit me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy they was welcome to it. We had soup and fish and a hot joint and growls and wines of rare and costly vintage. We had lces, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountains and Inly's coral strands; and when the sumptuous repast was over, the agreeable man said he'd unfortunately left his pocket-book at home on the marble centre-table. 'But, by jove!' he said, 'it was a feast fit for the gods!' I said, 'Oh, never mind,' and drew out my puss; tho' I in'ardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it."

"On to the banquet we press," sang the villagers in "The Sorcerer." What urged them on? "The rollicking bun," and the "gay Sally Lunn," muffin and toast, eggs and the ham, strawberry jam. Yes, "banquet" is an elastic word.



5/16/1928

Mr. Chisholm cracked his whip with unfailing technic at the Shubert theatre last Monday night when he sang lustily a song that remains in the memory. The Alfios, singing the carter's song in "Cavalleria Rusticana" have seldom been so fortunate, in this technic. They miss the rhythm or fail to crack it all. Theodor Wachtel never missed a trick when he was singing in "Le Postillon de Longjumeau," but he was the son of a livery stable keeper and carried on the business until it was found out that he was a snorer with an uncommonly good voice. Was not Myron Whitney when he took the part of the General in "Fatinitza" obliged to wield a whip savagely as a good commander in the Russian army, while he sang of his ferocious intentions? It is a long time since we heard that delightful operetta. Whitney was more at home in this stalwart role than as the loversick clergyman potting a clarinet in "The Sorcerer."

The two songs that stirred us in "Golden Dawn" were Mr. Chisholm's "When I Crack My Whip," and "Africa," sung by Mr. Brant and the chorus.

It is not easy to see why a lot of white girls in ballet costume were dancing with the negroes before the huge idol. Were they the Red Cross nurses seen earlier in the play who, tired of their benevolent mission, had one wrong and taken to the jungle? If we believe travellers' tales of these African entertainments, a realistic representation on the stage of the shubert would have been for one night only. In all probability Josephine Baker will never reveal her indisputable talent to audiences in Boston. Her performance would be considered too primitive except by ethnologists and anthropologists.

We should have liked to see a band of dancers from a negro company in this scene of adoration.

Mr. H. Lawrence Freeman has composed what is said to be the first negro grand opera. "It is called 'Voodoo' and deals with negro life in the days of slavery. 'Long ago Mr. Hamlin of Maine contributed an article to the brilliant, daring, but short lived Mademoiselle New York in which he opined to see 'Aida' performed by a negro company. The opera was given later in this manner in New York under the direction of a negro musician named Drury. This was before the days of Roland Hayes, Paul Robson and their negroes who have won distinction. There had been 'The Black Patti.' What became of her?"

Reviewing "Clara Butt: Her Life Story," the London Times says Dame Butt has probably "the largest audience of any one person in the world." He also has a husband who punched the head of a London critic when he had the temerity to criticize her unfavorably on one occasion. Mr. G. B. Shaw refused to write a preface to this book: "You are a much bigger person than I. I should look like a ridiculous little busybody making a pretentious bow in your limelight. I cannot imagine anything on earth more insufferably superfluous than an introduction of Clara Butt to the British public." Perhaps Mr. Shaw recalled the fate of the honest London critic.

We read that Mme. Milo Miloradovich, dramatic soprano, is of "noble birth." We have never met a Russian or Polish female singer or pianist who was not a princess, countess, or baroness.

Some one asked recently what has become of Georges Baklanoff, the admirable baritone. The Musical Courier of the 6th inst. says that he has become a permanent member of the Pressburg National opera company. "The rather surprising engagement of so prominent an artist for this rather small town is accounted for by the fact that Baklanoff is permanently settled near Pressburg on a big, magnificent estate."

Perhaps there are some in Boston who remember Graziella Ridgway (Mrs. A. Heaton Robertson), a soprano singer, who, it is said, made her appearance in Boston as a pianist, when she was 15 years old. She died recently, but we did not happen to see any obituary notice. We are indebted to Mrs. James Inslee Coddington of Tenafly, N. J., for certain facts concerning Mme. Ridgway's professional life.

She entered the "Boston" Conservatory to study singing at the time Mme. Nordica was a pupil there. After having toured New England as a concert singer she joined Camilla Urso, the violinist, in her concert tours, and later often appeared with Mme. Carreno. In New York Mme. Ridgway was for a time the soloist at St. Bartholomew's Church. She took part with Capoul, Maurel and Ferranti in Wieniawski's farewell concert. Her operatic debut was in "Un Ballo in Maschera," when she was a member of Clara Louise Kellogg's opera company. With Cecchi, Orlandini and Susini she visited California. Then came a tour with the Parepa-Rosa Company, which included Parepa, Adelaide Phillips, Wachtel and Santley. Carl Rosa was the conductor. In 1872 she sang in Ole Bull's concerts through the United States. Returning to New York, she sang in several operas with Brignoli. In 1876, married, she left the stage, and made her home in New Haven, where her husband was prominent as a lawyer and politician.

We knew Miss Ridgway in New Haven before her marriage; knew her personally and as a church singer. She and her parents were in the boarding house where some of us students took our meals. Her father was a sensitive person, who was said to have scholarly attainments so that he did not contribute largely to household expenses. She was modest, amiable, and rather reserved. In our senior year we heard her sing in Trinity Church. She was the soprano of an excellent quartet. There was no chorus. The tenor was the librarian of the Yale Library; the bass was a dentist. The contralto, like Miss Ridgway, was a comely person. The organist, who had studied in Paris, was a musician of more than ordinary talent. His name was C. S. Eliot—we are not sure about the spelling of his surname and we are far from books of reference. Among his compositions for the church are a "Jubilate" and a "Deus Misereatur." The latter was written with reference to Miss Ridgway's voice. We believe his "Te Deum" was not published. He edited a collection of Yale College songs. The quartet sang music of the period, Dudley Buck's and Henry Wilson's being prominent, and arrangements by the organist. We have seldom heard a church quartet with so pleasing individual voices and so well balanced. Miss Ridgway was a warm mezzo-soprano. Her voice was occasionally affected by a tremolo. Mr. Robertson, a large, burly, fine-looking man, was then courting her. P. H.

The Sulamite informs us that King Solomon once brought her to the "banqueting house," and his banner over her was love. She does not give us the royal bill-of-fare, though in the next verse she exclaims: "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples," from which we infer that she was not of carnivorous appetite. Solomon evidently drained the wine-cup. "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me." Nothing is said about speeches on this occasion, and so the feast—wine and apples—could not answer this definition: "Banquet: Dinner with speeches in celebration of something or to further a cause."

(How good men of old misunderstood "The Song of Solomon," this little play for a Jewish marriage festival! The verses from which we have quoted are headed in our copy of the King James version: "The mutual love of Christ and his Church.")

"Banquet: Dinner with speeches." And to be avoided, as any other ghastly affair. "We have with us to-night." Banquets for Babbitts, banquets for conventions of "morticians," Rotarians, Realtors, Sales Practitioners and Consultants, Artists in Gentlemen's Headwear.

The economical members of the Anti-Banqueting League might take for their motto this line from Ecclesiasticus: "Be not made a beggar by banqueting upon borrowing when thou hast nothing in thy purse."

We have received a circular combating the statement made by Swiss scientists that cheese prevents headaches. Experimenting with mice, they noted that mice ate cheese and never had headaches. This theory has been disproved; mice do not have headaches, for as they never read at night with an artificial light their eyes are not strained. No one suffering from headaches should wear tight shoes or take any drug except Hetomylthosalanulol.

#### ADD "HOWLERS"

"A bibulous man is one who is always quoting Scripture."

"The Prime Minister is the wife of the Prime Minister."

Apropos of Mussolini's novel and his autobiography. He calls D'Annunzio a poseur, and wishes "poets in harmony with life, a healthy poetry which does not kill the wish to live, but strengthens it." He should be impressed by a poem "in the new spirit" written by a London journalist.

#### MUSSOLINI

Benito! Benito!  
Mussolini! Fascismo!!  
Benito! Benito!!!  
Mussolini! Fascismo!!!!  
Benito! Fascismo!!!!

#### As the World Wags:

A hand protruding from the side of an automobile may signify any or all of the following things: The motorist (1) knocking the ashes off his cigar; (2) stretching; (3) throwing away his chewing gum; (4) going to turn to the right or the left; (5) pointing to the scenery; (6) going to back up; (7) hailing a friend; (8) making a fist at the traffic cop; (9) feeling for rain; (10) going to stop.

#### As the World Wags:

A terrific attack has been begun against our candidate for the presidency, Col. Etain Shrdlu. It is charged by his enemies that he is a Mohammedan, that he tucks his napkin into his collar at meal time, and that he plays croquette. In reply to these damaging assaults upon his character our candidate yesterday issued the following statement:

Etain shrdlu cmfwyp vbgkqj xzffiffi puyfmc nioate vbgkqj fiffifz xldrfs cmfwyp shrdlu etain jkgbv xzffiffi. Which to our mind settles the matter forever. R. H. L.

#### As the World Wags:

I knew you when you went to the First Church Sunday school. One Sunday Supt. Fitzwilliam offered a prize to any bright little pupil who remembered the most Golden Texts, and when the time came you unrolled and spouted a dozen. Sally Porter, your teacher, said: "That's great! What a splendid memory." And just as you were grabbing the prize, Jimmy McDowell had to go and spoil everything by yelling, "He ought to, he read 'em outa his hat." JOSS.

5/18/1928

There are some, perhaps many, who, opening a novel and seeing sentences in dialect, Scottish, Irish, negro, German-American, throw it aside. No doubt a few readers did not appreciate "Precious Bane," that remarkable novel

by Mary Webb, because she made a artistic use of English county dialect, thus flavoring the dialogue. (E. P. Dutton & Co., by the way, have reprinted Mary Webb's "Gone to Earth" and "The Golden Arrow," which alone should have given her the position among English novelists in her lifetime that has been awarded her in death).

And so our readers of novels beginning Nan Shepherd's "The Quarry Wood" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) and ending on the first page Aunt Josephine saying, "Ye'll just tak the craitar awa tae tuc school, Emmeine. Ye'll never haud book larnin' in a wizened cask. Stap it in, it'll aye rin out the faister. The barn's fae wizened," will not blame Martha Ironside when she was nine years old for kicking her Grand-Aunt Josephine. The glossary printed at the back of the novel will add to superficial, hurrying-scurrying readers unwillingness to go beyond the first page; nor is this glossary complete; out any one thus discouraged will lose much, for the story is an unusual one by reason of its analysis of character, its portrayal of Martha Ironside's home, thirst for knowledge, dreaming of beauty when all about her was squalid, her flaming love for Luke, who had thought her all spirit even when at night in the wood, her whole being cried to him "Take me, take me," and he kissed her gravely, reluctantly, "as a worshipper who trembles lest his offering pollute the shrine," Luke who told his wife of this meeting and as he held her in his arms "and understood her fear that he might love Martha more than herself, he was ravaged by desire for Martha; at that moment he felt like universal Man assailed by the whole temptation of the universe." As for Martha, after Luke and his wife had moved to Liverpool, she said to herself, "So that's over." She thought by exercise of her will to be what she was before, passionless and serene. "She could not know that a cataclysm four years in preparing does not spend its forces so easily. The waters were loosened and not to be gathered back."

And then Roy Roy Foubister came into her life, the boisterous Roy, in his earlier years "a terrible drouthy chap he was, but he didna cairy it weel," a prodigious talker who thought of taking Martha to the Veld. Listening to a gossip, who had seen her and Luke in the wood, he turned aside, until, willing to forgive, Martha laughed at his magnanimity. Cruel gossip pursued her. A child in the house where Martha's mother cared for waifs was whispered hers. Aunt Josephine died, having cast an ironic, antagonistic eye on the row of watching and sniffling sisters. "Fat are ye sittin' there glowerin' at me for like a puckle crows a' in a row?" She reproached the youngest: "Leebie are ye nae ga'in to dee afore me yet?"

At the end Martha could understand her good simple father as he held a hen whose neck he had just wrung: "It's a grand time to get leave to live." Luke and his wife with her baby came to dinner. He now knew that Martha was not all spirit. She knew that Luke was no demigod but a man. "He knew now that passion had gone to the making of this new Martha and for the first time he realized that it might be for him. The blood thudded in his temples. His thoughts were in confusion. A thousand meanings were in the air and he dared grasp at none. . . . Of the two Martha was the happier. She had acquiesced in her destiny and so delivered herself from the insecurity of the adventurer. "Sail not beyond the Pillars of Hercules." As they neared the house a gentle rain was falling. It sent the idlers in. The kitchen was filled with their clatter, till Emmeline cried, "Haud the lang tongues o' ye or I see if ma kettle's bilin'" and made the tea. "And they all drew in about their chairs and etc."

The Duttons have added to their English Idylls Series Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility" and "Mansfield Park." The colored illustrations as those for the preceding volumes of the series—"Cranford," "Christmas at Bracebridge Hall," "Our Village" and "The Vicar of Wakefield"—are by C. E. Brock.

Richard Brimley Johnson has written a long introduction to "Sense and Sensibility," in which he tells of her life and gives a critical estimate of her novels, quoting with approval Macaulay's saying: "She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings." Mr. Johnson notes that Jane's agreeable women do not "transgress the limits of a somewhat narrow ideal of feminine excellence. The assumption of an uncritical attitude on the part of women belongs to her unaggressive conventionalism and conservatism." He might have dwelt at length on her



able irony in portrayal of character, and in her thrusts at match-making mothers.

This edition of the justly famous novels might have persuaded the Mr. Alden who years ago wrote the humorous editorials for the New York Times to reconsider his contemptuous remarks about Jane Austen's writings; remarks that reflected sadly on his critical acumen.

Among other novels reprinted by the the Dutton's are George Gissing's "Thyrza" and "New Grub Street." Each is furnished with an introduction by Morley Roberts. Of the two, "New Grub Street" is the more familiar to American readers, that depressing story of literary life, bitter and cynical, to be classed with the unfortunate author's "In the Year of Jubilee," "Thyrza," in which he drew with loving care the portrait of a working girl, idealized, possibly, but not false to life, shows Gissing in kindly, pitiful mood. The poverty here described is not squalid, not hopeless. There are brave souls among these working people. When Gissing wrote "Thyrza," as Mr. Roberts says, he was not so much "embittered by his contact with shrill-voiced landladies and the sluts of poverty-stricken service as to be utterly merciless." There is grim humor in the rich and philanthropic Egremont's attempt to interest workmen in literature. In letters written by him from the United States Egremont has much to say about Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Roberts says he was the first to bring that book to Gissing's attention. In one of the letters there is a vitriolic sketch of Commodore Vanderbilt, who, in spite of unenviable characteristics, "has aided civilization enormously." Thyrza is not the only woman in the story that is of flesh and blood; and the men, rich and poor, are not lay-figures, nor merely types for sermonizing.

The real originals now are the people who behave properly.—Edith Sitwell.

It is the freedom of their clothes that has made girls so aggressive.—E. G. Holland.

The commandment, "Thou shalt not"—is a direct incentive to have a shot at it.—P. B. Showan.

Motor cars are increasing by leaps and bounds, and pedestrians survive by the same process.—Lord Dewar.

I object to feel that I am going deliberately instructed when I be to a cinema.—Col. Wedgwood, M. P.

#### HOLLIS ST. THEATRE

##### "The 19th Hole"

A comedy in three acts by and with Frank Craven and presented by A. L. Erlanger; a return engagement of two weeks. The cast: George Hill, Homer Barton; Mrs. Chase ("Ennui"), Dorothy Blackburn; Vernon Chase, Frank Craven; Mrs. Everett, Marion Abbott; Nedda Everett, Rae Martin; The Postman, Russell Morrison; "Mac," the Club "Pro", Royal Beal; Tom Everett, Howard Sidney; Halliday, Walter Downing; Ben, Beecher Zeblis; Sam Bloomer, Harry Lewellyn; Col. Hammer, Robert Wayne; Walter Trumbull, Jay Adair Youie; Prof. Albert Baneroff, John Harwood; Mrs. Col. Hammer, Almeda Fowler.

Some of those in last evening's audience obviously had seen "The 19th Hole" in previous performances at the same playhouse. They seemed as amused and eager as the great majority to whom story, lines and characterizations were new. As a veracious recital of what might happen to any man who for seven years has been pinned down to the tedium of lecturing and writing on such gloomy topics as stained glass windows, and who of a sudden is tossed into the midst of a suburban community whose male members have gone golf crazy, "The 19th Hole" again shows Mr. Craven a keen observer of human nature, a playwright skilled in contrivance of comic scenes and in making of sparkling dialogue, and an actor able without apparent effort to create characters which not only exude comicality but win and hold one's sympathy. Invariably he has done this in his preceding plays, and "The 19th Hole" sustains that reputation.

One need not know anything or much about golf to be able to enjoy the comedy. It is Mr. Craven's treatment of his theme, the guileless attitude of the character he assumes, his first approach to the links, his unbending after the initiate set-up in the "liquor—no, the locker room" of the Harmony Golf Club, his fullhearted passion for the game thenceforth, his rebellion against the rigid rule of his primly pedagogic wife, his final childish glee and contentment when he finds himself possessed of a dinky little cup signifying superiority in a specific aspect of the game—these are the touches which make Mr. Craven's little play and his conception of the metamorphosis of Vernon Westover Chase appealing.

The supporting company is excellent. Mrs. Blackburn as the exacting, scholastic spouse who, at the last moment, joins the ranks of the golf maniacs; Mr. Wayne as the sputtering Col. Hammer, who makes all the rules, heads all the house committees and cannot count beyond 6 in computing a course score; Mr. Barton, as a blunt-spoken devotee of the game; Mr. Beal as the club's "pro," and Miss Martin, last seen here as the tough little side-show girl in "The Barker," were particularly good. The curtain rose promptly at the appointed hour, in itself something for which Mr. Craven's stage director should be commended. W. E. G.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "A Free Soul"

A play in four acts by Willard Mack, based on the novel by Adela Rogers St. John. Given by the Keith-Albee Players. The cast: Mrs. Ashe, Edith Shayne; Grace Darling, her daughter, Georgia Nese; Jean, Thomas M. McKnight; Dwight Sutro, Marion Grant; Jan Ashe, George R. Taylor; Stephen Ashe, Don Deddie; Bill Wilfong, John Junor; Abe Sloan, Marc Blancha; Gwendolyn Wilfong, John Warner; Ace Wilfong, Richard T. McElroy; Big Mac, Charles Lindholm; L. Nelson, Mark Kent; Nolan, Ira Hay; Judge, George L. Taylor; Clerk, George L. Taylor.

A large and happy audience of St. James patrons last night extended their usual enthusiastic welcome to the people of their stage at the first performance of the new season. This time no old favorites were applauded, for all members of the company made their St. James debut. Custom persisted, however, and each player was greeted with applause as he made his appearance.

The play of the week is a lively drama of San Francisco, full of well-calculated emotional appeal and with a popularly sound melodramatic framework. Stephen Ashe, eminent gray-haired lawyer whose liking for liquor is his undoing, provides most of the heart-throbs, and his modernistic daughter, Jan, who is her father's pal, unites with Ace Wilfong, the gambler, to give the romantic touch.

Ashe and his daughter have been inseparable since she was a baby. They have a highly individualistic philosophy of life, and although they are of high social position, mingle freely on occasion with the gamblers, jockeys and ward bosses of the city. Ashe had not considered that his daughter would marry out of her class, and is taken aback at her attachment for Wilfong, who is respected though not of an acceptable occupation. Daughter makes a wager—she will renounce her love if he will renounce the flowing bowl. He succumbs to his failing, and she marries Ace. Honest, primitive Ace regrets that he has not the polish of the upper classes, and that he cannot understand why his wife should continue her rides with foppish and bespattered Sutro. He threatens to kill him, and does. Whereupon Ashe, the erstwhile brilliant lawyer whom liquor has brought to a state of abject dependence, makes a dramatic come-back to defend his son-in-law in the courts.

Mr. Mack's lines are somewhat uneven. Much of the material is surprisingly fresh and unhackneyed, and many things are said which impress one as spontaneous and unremissible. Then, without warning, the playwright naps for a while and makes use of line material which must make elderly people dream of their youthful days at the theatre. The general result, however, is a plot that sticks together and characters that go over.

A surprisingly good first night performance was given, and the cast gives promise of a very successful season. John Warner, the leading man, is going to do some good work this year. Any one can see it in him. He is several degrees better than the class one has learned to think of as "stock leading men." Miss Grant is charming and competent, and all others fit admirably into the picture. H. F. M.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

COLLEY—"The Bellamy Trial," mystery drama.  
HOLLIS STREET—"The 19th Hole," comedy.  
MA'ESTIC—"The Great Necker," farce-comedy.  
PLA MOUTH—"Excess Baggage," comedy drama.  
SHUBERT—"Golden Dawn," operetta.  
ST. JAMES—"A Free Soul," drama.  
TREMONT—"Just a Minute," musical comedy.  
WILBUR—"Take the Air," musical comedy.  
GAYETY—"Bovary Duresquers," burlesque.  
HOWARD—"Frivolities," burlesque.  
WALDRON'S CASINO—"Hello Everybody," burlesque.

#### WASHINGTON STREET OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

"Lilac Time"  
A screen drama, adapted by Willis Goldbeck from the play of the same name by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin; directed

by George Fitzmaurice, produced by John McCormick and presented by First National, with the following cast:

Jeannine Berthelot, Colleen Moore;  
Capt. Philip Blythe, Gary Cooper;  
Gen. Blythe, Burr Melvish;  
Mechanic's Helper, George Cooper;  
Capt. Russell, Cleve Moore;  
Lady Iris Rankin, Kathryn McGuire;  
Madame, Berthelot, Eusemie Besserer;  
The Infant, Jack Stone;  
Mike, Mechanic, Edward Dillon.

Another argument against war, with its devastation and death-dealing engines, yet another utilization of this same war as a background for romance is found in "Lilac Time," Colleen Moore's first super-special picture. Hitherto recognized and admired as a comedienne, she now reveals herself as possessed of no mean dramatic talents. Both in physical attributes and histrionic experience and methods hers may not measure up to the performance given by Jane Cowl in the stage version; but it may be said in all fairness that Miss Moore's Jeannine has appeal, charm, wholesome humor and, in the closing scenes of the film, tragic fervor.

While the story is supposed to centre about the love of this little French girl and the stalwart British airman, Capt. Blythe, with much emphasis on the fragrant lilacs in Jeannine's garden, the interest of the spectator is bound to be quickened during the scenes showing the encounters between the seven British aces who have been quartered on Mme. Berthelot's farm and the eight German air raiders in one of the critical episodes of the war. Here we have realistic photography, with planes weaving up and down in the clouds, machine guns spitting, and victims dropping to earth in flaming ships. The duel between Capt. Blythe, with a lilac blossom for mascot, and the Red Ace, seeking his 27th victim, is thrilling, though a trifle prolonged. The other scenes pertinent to the war, such as the advances of troops, the exodus from the doomed village, its bombing, Jeannine's return in time to see her beloved Philip fall, her search for him after an ambulance has snatched him from her, and her ultimate reunion with him in a military hospital, are generally free from any taint of artificiality.

Mr. Cooper is more convincing in his lighter scenes than in those which demand serious acting. The others have little to do. Such sound effects as the picture offers are pointless and disturbing. The film would have been more impressive without them. W. E. G.

5-12-28 1928

From time to time we are asked why Mr. Halliday Witherspoon does not send out to the world a second edition of his "Liverpool Jarge." The first was exhausted long ago and when copies at rare intervals are found in book-shops, the price is 10 to 15 times that which the delightful episodes in the life of Jarge—including his various and surprising deaths—brought when they were reprinted from The Boston Herald.

Before these episodes were published in The Herald, Mr. Witherspoon had written sketches of life in the tropics, vivid and amusing, with strange men and women, beachcombers, dusky light skirts, vagabonds and officials, figuring in romantic adventures. We have begged him again and again to publish them as a book, but he, like the Chancellor in Tennyson's poem, smiles and puts the question by.

We have received recently a few letters that lead us to ask whether Mr. Witherspoon is not now writing over another name; whether he is not like unto the woman who slandered Byron by making him the blackguard hero of a romance, publishing her books as if two authors were responsible for them. Is not Mr. Boozlesnoot of kin to old Shaghellon?

#### HARRY THE MARRIED MAN

As the World Wags:  
Harry was stunted from the neck up. There wasn't much but a couple of ears which grew out like fungus plants and his hair which grew down to his eyes so he wiggled his scalp when he scowled and that was how you could tell.

You would expect a man with a wart for a head wouldn't have ideas but Harry did. There was always a good chance they would be deformed like toes in a tight boot but Harry would nurse them till they grew up and bit the hand that fed them so to speak. For instance, I mind the time he got domestic.

He had been ailing for some time which might have been because a horse stepped on him when he was resting in a gutter by Scollay square. It wasn't a very big horse but it had a wagon behind which also ran over his belly so he was depressed and set about to stop drinking and make himself a family man. He had been married before, of course, and still was but not serious the way he was now. He bought a celluloid collar and borrowed my suspenders and went off to see a lady he knew. It took a week including a trip to Revere beach and a pretty ring which

had come as a prize in a box of cracker-jack. Only the ring wasn't so very cheap because Harry had to buy 70 cents worth of the candy before he got one with a ring for a prize.

I went to call after they had settled. As I got to the door I heard a baby squalling inside and I thought I had made a mistake till I heard Harry singing the Rock of Ages. So I walked in and there was Harry looking tame and house broke already. He was singing to a little brat in a cradle. The cradle was rocking and Harry was wiggling his ears and I couldn't figure it out till I spied a line running from Harry's ear to the cradle and he, being muscular, was rocking it that way while he skun onions which made him cry. It was very emotional scene to see him rocking an innocent baby with his ears and crying and singing the Rock of Ages even if it was onions that made him cry.

I asked Harry how he was and he said all right but I could tell by the way his cud set that it wasn't. It lay kind of sullen in his left cheek. When Harry is feeling right it lays on the other side where his teeth are. So I began to fish around and asked about the baby because it seemed quick to have a baby already. Harry didn't say much except that it came ready-made with Hortense.

It was another month before I went to see Harry again and this time there was a yonker playing mumble-de-peg with the butcher knife in front of the door. I knew it couldn't be the baby grown up so I asked Harry and he looked mad and said it was Jack's brother. Well, I didn't know who Jack was so I asked and Harry told me after he had finished swearing first. It seems Hortense had brought them home one night as surprises for Harry. She had cached the baby and the two yonkers till the martial knots had been tied then she sneaked them in by installments. Harry wasn't willing to do anything about it because she was supporting him and he hadn't told her about his wooden leg though he said it wasn't deceit but delicacy which kept him from speaking of it during the courtship.

It was sad to see Harry in such a fix. His cud lay low in his left cheek and he wasn't getting any exercise except to rock the cradle with his ears. I thought of the times when he had rheumatism on the farm and he used to hoist the cows across his shoulders at milking time so he wouldn't need to stoop. So I began to argue with him. I'd brought some rum and we sat and argued all afternoon but I couldn't get him to budge. About six o'clock we heard Hortense coming up the stairs. There were other footsteps, too, and Harry looked scared. We heard a kid say, "Hey, ma, are we nearly there? Hey, ma, has my new father got whisksers?" I looked at Harry and he was turning purple and his cud was working over to the good side. Then we heard Hortense say, "Shh, Benny, you be quiet. This is a surprise for your new father. Now take little sister's hand and come along." Harry jumped out of his chair and said, "Gosh!" He started for the back hall with me after him. In two jiffies we were through the sky light and hiking over the roofs. By dark we were on a freight going west and Harry hasn't got domestic since.

BEN BOOZLESNOOT.

#### GRAVE AT THE CROSS ROADS

You have walked with outstretched arms  
And open hands.  
With countenance unafraid  
And smiling face,  
No gesture blare, or flair of mind,  
Or tricks of words that leave a hurt.  
You have walked with proudest mien  
And tilted chin  
And challenged Death's immutability  
With quiet eyes  
And won. . . .

DENNIS KING.

#### As the World Wags:

One of the wings of the airplane had broken, and the pilot, after crashing through a mass of planking and plaster, found himself resting on a concrete surface in utter darkness. "Where am I?" he asked feebly. "You're in my cellar," came an ominous voice out of the blackness. "But I'm watching you." CEEJAY.

#### FROM A DISPLAY ADV FOR

##### STOUT WOMEN

Doubling the size of our basement.

#### WHY THE DESK MAN LEFT

(Banzor, Me., Daily Commercial)  
NEW YORK—Representative Tilson, Eastern Republican Speakers' Bureau director, announced Ohio drunkards had informed him all of the 200,000 drunkards in the United States had decided to vote for Hoover.

#### As the World Wags:

The contracts for supplying the occupants of our prisons with files, hacksaws and pistols being undoubtedly valuable, ought they not to be advertised? SCOFFLAW.

5-17-28



the World Wags:  
Crumbly officer—Why haven't you  
told your son Johnny to school? Don't  
I want him to learn to read?  
Proud father—It hasn't necessary now  
at we have the talking movies.  
OLD SOAK.

54/1 21/1928

A society for preserving a high stand-  
ard among southern poets and discour-  
aging inferior work has been organ-  
ized at Charlotte, N. C., by Mrs. McFar-  
land. "She declines to take an office  
in the society." Sensible woman, for  
there's no telling what a discouraged or  
rejected poet would do to her: bomb her  
with a sonnet, or even draw a gun.

Poems appearing in southern period-  
icals are closely scrutinized by this so-  
ciety. If the verses are found good, the  
editors are praised; if the quality is  
below par, the editors allowing the pub-  
lication are sternly reproved.

Why not establish in North Carolina  
or in any state a farm for the raising  
of poetic crops—an acre for lyric seed,  
another for elegiacs; several acres in  
the hope that at least one epic may  
spring up.

The late James L. Ford described a  
party of literary men visiting Sing Sing  
on invitation of Warden Sage, who at-  
tempted to provide literary labor for  
the idle convicts. The methods em-  
ployed in turning out convict-labor  
prose and verse were carefully inspected.  
"Mr. Gilder claimed that the best, most  
serviceable and ornamental poetry to  
be had in the market was that which  
came in five or six-inch lengths, not  
counting the title or signature, and bore  
the well-known 'As One Who' brand  
that the Century Magazine has done so  
much to popularize. Poems of this de-  
scription, he explained, are known to the  
trade as A1 sonnets, and are very beau-  
tiful when printed directly after a sec-  
tion of continued story, affording, as  
they do, a great relief to tired eyes. 'Do  
you think the idea and the verses should  
appear on the same page?' inquired the  
warden, who is eager to learn all that  
he can of the profession of letters. 'It  
has not been my practice to print them  
in that fashion,' replied Mr. Gilder,  
'and in my own poems I am always  
careful to avoid such a combination, be-  
lieving it to be thoroughly inharmon-  
ious.'

Do you think Richard Watson Gilder  
was offended by this gibe? Not a bit of  
it. He and Ford were on the most  
friendly relations. We have heard Mr.  
Gilder speak in warm appreciation of  
Ford's wit and humor.

Would that Ford were now alive to  
jest about the "hoot-owls of culture"  
and write "The Literary Shop of 1928."

Many of our contributors send us  
verses. As a rule they are of mediocre  
quality, not for strong men or gentle  
women. The verses published in the  
Chicago Tribune are of a higher flight;  
often charming; at times pleasingly  
pessimistic or cynical. Are the poets  
of that city more richly endowed by  
nature than those living in Boston and  
its justly celebrated suburbs? They are  
more imaginative; they run truer to ap-  
proved poetic form; when they explode  
in free verse, they do not write inflated,  
bombastic prose.

#### STREET SALUTATIONS

As the World Wags:

The other day I met an old acquaint-  
ance. As soon as he recognized me he  
advanced with outstretched hand.

"How!" he said, face all a-grin.

"What do you mean 'how'?" I asked.

He seemed perplexed.

"What do you mean 'what do I mean  
'how'?" he asked.

"What do you mean 'what do I mean  
'what do you mean 'how'?'—that's  
what I mean," I explained.

"But what do you mean 'what do I  
mean 'what do you mean' what do I  
mean 'how'?'?" he inquired, perfect-  
ly serious.

Well, sir, it went on like this till we  
were all tangled up in each other's  
quotation marks. My fingers were be-  
ginning to itch for my gnat when my  
old acquaintance explained just what  
he meant by "how" in greeting me.

"How" is a shortened form of the  
salutation "how-do-you-do." In these  
fast days nobody says "how-do-you-do."

Some of the old stand-bys now say  
"how-dee-do." This does not sound very  
polite and takes too long to say. When  
you meet somebody on the street and  
say "How-dee-do!" the "dee-do" part  
of it goes foolishly echoing down the  
street ahead of you with no one to hear  
it. Then there is "hello," which when  
not patronizing is sometimes irritating.  
It makes the person so-addressed feel  
like a telephone transmitter. "Hi!" of  
course, is too familiar for most pur-  
poses.

But "how"—this is something to be  
ful and brief. It may be intoned in any  
part of the musical scale and not in-  
dicate disrespect or a feeling of class  
distinction, yet it can show varying  
emotions if desired. My acquaintance  
told me that this use of the word came  
from the Indians, who upon meeting  
from the Indians, who upon meeting  
said, or used to say, "How!" It is a re-  
spectful inquiry and a dignified saluta-  
tion all rolled into one short syllable.  
"How" do you like it?

#### VICE-VERSA.

Our correspondent has forgotten the  
most hideous form of salutation: "How-  
dy." It goes with "Shake hands with my  
friend Jones," and at once you dislike  
poor Jones and hope you will not be  
obliged in future even to nod carelessly  
on meeting him. ED.

#### AIDA, OF COURSE

As the World Wags:

A dusky wench who has recently  
taken service with a relative—as cook,  
nurse and what-you-will—announces  
that she aspires (nay, intends) to sing  
in grand opera. Which leads me to  
inquire as to what roles are open to  
this Afric-tinted dame. Isolde? Hardly.  
Louise? Scarcely. Tosca? Mimi? Un-  
likely. All that we could say was some  
coloratura role—and the scholarly

neighbor leaning too hard upon our  
trellis, smiled wanly at the pun. I  
have cast the plummet of question into  
the well of knowledge and await with  
confidence the splash.

#### OLEOPSATRUS.

#### THE POET'S BRAIN

(From the Manchester Guardian)

When ghoulish experts recently  
examined the brain of the defunct  
Anatole France they reported that it  
was a poor thing and obviously under  
the average weight for a farm laborer.  
Undeterred by this disclosure, a Turkish  
poet is now reported to have had his  
skull and its contents X-rayed in a  
hospital at Stamboul and to have cir-  
culated the result in triumph to all his  
critics. For the photograph shows a  
brain of great weight and elegant con-  
volutions, richly corrugated, it must be  
supposed, with dactyls and iambs. It  
is the kind of brain from which (if one  
could only forget that awkward instance  
of Anatole France's undersized spec-  
imen) great things might be expected;  
it is the kind of brain that ought to  
make a critic wish that he owned its  
equal. It is the sort of brain that  
ought to excrete epics with the ease that  
an ordinary one exudes casual conver-  
sation—and yet, from its owner's  
anxiety to knock the critics all of a  
heap, one can only suppose that it has  
hitherto done nothing of the kind. The  
critics, after the manner of their tribe,  
look round for a monument—and they  
are offered a photograph. It seems very  
doubtful whether they will be convinced.  
Though the poet is born rather than  
made, and his cerebral convolutions are  
more or less born with him, it would  
be better to produce written evidence of  
the lightest lyric than a medical cer-  
tificate of the heaviest brain.

As the World Wags:

The experiment is to be tried of  
mounting Spanish bullfighters upon mo-  
torcycles instead of horses. The spec-  
tator will have a pleasant feeling that  
the motorcycle deserves the very worst  
the bull can do to it. OBSERVATOR.

As the World Wags:

I know an English busman, who'll  
take you two miles off his route and an  
English conductor who'll help you off  
the train with your luggage. . . . I  
know a French hotel that doesn't take  
tourists and an Italian village that isn't  
dirty. . . . I know a debutante on  
Commonwealth avenue who isn't crazy  
about publicity and a prominent pillar  
of the Methodist church who sells gin  
and bootleg. . . . I know a newspaper  
that isn't biased and a shop that will  
tell you their silks and woollens aren't  
imported. . . . I know a movie ac-  
tress who is crazy about her husband  
and a writer who honestly hates his  
own books. . . . I know a woman  
who'd rather buy her clothes in Lon-  
don than Paris, a Rotarian who reads  
Immanuel Kant, and a bootlegger who  
collects early American furniture. . . .  
I know all sorts and conditions of peo-  
ple, but I don't know a dam soul who  
doesn't think it's going to be a land-  
slide for either Al or Dr. Hoover.  
R. H. S.

#### DULCET DELIGHT

(For As the World Wags)

I love the classic orchestra,  
That glorious, symphonic ecstasy;  
I revel in the great pipe organ's rolling,  
Which stirs my soul to realms of  
fantasy.

I love the gentle string quartet,  
That delicate, refined and pure fel-  
icity;  
I'm charmed by some great choral sing-  
ing.

Euphonious unity from multiplicity.

But better than all these, I love the  
music

From my reluctant neighbor's mow-  
ing of the lawn:

My own fair green all cut and trimmed  
and curried,

So I may sit and smoke and dream  
and yawn. F. F. H.

Just as good old Gabriel Peignot of  
Dijon, the learned antiquarian, thought  
it worth while to name the favorite  
dishes of kings, potentates and other  
mighty men; as before him that rare  
gossip C. Suetonius Tranquillus tells  
us that Caesar Augustus never exceeded  
a pint of wine, and instead of drink-  
ing in the daytime, used to take a piece  
of bread dipped in cold water, or a slice  
of cucumber, or some leaves of lettuce,  
or a green, sharp, juicy apple, while  
Vitellius made three meals a day, some-  
times four, and gorged himself with a  
dish made for him, "The Shield of  
Minerva," in which were tossed to-  
gether the brains of pheasants and pea-  
cocks, the tongues of flamingos and  
the entrails of lampreys which had  
been brought in ships of war from the  
Carpathian Sea and the Spanish Straits,  
so Gen. E. S. Fagg, once steward of the  
Manhattan Club, New York, and now of  
Christiansburg, Va., deploring the lost  
art of eating and the present "catch-as-  
catch-can gulping of imitation food,"  
informs us through a reporter of the  
New York Sun that Ellen Terry at the  
Galt House in Louisville, Ky., cooked  
excellent food in a chafing dish in her  
room.

"McKinley was a wonderful man in a  
dining room. Every day at Lake Cham-  
plain I had a huckleberry cake made  
for him—like a pound cake with huckle-  
berries in it." King George V—as the  
Duke of York at Niagara-on-the-Lake,  
Ontario, was "a plain eater." Mr. Ed-  
ison at Galveston did not take time to  
eat, "just drinking coffee once in a  
while. Fine fellow though." President  
Taft was the "real eater." "I had a  
big silver platter of old Virginia ham  
boiled first and then baked with  
Madeira wine. After he got through  
eating he asked to meet the man who  
had those hams cooked. His face was  
beaming when he congratulated me."

Scene for our friend the Historical  
Painter: Taft, Fagg and the ham at  
Louisville, Ky.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime."

I have kept more women awake than  
any other man in England—Edgar Wal-  
lace.

#### DOG DAYS AND NIGHTS

As the World Wags:

I counted my neighbor's dog this  
morning. He was doing about 60 barks  
a minute, generally in six-eight time—  
three barks in three half seconds, a rest  
for three half seconds and then da-  
capo. He did not reach that number  
all the time. Sometimes his attention  
wandered and his output per minute  
fell to 40 or even 35. I should say he  
produced per hour 2500 barks, or 30,000  
in a 12-hour day.

The pitch was about C above the  
bass clef but his voice contained so  
many overtones that the note was dif-  
ficult to place. The timbre was simi-  
lar to that of a saw being filed, the  
notes of course being more staccato.  
The hearing range, allowing for houses,  
trees and other obstacles, was about  
one-quarter of a mile, the audience (it  
is a country neighborhood), about 15  
families.

The pleasure produced per dog per  
day or week in such case is difficult  
to measure. One would have to study  
the tastes and nerve systems of both  
sexes and of different ages, making al-  
lowance for invalids, on whom the ef-  
fect might be especially intense, and  
the deaf, on whom the effort would be  
lost.

There is no doubt, however, that the  
total aesthetic result must be consid-  
erable. Supposing in 15 families there  
are 60 non-deaf people, there are nearly  
2,000,000 barks received every 24 hours,  
making a small allowance for the  
nights, in which, however, the dog is  
very often vocal.

A more interesting question is as to  
the motives of the owner. Few people,  
except radio announcers, distribute to  
the public 2,000,000 aesthetic impres-  
sions every day. Why should a dog  
owner give service on that scale, pay  
good money for it, and trust to neigh-  
borly gratitude for his reward?

JOSCELYN.

Had I not witnessed day by day and  
month by month the almost paralyzing  
effects of intermittent nerve-shattering  
noise on men who were physically  
strong, I could not have believed it pos-  
sible.—Prof. H. J. Spooner.

#### TO I—

(For As the World Wags)  
How tolerant with me you were in life,  
advising always with that knowledge  
rare

You hoped would ease my pain to come.  
So vividly your words reflect in that  
gray mirror of despair!  
In a loss the soul does find another  
world  
where others with the tallest ladders  
could not reach.  
My hand you take, leading me through  
mind's old labyrinths.  
And many voices fill the arches as we  
walk.

(The past requesting homage).  
I follow you until we reach the sunlight  
dancing minnows through new green  
branches.

You leave me to refresh myself—  
But there, dear one, remains your un-  
claimed legacy  
Because 'tis you who live and I alone  
am dead! V. W. C.

As the World Wags:

My little Who's Who's has gone all  
wrong. R. H. L. says "Chester Garfield"  
carried an ear pick in his pocket. All  
right for Chester, but who was Chester  
Garfield? H. D. COLE.

Quincy.  
"R. H. L." wrote "Chester Arthur."  
Evidently a line of type was dropped  
in his printed letter, or there was some  
sort of confusion in the handling of  
his copy. "R. H. L." is a well informed  
man. He can undoubtedly name cor-  
rectly the Presidents in order, and  
possibly the capitals of our states.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

The old fellows who feel stung about  
that Barlow knife will, I'm sure, primp  
up when I mention the king of knives,  
Jonathan Crookes. The possession of  
one of these blades in boyhood gave a  
boy a royal right to strut as cock-of-  
the-walk. Jonathan Crookes, Sheffield,  
by the way, like Wade and Butcher  
did a big American trade, as far back,  
probably, as the American revolution.  
Their trade mark was a pistol. The  
knife would even now give joy to the  
possessor if he were so fortunate as to  
meet with one. OLD TIMER.

Mr. Christopher Morley, reading a  
letter of Charles Lamb to his publishers,  
notes that Lamb pointed out that Elia  
should be pronounced Elia. Mr. Morley  
adds "With that other famous pseudo-  
nym, 'Boz' (sounded 'Boze') it is prob-  
ably one of the two most generally  
mispronounced aliases in literature."

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "Beggars of Life"

A screen drama adapted by Benjamin  
Glazer from a story by Jim Tully; directed  
by William Wellman and produced by Para-  
mount with the following cast:

Oklahoma Red	Wallace Beery
Nancy	Louise Brooks
Jim	Richard Arlen
Mose	Edgar Blue Washington
Skippy	H. A. Mowat
Skelly	Andy Clark
Bill	Mik Donlin
Hopper	Roscoe Karns
Arkansas Snake	Robert Perry

"It's funny," observed the youth,  
Jim, to the orphaned girl, Nancy, as  
they snuggled for warmth inside a  
friendly haystack, "how we're here,  
and ain't quite satisfied; and how  
millions of people are sleeping in nice  
feather beds in their own homes, and  
ain't satisfied, either. I guess we're all  
beggars of life, begging for something  
we haven't got." This sage reflection  
on the part of the boyish tramp bound  
for his uncle's farm in Alberta, ad-  
dressed to his companion, fleeing from  
a murder charge, is supposed to ex-  
plain the title of this interesting pic-  
ture of vagabondage, as conceived by  
Messrs. Tully and Wellman. At that,  
not all films attempt to clarify their  
titles so obligingly as this.

Most of the action is on or in freight  
trains. We see and hear them cutting  
through tunnels, rumbling along open  
spaces, by day, by night. For the rest,  
pilfering, fights, flights. The pho-  
raphy is novel, often thrilling ef-  
fects. The titling is intelligently  
ful.

The three chief figures in this . . .  
of the road are Beery, Arlen, I  
Brooks. Of these, the greatest  
Beery, whose Oklahoma Red is a big,  
vital, cunning, lustful, bludgeoning  
hobo of wide experience. He boasts  
that his foot never has slipped. He is  
master of the jungle into which Arlen  
and Miss Brooks stumble. He is judge  
of the mock trial in the box car of the  
fast freight which is bearing all hands  
somewhere, anywhere. He beats the  
Arkansas Snake in a rough and tumble  
fight for supremacy, and for the  
girl; and after repeated attempts, by  
force and stratagem, to gain her, he  
stops abruptly. "I've heard of it a  
good many times, but I never saw it  
before. It must be love." And he pro-  
ceeds, with a fine touch of chivalry, to  
aid the boy and the girl to escape, to  
the north by stealing feminine raiment  
for the girl and setting afire a carload  
of lumber in which he has concealed  
the corpse of a youthful tramp who  
in figure, resembled the girl, hitherto  
disguised in boy's clothing. Red him-  
self is shot by the pursuing poss-  
Rolling from the top of the train and  
crashing down a gully, he gets the final  
close-up. "My foot slipped that time,"  
he remarks ruefully, and dies. W. E.



"Music, a Science and an Art," by John Redfield, former lecturer in Physics of Music, Columbia University, published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, is an extraordinary book, one that should vex some, delight many, provoke hot discussion, for Mr. Redfield is a revolutionary. Slaves to traditions will dub him an anarchist.

The chapters that treat purely of technical subjects will interest musicians and theorists, though they may not agree with his opinions and conclusions. These chapters are written from the standpoint of a scientist and are illustrated with examples in musical notation. The two entitled "The Musical Scale" and "Harmony and Melody" deserve the careful attention of teachers of theory. The pages are not easy reading. It is enough to say in this article that Mr. Redfield does not believe that the scale in C can be derived from C as a fundamental. He regards F as the fundamental of the diatonic scale in C. "No tuner can tune a piano or organ accurately without using some physical measuring device for timing the beats." The true musical scale is thus defined: "A scale is a division of the octave into intervals suitable for musical purposes."

Harmony is defined as "that relationship between simultaneous tones which the ear finds agreeable because of adaptation to its tonal environment." Up to the time of Bach "composers of concerted music thought in terms of the human voice and the pure harmonies it naturally employs; thereafter they thought in terms of the keyboard and its even-tempered scale . . . . The sense of harmony is as extinct as the dodo; it has been sunk without a trace . . . . Real harmony has disappeared from the earth. In lieu of it we have the cacophony of the present day, as senseless and futile as it will be found evanescent."

In another chapter, "The Composer and His Work," Mr. Redfield remarks: "If the prerogative were mine, I would stand up against the wall to be shot at sunrise all those individuals who 'teach harmony.'"

The chapters on Musical Tone, Tone Production, What is Music? The Musical Laboratory, Man and Music, The Nature of Musical Beauty, The Art of Interpretation, The Composer and his Work, and the whole third part of this large octavo volume of 330 pages should entertain the general reader even when he is not a professional or even an amateur musician. In this third part Mr. Redfield speaks of harmonic and rhythmic possibilities; how orchestral instruments, also concert halls might (should) be improved; how there is need of better voice training; possibilities in chamber music; chamber orchestras, etc.

In a preceding chapter, "The Nature of Musical Beauty," he lays down this law: "Music can present to the hearer only concrete sense stimuli; it is entirely beyond the ability of music to present an abstraction of any kind whatsoever." Music can imitate more or less imperfectly sounds of nature as concrete phenomena but not as abstract conceptions. "What, then, becomes of the inane maunderings about Beethoven's having set forth a philosophy of life in his music, and of his C Minor Symphony being a drama of fate? . . . When in 'Til Eulenspiegel' the D clarinet squeals to the top of its compass, for example, Strauss fails entirely to depict the putative hanging of his hero; what he much more faithfully portrays is the sticking of a pig. There is, it must be conceded, such a thing as program music; but it is unquestionably a rather childish type of music, and one not worth the efforts of a serious composer."

Here are some of Mr. Redfield's sayings:

It may perhaps be questioned whether jazzists have introduced any rhythms that are novel; but it can not be doubted that they have greatly emphasized the significance of rhythm for dance purposes.

In a careful examination of orchestral instruments—"any musical instrument is as much a piece of machinery as a pump,"—he describes at length some of the "defects of the violin persistently ignored by those for whom Cremona is the holy city." The defects can be remedied, but by an able civil engineer—"one capable of designing a suspension bridge"—not by a musician. Furnish this engineer with a moderate amount of fundamental information about sound, tell him to improve the instrument, and in a year or so he will turn out such a violin as Stradivarius dreamed of all his life but never succeeded in building. "If this be blasphemy, make the most of it." The size of the viola is inadequate to the tessitura assigned to it by composers. It should, when of the necessary size, be held on the knees in playing. The flute probably approximates more nearly the possibilities of which it is capable than does any other musical instrument. The oboe most nearly approaches the flute in possessing all the desirable characteristics. The clarinet and bassoon badly need a complete overhauling. The intonation of the clarinet is so faulty that its makers claim it is impossible to construct one that will be in tune. Trumpets and tubas are defective through faulty construction of their pistons—and the leaking of air between pistons and their casings.

There should be a greater variety of drums in an orchestra. The banjo should be admitted. Sixty players of bowed instruments in a symphony orchestra can not accomplish as much pizzicato effect as can four equally proficient banjoists, nor can they do it as well. The ocarina with its beautiful tone color and its unequalled staccato should be also admitted.

"If I were musical duce I suspect that I should issue a ukase that no composer or conductor could own a piano."

Great pianists will probably soon be taking "retouched" records of their own playing as models to be studied and approximated as nearly as possible.

Of all the musical instruments which man employs there is no other he plays so badly as the organ. . . . The organists in some of the larger

movie theatres are less offensive in their playing, but church organists as a rule are most exasperating. Mr. Redfield tells why they vex his musical soul, and adds "It is entirely possible that the organ has become too complicated a musical machine to be managed by one player."

Now that carillons are becoming so numerous in America, it would not be at all unjustifiable for American legislative bodies to declare a carillon, and a set of chimes as well, to be a nuisance unless equipped with dampers, and imposing a penalty for the playing of one not so equipped.

The lack of information about the action of the human voice, and the extent of the misinformation concerning it, is amazing; and misinformation is infinitely worse than ignorance . . . . There is probably not a single point with respect to the production of the singing voice upon which persons who are recognized as authorities in the singing profession are not in categorical and emphatic disagreement. . . . Voice teachers are too uncritical in their thinking to make the conclusions reached by them trustworthy . . . the logic employed by the vocal teacher, unfortunately, is too often like that of the cock which believed the sun came up because of his crowing. . . . A woman is supposed to have no "falsetto" voice. As a matter of fact her voice is all "falsetto"—she has no other kind of voice. Occasionally it is true, a female voice will be found that is able to produce fundamental tones; such a voice is usually referred to by some such term as a "female baritone," but they are sometimes called contraltos provided the notes are not too big. Practically any adult male can learn to sing soprano as well as a female if he will devote to the production of these (harmonic) tones the same amount of study that a woman gives them.

"There is need in the orchestra for a quartet of saxophones, soprano, alto, tenor and baritone. It is only supercilious conservatism that now proscribes their use in the symphony orchestra. . . . In the hand of an amateur its tone is execrable, but the same is true also of the violin. . . . Competent, disinterested critics would agree that the professional superciliousness of the symphonic musician is without adequate foundation. There is probably no wind instrument in the jazz orchestra that is not better played by jazz artists than by symphonic musicians. It would be indiscreet to disclose how great is the percentage of symphonic musicians who would willingly desert the symphony for jazz if they were able to meet the technical requirements of the latter organization. The doubling or trebling of one's salary is a powerful argument even if one is an artist."

Let no one think that Mr. Redfield is as a mad man scattering fire brands. He does not make his statements rashly; he explains, argues; in many instances persuades. His book covers too many subjects for a short review. What he has to say about the art of interpretation and musical criticism will be discussed in next Sunday's Herald; even though he thinks little of newspaper reviews and rudely says: "Perhaps it is quixotic to expect any newspaper man of today to refuse to do anything which will pay him well, entirely devoid as he appears to be of any self-respect." Harsh words, Mr. Redfield, as unjust as they are harsh. F. H.

Boys and girls fare better today when they receive books or presents at Christmas or at any other time than those of the latter decades of the 19th century; better by the attractive form in which books are printed, illustrated and bound. We are not speaking of the stories themselves, whether they are now more entertaining or more sophisticated. In the sixties and early seventies the illustrations were often crude, sometimes unintentionally funny. Yet we now treasure the picture of Rollo's father explaining to him the engine of a steamboat. The pictures in Marco Paul's adventures and those in the Franconia series were not so bad. Would that we had today our copy of the story of Alexander Selkirk, with its astonishing pictures, bound in green boards. By the way, Mr. Waldo L. Schmitt for the September number of the National Geographic magazine has written an interesting article, "A Voyage to the Island Home of Robinson Crusoe," describing the island of Juan Fernandez. Crusoe never saw this island. His island was off the eastern coast of South America not far from the Orinoco. At the end of his article Mr. Schmitt admits that he does not know whether Defoe had read Selkirk's story and used it for his great romance.

Parents distracted at Christmas time in doubt as to what books would please boys and girls will not have far to seek. For boys there are stories that we have read with pleasure, thus renewing our youth. "The Shadow of the Iroquois," introducing Count Frontenac, young Blaise Lefond, about whose birth there was a mystery; the gallant Chevalier Maurice de Brillion, who might have figured in a romance by Dumas the elder. There is strange "King David," revered by the Indians; the girl with the Ring of Twisted Gold Snakes; De Amour's, the desperate villain. Good fighting, hair-breadth adventures, surprising escapes and triumphs, amazing incidents. The author, Everett McNeil, sensibly does not administer too many doses of history.

Then there is "Mutiny Island," by C. M. Bennett. The story of blood-thirsty pirates told by Martin, a cabin boy of the Splendid Dawn whose crew was abandoned on an island, the lair of cruel and desperate men who sailed under the Jolly Roger. Every healthy boy

dreams of a pirate's life and thinks of making school teachers and the boy that rubbed his face in the snow walk the plank: burying doubloons, molders and pieces-of-eight; sailing the seas in his low, black, rakish craft with the girl of his choice, Kitty Lyman or Minnie Butler eager to be a pirate's bride. If we were the father of the bright-eyed Augustus, we would read this book first though the hopeful offspring, impatient, clamored for it.

"Count Billy," by Greville Macdonald, handsomely illustrated by F. D. Bedford, is perhaps for boys of poetic imagination, written, as it is, in a higher strain. A boy brought up in a fisherman's cottage in Cornwall looks forward to his inheritance as a Spanish count. He goes to Spain, finds his castle and great riches. Strange things befall him there; he finally overcomes his pride and ambition, makes his way back to the cottage, buries his face in Santissy's lap, begging forgiveness. "Many forbidden to enter Fairyland yet hold their and strong their belief in its Truth and Beauty." A story for the young whether they are 14 or 70 years of age.

Edwin Emerson, also an adventurer, relates the "Adventures of Theodore Roosevelt." The book is illustrated by Elmer Hader. We read of Roosevelt's boyhood and student days, his love of sports, his acquaintance in the West with mustangs, bronchos, buffalos, good men and bad men; the chase of antelopes, mountain goats and the grizzly bear. The scene changes to New York, where there was also work for him as a hunter of criminals and correction of abuses and inefficiency in the police department. Roosevelt is now with the Rough Riders; now a successful politician. He shoots big game in Africa; nearly loses his life on the River of Doubt, and, a broken man, writes books, prepares Americans to enter the world war. The book is an unalloyed eulogy from the beginning to the end. With reference to Wilson and Roosevelt in the late war, Mr. Emerson is unjust to the former. Mr. Emerson writes vividly, tells stories characteristic of his hero, and is always entertaining in a breezy manner.

"The Boys' Book of Camp Life" by Elton Jessup, illustrated by Charles E. Cartwright, is full of information concerning everything connected with this out-of-door life; tents, all the paraphernalia; the requirements, experiences of camping, from care of the feet to measuring distances, from back-packing to washings and mendings, from "finding your way" to troubles and



res. "There are many different ways getting into trouble when you go mping. And there are just as many, obably more, when you live in a noisy ty." A sensible, informing, indispensable book for boys a-camping. All these books are published by E. Dutton & Co.

The Duttons also publish some de-ghful books for girls: "A Hat-Tub ale" by Caroline D. Emerson, a story two animals, Nip and Tuck, who ect pirates, find a mermaid, talk th sharks. Pleasing nonsense with pic-ures by Lois Lenski. "Little Heiskell" by Isabelle Hurl-utt—the story of a weather vane who ine down, walked through the market here he saw strange sights, made ac-aintances and learned much. The lored illustrations by Alida Conover e unusual and fascinating.

"Travels of Sammie the Turtle" told and illustrated by Marlon Bullard. This urtle of an inquiring, philosophic mind, ft his shell, put on "a turtle neck veater" and journeyed to Ashokan dam d New York. As he journeyed, e wondered at what he saw and eard. He wrote verses. It's an amus-ig book with many thrusts at a con-ventional life. When Sammie trid ainy to re-enter his shell, the Mild urtle said to him: "You can't go out to the world and do so many things nd not get bigger can you?" Sammie nswered: "I guess you had better stay eant in that shell and help with the eal estate business. A Turtle has to ave a shell for that." Mrs. Bullard ell says: "I think I write with the hildren rather than for them."

Gertrude Crownfield in "The Feast of loel" tells six tales of Provence. The hildren described by her are imagin-ry characters but the stories are based n the Provence Christmas festival, he "Adoration of the Shepherds." The ales are told with the requisite simpli-ty and sympathy and are for readers of ll ages. Decorations by Mary Lott Scan-nan.

Both boys and girls will learn how to nake "Cork Ships" by Peter Adams. en drawings by Madelaine Kroll. Ships of all sorts are described from the early gyptian type to the Marconi-rigged loop. There are even directions for naking a monitor.

Catherine Reighard, who has drama-ized plays for the Tatterman Marion-ettes (Detroit), has collected in one volume "Plays for People and Puppets," with stage directions and illustrations: "Jack and the Beanstalk," "King of the Golden River," "Rumpelstiltskin," "Pierre Patelin" and "Aladdin." There are notes for producers and actors. The bibliography is of puppets, acting, make-up, costumes, production, speech, essays on the theatre, magazines.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA

##### "State Street Sadie"

A screen melodrama, with scenario by E. F. Lowe, Jr., from a story by Melville Rossman; directed by Archie Mayo and produced with talking sequences by Warner Brothers with the following cast:  
Ralph Blake ..... Conrad Nagel  
Isobel ..... Norma Lov  
The Bat ..... William Russell  
Shinky ..... Georgie Stone

Nagel, Russell and Loy seem at pres-ent to be the ruling triumvirate in un-derworld pictures. They turned out some strong stuff in "The Girl from Chicago," and they have gone that several degrees beter in "State Street Sadie." In fact, after the story has been outlined in the first 20 minutes, the two films travel almost side by side. It is a good guess that one of them, in the making, suggested the other. "State Street Sadie" has cer-tain additional merits, and certain de-fects not found in the companion piece.

It has talking sequences, it is true, but these are not carried along con-sistently. In fact such as they are they serve chiefly to kill time. The musical accompaniment is distractingly loud. In "State Street Sadie" the police re-serves, their motorcycles and their riot guns reach the scene of carnage in far less tiresome film footage. The presence of Georgie Stone as a crook with a comic mentality and expres-sion, frequently eases the tension whenever the scenes become too tense for a nervous audience.

Mr. Nagel is the avenging machine in each film, this time as the twin brother of Joe Blake, a bank cashier who commits suicide by gas rather than be "made the goat" by his gang leader for the murder of a policeman, shot down in an attempt to frustrate a bank robbery. Russell again as "Bat" Patterson, keeper of a toy shop, is the gunman chief, with a few new tricks in homicidal expedients, and this time a fondness for cracking and chewing walnuts, whether engaged in turbulent scenes or calm convivance. Miss Loy again masquerades as a coquettish denizen of the underworld, that, with Ralph Blake, she may run down the

real murderer of her father, the police-man. You may have guessed that Mr. Russell is the murderer. Yes, but in raiding the toy shop the police do not take him alive. He shoots it out on the roof and then dives to the street, walnuts spilling from his coat pocket as he lands, dead. W. E. G.

#### TO A NEW CAR

(For As the World Wags)

Was it eyes seeing only bigger and better business, learned only in the cult of "get what you can, beat down the other man, and give the public what it wants,"—was it such eyes and hands alone that built this monument to Mercury?

O Steed of Steel and Arrow of Delight, tell the wind what you think of it, stab into space on the long night roads, and help your little maker shout his cry: "We'll beat you yet, Dark Rider of the Unrelentless Steed We'll beat you yet: This is the way to do it!"

Brookline. MARSHALL SCHACHT

#### "PUDDIN'"

"Bread Pudding" wrote to the N. Y. Sun:

"I have only now learned—my par-ents never told me—that tapioca is not grown in the United States. Like mil-lions of other voters I have not yet made up my mind how I shall vote on Nov. 6. Would not my mind and the minds of many others be won by the candidate who came out squarely—no candidate can come out any other way—for a tariff wall high enough to keep out tapioca pudding?"

We once heard an execratingly genteel woman speak of "those people who eat rice puddings." Thus she dis-missed from existence some excellent men and women who like rice pudding as long as it is stuffed with raisins. There was a restaurant in New York where five cents more were charged for this pudding if there was deep spooning, so that a thick stratum of raisins was hoisted to the surface. The nude tapioca pudding never appealed to us; it was seldom properly cooked; "apple tapioca" in the hands of a skilful cook respecting her art is not to be despised; but baked Indian pudding is fit for the feasts of the gods. A cream jug should be close at hand whether the pudding be served hot or cold.

Should one think less of a man be-cause he says "puddin'"? The host at table in one of Charles Keene's pictures in Punch asked "What gentleman says 'Puddin'?" To which an impertinent guest replied: "No gentleman says 'Puddin',' and threw emphasis on the word "gentleman."

This reminds us that the Aughton (pronounce Afton), Eng., pudding feast, held once in 21 years, is due. The most enormous of these puddings was boiled in 1886. It weighed 1236 pounds; the boiler was 3 ft. deep by 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter; the ingredients included 100 lb. flour, 100 lb. bread crumbs, 150 lb. suet, 150 lb. raisins, 150 lb. currants, 150 lb. sugar, 35 lb. candied peel, be-tween 800 and 900 eggs, 10 gallons of fresh milk, 3 gallons of rum (Oh, beau-tiful thought!) besides other things.

The first slice was cut with a highly-polished, brand-new spade. Six to eight thousand were present at the helping. It was reported at the time that the pudding was not a great culinary success.

#### WINDOW-SHOPPERS

(Elsie McCormick in the N. Y. World)

I was wondering yesterday, while strolling among the retail thoroughfares just how it would sound if men window-shopped as women do. Probably the effect would be something like this:

"Look, Jim, at that perfectly adorable black derby over there! Did you ever see such a cute little brim. I'd love to have it, only somehow since my new haircut, derbies don't become me. I don't think I'm quite the type.

"Let's go in and ask how much it is. Oh, come on; it won't take a minute. Well, all right, if you'd rather not; but I don't see why. Oh, say, have you noticed these stunning little poker chips? See, the blue ones are a new shade, something like the pencil blue they had last year, only a little darker. "And look over there! You really mustn't miss these new hip-flasks, the ones with the test-tubes attached. You can make your own tests while you wait. Aren't they the sweetest things? That reminds me: I must tell you about the new flask Eddie had at the lodge meeting last night. It was a straight-line model, sort of conservative, with bands of self-trimming running down from the cork. I really think I'll try to have it copied.

"Well, it's been just heaps of fun to look around with you. I must run over to my bootlegger's now and match a sample of Scotch."

#### LET APELLA BELIEVE IT

As the World Wags:

Grandfather lived at Waterproof Ridge all his life. He grew up to be eight feet tall and double-door broad. He married Mirandy Dingate, a remark-able woman no bigger than your hand, who could have pulled him through the eye of an embroidery needle any day. She was a powerful woman. Grand-father was scared blue of her all his life.

He always used to chuckle, though, about the time they put him in jail; he took a deep breath and burst that jail like a paper bag. It all came of doing a good turn to the old sexton of the Community Church in Water-proof Ridge Village. The sexton was getting feeble and thin, it seems, and pretty rheumatic. It was sort of a shame, grandfather thought, to make the poor old man get out of bed every Sunday morning, no matter what came the weather, to ring the bell.

So one Sunday early in the fall grandfather thought that as a surprise he'd ring the bell himself. He got up bright and early and tramped 35 miles through a fresh 10-foot fall of snow to the church. Now grandfather said he never realized what a simple task it was to ring the bell. Of course the thing only weighed two tons or more. But grandfather said he thought it ap-peared rusty in the bearings, and any-way, he said, the belfry was packed solid with ice that particular morn-ing. He gave a good hearty tug at the bell rope, but unfortunately he was too strong for it. The darn bell came tumbling down on his head. He said he never felt it, and no one, including grandfather, would ever have known who pulled the bell out of the belfry if they hadn't combed the clapper out of his whiskers in the barber shop next day.

Grandfather explained that he never gave the bell a second thought, because when he happened to glance down and notice his feet he knew Mirandy would well night skin him if she found he had walked barefooted 35 miles to town through 10 feet of snow that morning, with the thermometer at 68 below zero.

Mirandy always was kind of fussy anyhow, grandfather said, and was al-ways nagging him for just such care-lessness as this. VICE-VERSA.

#### PICKING FAVORITES

The Observer (of London) held a competition with a prize for naming the most popular heroines of fiction. The three winners in the order of voting were: Elizabeth Bennett, Clara Mid-dleton, Diana of the Crossways—two for Meredith and one for Jane Austen.

We all like to play favorites, so we name Thomas Hardy's Eustacia Vye—the suprb, the incomparable; Homer's Nausicaa, a sweet thing—Ulysses should have wedded her and given his Penelope to a suitor or two; and Mary Webb's Pru Sarn, although she did have a har-cup. George Borrow's Ispel would be named second, if she had not been so statuesque and heroic.

#### Madge Kennedy Stars in "Paris Bound," Comedy, At the Plymouth

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Madge Kennedy in "Paris Bound," comedy in three acts by Philip Barry. Presented by Arthur Hopkins.

The cast:  
Madge Kennedy ..... Donna Cook  
Jim Hutton ..... Agnes Scott  
Kora Cope ..... Martha Mayo  
Helen White ..... Jane Seymour  
Fanny Shipman ..... Edward Fielding  
James Hutton ..... John Maroney  
Richard Parrish ..... Herbert Yoshi  
Peter Cope ..... Joanna Roo-  
Noel Farley ..... Eleanor Wells  
Julie

A "comedy" the play bill terms this piece, but the advertisements add an epithet, "ultra modern." The adjective is apt. The play is so extremely up-to-date it almost anticipates tomorrow. In smartness it runs a tilt with "Vanity Fair," or tales by the novelist, Arlen. For looseness of construction, too, and for abundance and quality of talk it holds its own with the most that is written today.

This flow of dialogue, of a sort that is plainly calculated to please, stands Mr. Barry in very good stead. Of plot, indeed, he has enough, if it had pleased him to develop it. Since, however, so he did not please him at all, he had perforce to fill out his evening's en-tertainment somehow. So what so use-ful as talk?

The plot, as Mr. Barry sketched it, is quickly told. At a fashionable wed-ding a bridesmaid, indecorously drunk even for her company, told the bride-groom that she recommended him to keep his distance from here, for she knew, and he knew too, that they loved each other—although, she admitted, he loved his bride still more.

Unluckily the young man failed to follow good counsel, with the result that

the drunken girl's prophecy came true. The wife, although she held the theory that a passing infidelity matters little in the case of genuine love, learned the difference between fact and theory when she learned the fact, she de-termined to sue for divorce.

Later she changed her mind. Pro-bably why she did she failed to make clear to minds perhaps too literal. Her momentary passion for a man she did not love at all may have afforded her an insight into her husband's point of view. Her love for her husband may have proved too strong for her when he returned unexpectedly from a trip to Europe. She went off with him, at all events, as gay as you please, to see the children in the country.

When absorption in his theme leads Mr. Barry to lay by his smartness, he can write a scene effectively, with a genuine appearance of truth. A scene of the sort he planned for the drunken bridesmaid, a piteous creature in her degradation, movingly played by Miss Roos. A second stirring scene he de-vised when her father-in-law attempted to convince the wife of her folly, self-ishness and sensuality, no less, in re-senting her husband's misdemeanor—if so harsh a term could be applied to his procedure. With what admirable gravity did Mr. Fielding utter nonsense! For the moment he made it convincing.

In holding her own against him Miss Kennedy did her best work. An actress not endowed with natural emotional force has not an easy time of it in plays where she cannot resort to that useful device of ranting.

Three "walking ladies," Miss Scott, Miss Mayo and Miss Seymour, walked and talked amusingly, the best of these, Miss Seymour. Mr. Cook played the husband's part with ease, and Mr. Ma-ronney had ardor at hand for the per-son who moved the wife almost to for-get herself.

The play pleased a large audience. It would, for it is smart, it speaks very plainly, and twice in the evening it absorbs. And there is Miss Ken-nedy nearly always on the stage, an actress widely admired. R. R. G.

#### MAJESTIC THEATRE

##### "Hold Everything"

A new musical comedy in two acts, with nine scenes; book by R. C. DeSylva and John McGowan; songs by Messrs. Brown, DeSylva and Henderson; staged by Frank McCormack; settings by Henry Dreyfus; music director, Nicholas Kemper; presented by Alexander A. Arons and Vinton Freed-ly, with the following cast:

Marty ..... Buddy Horck  
Mack ..... Harry Locke  
"Muri" Levy ..... Harry Shannon  
"Pop" O'Keefe ..... Edmund Elton  
Mrs. Lloyd ..... Betty Compton  
Robbie Dunn ..... Marjorie White  
Gink Schiner ..... Bert Lahr  
Sue Burke ..... Nina Olvett  
"Toots" Breen ..... Jack Whiting  
"Sonny Jim" Brooks ..... Frank Allworth  
Dan Larkin ..... Victor Moore  
"Nosey" Bartlett ..... Robert O'Brien  
Bob Morgan ..... Phil Sheridan  
The Kicker ..... Anna Locke  
Glady's Martin ..... Harry Shannon  
Radio Announcer ..... Harry Shannon

With the opening gestures of the chorus one was told that this would be

another of those athletic affairs, this time with a prize fight for climax. And with the entrances of Messrs. Moore, as "Nosey," the training camp chef, and Lahr, at Gink Schiner, as the prelimi-nary fighter who had been in 64 battles and never quit a winner, it was evident that it would be a funny show. Funny it was, and is. Many a musical comedy consists of a tiny ball of comedy wound round and round with yards of rhythmic frills, known as the score. "Hold Every-thing" reverses the formula. The score is in the centre and comedy by yards and yards encompasses it. It is no ex-aggeration to state that the DeSylva-McGowan book is the funniest, most plausible of any disclosed in pieces of this type here this season; or for that matter, for some time previously. It exudes humor in every line delivered by "Nosey" or Gink. Their scenes with Nosey's home-brew, schnitzel-pootzer, he calls it, and in the electric bath when Gink tries to remove surplus weight and Nosey and "Toots" forget the combina-tion which shuts off the electrical cur-rent, are incentives to roars of laughter. Speaking of "Toots," brings us to a ver-y clever little lady, Nina Olvett by name. She seems to be one of the best serio-comics the stage has brought forth in recent years. She really belongs up ther with Messrs. Moore and Lahr when the evening's laughs are totalled up.

"Sonny Jim" Brooks, out for the world's championship, is as clean-cut as Tunney. He loves Sue Burke, who knows something of the fighting game through her father, a trainer in his day. Sue frustrates a plot to frame Jim in his big bout, but their love af-fairs are shaken up a bit before the referee declares Jim the winner against Bob Morgan, the old champion. The prize ring scene, incidentally, is merely a tableau. You see no blow struck, but you know that Jim is a victor. Un-doubtedly the audience had allor itself to hope that there would genuine if brief encounter.

Mr. Whiting as "Sonny Jim"



manly, an engaging lover, a better dancer than singer. Miss Munson a sure hand looks, acts easily, dances well. Miss Crompton and Miss White added dancing bits. Miss Locke and Messrs. Horak and Bobby Locke contributed an amazing dance specialty up and down six broad steps. The music was sufficiently noisy for a large chorus of very energetic young women who stamped as if with hob-nailed shoes and formed many odd stage groupings. There are two good sentimental ditties, "You're the Cream of My Coffee," and "To Know You Is to Love You." Miss Olivette and Mr. Lahr have a mirth-provoking duet, "When I Love, I Love." Mr. Moore does not sing much, nor dance. His are the quiet methods of a well-seasoned comedian, safe, clean and sure. The settings are in good taste, the costumes simple, neither garish nor over-elaborate. When its all over its fairly safe to prophesy that your last thoughts

will be of the ludicrous Mr. Lahr, the unctuous Mr. Moore, the versatile Miss Olivette. W. E. G.

#### COLONIAL THEATRE

##### Thurston, the "Master Magician"

A program of magic, card passing, letter demand, levitation, etc., an entertainment in three parts. Miss Jay Thurston, daughter of the magician, in songs and dances and a program of magic with several assisting dancers.

It is a long time, if memory serves, since a major magician appeared at a local theatre. Small wonder then that the Colonial housed a very large audience. Many no doubt in the audience recalled Herrmann, the Great; and Kellar, he of the pate as smooth as polished marble, and both exuding that something that suggested the old fellow himself from the infernal regions. Not so with Mr. Thurston, for he might have stepped on the stage as any one of the dinner guests of the nearby Touraine.

The magician's program contained much that was old, and an abundance of new tricks. Never have we seen the old ones presented so convincingly, so rapidly holding the attention of the audience. This was particularly true of the trick embodying the sawing of the woman in halves. A generous committee of some 50 from the audience assisted on the stage. But it was the "line" of the chief performer, his casual comments and "asides" that rounded out the illusion.

The comedy line has often been a pitfall for the magician, spilling an otherwise good act, but Mr. Thurston seems to know the line of demarcation and he avoids pounding it in. Much time was spent on cabinet tricks; his card manipulation was a finished performance, and he amplified the levitation act by waving the subject from the black recesses of up-stage down over the apron and for good measure down two of the steps leading to the auditorium. As a conclusion to this act the subject disappears with the withdrawal of the robe.

But the program includes 40 features, and it is a task to cull the outstanding ones in limited space for they all were good. Let it be said that the performer baffled and bewildered his audience at will and entertained them the while.

But just one word for his pretty daughter. A girl who prefers to remain a girl, unsophisticated and free from gush. She is very good to look at, and she dances neatly and sings in a "cute" voice. With her youth and beauty—and application—promise should lead to fulfillment.

One does not need to be versed in the lore of magic to enjoy this splendid entertainment. The boy within us just will not down. T. A. R.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "Scrambled Wives"

A comedy-farce in three acts by Adelaide Matthews and Martha M. Stanley. The cast: George Barlow, Georgia Nease, Dicky Van Arsdale, Thomas H. McKnight, Martin, John Junior, Edith Shayne, Connie Chivertick, Marie Bianchi, John Chivertick, Don Reddick, Larry McLeod, John Warner, Bessie Carlton, Dorothy Cox, Leo L. Smith, Marion Gray, Benjamin Hester, George R. Tiede.

The alphabetical mazdas which twinkle this week in front of Keith-Albee's steel house somehow suggest Avery Hopwood palamas, Turkish baths and absinthe frappes, but don't believe a word of it. There is plenty of frivolity in this week's opus, but "Scrambled Wives" is amusingly effervescent rather than desperately sophisticated. A divorcee reclines on a chaise-longue, and a man hides behind her bedroom curtain but his intentions are embar-

rassedly honorable rather than leeringly concupiscent.

There is a house party on one of the Thousand Islands, and the guests are unhappily chosen, for John Chivertick's former wife arrives on the scene and puts the well meaning John to all sorts of trouble to keep her identity from his extremely possessive second wife. Mrs. Smith, the divorcee, is there because she wishes to capture the affections of Larry McLeod, another guest, and she also wishes to keep the secret of her former marriage.

Among the four couples, odd woman, and butler who comprise the week-end household, there are enough other supplementary threads of farcical misunderstanding to make a tangle requiring two hours and a half to unwind. Husbands and wives enter rooms at the wrong times, and explanatory lies are necessitated which involve the speakers more deeply.

The crisis descends in the midst of a third-act thunderstorm which makes women scream and men get protective. The thunderstorm was a poorly managed affair, with plenty of bass drum, but none of that cloth-ripping effect, and no simulation of nail kegs falling through greenhouses.

Marion Grant played a Madge Kennedy role in good Madge Kennedy fashion, and all others were generally acceptable. H. F. M.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

COLEY—"The Bellamy Trial," mystery drama.

COLONIAL—Thurston, the magician.

HOLLIS ST.—"The 19th Hole," comedy.

MAJESTIC—"Hold Everything," musical comedy.

PLYMOUTH—"Paris Bound," comedy.

SHUBERT—"Golden Dawn," operetta.

ST. JAMES—"Scrambled Wives," comedy.

TREMONT—"Just A Minute," musical comedy.

WILBUR—"Take the Air," musical comedy.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Show Girl"

A screen satire, adapted from J. P. McEvoy's story of the same title, directed by Alfred Santell, produced by First National and presented by Richard A. Rowland with the following cast:

Dixie Dugan	Alice White
Alvarez Romano	Donald Reed
Denny	Lee Moran
Clifton	Charles Delaney
Nita Dugan	Richard Tucker
Mr. Dugan	Gwen Lee
Mrs. Dugan	Jimmie Finlayson
Poppy	Kate Price
Amblizer	Hugh Roman
	Bernard Randall

When Eppus and Kibbitzer, theatrical producers, took on Jimmy Doyle's musical comedy, they changed his title of "The Girl from Woolworth's" to "The Girl from Tiffany's." They told him the original was "kinda cheap," and that instead of a boarding house set they were going to use a ship's deck. When they finished with "The Girl from Woolworth's," poor Jimmy didn't know his own brain-child.

Mr. McEvoy ere now must know just how his hero, Jimmy Doyle felt. "Show Girl" of the screen is no more "Show Girl" of the story than Main street, Georgia, is Broadway. It has been minced into a tenement house farce, with much stress on the parental strife of Mr. Finlayson and Miss Price, in the interpolated roles of Mr. and Mrs. Dugan. Nita, Dixie's sister, is merely present to help scan tabloid headlines and open telegrams. Denny, the greeting card salesman, quite worldly-wise in the story, becomes a sap in the picture. Kibbitzer and Eppus, as the film shows them, yield no slightest hint of the sardonic humor allotted them by Mr. McEvoy. They have become just two automatons, with nothing to do or say. The back-stage scene of the dress rehearsal, so exceptionally funny in the narrative, has been excised. Instead, much time is given to Dixie's night club stepping. Milton, the amorous "angel," is sniffed out of the picture with the cheapest of lines by Dixie, after she has scored her hit and recovered her errant Jimmy. Miss White, as the wise little show girl, screens well, giving her own conception of the role.

It is possible that Mr. McEvoy was consulted in the titling of the picture. Many of them were funny, and the audience was quick to respond with laughter; but with perhaps one or two exceptions they were not to be recognized as original McEvoyan quips. Somehow, they did not sound like the fellow who turned out one of the cleverest, most amusing, most searching travesties of Broadway life and characterization in many a dull day. W. E. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "The Cameraman"

A screen comedy by Clyde Bruckman, directed by Edward Sedgwick and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Luke	Buster Keaton
Sally	Marceline Day
Stagg	Harold Goodwin
Editor	Sidney Bracy
Coop	Harry Gribbon

Buster Keaton—the comedian with the wistful and pathetic face—hoists an antiquated movie newsreel camera to his slim shoulders and staggers bravely through long wars, fires and speed-

boat accidents to win the girl of his choice. Marceline Day plays the part of Sally, the almost unbelievably kind-hearted creature who aids and abets the dogged Luke in proving to the world that he is "some" cameraman.

The scene in which the speed-boat gets out of control and then runs wild impressed us more than the more-frequently done fight between the warring Chinese, except for the fact that the impressive little monkey brought into the picture at about that time certainly did pepper away some mean machine gun bullets. In fact, the former denizen of the jungle went through his tricks and facial expressions so capably that he deserved mention in the cast.

The film has many amusing spots, though personally we have seen previous vehicles for Mr. Keaton which tickled our funny bone much more, among them being "College." This may be partly due to the titles, which are so poor in "The Cameraman," that they frequently verge to low-grade vaudeville. Comedies, like other types of photoplays, should speak for themselves effectively enough to make such smart sayings as "the fire isn't at the which house but the warehouse" entirely superfluous.

Marceline Day is soothing to the eye as Sally, and Harold Goodwin is well cast as the jealous Stagg, whose cowardice is revealed by our friend the "monk" with a clever bit of camera work. O. S.

5/20/28

The Herald has received several letters in answer to the article about suicide, signed "Harry Carry" and published in this column on Sept. 12. Some of the writers neglected to give their names. Some failed to see the humor in "Harry Carry's" conclusion to his defence of suicide and spoke solemnly, as from a pulpit, denouncing his heterodox views. It is not necessary, perhaps, to say that we do not endorse the views of all our contributors, nor are we to be held responsible for them. There are times when we even disagree with Mr. Herkimer Johnson's opinions about the conduct of life.

At present we are not inclined to jump or stumble through the open door, even when it is set ajar encouragingly by no less a person than Epictetus. There are books to read; there is talk with well-trying friends; there's the wind on the heath, brother. Yet we have known (and probably shall know), downcast hours; when we have been tempted in the morning to say "Would God it were even!" and at even, "Would God it were morning!"

The letter written by Mr. Merrill, which we now publish, states a problem that has been put to many and does not admit easily of solution.

#### EUTHANASIA

As the World Wags:  
Many thanks for your publication on the 12th inst. of the letter in defence of suicides as the mention of suicide seems to act nowadays on unthinking people (of course the great majority nowadays) like a red rag on a bull. "Each man's destiny therefore, is his own, is it not?" Or as Mill wrote 50 years ago, "Neither one person nor any number of persons is warranted in saying to another human creature of ripe years, that he shall not do with his life for his own benefit, what he chooses to do with it."

We suppose we are living in a civilized age, but are we? We have, and greatly to our credit, societies for prevention of cruelty to animals and for prevention of cruelty to children, but where are the most important ones? For prevention of cruelty to incurables? We put out of life suffering pet animals and at the same time keep hardly alive, perhaps for weeks, humans who are suffering horribly in order that they may be kept alive for what purpose? To go through hours of further torture while the victim is praying for relief and rest.

I know, personally, among many others who are praying for death, one who for 14 years has never been able to speak intelligibly and who, for anything I know, may be kept alive 14 years more. Perhaps he does not suffer physically, but suppose he is partly conscious at times. About 25 years ago there was a symposium in a Boston paper on "Euthanasia" in which Dr. Lorimer said: "As to life and death, that should be left to a higher power, etc." to which I replied: "Very well; leave it there then and don't attempt to keep life in a body when the higher power is attempting to drive it out." Of course, after the manner of his class, when they cannot answer, he did not reply. Personally, I think the man who keeps his victim alive under those circumstances is born 300 years late. He belongs in the Spanishquisition when they tried to keep the tortured alive as long as possible.

S. A. MERRILL.

Boston.

The choir will now sing these lines by Sir William Watson:

The Gods, being merry, and having for a whim  
Created Man to make a jest of him.  
And taken counsel of their hearts how best  
To crown with a pure perfectness the jest.  
Set him fast-anchored shiplike mid the foam  
Of the Infinite Seas he else had joyed to roam.  
There doth he bear, while tempest round him flits,  
The laughter of the great, high, heavenly Wits;  
And there, though he persuades himself that he  
Is well contented with captivity  
He dreams of the isles he never hath espied,  
And the far oceans to his sails denied.

#### As the World Wags:

Information emanating from the bureau of engraving and printing, Washington, is to the effect that the new bills are being printed and stored so that they may become thoroughly dry. In view of the fact that the Anti-Saloon league dominates most of our government departments, I beg to inquire whether this is a new scheme of the W. C. T. U. to make our new currency safe for democracy? But this is not what I started to say about the revised medium of exchange which we are soon to enjoy. I am reminded of one of the present bills of the \$2 denomination which so far has escaped attention of the Watch and Ward Society. The engraved group delineated on the reverse side discloses the central figure of a female, bare to the waist, sitting on and surrounded by conventional symbols of prosperity. Beneath it is the usual legend beginning "payable to" and directly underneath this semi-nude figure are the continuing words of the legend, "bearer on demand!" Is this a promise or a threat? Oh, Samuel, how could you! Hi, there, boy, page Dr. Calkins.

WOOF WOOF.

#### As the World Wags:

In the New Haven railroad office, where John got his first job, there are three other men "and a brunette." Ha, ha, maybe that's why John has to have a guard. Hey! Hey! No wonder a big, strong United States secret service agent with a .44 gat in his hip pocket has to protect John. You have to watch out now for these here brunettes. Or maybe the guard is to keep John from playing the saxophone? R. H. L.

#### -A XVIII CENTURY SONG

(Revised—with apologies)

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,"  
"Like little mice, stole in and out"—  
A sweet and comely sight.  
But now the up-to-datey pote  
Can sing her knees, that court the light.

No longer "tangled in her hair,"  
"And fettered to her cye"  
Her Eton crop is my despair,  
In cingless brevity.

"No beauty she doth miss,"  
"When all her robes are on"—  
I wit not Beauty's self she is,  
Now (nearly) all her robes are gone.

R. C. R.

in the London Daily Chronicle

#### VARIANTS

(From the Observer, London)

The historian who seeks to make sure of Lord Banbury's "ipsissima verba" at the philanthropic but obstreperous meeting of last week will find a confusion of testimony. Alternative versions of one sentence are:

"I do not know who the hell you are."  
—Telegraph.

"Who the hell are you, sir?"—Morning Post.

"Who the devil are you?"—Manchester Guardian.

"Who are you, sir?"—Birmingham Post.

"I don't know who you are."—Express.

"Who the — are you?"—Daily Herald.

The Daily News reports that Lord Banbury "was understood to use the word 'hell,'" while the Times, with equal scrupulosity, says "Mr. Grain told the meeting that Lord Banbury swore at him, saying, 'Who the hell are you?'"

In some cases the speaker's notes can clear up a difficulty, but this is probably not one of them.

5/26/28

#### TO A GIRL EATING A SANDWICH

(For As the World Wags)

Hail to thee, who perchest light  
For a sedentary bite!  
Ere the whistle shall have blown  
Take this hour for thine own.  
Think not of the working bench,  
Solitary, winsome wench!



...a nymph. I swear,  
I'll pursue thee down the stair;  
Through the streets we'd go a-chasin'  
And thou leaped into the Basin,  
Turning to a mermaid green,  
Diving to depths unseen.

...munch your ham-and-egg,  
Sitting on a dusty keg,  
And I'm just a lazy clerk  
Who would rather dream than work.  
—C. LEOPATRUS.

...den" writes that the elevator in  
the Hotel at Tel Aviv near Jaffa  
is the first one to be installed in  
Palestine. He refers to IL Chronicles  
t. 1.

...and when the Queen of Sheba had  
seen his wisdom of Solomon and the  
fact that he had built . . . and his  
wisdom by which he went up . . . there  
was no more spirit in her."

There are 80,000 new cases of tuber-  
culosis each year, and so how can we  
claim to be checking the scourge? I  
believe our methods are absolutely hope-  
less regards its treatment and cure.—  
Dr. Crofton of Dublin, Ireland.

As the World Wags:  
Since the recent discussion in the  
House regarding the purity of Quebec  
French, I have paid some attention to  
the English used by the natives of cen-  
tral New Hampshire.

Among other things of interest, I  
note a lack of the irregular imperfect  
tense and past participle. For in-  
stance, "taached" is used for "taught,"  
"swimmed" for "swam" or "swum," and  
"drived" for "drank" or "drunk."  
"Cumbed" is used, but most always it  
is pronounced with a short "i," as in  
the rest of the verb. The verb "to be"  
is used in the pristine state, for one  
finds such terms as "I be," "it be," and  
"you be."

What is known in the South as  
chewing tobacco" and in the marine  
corps as "keen spitting" is called "eat-  
ing tobacco" up here. When the na-  
tives pass legal papers they say they  
"have made writings." I recently came  
upon this last expression while reading  
Fielding.

If one must go to Quebec to hear pure  
French perhaps one should come to  
New Hampshire to acquire pure Eng-  
lish.  
VILLERS ST. BENOIT.  
Bridgewater, N. H.

Mr. St. Benoit takes local English in  
New Hampshire with becoming calm-  
ness but Mr. Mark Hunter in London  
is greatly exercised over the verb "to  
beseech."

"I find the, to me, inadmissible form  
beseeched" invariably used in a recent  
work, viz, the translation by Mr. Hamish  
Miles of Andre Maurois's "Disraeli." Has  
this use become current? On historic  
grounds "besought" is to be preferred  
since "beseech" belongs to a class of  
weak verbs in which the seemingly ir-  
regular formation of the pt. and p.p.,  
beside the present tense, has a simple  
philological explanation. But correct-  
ness in language is a matter of usage,  
and usage varies from age to age.  
"Beseeched" appeared in the 16th  
century. Milton used it later, so did  
that admirable writer, William Beck-  
ford, in 1835. The Oxford Dictionary  
says that "beseeched" is "now regarded  
as incorrect," but this dictionary's  
article on "beseech" is the volume pub-  
lished in 1888.

**A WARNING**  
(By O. Goldsmith and Another)  
O! fares the land, to hastening ills a  
prey,  
Where women dominate and men obey.  
—THE OTHER.

**THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO**  
(A one-act playlet in which the author  
demonstrates his almost unbelievable knowl-  
edge of the Spanish and Aztec languages.)  
Time: Quite a while ago.

SCENE: Interior of an adobe  
cuchinette apartment in ancient  
Mexico. Cortez, the Spanish gold-  
seeker, is parked at the table. Across  
from him is seated Montezuma, king of  
the Aztecs, who has breezed into the  
room in answer to a summons. Be-  
tween these two hoodlums is seated an-  
other Spanish Onion named Kelly, who  
acts as interpreter. Mr. Montezuma is  
wearing a solid gold suit with extra  
trousers, solid silver sandals, green gold  
socks, Roman gold earrings, white gold  
underwear, and Old Gold claretts. My  
dear, you should have saw him!

Mr. Cortez (to Mr. Kelly): "La Pa-  
mona toreador Madrid olive-oil seniorita  
manana, and be damned quick about  
it, too!"

Mr. Kelly (to Monty): "This gink  
wants tuh know where yuh annexed all  
that 22 carat linterie. Answer fast, kid,  
or I don't stutter."

Monty (to Kelly): "Menu a la Carte  
tsagh shrdlu auf Wiedersehen, at least,  
be's my story an' I'll—"

Kelly (to Cortez): "He claims he  
grabbed that trousseau on the install-  
ment plan."

Cortez (to Kelly): "Picador matador  
door Castilian castanets, doggone

his brown hide.

Kelly (to Monty): "My boss wants  
tuh know how come you are smoking  
Old Cold an' coughing violently at  
the same time? There ain't supposed  
tuh be a cough in a carload—"

Monty (to Kelly): "Yocksl mush  
boola-boola hors d'oeuvre, an' how!"

Kelly (to Cortez): "He says this is  
his second carload an' the guarantee  
don't cover it. I think this gink is  
slinging us some hoocy!"

Cortez (to Kelly): "Hot tamale Bar-  
celona Porto Rico, the doily bum!"

Kelly (to Monty): "My boss says you  
are a lying moron. I don't know what  
a moron is, but I think it's a guy what  
lives in Salt Lake City an' has a flock  
of wifes! Think up a cute answer for  
that one, darling, because this other  
bozo is two laughs ahead of yuh!"

Monty (to Kelly): "Chill con carne  
E pluribus union gesundheit!"

Kelly (right back at Monty): "Oh,  
you dirty thing! Tell him that your-  
self!"

(CURTAIN)  
SNOWSHOE AL.

**O BE JOYFUL!**  
As the World Wags:  
"Gov. Smith as President" said Mr.  
Edward M. Sullivan, Democratic candi-  
date for Congress in the 12th district,  
"can," in his first message, advise that  
Congress redefine the maximum alco-  
holic content so that instead of the  
present one-half of one per cent. limit,  
it may be legal to manufacture and sell  
beverages containing as much as five  
or 10 or even a greater per cent. of  
alcohol. He can urge this as an emer-  
gency measure—to become effective at  
once."

Considering the fact that the finest  
beer manufactured only contains six  
per cent. of alcohol, the excellent Mr.  
Sullivan is going to see that we have 10  
or even a greater per cent. of alcohol  
in the beer which will immediately be  
available after election day. Whoopee  
parties will be thrown more frequently,  
and life will once more be bearable.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.  
The choir will now sing a verse from  
"Ecclesiasticus, or The Wisdom of  
Jesus."  
What is man?  
And whereto serveth he?  
What is his good?  
And what is his evil?  
The number of man's days at the most  
are a hundred years:  
As a drop of water from the sea,  
And a pebble from the sand,  
So are a few years in the day of eternity

Let us see what a Russian has to say  
about a cinema play of Russian life,  
"Tempest."

Notes and Lines:  
John Barrymore, though very win-  
ning, is certainly no Russian peasant in  
lineaments or manner. In this the film  
holds no "mirror up to nature." Nor  
are the mass of the characters resem-  
bling in traits or movements the  
Russians. I should say that the word  
"spurious" would characterize my im-  
pression of this film of Russian life,  
absorbing as the film is, but uncon-  
vincing. A nobleman is John in every  
look and motion.

Camilla Horn is charming in simpli-  
city. With her is no extraneous motion,  
no affectation of a "leading lady." Her  
beauty is genuine; her personality  
stamped with refinement.

The old general is "veridique," as the  
French say. He looks like a Russian—  
even his twinkling humor has a Tartar  
slyness in it. Here is real Russian flesh  
and blood. The noblemen are quite true  
to form, and the mazurka is a thrilling  
performance which carries one back to  
the days of the Tsar. The reminiscent  
sensation that this alone produces is  
worth the price of admission.

The realism of the picture is not  
exaggerated either pro or con bol-  
shevism.

All in all the production, historically  
or histrionically, does not rank with  
"Ivan the Terrible," produced by the  
Moscow Art Players in Russia, although  
as romance "Tempest" is more satis-  
factory. One should see these films in  
rotation to get the full effect of con-  
trast and thus correspondingly enhance  
one's enjoyment. M. S.

Somerville.

The Herald has received the follow-  
ing entertaining letter about concert  
matinees in Australia:

"When I arrived in Sydney I asked  
Paling of the then great music house  
in Sydney, what he thought of my giv-  
ing afternoon recitals. 'My dear  
madame,' he said, 'never, never. No  
English nor Scotch in Australian Sydney  
will lose their tea to go to any perfor-  
mance. That is the reason no afternoon  
concerts have ever been given here in  
this country.' I was much disturbed, so  
I talked it over a cup of tea with the  
then Premier of New South Wales, Sir  
Alexander Stuart. I said, 'Do you know  
what I'll do? I will give them their  
tea at the recital.' He was delighted.  
'That's great, go on, I'll help you. Get  
your subscription paper ready, come to

the Parliament at recess, and I'll sign  
and ask them all to sign also."

"The tea house we were in at the  
time was a new one and very fashion-  
able, conducted by a Chinaman. Sir  
Alexander called him and told him I  
wanted to see him on some business and  
he wanted him to do all he could to  
make it easy for me. We made all the  
arrangements. Quong Tart said: 'What  
will you do for me?' I answered that  
of course I would pay him what I agreed  
to. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'me want my  
name on the program.' For a minute I  
was nonplussed. I told him I would  
think it over. I consulted Sir Alexan-  
der; he laughed and said, 'Well, the  
whole thing is so novel and Quong Tart is  
such a card just now for his delicious  
tea, I don't see any objection.' And so  
on the program the name went. Every-  
body had tea. I assure you, and I was  
rather trembling in my shoes, as I had  
agreed to pay for the breaking of those  
beautiful Chinese cups and spoons, all  
fine porcelain, which Quong used. The  
papers wrote about the 'venture.' When  
I showed the programs to Adelina Patti  
in San Francisco a few years later, she  
roared. As I was a stranger in Sydney  
I wanted the young pianist, Miss Eva  
Thompson, to join me. She was a Syd-  
ney girl. I had the charge of the pro-  
grams and engaging of artists. You  
could see I had to give pretty good  
music (that was in 1883!).

"MADAME ALEXANDER-MARIUS."  
The programs of the six concerts had  
this note:

"INTERVAL"  
"Mr. Quong Tart has with most gen-  
erous manner offered to supply his  
famous Cup of Tea during the interval."

But what is tea to a delighted, per-  
plexed or weary audience? The Germans  
manage these things better. We still see  
Berliners and musical enthusiasts of  
Dresden and Munich in the intermis-  
sion rushing to the food trough for  
ham sandwiches, sausages, raw ham  
and litres of beer, gobbling and guzzling  
in their enthusiasm over a symphony  
by Brahms, a sweating piano-pounder,  
or a fat soprano shouting bravely and  
persistently a half tone below the true  
pitch, which in its way is a feat,  
though not a commendable one.

Mr. St. John Ervine, reviewing "Cross  
My Heart" for the New York World did  
not find the dialogue amusing. He re-  
called one jest: "Mrs. Gobble is asked  
by a lady whether the Maharaja of  
Mah-Ha is a man of high rank in his  
country. 'There's nobody ranker!' she  
replies. Oh, God who savest men save  
most of men the man who thought of  
that bright jest! One gentleman  
laughed at it, but on reconsidering the  
matter he apologized to his neighbors."

A story about Beerbohm-Tree passing  
into the cathedral at a Gloucester  
music festival is new to us. "He heard  
a man arguing excitedly with a steward,  
who refused to let him enter without  
his ticket, which he declared he had  
lost. Losing his temper, the disap-  
pointed one demanded rhetorically, 'Do  
you think tickets will be required to  
enter heaven?' 'Possibly not, sir,' was  
the reply, 'but madame will not be sing-  
ing there.'"

And here is a story in Nouvelles Lit-  
teraires. During the world war a school  
for young girls in the Midi was visited  
by two distinguished English teachers  
passing through the town. To do them  
honor the principal asked the pupils  
to sing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary,"  
in English. The visitors listened re-  
ligiously, and at the end one of them  
said to the teacher: "Ah, madame, how  
beautiful is the language of Provence!"  
As the principal was a teacher of Eng-  
lish she nearly fainted.

**A SLICE OF FILM LIFE**  
(Manchester, Eng., Guardian)

Would-be applicants for fame as a  
film star ought to be a little sobered by  
a new story from Hollywood. An ac-  
tress booked for a prominent part in a  
new production had been instructed to  
get her weight down, but this she failed  
to do by dieting or exercise. "Fearing  
the loss of important engagements . . .  
she underwent a fat-reducing operation.  
The surgeons removed fatty tissue by  
four lacerations, and . . . she is re-  
ported to be recovering remarkably well  
and will be out of hospital soon." It  
can only be suggested that the producers  
of Hollywood missed a great opportunity  
for a new thriller—they ought to have  
"shot" a revised version of "The Mer-  
chant of Venice" in which Shylock real-  
ly did exact his pound of flesh, and let  
this courageous young lady play the part  
of Antonio.

It sounds, however, as though a good  
deal more than a pound must have been  
extracted by the Hollywood surgeons,  
who, before they set about cutting down  
their available material, must have been  
carefully instructed in how much sub-  
editing was required. After all, there  
must be different standards even at  
Hollywood—the lady designed for an in-  
genue type would need more hacking

than a full-size, semi-oriental vamp.  
Perhaps the operators approach their  
task murmuring gently to themselves,  
like an old-fashioned carver, "Beef thin  
but mutton thick."

Notes and Lines: Dr. Edward Schall,  
a music professor down in East Or-  
ange, N. J., says to the parents of the  
United States: "Teach a boy to blow  
a saxophone and he will never blow a  
safe." Think of a father facing such a  
choice as that.

**TIME AND THE LADY**

(In the whole-hearted Elizabethan fashion)  
I've loved you twenty years since  
yesterday;  
For Time has broke his hour-glass  
and the sands,  
Between his clutching and distracting  
hands,  
Run idly and dispersedly away.

Who shall bring tape and measure and  
assay  
By line or hour or minute Love's  
demands.  
Or find, in other years or other lands,  
You would say me, or I would say you,  
Nay?

A bogey to fright children with! That  
wig—  
That pasteboard scythe—that simu-  
lated stoop—  
While the old reprobate can dance a jig  
As nimbly-footed as his latest dupe!  
So, having sent the impostor to the  
block  
We two can love, and never mind the  
clock.

A London draper although he left  
behind him a fortune of nearly £200,-  
000 was a merry old soul. He was fa-  
mous in his lifetime for unpunctuality,  
so he had stated at the end of his will:  
"As I have always had the reputation  
of being late for my appointments, my  
joy will still be to be late at my funeral  
—and hope my friends will enjoy the  
joke. Make me ten minutes late."  
Alas for him and his little jest! The  
will was not opened until after the  
funeral.

As the World Wags:  
Haven't the sign makers overlooked a  
bet in making auto plates for Gov.  
Smith? Instead of

I propose ALE SMITH  
Yours uproariously  
WINAND BEERY.

J. W. G. recommends Mr. C. H. Bird-  
seye, topographer, for our Hall of Fame.

As the World Wags:  
Laura said she went to a Hoover  
radio party. She thought the speech  
was swell, but was disappointed because  
Mr. Hoover didn't say something in  
favor of a stricter enforcement of the  
18th amendment. "But I don't suppose  
I would have heard it even if he had,"  
said Laura, "because they were making  
so much noise snaking cocktails."  
R. H. L.

A paper was read at a recent meeting  
of the British Association in which the  
case of a novelist, an Oxford graduate,  
was discussed. This novelist thought he  
had mumps, but when he was "psycho-  
analyzed," he was found to be suffering  
from a "vivid memory of early child-  
hood"; an emotional crisis was the re-  
sult of early recollections of teething.  
This suggested to entertaining and bril-  
liant "Lucio" a new line of literary  
criticism:

"Mr. Herbert Croop's new novel is  
remarkable at once for its deeply sig-  
nificant handling of sexual aberrations  
and chicken pox, the keynote of infan-  
tile paralysis is finely struck in the first  
chapter, and from there onwards the  
handling of Roxana's unfortunate pas-  
sion for her great-aunt is plainly and  
effectively derived from a subsequent  
attack of German measles. Roxana her-  
self is a figure of stark and tragic  
beauty; adenoids and incipient epilepsy  
are equally indicated in the author's  
masterly development of her character.  
Traces of whooping cough are to be dis-  
cerned in the climax of this deeply  
penetrating study of modern life, and it  
may be that the earlier removal of the  
author's tonsils would have turned his  
attention to musical comedy."

**FANTASY**  
(For As the World Wags)

I was seated one night at my bright  
wood fire,  
Watching the sparks shooting higher,  
higher.  
All the beauty that's lived and died  
Was there like a mist at my warm  
hearth-side.  
Then, as I dreamed and dreamed alone,  
B-r-r-ring! went the telephone,  
And the landlady said, "Let me tell you  
Your rent is two months overdue."  
Well, a crazy sort of a madcap whim  
Came to my brain as I called to him  
"Take your house—it's a ball and chain!"



I'm going to live with the stars and the rain.

"I haven't a dollar. I haven't a cent. I'll go where there never is any rent." I said good-by to my friendly blaze. And wandered off, down the moonlit ways.

J. T. D.

As the World Wags:

A while ago, I knewed a man here to Podunkett, name o' Beasley, Zenas Beasley. We called him a pretty prudent critter, but he was real ingenious, too; always figgerin' out some way o' savin' labor or some short cut or other. Some times the short cuts took him longer'n 'twould ter go round by the main road, but then, that's neither here nor there.

Wal, one mornin' in April, Zenas was standing in his barn doorway, watchin' his chickens pick up grain. The yard was full o' sawdust 'n the chickens got considerable o' that, along with the grain. Zenas see that, 'n he says to hisself, "Them chickens seem ter thrive on sawdust. 'n it's a good deal cheaper 'n grain. Why couldn't I gradually put in more sawdust 'n less grain until I git 'em ter catin' clear sawdust?" he says. Wal, he done it, 'n the chickens thrive 'n was as good lookin' as you'd want'er see. Come the next March, Zenas, he set one o' the hens on a full nest o' thirteen eggs, 'n in due course o' time she hatched out thirteen chickens.

But twelve o' them chickens had wooden legs, 'n the thirteenth one was a woodpecker.

SI PRIME.

Podunkett.

Appropos of country life, a contributor to the London Daily Chronicle writes:

Many people like myself, have been puzzled by the strange predilection of our wild flowers for growing near towns and villages, rather than in the open country. "In a word, the cat is the explanation," a Sussex botanist told me yesterday. "The cat?" I asked, more bewildered than ever. "Yes, because numerous flowers require humble bees to fertilize them; but if field mice live in the same area, such vermin destroy the honeycomb, and kill nearly all the bees, thus prohibiting their all-essential operations. With domestic cats reducing the number of mice, our flora develops perfectly."

52/29 1928

#### HORSES

(For As the World Wags)

Kindly, patient, plodding horses, Faithful, loving, labor-sharing, Straining at their heavy collars, Hoofs upon the pavement beating, In tune with deep rumbling wheels, Loyal mates, heads bobbing in unison, Mighty muscles, taut as steel strands, As they tug at heavy loads in peacetime,

Or gallop into battle with cannons and caissons,

Passing time, in brief spells of waiting, By playful bites and nibbles on the neck, Or dozing with chins resting upon the whiffletree,

Refusing to eat, if perchance apart, Pleased at an apple or a friendly pat, Forelocks drooping over tranquil eyes, Round, trustful, innocent as a child's, Noses soft as the velvet of kings,

Countless artists have painted their noble heads, Lions fear the bite and kick of an enraged stallion,

And dread to pass near the mares and foals,

Guarded by the shrill-neighing horse king,

Though slaves, they lose not their nobility,

But do their work with cheerfulness,

Horses, the noble friends of mankind,

Whose plumed heads grace the parades of victory,

Whose bodies lie beside their riders in defeat. JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### AGAIN THE DEMON

In these cruel prohibition days we read that the French vintage of 1928 is marvelous for quality. Wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy and Champagne were never finer or more plentiful. The laborers in the vineyards sing merrily as they tread under bare feet the luscious grapes. Yet there is a report that some of the red wines are only coarse Spanish wines brought over the border to be doctored a little and alluringly labelled at Bordeaux. It matters little to dwellers in our land; the home industry is promising, and strong men can become ossified by drinking wine of dandelions.

Not long ago a letter was published in an English newspaper to this effect: "I should be glad to have the recipe for making wine from the seed hips of the wild dog rose."

This led "Lucio" to comment on the question as follows:

"And when he has got that perhaps he will want to know how to make champagne from iron filings and best British Burgundy from beet-root leaves. After all, modern chemistry is equal to

most transformations, and if American bootleggers can make Scotch whiskey from sawdust it ought to be quite possible to work hips and haws up into some form of potable fluid.

"As a matter of fact, one knows in advance what the recipe will be. Most of these old English still-room formulas run the same way. You take a bunch of dock leaves or dandelions and 'bruise' them (it is essential that they should be knocked about a bit) in two and a half gallons of best Canary wine. Then you add six bottles of best French brandy, take out the vegetable matter, cork tightly, and call the result dandelion wine. By this method anything from seaweed to applesauce can be made to yield a notable British vintage. But it would be much simpler to drink the essence of the matter as it was delivered from the wine merchant."

Will some one tell us about the latter years of John C. Heenan, who was not allowed by English sporting men to defeat Tom Sayers, for they broke into the ring, according to unprejudiced accounts?

Mr. T. P. O'Connor was reminded of the "Benicia Boy" by the name of a present-day politician.

"One bearer of that name was one of the idols of my boyhood. . . . One of the indications of my abiding interest in Heenan was when I found myself in the little town of Benicia in California. I was addressing very serious meetings—girls' schools, convent schools, and the serious men of the town; but to me the attraction was that at last I stood on the holy ground on which John C. Heenan had been born. I never saw him, but I heard of him many times afterward from those who did. I remember one of his observations, which I thought very characteristic of him and his profession. He was passing with some countrymen of his through the Louvre galleries, and his criticism was that no man ever had the muscles which were depicted in some of the portraits in this gallery."

Was it not Charles Reade who said that Heenan was the finest physical specimen of manhood he ever saw?

Heenan was one of Adah Isaacs Menken's husbands. How long did they remain married? After he retired from the double ring, what became of him? Thomas Nast when he was 20 years old went to England to draw pictures of the fight and the preliminary scenes at the training house for the N. Y. Illustrated News. He wrote: "They talk about British 'fair play,' but I fail to see much of it here. Sayers is at Newmarket and left alone. Poor Heenan is hounded constantly, and has a hard time to train at all." Some of the pictures are reproduced in Albert Bigelow Paine's interesting and copiously illustrated "Th. Nast: His Period and His Pictures," published 24 years ago.

As the World Wags:

John G. Saxe was mean enough years ago to write:

"Wast ever out in Omaha, Where flows the wild Missouri down, And eight strong horses scarce can draw A loaded wagon through the town?" They're sore yet about that poem out in Omaha. Kansas City is always digging it up and saying that's what put the "haw" in Omahaw. R. H. L.

#### MORE THAN ONE PER SCENT

As the World Wags:

The dizzy plane of decency to which political campaigns have been elevated, so exalt the candidates, that issues are replaced by the personalities of the candidates. In the modern campaign personalities may be indulged by the eye, but not by the tongue.

Thus robbed of his most potent weapon, by the moral suasion of his sister politician, who naively regards personalities as suitable for private, but not public use, the candidate consistently avoids the abuse of issues as well as of opponents.

Amid such serenity, language is chaste, thought is pure, and action is clean. Vigor yields to sustained self-control, and vehemence is replaced by calmness, through which is radiated confidence, not in the issue, but in the candidate—"L'etat, c'est moi," has been revived to accommodate itself to present requirements.

All of which assists in recalling the trenchant statement of the colored porter, who dictumated that, "platforms were not made to stand on, but to get in on."

J. D. RUSSELL.

West Roxbury.

"SONG OF SOLOMON," FORSOOTH!

As the World Wags:

In these times of acquiring, or "annexing," if it so please you, the 18th chapter of Psalms verses 19-33-40, gives zest to present-day living, if one has proper viewpoint.

The Lord's favorite was given a "large place." So upright was he that he acquired "hind's feet," for climbing purposes. Hind's undoubtedly used descriptively, with the "s." Let us hope so anyhow. Hind feet! No! No!

But best and final gift—he was given the necks of his enemies. What worse thing could an enemy have done?

The necks were tough work, sir, "to annex," we surmise, as we read further.

MISPAH.

#### METROPOLITAN

##### "The Fleet's In"

A screen comedy-drama by Monte Brice and J. Walter Ruben; directed by Malcolm St. Clair and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

"Peachy" Deane . . . . . Clara Bow

Eddie Briggs . . . . . James Hall

"Searchlight" Doyle . . . . . Jack Oakie

Mrs. Deane . . . . . Bodil Roosig

Until the present moment we were

convinced that Clara Bow was a very comic or pathetic little red-headed gamin, and that she stopped right there. Now, after studying her newest delineation, that of a dance-hall hostess, "taxi" dancers they call them on the coast, we give Clara credit for something more than routine grimaces, wiggles and winks. She can act. Those inclined to scoff should see her as "Peachy" Deane in that merry nautical narrative "The Fleet's In."

Through two-thirds of it she is her old self, flippant, calculating, ready with pert retort or the flat of her hand for every snarling gob who tries to man-handle her. Abruptly, when Eddie Briggs, in court, is about to get 30 days for his part in a glorious free-for-all fight outside the dance hall, she removes the mask of the comique. Dolled up in gifts of finery bestowed on her by various sea-faring admirers, she sweeps into the court room, poses as a gold-digger of most brazen type, and by her every utterance, pose and gesture so convinces the shocked judge that she is the worthless cause of the riot that he dismisses the case against Eddie. Clara's facial play when she discovers her horrified mother among the spectators is but a segment of a careful and expressive bit of genuinely tragic acting.

James Hall as the vain-glorious sailor who collects pictures of himself and a girl, taken in many ports, who mistakes "Peachy" for the kind of girl she is not, and who finally realizes that there is such a thing as steadfast love, was ingratiating and natural. He has a god foil in Jack Oakie, as another sailor, whom the girls call "Searchlight" because he shines in the dark. The pictures of the arrival and departure of the fleet and of the throngs on the dance hall floor are well done. George Marion's captions are unusually apt and witty. "Work fast like me," says Eddie to "Searchlight." "The girls say one of my moments is another man's week-end." And, as Mr. Marion says in greeting, "Dance hall girls, put on your shin guards and get the row boats ready in the park. The Fleet's in!"

W. E. G.



Sept 30 1928

The dramatization of Bram Stoker's novel, "Dracula," will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night. The novel, for horror, i. e., raising goose flesh, is to be ranked with Bulwer-Lytton's "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (also entitled "The House and the Brain") and Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows."

Bram Stoker, the Man Friday of Sir Henry Irving, is well remembered in Boston. He was a genial soul—when all went well with Sir Henry's shows—a teller of stories, not averse to potent liquors; a man of undoubted ability in many ways. He had large and heavy hands; hands made for the encouragement of applause. Did a play drag; was there only faint appreciation? Suddenly one heard enthusiastic clapping of hands—two hands—but it seemed as if an army of Sir Henry's admirers were insisting on his appearance before the curtain.

In preparation for the enjoyment of "Dracula" one should read the several chapters about vampires in "The Phantom World" by the worthy Dom Augustine Calmet. The Rev. Henry Christmas translated this book—"The Philosophy of Spirits, Apparitions, etc.," is the sub-title.

It appears that vampires found a congenial dwelling place in Hungary, Silesia, Bohemia, Moravia and Poland, especially Hungary. They were men, who, as Calmet guardedly says, had been dead a considerable time, sometimes more, sometimes less; but our author was sure that they left their tombs to disturb the living by sucking their blood, or, in more amiable mood, by making a noise at their doors and in their houses, thus often causing their death. The only way to be rid of them was to disinter them, behead them, impale them, burn them or drive a stake through their heart—the surest and most approved method of disposal.

Did Calmet believe the hair-stirring stories he gravely relates? That these ghosts lived in their tombs, but without movement and breathing until they sought out their victims? He admits that he does not know how a vampire can leave a grave without any appearance of the earth having been removed; how they replaced it as it was; how they appeared in their clothes, came and went and ate. "If it is so, why do they return to their graves? Why do they not remain amongst the living? Why do they suck the blood of their relations? Why do they haunt and fatigue persons who ought to be dear to them, and who have done nothing to offend them? If all this is only imagination on the part of those who are molested, whence comes it that these vampires are found in their graves in an uncorrupted state, full of blood, supple and pliable; that their feet are found to be in a muddy condition the day after they have run about . . . and that nothing similar is remarked in the other corpses interred at the same time and in the same cemetery? Whence does it happen that they neither come back nor infect the place any more when they are burned or impaled?"

"They are called vampires, or oupires, which signifies, they say, in Slavonic, a leech." (The Servian word "vampir" is supposed to be of Turkish origin).

And a vampire can sing. At least he does in Marschner's opera "The Vampire," which once thrilled the audiences of German cities.

We spoke last Sunday of John Redfield's "Music: A Science and an Art" published by Alfred A. Knopf. In Mr. Redfield's chapter entitled "The Art of Interpretation," he frees his mind in a refreshing manner—to himself and also to readers who like lively reading. As the whole of a composition cannot be put on a printed page—as it is only a bare skeleton—the interpreter is responsible for nuance, which term includes tone color, dynamics, rhythm, melodic embellishments and tempo. "To his hearers is the duty of holding him to strict accountability for the use of his discretion and of eliminating him from the ranks of artists by criticism if he fails to employ it wisely." Every artistic interpreter must know his own limitations and no number on his program should present technical difficulties that he cannot meet without effort; but the musical value of a composition frequently varies inversely with its difficulty. He that respects his technical limitations may be really "a greater artist than a greater technician who oversteps his technical limitations; . . . technic is little more than the alphabet of interpretive musical art; it is essential but inadequate; it is necessary, but not a sufficient condition for artistic success." It should be remembered that our system of notation is inadequate to designate accurately tempo, dynamics, rhythm and color. An interpreter of exceptional ability may be sometimes able to discover details of musical beauty "not manifest to the composer in the throes of composition . . . interpretive musical art is thus often genuinely creative in character."

It is important that the interpreter should know how to build a good program, which is not a simple matter; "program making is a branch of musical composition."

"Not every person who can acquire the technical skill to manipulate his instrument can become an interpreter of music. Unless he possesses the ability to read between the lines of the score, to discover that part of the composition which the composer failed to record, unless, in a word, he possesses that quality called 'musicianship,' he can never become an interpretive artist. . . . Not every artist can play every kind of music. . . . The person who has never heard spirituals in a negro 'meetin' house' may almost be said never to have heard them at all. Elsewhere they are likely to be in bald caricatures."

How about the criticism of musical interpretation by the hearer? "Not that some other hearer thinks about the music, be he never so wise, but that every individual hearer himself thinks about it, is the kind of criticism

that benefits music. To bolster up the popularity of poor music by special approval only prolongs the agony of eliminating it from musical program. The quicker poor music is eliminated the better for every one concerned, including the interpreter and composer. The proper thing to do is to express fearlessly one's own personal impressions of the music, no matter what some one else may think about it nor who he may be."

Mr. Redfield admits that a professional critic who is well-informed and sincere may be of great service to the community; he will not be if he lacks either one of these qualifications, but there is an insincerity in expressing a musical opinion when the critic has none; "the insincerity of expressing to his clientele as criticism that which he well knows is no criticism at all."

Is it unfortunate, as Mr. Redfield seems to think, that the professional musical critic is primarily a newspaper man? As this man he is obliged to report what has no real musical value as news and to discuss editorially the significance of events which in themselves are insignificant. To criticize in detail a performance of too little significance to deserve criticism, is "a betrayal of the trust imposed in him." In this case he may present "with the most owlish solemnity a high-sounding disquisition, or a glittering and saccharine prose-poem, about some collateral musical subject that will please and entertain his readers but which has nothing whatever to do with the criticism of music." There are only three subjects to be discussed: The musical composition presented, the interpretation of the composition, or the instrument used in interpreting it. Here we must differ. If a pianist, as he sometimes does for the sake of money from a manufacturer, plays on an inferior piano, his interpretation should be judged simply as an interpretation without consideration of the chosen medium. In private he may say that his poverty but not his will consented.

If a critic thinks that a composition whose status is already fully established is overestimated—that is a proper subject for consideration, but "There is no possible excuse for favorable criticism of a composition which is conceded by every one to be a masterpiece—and concerning which there is no adverse opinion. It is not pertinent for a musical critic to waste his reader's time in attempting to prove that Beethoven's C minor symphony is worthy music."

"The musical critic may be insincere not only by dignifying with criticism music which is not entitled to it, or by foisting upon his readers as criticism that which he very well knows is not musical criticism at all, but merely fine writing presented for their entertainment only; he may also be insincere simply by accepting a position as musical critic when he knows himself to be entirely incompetent for the duties of his profession. And how often it is, unfortunately, that we find a simpering reportorial verbal facility masquerading as musical criticism. . . . Musical criticism, anyway, is but a seeking for specious reasons to justify our musical prejudices, to paraphrase Bradley's famous aphorism on metaphysics. . . . Do not make the mistake of assuming that you do not like music which you have not heard often enough to become acquainted with it; the only taste we have not acquired is the taste for milk."

P. H.

## CONCERTS IN 1928-29

Honesty in Music and Common Sense;  
Let Them Rule

Though few announcements yet have come to hand, it stands to reason that this musical season now before us will bring to Boston ears an imposing array of ancient music as well as of brand new pianoforte pieces, songs, and works for orchestra both large and small. Of so much we may rest assured. Singers dearly love, and instrumental performers too, to show the world how completely abreast of progress they keep, their knowing way with the classics, how competently they can cope with the difficulties of musical modernity. They appear, furthermore, to hold the view that, by purveying novelty, they attract the public to their concerts, that portion of it, at all events, best worth attracting. With money, therefore, to earn, and vanity to gratify, performers, never fear, will oblige us with plenty of the new.

Of course they have the right of it. New music by composers of significance we must hear. Who would oppose a proposition so obvious? The prospect, none the less, of the season to come can hardly fail to make many a concert-goer quail. This is a pity, for without concert-goers concerts must presently cease to be. Why do not concert-givers render easier the lot of those concert-goers on whom their living depends by the exercise of honesty and common sense?

If performers would honestly admit, for example, that not too much of music strictly classic, and still less of music aggressively modern, are quite sufficient to satisfy the public's vanity and taste for the new—and if, this admission once made, they would bring common sense into play when planning their winter's programs, performers would find themselves in a likelier way to please, a few specialists excepted, their possible audiences.

For a musical program should, after all, follow the scheme of a well-planned dinner. If there is turkey to eat or a sirloin of beef, food sure to please and satisfy, an added oddity or two, a dainty from Alaska, say, or Hindustan, can do no harm and may probably afford delight; all guests are sure of enough to eat, and so, if they do not like the look of it, safely can wave aside the delicacy from afar.

Why not, then, admit that Chopin's music and Cesar Franck's, the music Strauss wrote and Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Liszt, the music most in taste today, to judge by the response in the concert hall, should form the chief of the diet at concerts, even as beef and spring lamb at the table? Classics there should be of course, for the good of the few who really like them; the romanticists, with Beethoven at their head, should be more generously represented, since more people love their music. And the modernists should have their frequent days in the open, to teach us all their ways. That best policy of honesty, with the help of common sense, would go far toward solving the difficult art of program making.

In determining, furthermore, who may prudently undertake these judiciously arranged programs, common sense and common honesty may well be allowed a voice. Let the cobbler stick to his last! That will be honesty's dictum, depend upon it. Performers should venture only what they know



how to do well.

It is true enough, no doubt, that a thoroughly grounded musician and performer ought to be capable of giving an intelligent performance of any kind of music that lies within his range. Not every sound musician, however, whatever theory claims, is competent to perform understandingly, let alone with sympathy, music of all sorts. Because a nimble-fingered young woman with stout wrists and a stormy temperament can cut a dash with a Liszt rhapsody, it does not follow that she can deal rightly with a Bach adagio or with the odd tricks and manners that lend flavor to the output of Milhaud.

How should she? Unless she is a genius—a possibility which may be reasonably left out of account—she will scarcely have been endowed with a musical nature so catholic that she can feel intuitively music of all kinds. To achieve, by training, the ability to feel music of all kinds she cannot have had the time. And unless she has been given opportunity to study the music of the modernists with the composers themselves or with musicians fully familiar with their ways, she is unlikely to bring to the surface the peculiar excellences that make their experimental efforts worth hearing.

For the ways of the modernists indeed are not plain. They like their dissonances, and they like them strong—but merely to stress the note of ugliness by no means serves as a formula for the proper performance of their works; sometimes they fancy melodious phrases and lovely sounds. Though they lean toward brevity, irony, wit, to run away with the notion that gravity never enters their heads would be to do them wrong. One has only to talk with them, to hear them play or sing their music in person, or to hear performers they approve interpret it, in this country or abroad, to recognize the difficulty of feeling music aright which has departed, sometimes a little and sometimes much—to determine the degree of departure is one of the chief difficulties—from music as most of us conceive music to be. Let young pianists and violinists be honest with themselves, and not essay too much.

To young singers common sense proffers counsel even more valuable. Not only must they acquire tone even in scale and freely produced, but they must ground themselves so thoroughly in all possible intervals and in rhythms mighty intricate that they can maintain their freedom of tone and its purity however warped and twisted the music they undertake. God help them, when Schoenberg comes to the fore, or Hindemith in wayward mood!

Granting singers adequate technique and musicianship—the grant is great, but let that pass—no assurance follows that they possess the right feeling for both classics and moderns. Not every warbler can voice Handel airs in the style of John McCormack or of those singers in Leipzig who made of Handel's "Alcina" music as stirring to the emotions as any measures Puccini ever wrote—with no sacrifice, mind, of the grace of Handel's line. Not every singer, by the same argument, feels in Mozart arias their dramatic force as well as their musical beauty. To learn what they need to learn, let them listen to sundry German performances of "Figaro" and of "Cosi fan tutte." Mozart's music, not sung aright, like Handel's, is arid music indeed.

Some few soloists may succeed, perhaps, with music both classic and modern. But all performers ought to recognize that to prepare extremely modern music exacts more time and pains than music in familiar idiom. To hit on the just balance of parts and to maintain it when all those parts are swearing at each other—that means thought, experiment, practice. Adroit adjustment, too, is needful to help a singer make a difficult text understandable above an accompaniment of instruments extraordinarily combined.

All these adjustments and experiments cost time and money. Firmly established orchestras and string quartets can manage the expense of rehearsal. But how about ensemble players who chance to come together? Or a new small orchestra? Rehearsals, ten to one, must needs be sorely scant. In the face of honest common sense nobody can deny it.

Musicians there are, however, in plenty, who snap their fingers in the face of honesty and common sense. So long, no doubt they opine, as they can get the good that accrues from a first performance, the quality of that performance does not matter much.

But it does matter. A weak performance raises trouble for everybody. It renders the way of the public, ready enough to listen to something of the new, needlessly hard. When they hear little Miss Smith boldly dashing through music so complex it would give pause to Povia Frijsh herself, most people fail to appreciate the fact that little Miss Smith is doing scant justice to the modernist's endeavor. They assume instead, in their humility, that they cannot grasp modern music. The modernist, consequently, suffers from these ill-prepared performances, and the public suffers too.

They suffer still deeper, those listeners who recognize the incompetence of Miss Smith or the feeble resources of Mr. Jones—and are plain-spoken enough to say so. Like vengeance the performers themselves and all their sisters, cousins and aunts come down on those unlucky plain-spoken ones. They accuse them of ignorance. They twit them with their reactionarism—a taunt most annoying to the middle-aged, particularly those who gad abroad hatless, to prove they stand in no fear of a cold in the head. They lodge the charge of unkindness against them, cruelty, no less, in that they discourage young artists laudably striving to offer the public something new. No wonder most people, to escape a riot of storm and abuse, to save their reputation for progressiveness, would rather smirk and be still.

By their silence, of course, regarding these crude performances, musical people aid and abet the spread of mediocrity. With every incompetent performance they tolerate they injure the cause of the new in music.

These incompetent performances have no right to be. Nor have they need here in this country we have conductors, quartets, solo players and singers too who have made it their business to learn at the proper sources what is the best that is being done and how that best is meant to be done. Many such there are not, of course, but still there are a few. Pray let performers consider, with honesty and with the power of all their common sense, if they themselves are rightly numbered among those few. If not they had best pursue a policy of "hands off" the exacting. If they judge their powers falsely they will do the public a disservice, the composers too, and, in the end, themselves. Let them ponder wisely!

ROY R. GARDNER.

#### ON A CERTAIN ANNIVERSARY WIFE TO HUSBAND

How swift the sunlit morn of youth has flown!  
And all so strangely sudden and too soon  
Now we are come to plodding afternoon.  
And yet it seems but yesterday, my own,  
That you would deck my dusky hair storm-blown  
About a face you called a "little moon  
That laughed through clouds"—and claim it for a boon  
To find me flowery crowns, in fields unknown.

I see the twilight years come on, nor grieve;  
Because I know your gray and deep-set eyes  
That never learned to falter nor deceive,  
And now grown comrade-kind and lover-wise  
Hold still unchanged a laughing gypsy there,  
With ghosts of long-fled poppies in her hair.  
EILEEN DHU.

#### HUSBAND TO WIFE

Autumn and afternoon draw swiftly on.  
Beyond them evening waits, and then the night  
And winter, whose forgetful snow in white  
Will seal with silence all the summer won.  
Bright were the leaping fires our morning knew,  
And glorious green was springtime.  
But how soon  
Mist-opals fled before the fire of noon,  
And spring flowers fled while summer's hard crops grew.

Dear heart, why should we falter and look back?  
Now comes the time of autumn's mellow rest,  
When melodies sound sweetest, and the blest  
Ripe fruit of harvest smiles in bin and stack.  
We need not fear the winter, nor the night;  
Love gave us warmth, and love will give us light.  
FRIAR TUCK.

Mr. St. John Ervine, the dramatic critic of the Observer, having left London to serve for six months as the dramatic critic of the New York World, will send his impressions of the American theatre and American life to the Observer. Before he sailed Mr. Ervine paid a handsome tribute to Mr. Ivor Brown and Mr. Horace Hornsell, his successors. He then spoke of himself with delightful candor:

"I belong to the biff-bang brigade. As those who dislike my work never tire of telling me, I have neither delicacy nor finesse, and my style is that of a battering ram. They might, I think, use a simile less worn than that which they usually apply to me, for generally they say of me that whereas my betters (of whom there seem to be many) use the rapier, I use the bludgeon. Substantially, however, I think that they are in the right. I am a biff-bang fellow, and it is only proper that my readers . . . periodically should have a complete rest from me. I cannot promise them a complete rest at present, but I can promise them this, that Mr. Ivor Brown, who writes with greater distinction than any other critic in England, will enable them to bear my bludgeonings with Christian fortitude. A fear fills my mind that they may grow so fond of him that they will not allow me to come back."

Here are two stories from Sir Harry Lauder's frank autobiography:

Once after a royal performance during which he had been invited to their majesties' box, Lauder was talking to a friend outside whose Christian name was George.

"Well, good night, George," I shouted after him when he moved off down the corridor, "and good luck." Before the words left my mouth the King had emerged into the corridor from his box. With a broad smile on his face he turned in my direction and cried out, "And good night and good luck to you, Harry!" I was overwhelmed with confusion . . . but King George went off laughing very heartily at his own joke.

The other concerns the Prince of Wales:  
"Once the Prince came to the London Hippodrome when I was 'on the bill' there. It was at a time when rumors were unusually rife in London as to his forthcoming engagement. He sat in a box, and was so enthusiastically entering into the evening's fun that before I left the stage he cried out, 'I love a lassie, Harry.' I looked up at him and replied, 'Yes, I know you do, but we all want to know who she is.' The people rocked with merriment, while his

royal highness lay back and laughed heartily."

#### SOCIETY NOTE

(Oskaloosa, Ia., Daily Herald)  
"Miss Josephine Fox of Herdland Mo., is spending a vacation at the home of her uncle's aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fox."

#### WESTERN LYRICISM

As the World Wags:

"The banks of the Wabash are lined with beer cabins. Tired business men drive out in their cars and sit with farm hands under the sycamores with steins of beer before them, while the fire flies flit and the moon sheds a benignant gleam over this Indiana pastoral idyll."

There's poetry for you. Can't you get somebody to set this to music?

JO JO.

As the World Wags:

The great and burning question today is not political because the really great and burning question has to do with human impulses which is without a doubt in my mind what makes us go Well, before we can get too far into this thing at the bottom of human impulses we gotta know how to deduce which is nothing less than a kind of subtraction, that is taken things away until we come to the thing that makes us go. Now so far it is very simple to follow but as we all know things get more complex as we get on with them. Well one day a lady who peddles candy in the loop office building when folks are out to lunch walked in on a man sitting behind a mahogany desk and says, "I have some nice home made candy to sell—is the stenographer here?" "No, the stenographer is not here." "This candy is home made and—" "The stenographer is not here." "I have bonbons and—" "THA STENOGRAPHER IS NOT HERE!" So when the lady got to the door she says, "Well, then, maybe you'd buy a box for your wife?"

ORACLE.

As the World Wags:

WE ARE VERY much surprised that the Anti-Saloon league has not Viewed With Alarm or Discovered With Sorrow, or something like that, that Jouett Shouse of Kansas is a member of the advisory committee that is directing Al's campaign. Mister Shouse ish a name thash must be shimplly sherible to all good an earnesh shouls that are try'n to give ole demonsh rum swift kick in pansch.

R. H. L.

Andre Coeuroy, the French musical critic, recently heard a young girl, the daughter of parents enriched by the war, play a piece by Beethoven and play it well. He complimented her father and mother. The father said: "Yes, and think of it. Here in the country she is obliged to play from a cheap edition. If you could only hear her in Paris, using the edition of Durand!"

Mrs. Marietta Minnigerode Andrews gave pleasure to many by her delightful book of reminiscences entitled "Memoirs of a Poor Relation," which was published last year. E. P. Dutton and Company of New York have published her latest book, "My Studio Window: Sketches of The Pageant of Washington Life." There are many striking portraits in silhouette by the author. Although the book, unfortunately, is not provided with an index, there is a full table of contents.

Here are vivid sketches of men and women known to Mrs. Andrews under several administrations, sketches that are never malicious, gossip that is friendly even when her sense of humor compels her to note the whims, caprices, foibles of women, leaders in society, thought by some, not knowing their better side, to be snobbishly arrogant. There are pen portraits of men of all classes and conditions; Col. Mosby and Col. Cody, M. Jusserrand, Admiral Schley, Woodrow Wilson, "Al" Jennings, ex-train robber and bandit. The book might be called a Social Register of Washington brilliantly annotated. There is a history of houses with the roll of occupants in turn; a history of streets and the changes in their character; digressions in the narrative; shrewd comments on life and manners.

There are pages of interest to the future historian of American social life. Chief among them are those concerning the South in the "reconstruction" period—"there was no reconstruction but a persistent, stupidly destructive attack upon all which stood for the cultural and material South."

"In this attempt the would-be reformers with their half-baked theories, the sensational press, the Main street



politicians, the sentimental New England poets, the ex-slave traders of whom Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has painted the graphic portraits for every villain in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" hailed from north of the Mason and Dixon line), the carpet-baggers, the ambitious half-breeds among the recently enfranchised slaves, struggling souls in whom the blood of their white fathers passionately demanded opportunity—were all alike unsuccessful. They were unsuccessful because they encountered the Southern woman, an unknown quantity, a power with which they found themselves soon to reckon."

And in this chapter Mrs. Andrews writes eloquently of the negro "Mammy" and those negroes with white blood in their veins—"Some of the mulattos in whose veins runs the best blood of the South—these unacknowledged brothers who, knowing their relationship and knowing that we know it, never ask for the slightest recognition, and in silent loyalty all their lives accept the situation. I could tell some thrilling stories—if I might—for there is a nobility in the patience of the half-negro or the quarter-negro which compels sincerest admiration."

But Mrs. Andrews, justly proud of her southern birth, southern family and southern friends, is not unduly prejudiced in her discussion of slavery or of the civil war.

After all, the most interesting figure in the book is Mrs. Andrews herself. She tells with ingratiating frankness of her entrance into the life of Washington, how it was one thing to be living in Alexandria, and quite another to be Mrs. Andrews on Scott Circle. "She would have supposed her intrinsic qualities were unaltered by the change of address. So when persons who had always known her, but never noticed her, called upon her at her new address she knew nothing to do but be excused, and consign their cards to the waste basket." She came innocent of any trousseau, and felt at no disadvantage in her high-necked trainless gowns. "When people looked at her, she looked at them, and their metallic pompadours and bulging bosoms aroused neither admiration nor envy." Her husband gradually became accustomed to the ideas of hospitality that prevailed in her days of simple living; that an unexpected guest should not create any consternation; "that simple dishes of corn bread and sausage and viands which lend themselves to a certain elasticity, are to be preferred; and that nothing is such a tower of strength to a hostess as plenty of homemade preserves in the store room, and always a ham in the house."

Mr. Andrews liked good cheer and to have his friends about him, artists, men of distinction resident or visiting the city. There was punch for her Wednesday afternoons: "Twelve bottles of plain California claret, the juice of 12 lemons, one quart of best Jamaica rum and a little sugar; White Rock to give it life—or champagne, if we felt unduly affluent." There were periodical poker parties at 8 P. M., with wine and cigars. Supper was served at 10 o'clock with a little roasted pig, the piece de resistance. He and his wife brought home each year rare Mosel and Rhine wine in bottles; much plain wine in casks. He would have a milk punch at 11 A. M., a bottle of Rhine wine at luncheon. When the light was too bad for painting he played billiards at the Metropolitan Club and took a julep. At dinner, sherry and Rhine wine were served—champagne if there were guests, curacao or chartreuse with the coffee. "In the evenings by the fire, when we read aloud, another bottle or so—before bed-time."

I never regarded my husband as a drinking man." Mrs. Andrews pays him many tributes for his unflinching courtesy, his generosity, his encouragement of young artists. But, seeing that modern ideas of art were coming in, that academic standards were no longer wanted, that old Duesseldorf had served its time, that students while affectionate toward him were growing restless, and young cups showed a certain patronizing tolerance, she persuaded him to resign his position at the Art School. "He never knew of the undercurrent which had actually swept him out of the work he had created."

On nearly every page is a thumb-nail sketch that reveals the character of the subject: Mrs. Burton Harrison, Marguerite duPont Lee, Dr. Kate Waller Barrett—there's a long list of Washington's noble dames. The reader is at times led to believe that some of the old dwellers must have been objects of terror to the younger who had strayed from the path of social rectitude in the matter of visiting cards and formal compliments. It must be confessed that some of Mrs. Andrews's swans look very much like geese to those unacquainted with the traditions and the Draconian laws ruling the Washington of the former years. The world war brought great changes there as elsewhere. Mrs.

Andrews speaks of the countless women now employed in business and the professions. She thinks that a change in the relation of man and wife is imminent. "For still the average wife is economically dependent upon her husband, a condition which becomes increasingly irksome. And still he has his 'conjugal rights,' which may not be denied him. A delicate adjustment. . . . To love, honor and obey is a tall order, based upon a medieval idea. It is quite obvious and reasonable that if he is lovable he will be loved; if he is honorable he will be honored; and if he has more sense than his wife—which usually he hasn't—he may be obeyed."

#### By PHILIP HALE

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "Dracula," a play in three acts and four scenes; a dramatization by Hamilton Deane and John Balderstone of Bram Stoker's novel of the same name. Performed in the English provinces in 1924. Produced in London at the Little Theatre on Feb. 14, 1927. Keith Pym. Count Dracula: Hamilton Deane, Dr. Van Helsing: Bernard Jukes, R. M. Renfield: (Another dramatization by Charles Morrell was produced at Warrington Royal Court Theatre, England, on Nov. 3, 1927.) Produced at New Haven, Ct., by Horace Liveright on Sept. 19, 1927, at the Fulton Theatre, New York on Oct. 5, 1927. Bela Lugosi, Count Dracula; Edward Van Sloan, Dr. Van Helsing; Bernard Jukes, Renfield.

The cast last night was as follows: (In order of their appearance)

Maid . . . . . Theda Fyler  
Jonathan Harker . . . . . Terrance Neill  
Dr. Seward . . . . . Herbert Bunston  
Abraham Van Helsing . . . . . Edward Van Sloan  
R. M. Renfield . . . . . Bernard Jukes  
Butterworth . . . . . Margot Lester  
Lucy Seward . . . . . Raymond Huntley  
Count Dracula . . . . . Raymond Huntley  
Wells . . . . . Julio Brown

It is said that when this play was performed in a small country town in England women fainted during the performance and "men urged the actors to desist from their blood-thirsty conduct." From this it may be reasonably inferred that the touring company was provided with an efficient press-agent.

The audience that filled the Hollis Street Theatre last night supped most enjoyably on horrors. The first actor to put it in good humor was the lunatic Renfield, who was mistaken at first for a comic character, for he ate flies and spiders with avidity. Not on the stage but in his private room from which he escaped, laughing maniacally at locks and bars; but Renfield, poor creature, was the slave of Count Dracula, who having lived 500 years, was possessed with the accumulated intelligence of centuries, and prided himself on being the king of the vampires. He had made his way with packing cases of native soil from Transylvania to England. Going to a lonely spot, he rented a castle, made the acquaintance of a highly respectable family and showed his interest and gratitude to his host by sucking the blood of one daughter who died and visiting with the like purpose at night sweet Lucy, betrothed to a proper young man. Lucy showed the same symptoms that were noticed in her sister's case. She was pale; transfusions of blood were of no avail; she had frightful dreams—her room was filled with mist through which two red eyes glared at her. Her fair throat showed that she had been bitten.

In despair her father summoned his old friend the eminent Dr. Van Helsing. He at once suspected night visits from a vampire. He discoursed learnedly about these terrible beings. The physician and the father were incredulous. British phlegm and common sense laughed at the idea. The lover was more receptive.

A chain of events turned scepticism into belief. The three then swore to hunt the vampire and having found him in one of the coffins he had broadcast in England to drive an iron stake through his heart; to thus give him peace, thus save Lucy from becoming the vampire's bride and so losing her soul.

Dracula foiled them for many days. As the wretched Renfield shuddered at the sight of wolfsbane, so Dracula could not endure the sight of the Host, which a cardinal had given Helsing permission to employ in combating the evil one.

The thrills are produced by the barking of dogs, the entrance of a huge bat, the wild laughter and the terror of the lunatic, and by the various calm but sinister appearances of Dracula after he knew that his enemies were at work to rescue the girl. A poor serving maid is hypnotized by Dracula to aid him. There is a stirring duel of mental strength between the Count and Van Helsing. There is a pleasing scene when Lucy, inspired by the Count, makes hot love to her adoring swain. Her would-be rescuers often leave the room so as to give Dracula opportunity to work evil.

It's an amusing play, conspicuous chiefly for the manner in which it is staged, the information about the manners and customs of vampires, and the excellent portrayal of Van Helsing, Ren-

field and the Count, by Messrs. Van Sloan, Jukes and Huntley. The other parts were sufficiently well taken. The lover was presented as a fine, manly fellow, who had the good sense to accept Van Helsing's diagnosis.

#### SHUBERT THEATRE

##### "The Queen's Taste"

A comedy romance, with music, adapted by Panny Thdd Mitchell from the play, "A Royal Family," by Capt. Robert Marshall; music by Albert Nichols. Lyrics by Mann Holmer; staged by George Marion and presented by the Messrs. Shubert with the following cast:

Duke of Barascon . . . . . Carl Randall  
Louis VII . . . . . Eric Blore  
Queen Margaret . . . . . Ethel Morrison  
Queen Ferdinand . . . . . Alison Skipworth  
Countess Carina . . . . . Meeka Aldrich  
Baron von Holdenson . . . . . William Danforth  
Princess Anselma . . . . . Jeannette MacDonald  
Bijou, danseuse . . . . . Virginia Watson  
Cardinal Casano . . . . . H. Cooper  
Prince Victor Constantine . . . . . Roy Hoyer  
Philomen Button . . . . . Gus Alexander  
Mr. Sneckenberger . . . . . Arthur Cole

The play is in three acts. The three major settings, by Watson Barratt, show an ante-room of the royal palace at Caron, Sracacia's capital; the palace garden at Cassantra, royalty's suburban retreat, and the throne room of the royal palace at Caron. The time is the present, the season is early spring, when leaves and love are budding; the action covers a period of 11 days. In the main the characters found in Capt. Marshall's gentle satire on court life are retained. Fr. Anselin, played by Richard Bennett in 1900, has vanished; so has Mr. Vanderdyke Q. Cobb. In their stead, for a brief interlude of grotesquery, we see an elongated Mr. Sneckenberger, a diminutive Mr. Button, members of the committee for the asylum for girls who have lost their way. The ensemble comprises ladies in waiting—Mr. Ziegfeld would call them show girls—ladies of the court, or merely the chorus, and for modern touch, the Chester Hale girls, '12 in number, to emulate the rhythmic unisons of the Tiller Girls and even to go them one better.

Original comedy and newly existent musical play carry the familiar love theme—the royal command that the beautiful princess shall marry an unknown prince to preserve peace between two principalities; the entry of the prince incognito, mutual love for him and the princess; divers entanglements, final disclosures of princely identity, and the pomp and circumstance of royal wedding ceremony. In the 1928 version the characterizations are granted wider latitude in humorous speech, and action. Mr. Blore, for instance, brings a measure of levity to the role of Louis VII at which Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, in 1900, would have cried out in dolorous agony. Miss Skipworth, as the queen dowager resentful of relegation to the rear rows at court functions, struts regally in purple velvet, and speaks modern lines with rare effectiveness; yet not with the impressive finesse of the Mrs. Gilbert of decades gone. Mr. Danforth, sputtering through pointless utterance as the police chief, is a trifle less the character actor than the comic opera buffoon. Even in monologue he was hard put to humor to point his speech. Mr. Cliffe played the cardinal strictly along the lines of the play, as a kindly, beneficent cleric. Mr. Randall and Miss Watson, no matter how they are costumed, remain fanciful and expert dancers. Two principals, then, are left. Miss MacDonald, heard here a scant few months since in a piece of coarser mould, was a charming princess. She gains steadily as actress, singer and dancer. Last evening she vitalized, freshened, mellowed many a dull or dowdy musical phrase. Mr. Hoyer, alack, was an unconvincing prince. His profile undoubtedly striking. In pantomime he is intelligible. But he should be in the movies, the silent kind, not those with the sound.

The score of "The Queen's Taste" has little of distinction. There is not one tune which can be carried from the theatre. It has lively numbers, like "Regal Romp," or the dances for the Hale girls. The songs of sentiment lack color, life. The settings, especially that of the gardens at Cassantra, with the high arched hedges, the fine perspective lined with poplars, with a shimmering green pool in the sunken foreground, are richly conceived and fashioned. The costumes are bright, odd and decorative. Mr. Benavente conducted an orchestra which seemed bent on displaying the dominating powers of its brass instruments over the more timid strings.

W. E. G.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "The Dove"

A play in three acts by Willard Mack. Staged under the direction of John McKee, with the following cast:

Mike Morowich, Proprietor . . . . . Thomas H. McKnight  
Madame Doublechin, Hostess . . . . . Edith Shayne  
Red Ribbon Girls—Madge, Georgia Neese; Bertha, Madrian LaBarre; Louise Gretchen, Grand Anita, Eleanor McBrean; Mrs. Lucille Murphr.  
Blue Ribbon Girls—Marie, Elizabeth Leavitt, Dolores Romero, Marion Grant, Cigarette Girl . . . . . Mary Caroline Nick, the Bartender . . . . . Charles Booth  
Francis, a Waiter . . . . . Homer Tell  
Head Waiter . . . . . Richard T. McIntyre  
Don Jose Marie Lopez Y. Tostado . . . . . John Warner

Johnny Powell, at the Dice Table . . . . . John Junior  
Little Bill, at the Roulette Wheel . . . . . George R. Taylor  
Pancho Gonzales, Captain of the Military Police . . . . . Don Beddoe  
John Boise . . . . . George L. Taylor  
Maybelle Boise . . . . . Marie Bianchi  
A Chinaman . . . . . George Hill  
Floorman . . . . . Jack McGinn  
A Soldado . . . . . Lymon C. Hayes  
A Soldado . . . . . R. C. Leighton  
Juanita (Gonzalez's Sweetheart) . . . . . Jeanette Bunce

A Texas Ranker . . . . . M. C. Richard  
Garcia, his Daughters . . . . . Henry M. Grant  
Guests at the Purple Pigeon . . . . . Jane Kramer  
Musicians, Gambler, etc.

"The best damn caballero in all Mexico," by name Don Jose, etc., struts across the local stage this week, flips his sombrero, laughs a heartless laugh, bows low to the charming señoritas, and in general plays the part of gallant ruffian to the delight of those who liked his blood brother in "The Bad Man." John Warner plays the Holbrook Blinn role excellently, never for a moment slipping from the Jovian heights of suave bravado, and flinging his long name like a banner to the winds with an arch of chest and a roll of Spanish vowels. Opposite him Marion Grant as the fiery "blue ribbon" singer of the Mexican night club, Dolores Romero, runs the scales of Latin love and Latin hate in effective manner.

If you like exotic, swashbuckling melodrama, with the darling heroine ready to risk her life (and more!) for her American sweetheart, with gun-play, frame-ups, turning of tables, rapid changes of locale, and everybody happy at the falling of the last curtain, "The Dove" is your meat. In fact, it comes near being a perfect example of what a good melodrama ought to be. A little more speed at the finish and it would ring the bell.

The regular members of the St. James company are all well cast and give no cause for complaint, John Junior as hero, McKnight as co-villain, and Georgia Neese in an accurate bit of work as a frail consumptive coming in for special mention. Some of the temporary additions do not far eso well. The night club girls who try to give the impression of making merry in the first act resemble the chorines of a high school musical show.

The sets are well done, lines are well learned, and the play well directed. Next week—the Pulitzer prize-winning play of circus life, "The Barker."

H. F. M.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

COPLEY—"The Bellamy Trial," mystery drama.  
COLONIAL—Thurston, the magician.  
HOLLIS ST.—"Dracula," mystery play.  
MAJESTIC—"Hold Everything," musical comedy.  
PLYMOUTH—"Paris Bound," comedy.  
SHUBERT—"The Queen's Taste," comedy, with music.  
ST. JAMES—"The Dove," drama.  
TREMONT—"Just A Minute," musical comedy.  
WILBUR—"Take the Air," musical comedy.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "Our Dancing Daughters"

A screen play by Josephine Lovett, directed by Harry Beaumont; a cosmopolitan production with sound sequences, presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Diana . . . . . Joan Crawford  
Ben Blain . . . . . John Mack Brown  
Beatrice . . . . . Dorothy Sebastian  
Anne . . . . . Anita Page  
Anne's Mother . . . . . Kathleen Williams  
Norman . . . . . Nils Asther  
Freddie . . . . . Edward Nugent  
As the title suggests, "Our Dancing Daughters" deals with the rapid pace in which the flappers and their boy friends of today whirl giddily from one gay party to the other. Joan Crawford is the attractive and a bit-too-peppy "Di," who insists on being truthful at all times and costs. In fact, her frankness causes her to lose the love of Ben Blain. The latter falls victim to the wide-eyed "innocence" of Anne, who makes a very pretty little speech about retaining her purity for the sake of her future husband and children. Little "Annkins"—as they call her—being what she is, we didn't think Ben cut such a smart or noble figure to be taken in by this.

At any rate, taken in by it Ben is, and promptly endows Anne with all his worldly goods. Unfortunately the young bride finds the company of Freddie, an old flame, much more exciting than that of her husband, despite the fact that the ink is scarcely dry on their marriage certificate. Naturally, this means trouble—and plenty of it. The climax comes when Anne, very much in her cups, staggers her way into a farewell party being given for Diana. There is a very messy scene, in which the wife hiccoughs some highly insulting remarks at Diana when she discovers the latter saying a tender farewell to Ben. In this scene Anita Page does some clever acting as the intoxicated Anne, while Joan Crawford made an excellent foil as the direct and honest "Di."

This is the first presentation of a photoplay with sound sequences at this house. Personally, we would have preferred the picture minus this feature, especially when a man's voice sang a song about "I love you" every time Ben and Diana exchanged greetings in an amorous fashion.

O. S.



## KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

## "Just Married"

A screen farce-comedy, adapted by Frank Butler and Gilbert Pratt from the stage play of the same name by Anne Nichols; directed by Frank Strayer and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

James Hall	James Hall
Bob Adams	Bob Adams
Ruth Taylor	Ruth Taylor
Jack Stanley	Jack Stanley
Harrison Ford	Harrison Ford
Percy Jones	Percy Jones
William Austin	William Austin
Ivy Harris	Ivy Harris
Tom Ricketts	Tom Ricketts
Maudie Turner	Maudie Turner
Gordon Lila Lee	Gordon Lila Lee
Arthur Hoyt	Arthur Hoyt

Given the use of the decks and a group of staterooms of an ocean liner for setting and action, all Mr. Strayer had to do in filming this farce was to follow stage directions and check up his footage. For the screen adaptation closely adheres to the original stage script, with abbreviations which do no harm, and with concise captions to replace the spoken word. As a stage farce must move swiftly, so does the film. With eight principals quickly involved in the net of complications woven by Anne Nichols, it would be fatal to permit the pictured action to lag for an instant, or to clutter it with superfluous verbiage. It seems as if all concerned in the making of "Just Married" had succeeded admirably in concocting an hour's clean film fun.

Stateroom 76 has been assigned to "R. Adams." There happen to be on board two persons entitled to that designation, Bob, son of THE Robert Adams of Boston, and Roberta, niece of the Witters, who is sailing back to America with them and her vapid fiancé, Percy Jones. Roberta never marries Percy, however. The bibulous Bob, tossed into stateroom 76, awakes in one bed, following a midnight sailing, to realization of the terrific hang-over, a blonde girl in the other bed, and the fact that his trousers are missing. He had given them to the steward

to be pressed, and promptly forgotten the incident. After the first shock of such unconventional encounter, Bob and Roberta, young Stanley and his bride, Percy and Victoire, Parisian dress model who has followed him aboard, and the bothersome Witters get everything mixed up. When the captain performs the marriage ceremony first for Bob and Roberta, and later for the unlucky Percy and the triumphant Victoire, we know that all has been made beatifically clear.

Mr. Hall staggers and falls through the first half of the film, draped in bed coverings and steamer rugs, but sobers up in time to play the lover with an unclouded mind. None of the players has much to do, but each does that little well. W. E. G.

## FILMS NEW AND FAMILIAR

METROPOLITAN—"The Fleet's In."

KEITH-ALBEE—"Just Married."

LOEW'S STATE—"Our Dancing Daughters," with sound.

OLYMPIA AND FENWAY—"Wings," with sound.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"Two Lovers."

SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA—"Lilac Time," with sound.

MODERN AND BEACON—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Movietone.

BOWDOIN SQ.—"The Cardboard Lover."

LANCASTER—"Ben Hur," and "Running Wild," balance of week "Home James" and "The Scarlet Lady."

EXETER—"Forbidden Hours" and "Home James," balance of week, "The Cardboard Lover," and "The First Kiss."

GAYETY—Features of this week's performances by the "Mischief Makers" are the comic sayings and antics of Bob Startzman, the personal charm of Ruth Price, a versatile soubrette, attractive stage settings and costumes, and the work of Holub's Gayety jazz orchestra. Other capable entertainers are Billy Lee, Bobbie Eckard, Mack White, "Chickie" Wells and George F. Reynolds.

OLD HOWARD—"Lafin Thru," the burlesque offering here, has the Monte Carlo jazz band as a feature. Stage favorites present are "Peaches," sinuous dancer, Joe Van Katherine Stevens, Mae Serpas, Al Platton, Don Proctor, Althea Conley and Jack Wright. The Four Readings head the vaudeville bill.

## THE PORTENT

(For As the World Wags)

Spear-shafts stand in their place in the hall of Odysseus;

Spear-tips are gleaming, reflecting the glow of the firelight.

Dull is the gleam, for 'tis long since the hand of the master

Guarded their brightness from stain, and the smoke of the torches—

Torches that light the feasts of the insolent suitors,

Drifts from the lofty roof to tarnish to their lustre.

Cometh the moment when down from st Olympian spaces

Speedeth the daughter of Zeus on sandals ambrosial,

Grasping her mighty spear, the shaft brazen-pointed,

Massive, wherewith she betimes scatters squadrons heroic:

Daughter of Mightiest Sire, when roused into anger.

Blickers the firelight again, but the eyes of the suitors,

Will with lust and with wine, heed not

the effulgence  
Glowing now from the pillar where firm  
in the spear-rack  
Flashes the shaft of Athene midst those  
of the Exile.

Some days ago we wondered why the newspaper poets of Chicago showed a livelier imagination and a greater metrical variety than our bards of Boston. We had forgotten the line of Horace about the irritability of poets: "Genus irritabile vatum," but the following letter, anonymous, of course, brought it to mind:

As the World Wags:  
Why rouse a spirit of comparison as to the merits of Chicago Tribune poetry vs. "As the World Wags" verse? Perhaps some of the local verses have not attained true poetic form. Well, there are the incomparable poems of Emily Dickinson, form and rhyme ignored, but oh! the ideas and the expressive words! As one of your readers, I have liked and found a measure of solace in the poems printed in your column during the summer. Why not let us enjoy more, if these poets will do autumn piece work: "Inconstancy," Marjory F. W., "Remembrance," Don Juan de Barcelona, "Senscence," F. F. H., "When I Was Young," Michael Pendulum, "Too Well," Marguerite Josef, "Orchard Quiet," Davis Ney, "Vagrancy," Knight of the Garter; "Passing of D," Lee; "Answer," Lee; "Fear," Billy D; "Mute Appeal," Aborigine, "Silence," "Conge," Margaret Lloyd.

Most of these poems were taken from the Chicago Tribune or from London journals.—Ed.

## DOUBLE-BARRELLED

As the World Wags:

Overheard in a subway car. Several young men were discussing the case of a mutual friend, who had applied to the dean of one of the local universities for assistance in obtaining a room, preferably with a roommate. Said one: "He wanted to get in with some nice Irish fellow and not a foreigner."

The Dean—the speaker added—looked over his records and advised him that a chap named O'Hara desired a roommate. Well pleased, the seeker went to the address given and found a Japanese. He was, in fact, O'Hara, but sans the apostrophe.

ELIOT H. ROBINSON.

## TONICS FOR THE THIRSTY

As the World Wags:

Whadderymean, prohibition? My wet eye lit on a bottle in a grocery window display—a goodly array of familiar bottles with their equally familiar labels thereon. Among them "Martini Cocktails" in large type and "non-alcoholic" in very small letters. I thought Mr. Volstead had made it a prison offence to advertise or display the names of drinks so dear to us prior to 1920. Later on my dry eye beheld in a drug store display an attractive row of bottles with the label "Wine Tonic." It seems I have been missing something or been asleep at the switch. Naturally I whispered to the clerk about it, but he bellowed right out: "Sure it's real wine." I felt that I ought to see if any suspicious looking snooper was waiting to pounce on me. I could hardly restrain my emotion. Choice of two kinds of wine—with "tonic" added to appease the Carrie Nations of the present crop of joy-killers. Lovingly caressing the bottle handed me for inspection I read: "Not over 22 per cent. alcohol."

Well, I am not particular about a few per cents in that bracket. Anything is better than one-half of 1. Did I need a prescription? Oh, no—just satisfy the druggist that you require a "tonic." I made a noise like a person "run down" and a second noise like one who ought to be "built up." The bottle was mine at non-bottician prices. Oh, boy! It was practically the old sherry and biters of the earlier and better days of the republic. It was good sherry, very smooth, proper bouquet and the label assured me that the "other medicaments were harmless additions to increase the appetite." Didn't say which appetite, but I cannot allow myself to be too well built up, as I shall need further treatment soon. Whadderymean, prohibition? "What's all the shootin' for?" Why are our wet local statesmen pussy-footing in the offices of the Anti-Saloon League waiting for indorsements as "drys"? Why not get run down and boldly use "wine tonic" like any brave gentleman who needs building up?

WOOF WOOF.

As the World Wags:

We read a simple item about a carrot yesterday. A lowly carrot, a yellow, ordinary carrot, and yet the little story thrilled us to the core. It was to the effect that Mrs. Jacob Konkol of Ashland, Wis. was digging carrots in her garden, when lo, and behold! Around one of the carrots was her wedding ring which she had lost 18 years ago. A simple tale, and yet it thrilled us because it had in it no religion, no race

hatred, no whispering. And, oh, now happy it made us to read the name of Mrs. Jacob Konkol instead of reading about Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt. Ah, when we came to Mrs. Konkol's name and realized that there were, indeed, other women in the world besides Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, we laid our head down on the desk and wept happy, happy tears.

R. H. L.

As the World Wags:

Is there a vacant seat in your Hall of Fame, so that Keene, N. H., may be represented by Mr. T. W. Dance, who advertises as a "foot culturist" in the Keene Evening Sentinel? C. B.

Dr. Charles A. French nominates for The Herald's Hall of Fame Mr. Fillmore, proprietor of a garage and filling station in either Dorchester or Sackville, N. B.

Other candidates: Mr. Fred H. Bigham, conducting a meat market in Chicago; the Rev. Thomas Bellringer, rector of the Church of the Holy Nativity.

"Hank" defines "pencil" as a golfer's best stick.

As the World Wags:

Did you hear about the New York gangster who wanted a vacation? He went to Mexico and joined a band of bandits.

THE PURPLE PRINCE.

As the World Wags:

It may interest you, if you are at all interested in the weather, to learn that down this way, June came in like an otter and went out like a seal.

AMOS T. LUTHER.

Quahaughurst.

## BOWDOIN SQ. THEATRE

## "The Golden Clown"

An interesting film of foreign craftsmanship is being shown this week at the Bowdoin Square Theatre. It is not the feature picture, commonly so designated, of the long and varied program. It is not even a first run. It is worthy of notice chiefly because it gives a very good demonstration of what scenario writers and directors in other lands are accomplishing. It is called "The Golden Clown." As the film starts, it gives no inkling of the author's name, but we are told that it is a product of Nordisk Films,\* that Christen Jergensen directed it, and that Pathe presents it.

It tells the story of Joe Higgins, clown, scenery rigger and what-not with Bundy's overland circus; of Daisy Bundy, pretty bareback rider and daughter of the man and woman who own the outfit. Gosta Ekman plays the clown, Karina Bell is Daisy. Hers is the weaker of the two. It is Ekman who constantly creates and holds the dramatic interest.

As a narrative, it is a variation of the old theme of the devoted clown and an unfaithful girl. Joe and Daisy marry, it is true, but Joe's talents call him to Paris, where he wins honors and wealth, but neglects his wife for his higher art. She falls a victim to the wiles of a costumed, for whom she leaves Joe and by whom she has a daughter. When her seducer tires of her, she commits suicide, and Joe takes to the downward path, by way of the bottle. He ends as he began, with a cheap traveling circus, but finds the abandoned child in a convalescent hospital, and devotes the remainder of his life to her.

As Ekman enacts the role it becomes a tragic revelation. The portrayal is made the more effective by Jergensen's peculiar photographic methods. He uses a small screen, shadowy for background. On the player whom he wishes to accentuate he focuses a white light which serves as a close-up, yet is less obtrusive, less abrupt in transitions.

It does, however, bring out sharply every facial play, every changing expression. The general effect if of a cameo picture, small, compact, cleanly cut. It is a simple enough process, which might well be emulated to greater extent by our own photographic and directorial experts. Also, it is much less trying on the eyes, a welcome factor in itself.

W. E. G.

We should like to be better acquainted with Mr. R. M. Renfield, the lunatic in "Dracula," who, at the Hollis Street Theatre, laughs like a hyena and dreads wolfbane. It is evident from his speech, extravagant as it is, that he was liberally educated, and was at home with German philosophers. The director of the sanitarium promised the eminent Dr. Van Helsing that he would show him the papers in Renfield's case, but the information was not given to the audience. How did he meet Count Dracula and come under his influence?

Was he at night a werewolf? What became of him after the iron stake was driven through the count's heart?

We are told that Renfield would eat cutlery. He thus resembled the emu described by Bret Harte:

"Old saws and gimlets  
His appetite whets  
Like the world famous bark of Peru."

Renfield would also eat fattened spiders. It is well to remember that Anton Filz, a beloved violoncellist and composer of the Mannheim orchestra (he died in 1768), was passionately fond of spiders, which, he said, tasted like strawberries. Jerome Le Francois de La Lande, the famous astronomer, who was crowned with every honor, would run after spiders, handle them tenderly, and in spite of their wiggling, put them in his mouth, suck them and then swallow them with what old Gabriel Peignot described as "a delicious sensuality." Years before when Alexander reigned there was a very beautiful woman in Alexandria who had fed from childhood on spiders; the King was warned against embracing her lest he should be poisoned by venom "that might evaporate from her." Edward Toppel wrote in the 17th century: "We in England have a great Lady yet living who will not leave off eating of them." Albertus Magnus saw a maid at Colleen, "who at 3 years of age, would search about the walls of the house, hunting for spiders, which she would not only eat, but delighted in that feeding, and yet continued in good habit of body."

Jean Kayaloff, a Russian violoncellist, will give a recital in Jordan hall tonight at 8:30 o'clock.

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts this week: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Debussy, Nocturnes: Clouds, Festivals; Hindemith, concerto for orchestra (it was performed by the orchestra on March 5, 1926), and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

The program of next week's concerts will comprise Stravinsky's "Apollo, Leader of the Muses" (first time here); Kodaly's suite from his comic opera, "Hary Janos" (first time here), and Schumann's symphony No. 1.

Next Sunday afternoon in Symphony hall (3:30 o'clock) Leo Theremin, the Russian professor who produces music from the air, will demonstrate the apparatus he invented, playing a number of pieces by this instrument and by free movements of his hands in space. This apparatus has attracted great attention in European cities. When Prof. Theremin gave a demonstration in London in December of last year this explanation was published:

"The tone is controlled by an electromagnetic field, generated by means of an alternating current of low voltage round a vertical rod of metal. As the hand approaches this rod the pitch of the tone becomes higher. As the hand is drawn away it becomes lower. Similarly, the intensity of the tone, from the faintest pianissimo to a thunderous fortissimo, is regulated by approaching and withdrawing the hand to and from a metal ring on the left of the apparatus, which is less than two feet wide. The method of playing is simplicity itself, and, since it is unhampered by material difficulties, it can be acquired rapidly by anybody who is musical. "The deeply moving impression created by this music from the ether is, however, derived not only from an enchanting tone such as no instrument has hitherto produced, but also from the almost uncanny variety of tone-color. By a simple manipulation one obtains the timbre of a violin, a cello, a trumpet, or the human voice. It is impossible to imagine the effect unless one has experienced it."

Mrs. W. O. Taylor, soprano, and Claudius J. Broadfield, tenor, will give a concert in Jordan hall, next Sunday afternoon (3:30 o'clock).

The Choral Art Society, Gertrude Walker-Crowley conductor, will give a concert in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, next Sunday at 8 P. M.

The film is the best teacher of history.—Don Augustin Edwards.

## THE CULTURED AGE

One time the circus callopie  
Bestirred my heart with glee and hope,  
But now there's little joy for me  
In strains of the callopie.

EOLUS.

Mr. James Agate, dramatic critic of the Sunday Times (London), liked Miss Marie Ney's portrayal of Kate Hardcastle in a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer." "She's not one of those lean, cigarette-smoking gawks who now fill



the role of ingenue on the English stage to the exclusion of artists competent in his business."

#### MANAGERIAL COURTESY

**The World Wags:**  
While I was attending a performance at the Copley Theatre my eyes fell on this item in the program:  
"Ladies Retiring Rooms on right side of lower floor and left side of first balcony. Is optional with management."  
L. C. BIGELOW.

The Boston Civic Symphony orchestra, Joseph F. Wagner, conductor, has begun rehearsals in the band room of the Memorial high school (boys' wing), corner of Deckhard and Warren streets, Roxbury. The rehearsals are at 7:30 P. M. The school is reached by a Humboldt avenue or Warren street car from the Dudley street east loop. The rehearsals are held every Wednesday evening. Three concerts are given annually. Applicants will be admitted to rehearsals and concerts upon payment of a nominal fee. This fee is necessary to meet expenses. Players of violas, cellos, double basses, drums and other percussion instruments will find them provided at the place of rehearsal.

George Farquhar's comedy, "The Recruiting Officer," will be performed at the Repertory Theatre next Monday night. It was produced at the Haymarket, London, in 1707. It was played in New York as early as 1734 by a company from London. Members of the Players Club, New York, gave performances early in June, 1928. Mr. Tyler proposes to produce it with an "ideal cast" this season.

"The Silent House," to be seen at the Majestic Theatre next Monday night, is "mystery" or "shocker" (as you please). It was first performed in London on June 8, 1927. "Wicked Chinamen and sliding panels in a house which anything but silent."

J. P. MacEvoy's new "Americana" will run at the Colonial next Monday night. Tony Sarg's Marionettes will be at Tremont Temple during the week.

#### OCT 5 1928 TEN YEARS

(For As the World Wags)  
Seeming to read the firelight on the walls  
She looked away before she spoke:  
"When I  
Came here with you into these frozen halls  
So long ago, I prayed that time might die  
Or disappear . . . We women are adept  
At making lies you see; and we fall down  
For joy as easily as we forget  
That foundered lives, like foundered ships, must drown."

She stopped to frown away a threatening smile.  
But soon forgot the memory of all smiling  
While she gazed on his pallid hurt and shame;  
Her pity stirred . . . but she cannot forget  
That he has made of love a thing of night—  
A moth between a window and a flame.  
Cambridge. LEE S. CASS.

#### SPOOK PICTURES

"Great interest was aroused recently by a report from a small place in north Norway about a common window-pane bearing the likeness of a bearded old man visible under certain lights. It was said that the older local people recognized in the picture an old cobbler who died 30 years ago in the house to which the pane belonged. Now comes an old castle in Sweden, the Regnholm, with a picture claimed to be just as authentic on one of its window-panes. The picture is described as that of an old major, Gyllenkrook, owner of the castle many years ago, who was in the habit of sitting at the particular window."—N. Y. Sun.  
A good many years ago a "spook" picture on a window-pane excited much attention in New England. We saw this picture. It was at Lawrence in the house of a leading physician of the town. An old lady with a benign expression was apparently seated by a window in the upper story. She had formerly lived and died in the house. Perhaps photographers can say whether a photograph could thus be taken under certain conditions of light. The physician and his family—we were visiting in his house—were not disturbed by the venerable haunter. Their only annoyance was due to crowds who came to see her and were not content with looking, but wished to question the inmates. The good physician died. Is the window still there?

#### As the World Wags:

While touring through southern Oklahoma, or, as the Texans prefer to call it, Yokelloma, I came across the following absolutely priceless sign, at intervals across one of the mountains: "Krueger has fits in new shoes" (followed by the name of the town). It seems quite obvious to me that Mr. Krueger should never wear new shoes, and that he should have medical attendance as soon as possible.

May I recommend for your Hall of Fame the following: Dr. Cheek, dentist; and, best of all possible inmates, the Colon restaurant.  
Cambridge. PHILOSOPHICUS.

#### THE DAWN OF THE DAMNED NIGHT

(A Modern Short Story for As the World Wags.)

Penelope felt her garter slipping. "Isn't this impossible," she thought; "my garter is slipping—"

Penelope liked to think of garters . . . one of her complexes . . . the garter complex . . . terrible—  
GARTER KEPT SLIPPING . . . AND SLIPPING . . .  
"It is better anyhow," thought Penelope, "anyhow that only just ONE garter is slipping. How horrible—ghastly would it be if TWO garters were slipping . . . AND BOTH AT ONCE?"

Then Penelope remembered that she had only one garter—a dull blue color—on. ANYHOW . . . that changed life—the other hose was rolled—suddenly, quickly, like a woman in a Great Space, Penelope felt depressed . . . like a bubble . . .

A confusing confusion confused . . . she was just that. Everything was red, positively RED (I mean black).

And then it all came to Penelope . . . a sudden Thing out from Blackness (I mean redness). She could see . . . see . . . ah . . .

LIKE A TELESCOPE . . . And Penelope knew . . . knew . . . she knew that she must go on . . . on and on . . . like this—forever . . . oh, forever . . . She swore.

GARTER FORGOTTEN—  
VICE-VERSA.

#### PIOUS BUT CARELESS WETS

(From the Des Moines Register)  
NOTICE—Positively no more baptizing in my pasture. Twice in the last two months my gate has been left open by Christian people and I can't afford to chase cattle all over the country just to save a few sinners. An easy reading pair of spectacles \$4. Broken glasses fixed. G. W. Miser, M. D. Upstairs at 510 Walnut street.

As the World Wags:  
Is there a vacant seat in your Hall of Fame, so that Keene, N. H., may be represented by Mr. T. W. Dance who advertises as a "foot culturist" in the Keene Evening Sentinel? C. B.

#### O TEMPORA! O MORES!

Victorian girls were supposed to "gush," "quite too terribly" when anything pleased them, but modern slang is just as artificial and rather more trying. The other day I heard a tennis guest's laxness in coming late to a party described by a bevy of leggy maidens as "foul," "filthy," "perfectly shameful," "a dirty trick," and "putrid." The odd thing was that there seemed very little real anger in their utterance of these severely condemnatory words. But I wonder what our grandmothers would have understood by "filthy" conduct? If these words continue to be "done to death" we shall have to find some new terms to apply to cases that really warrant them.—Looker On in the London Daily Chronicle.

As the World Wags:  
Unable to get my matches recapped, I sold them at a great sacrifice to a man named MacLeod who was looking for a bargain in kindling wood.  
MARY CAMPBELL MacTAVISH.

#### SONG OF HATE

Here cucumbers will stretch their slender green  
Between a triangle of fresh brown bread;  
And lobsters will be pink—and I shall lean  
To sip a yellow wine. As I have said  
I like the pastel shades. I like the sheen  
Of damask. But when you have fed  
Your tongue sticks out like a pimento—  
—red.

#### MARION STROBEL

As the World Wags:  
Walking through a country lane the other day, I detected a faint perfume. It was that hanger of autumn, the smell of burning leaves. What a rich, exciting, even intoxicating odor it is! To some, the perfume wafted from a lady's cloak brings foolish dreams, to others the crescendo of all smells is that of roasting meat, but, more modestly, I commend the incense of the burning leaf. With the coming of autumn, and long tramps through roads and woods carpeted with fallen leaves, man feels at one with nature as in no other season.—Looker On in the London Daily Chronicle.

#### JORDAN HALL

Jean Kayaloff, a cellist from Russia, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. With the help of Jean Ponsel, pianist, he played Beethoven's A major sonata, op. 69, Haydn's concerto, D major, a Bach adagio, the minuet from Debussy's "Petite Suite," and a sonata by Eccles.

To the great credit of Mr. Kayaloff's musical taste, let it be stated that this violoncellist with fine respect for his instrument, not once set it to buzzing like a bee or humming like a humming bird. Not once did he make it dance as shadows dance, nor did he make it weep and whine and moan. All praise to him!

Since, however, every quality is unfortunately burdened with its own defect, Mr. Kayaloff's performance must pay the cost of his admirable dignity. He proffered a program strictly classic, with the single distinguished exception of a Debussy minuet. A musician so classically disposed might easily be suspected of a tendency to interpret the music of the classics in a style something too classic for modern taste—with undue reticence, that is to say, too dryly. A hint of the romanticism in the program's course, a touch of modernity, would have proved reassuring to Mr. Kayaloff's prospective listeners.

Beethoven's sonata, the first movement especially and the adagio, Mr. Kayaloff played in an extremely musically manner, with a remarkable sense of proportion, with phrasing very exquisite. How deeply this musician feels the force of design! A pity, therefore, it is that he does not hold with vitality in Beethoven or in Haydn. He likes the way, with classics, of 20 years ago.

Of Mr. Kayaloff's technique let experts speak. His tone is curious. In the depths it is rich, organ-like. In a higher register it takes on the quality of bag pipes; Mr. Kayaloff could make his instrument "shirl" if his temperament ran to shirling. It might be better for him if it did.  
R. R. G.

OCT 6 1928

#### RAIN MAGIC

There was some magic in your ways, and yet  
I said it could not matter, I'd remain  
Impassive, leave no reason for regret—  
I never reckoned, somehow, with the rain.  
For life has sketched you in a careless way,  
Omitted certain charming subtleties  
That do not know discovery by day—  
But rain and talk of love beneath the trees  
Spill through the colored fabric one will weave  
Against a day when artistry be vain—  
And night that sees so much of make-believe.  
Smiled as I kissed your wet lips in the rain!

#### COLORADO PETE.

#### SEPTEMBER IN SOME PLACES

As the World Wags:  
In the psychology class we were discussing the instincts and instinctive tendencies of tribes, animals, etc. "What is the time of the year when the herds start moving?" asked the teacher. "May 1st," said I. Now wasn't I right?  
SALLY M.

One does not love a woman for what she says; one likes what she says because one loves her.—Andre Mauris.

All over the world university men have a habit of adopting a type of dress that sometimes is, to say the least, sloppy.—Capt. John A. Murdocke.

We found nothing in the "Divine and Moral Songs for Children" by the worthy Dr. Isaac Watts about the sin of gluttony, although Dr. Johnson wrote that Watts had provided instruction for all ages: "from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malebranche and Locke."  
L. X. Catalonia writes to us: "But isn't Dr. Watts the author of the following lines?"

"To enjoy a good night  
Let your supper be light,  
Or else you'll complain  
Of a stomach in pain."

#### OUT IN THE GOLDEN, REMOTE WILD WEST

As the World Wags:  
I'm the Rose of the rancho, all right. Ya read about me in western novels. It says in the book that my dad's got about ten thousand head of cattle and the ranch runs from the line to the Gila river. The book made a mistake. My dad's got a hundred and fifty-six head not counting the two head Juan Molino swiped last winter. It says in the book we got a foreman and a corral

boss and ten cow punchers and a chink cook and Rosario Lopez who smokes brown paper cigars by the fig tree. Well, that's another mistake—there's just dad and ma and me and our house wasn't built by the Spanish Padres. Dad and a Mexican by the name of Sanchez built it. It's got a red iron roof and board sides. And I can't ride anything with four legs because I never been on a horse. Dad does all the riding in a flivver. My father says he wisht to holl he never saw a cow. So do I because then we would be living in El Paso. There's some mistake about the roundup, too. It says the roundup starts at the line and goes north three months. It starts over on section three and pa is home by dinner. Then a man from Yale comes west and falls in love with me. The only man who ever made love to me was the ticket agent at the depot. Well by that time I returned from Miss Hobbs private school. What really happened I just come back from Aunt Emmas in Bisbee and instead of dad striking oil he sold twenty yearlings for thirty five dollar a head and says maybe I can go to Aunt Emmas again some time. I didn't go to New York like it says in the book to forget the Yale man. The next summer I went to Aunt Emmas and she told me the ticket agent had a wife in Fort Worth. I guess the book got the wrong girl. ORACLE.

#### THE COMPLETE RHYMESTER

As the World Wags:

Asked for a rhyme to Lucifer, I remarked: Robert Browning once wrote  
And find my lady, or hear the last news of her  
From some old thief and son of Lucifer.

Also in an unpublished narrative poem—"an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own"—there are some lines about a wandering minstrel of biblical times who got into the toils of a female bootlegger in Ur of the Chaldees, the old home of Abraham:

He listened to the coos of her,  
Until he bought some booze of her;  
And then he swore by Lucifer  
He could lick all the Jews of Ur.  
—THE LAUREATE OF MORONIA.

The educated Englishman deliberately turns his face into a mask.—Dean Inge.

#### GET OFF THE LINE!

As the World Wags:  
There being little doubt that the excellence of Mr. Edwards's suggestion of a "talking marathon" for women will result in its inclusion in the inaugural celebration of Boston's Madison Square Gardens (curst be the name!), permit me to suggest a refinement.

Long and dolorous suburban experience has taught me that the stimulant sans pareil to feminine loquacity is consciousness that someone (preferably a mere male) is waiting anxiously for the privilege of saying three words over the party line of which the moulin a paroles is in temporary control. I therefore recommend that each contestant be provided with a telephone instrument, labelled "Party line—be brief!" and equipped with an automatic device to simulate, now and again, the lifting and replacing of the protestant's receiver.

This apparatus should adequately irritate the cerebral conversation centre (f) for six to eight hours at a time. At the first sign of fatigue in the response, a dummy, marked "Husband" and devised to say "But, my dear—" at 10-minute intervals, should be quickly substituted. Alternation of these two excitants should produce results to surprise (and by comparison, to cheer) the most miserable male matrimonial martyr.  
OTTO B. SCHOTT.

Was the word "brunch" ever used in New England? It apparently names a little meal often taken in England between breakfast and luncheon. We read that this meal—10 o'clock coffee-and-biscuits—is becoming among office workers in London a regular institution.

#### STATIC

As the World Wags:  
No, I do not talk politics. That's it exactly—doesn't get one anywhere. Well, I don't know anything about the political situation, myself. Of course, I know that Mister Smith and Mister Hoover are two very fine men. You said it—there aren't two finer gentlemen anywhere. They are both capable, sincere, honest, creative, and constructive. Sure—that's my sentiment, exactly. Yes, sir, a lot can happen between now and November—you said a mouthful there. Yeah, that's just what I was going to say: take New York, for instance . . . well, I don't know what to think about the South . . . oh MY no . . . what? . . . haw haw haw you're all haywire on that . . . no! didn't say that—that I said was . . . who—ME? . . . well who have YOU been listening to . . . well my dear sir I didn't say you did . . . all right, then I'll grant you that . . . I beg leave to differ—I didn't insinuate anything of the kind . . . all right, go ahead and talk I ain't stopping you . . . whose brother-in-law says what . . . WELL—I-DONT-HAFTA and it'll take more'n the likes of you . . . is that so  
YES THAT'S SO!—ORACLE.



## BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The 48th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Debussy, nocturnes, "Clouds," "Festivals"; Hindemith, concerto for orchestra, op. 38; Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony. There were a few new members—an excellent first horn player from Berlin, Mr. Boettcher; a violoncellist, two violinists. Mr. B. Zighera, harpist, has replaced Mr. Holy; Mr. Caughey is the second harpist. Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly welcomed when he came on the platform. The audience and the orchestra rose to greet him.

The season opened brilliantly. In former years it was the custom to say of the first concert that the players would no doubt soon recover from the enforced rest and a few more rehearsals would restore the euphony, plasticity and technical proficiency which had made the orchestra famous. Yesterday's performance did not call for this time-honored observation.

Nor do the compositions chosen demand extended comment. Some day, perhaps, we shall hear the three nocturnes with the music for the Sirens (nocturne III) sung by a few capable singers, not as in former years by a lusty chorus exulting in the fact that they could overpower Debussy's orchestra. We have been unfortunate in our Sirens; the hearers should have put sweet soft wax in their ears, as did the fellow-voyagers of the wily Ulysses.

Objection was made some seasons ago by a stickler for literal interpretation to Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of "Festivals," especially the dazzling vision of a procession—"Debussy never wanted it to go that way." Now, no one of us in Boston knows exactly how Debussy wished "Festivals" to be played. A printed score is at the best only a suggestion to a conductor. It is the conductor's duty—as has been wisely said—to find out and express what is not in the printed page. The composer may have thought better than he knew, but failed to make his thoughts clear. Eloquent in thought, he may have stammered in writing. It is our own belief that if Debussy could have heard his "Festivals" yesterday he would have gone on the platform and, in the face of the public, embraced Mr. Koussevitzky.

Hindemith's concerto was produced here—for the first time in this country—in March, 1926. Eminent critics in Europe believe that Hindemith is the coming man; equally eminent critics look upon him as a fresh and arrogant person who strives to make the bourgeoisie sit up. Some insist that his music is interesting only for its rhythmic intensity and fire; that his melodic ideas are thin; his polytonality confusion and the abomination of desolation. To us the first movement of this concerto is chiefly a waste of energy; in itself as conventional as any academic allegro of a third rate sweating German Kapellmeister. Let it be noted that "Kapellmeister" music is often written by extreme modernists. The uninspired Kapellmeister is found in every century. In the other pages of the concerto we find genuine fancy—especially in the march with its introduction and conclusion—and indisputable originality.

The overture, which is the dramatic condensation of "Fidelio," a nobler work than the opera itself, free from superfluities and commonplace, and the symphony were superbly played. Whenever the "Eroica" is announced, there is curiosity as to the pace at which the Funeral March will be taken. Some conductors are so overcome by the word "funeral," so in awe of the name Beethoven, that they drag the music beyond endurance. Mr. Koussevitzky gave an eloquent reading. He did not try to cast a gloom over the funeral.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses"; ballet (first time here); Kodaly, suite from the comic opera "Hary Janos" (first time here); Schumann, symphony, B flat major, No. 1.

## METROPOLITAN

## "The Water Hole"

A screen version of Zane Grey's story of the West, directed by F. Richard Jones and produced by Paramount with color effects and the following cast:

Philip Randolph . . . Jack Holt  
Judith Endicott . . . Nancy Carroll  
Bert Durland . . . John Boles  
Mr. Endicott . . . Montague Shaw  
Dolores . . . Ann Christy  
"Ma" Bennett . . . Lydia Yamans  
Ray . . . Jack Perrin

The proper designation would be, "The Water Hole," with a prologue in technicolors; for it is in that crudely conceived Adam and Eve opening, with its cave man and its temptress with the

apple that the much vaunted colors are cast on the screen. Thereafter, the picture becomes just another western narrative, a bit more refined, a bit more amusing, but not one whit less overdrawn or indifferent to its lack of logical sequences.

As Philip Randolph, civil engineer visiting in the East, Mr. Holt wears dinner clothes during the early scenes wherein Judith, engaged to young Durland, wins her bet with her flapper crowd that she can make Philip declare his love for her within the week. Naturally that situation nettles Mr. Holt, who slams himself westward after giving Judith something to remember him by, namely, a bear hug and a brutal kiss. It being Judith's turn to become furious, she makes father take her to Arizona rather than to Europe, and then the real action starts. Mr. Holt dons his well-worn chaps, buckles his armament around his lean hips, and schemes with Papa Endicott to kidnap Nancy—let's call her that, it's a prettier name, anyway. Nancy overhears the plot and is overjoyed. She likes to be kidnapped. The two go out into the desert and set up housekeeping, on a perfectly moral basis, of course. Nancy won't cook, make beds, or do anything in reason. She turns out to be a perfect devil, so that Mr. Holt has to spank her. Just then enters Durland, to rescue her. But a no-account Indian steals their horses and they start across the desert in pursuit, with Mr. Holt on their heels. Their water supply gives out, but Mr. Holt manages to save the lives of both of his charges. A bad cowboy named Ray, with a grudge against Mr. Holt, tries to hang him, but is tossed down a ravine for his pains. And Nancy, now reformed, subdued and very loving, has Mr. Holt delivered, handcuffed, to her, in a Pullman car compartment, and the two speed East, as one.

Not a smoothly-jointed picture, but interesting because of some fine desert shots, both close-ups and deep perspectives, with several mirage effects cleverly introduced. Mr. Holt plays the hero with restraint, seemingly content to stand back and permit Miss Carroll to take the most applause. Hers is the more difficult role, in that she must indicate the gradual transition of a pampered, selfish society girl into a young woman brought by stirring adventures to realization of worthiness and unworthiness, of love, sacrifice and loyalty. This she does, admirably.

W. E. G.

## LADY ORACLE

She bestows her words as though they were nuggets  
To ransom a king;

She climbs to a high turret and ceremoniously flings them down;  
Each one falls with a thud.

Who would have thought nothings could sound so heavy?

ADELAIDE P. LOVE.

## THAT BARLOW KNIFE

As the World Wags:

We have noted with interest your efforts to find the origin of the Barlow Knife. We think we can give you a little of its history.

This knife originated in Sheffield, England. At that time it was the only cheap knife on the market, made to supply the demand for this priced knife. Sold in England for a shilling apiece. Made with both one and two blades. One of the first knives to be copied in America when they started in this country making cutlery about '37 or '38. The knife was about 3½ inches long, iron lining, iron bolsters, bolster about 1¼ inches long, bone handle, bevel edges, generally dyed black by using logwood dye.

At the present time is made by practically all manufacturers in the cutlery business in England and America. Sales twenty-five or thirty years ago were enormous, but from that time on other knives similar, but with a better finish, have taken its place to sell for the same money. At the present time sales are very limited as the knife is heavier than the average knife ought to be of that size.

C. W. PLATTS.

(An old knife manufacturer.)

Thomaston, Ct.

As the World Wags:

It was indiseret of me to boast of my bachelorhood. The enemy sex seemed to regard it as a challenge and all husband hunters within stalking distance have begun to concentrate upon me with renewed vigor. It puts me ill at ease, for while I am almost completely invulnerable to their charming wiles, I tremble lest one of them should perchance discover the heel of Achilles.

Oct 7 1928

Since the sinister vampire, Count Dracula, is working his dark deeds at the Hollis Street Theatre, a few notes about the appearance of others who have left their graves for the pleasure of theatre and opera goers may not be impertinent.

A play entitled "The Vampire" was acted for the first time in New York on Oct. 22, 1820 at the Anthony Street Theatre. Was this T. P. Cooke's?

"The Vampire, or the Ghost of the Flood" was performed at the New Bowery Theatre, New York, on Aug. 29, 1863, and played there again in 1865.

A French play, "Le Vampire," by Carmouche, was seen in London in 1820. Was this the play translated by J. R. Planche, "Vampire, or the Bride of the Isles"?

"The Vampire," adapted by Jose G. Levy from the French of C. C. Vylons and Pierre Souvestre, was produced in London in 1900.

A French play, "Le Vampire," was produced at Paris in 1902 and revived in 1903.

A burlesque, "The Vampire," by Recce, was brought out at the Strand, London, in 1872.

Dion Boucicault wrote a play, "The Vampire," and played the leading part at the Princess Theatre in London on June 14, 1852. Mr. Townsend Walsh in his well-documented and entertaining life of Boucicault, has this to say of the play:

"Charles Kean deemed 'vampires' beneath his tragic dignity; so Boucicault himself appeared as the supernatural creature who could only be brought back to a corporeal state again by being laid in the 'moonbeams' on the heights of Snowdon. Oddly enough, Boucicault's brogue, which always came out strong except in French dialect parts, did not seem anachronistic. Vampires, forsooth, may be classed as cosmopolites, not being indigenous to any particular clime. The play, an altogether weird and dreadful thing, was announced on the bills as a 'spectral drama in three dreams.' Its plot was reminiscent of an old play in which T. P. Cooke thrilled and delighted his followers, and for the nonce turned the theatre into a 'chamber of horrors.' Boucicault enacted the 'monster' with due paleness of visage, stealthiness of pace and solemnity of tone. But for some reason or other, the fantastical horrors of the thing served only to weary the spectators, and those who came to shudder remained to yawn." The title was afterwards changed to "The Phantom."

Cooke's "The Vampire" was brought out in 1820.

Henry Morley saw Boucicault's play and described it as reaching in Spectral Melodrama "the extreme point of inanity." We quote from Morley's "Journal of a London Playgoer." "Its plot is chiefly copied from a piece which some years ago turned the Lyceum into a Chamber of Horrors . . . The resuscitation of the original 'Vampire' has been enabled to supply the lovers of the revolting at the Princess with three acts of murder—that is, two consummated, and one attempted; but as the delicate process of vampirical killing is exactly after the same pattern in each case, the horror is quite worn out before the career of the creature terminates. Nothing but tedious trash remains. To an 'honest ghost' one has no objection; but an animated corpse which goes about in Christian attire, and although never known to eat, or drink, or shake hands at good men's feasts; which renews its odious life every hundred years by sucking a young lady's blood, after fascinating her by motions which resemble mesmerism burlesqued; and which notwithstanding its well-purchased longevity, is capable of being killed during its term in order that it may be revived by moonbeams—such a ghost as this passes all bounds of toleration. . . . Though it (the play) may be too dull to pervert the tastes of those who witness its vapid extravagance, it has power to bring discredit on the most genial of arts."

Cannot the plot of these early plays be traced to a story attributed to Lord Byron but written by Dr. Polidori? During Byron's sojourn in Geneva he frequented the salon of Madame Breuss, a Russian countess. Verses were read there and stories told. One told a story of a vampire. Polidori, a young physician, was so impressed that going to his lodgings he wrote down what he had heard. In this romance the action is in London, Italy and Greece. Polidori's "Vampire" was published in a French translation at Paris in 1820.

Several operas have a vampire as the hero. "I Vampiri," by Palma (1812); "Der Vampyr," by Lindpainter (1828); Marschner's opera; a ballet by Paolo Giorzo (1861); and there is a comic opera, "Le Vampire," by Mengal (1826). Of these operas Marschner's is the most famous. Produced at Leipsic in 1828, though it was successful for some years, it was not performed until Schuch revived it at Dresden. A new edition of the opera was brought out at Berlin last year by Hans Pfitzner.

The libretto of Marschner's "Vampire" was based on the Byron-Polidori story, but greatly changed by Marschner's brother-in-law, the play actor W. A. Wohlbrueck, who also utilized a "Vampire" melodrama by one Ritter, an adaptation of a French piece.

When Marschner's opera was produced the role of the Vampire was taken by Eduard Franz Genast. The scene is laid in Scotland.

Lord Ruthven is a vampire who sucks the blood of sleeping mortals, especially young maidens. He has sold his soul to Satan, but he has a respite of a year, on condition that he will bring his master three brides, young and pure. A daughter of Sir John Berkley is the first. She loves Ruthven. They disappear in a cave. Her father and followers search for her. They hear wailing, the mocking laughter of the Vampire, and they find the girl dead. Berkley stabs Ruthven, who knows he cannot live except by drawing life from moonbeams. Aubrey accidentally finds him, and, sworn to secrecy, car-



... him to the mountains. Ruthven is strong again and knows Aubry to Malwina. Aubry's betrothed, and at the same time to gain the affection of a steward's daughter Emma. Malwina's father tells her she is to wed the Earl of Marsden. She answers that Aubry is her choice and she wishes to marry him; but the father is obdurate. When the Earl arrives, Aubry sees that he is Ruthven. The Vampire says "Not so." Ruthven is his brother, a great traveller. Aubry recognizes a scar on the Earl's hand, but he is bound to secrecy by his oath. Ruthven will be betrothed to Malwina before midnight and then go as ambassador to Spain. Emma awaits her lover, Didden, and all are festive on the green. She sings the romance of the Vampire. Ruthven, flattering her, gains a kiss by which she is forfeited to Satan. Aubry tries to make Ruthven leave Malwina, but the Vampire tells him he, too, will be a vampire if he breaks his oath. While Aubrey hesitates, Ruthven lures Emma to his den and murders her.

Malwina has consented to the marriage. Ruthven is late in arriving. Aubry begs them to wait for daylight. When Ruthven is leading her to the altar, Aubrey cries out that Ruthven is a Vampire. Thunder. Lightning puts an end to Ruthven, whose respite expired at midnight. Then "all praise the Almighty who has turned evil into good."

Mr. Gilbert Gabriel of the New York Sun declares that Dracula is not at all a representative vampire, he is too handsome. "Vampires had no right to assume such alluring and aristocratic shapes. They had no mythological permission to turn even into bats, as Dracula does in a pinch. . . . Disillusioning as it may be, the real, dyed-in-the-wool vampire was a most unimpressive fellow. Nature—or rather Supernature—provided him only with the necessities of his profession. He had wherewith to bite and wherewith to drink, and that was all. He was simply 'a head with entrails attached.' . . . A vampire was always privileged to assume the size and substance of a straw, a piece of fluff, a gnat, or even a moonbeam, and thus to fall on the back of a sleeper and drink its nightly jugularful without the least notice, interruption or rebuke."

Is Mr. Gabriel sure that a vampire is only a head and entrails? The legends, the reports of vampires found asleep, with blood on their mouths—the report was signed by regimental medical officers, a lieutenant-colonel and a sub-lieutenant in Serbia in 1832—tell a different story.

Byron's "The Giaour":  
"But first, on earth as Vampire sent  
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;  
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
And suck the blood of all thy race  
There from thy daughter, sister, wife;  
At midnight drain the stream of life;  
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
Must feed thy livid, living corse."

See the article "Vampires" in the second volume of 'Dictionnaire des Sciences Occultes' (The Abbe Migne's 'Encyclopedie Theologique'—Paris, 1862).

# Chiding Winthrop Ames

## Producer's Views on Censorship Shock Mr. Griffith (—) A "One-Man" Theatre

To the Editor of The Herald:  
An article by Winthrop Ames in the current number of Theatre Magazine, astonishes me, coming from such a source; there are managerial sources from which it would not astonish me in the least.

"The censor stands equally in the way of progress now. It is the belief of many producers and others vitally interested in the stage, that we are about to see the curtain rise on the greatest perhaps of all ages in the annals of dramatic art. We shall be well advised, therefore, if we take effective steps to remove this obstacle to dramatic freedom."

"I have no objection, therefore, as such, to what is called 'stark realism.'"

"Many people of mature years can recall when it was infra dig to use profanity, even in the mildest counterfeit, on the stage. Similarly it was once shocking for a woman without stockings and flowing skirt to be seen on a bathing beach."

Does Mr. Ames understand the meaning of the word "temperance"? There is a middle ground in all things, and it is not necessary to go from one extreme to another. Does he consider it advance to allow profanity on the stage, and make it a common language? Does he call it progress for young as well as middle-aged women to strip almost to the limit of nudity on the bathing beach? Does he rejoice at the departure of modesty and the incoming of license? Is that advance?

We of experience in the theatre, and those who can read as they run, know what would happen could they succeed in removing altogether, this 'obstacle to human freedom,' the censor. There are managers who would make a wild chase for absolute nudity of women on the stage. Oh, yes these are, and it is easy to name them. It is because this article comes from Winthrop Ames that astonishes me, for from many others it would not cause a ripple.

The "legitimate" theatre cannot compete in sensationalism with its new rivals—the movie, the talking-movie and the radio—but it can regain its former prestige by elevating itself above them, and returning to the days when the best in the social and the work-a-day world went to the play unafraid to take the family, for plays were then clean. I am not referring to the Elizabethan days and earlier, but to the period in the last century when the stage had reached its height for excellence in acting and freedom from obscenity and profanity.

If I were a millionaire and had the means to make the trial, with the risks involved, I would build a medium-sized theatre in Boston and equip it with the best acting company possible to obtain, and produce plays that were not fads or problems, but dramas, comedies, melodramas and tragedies, much on the plan of the old Boston Museum, and I fully believe there is

a public for such a place, if it were properly presented and made known.  
There are many old plays worthy of revival, and there would be many fine ones, if writers were sure of a field for them. There are certain theatres in Boston that may be held up as answering my requirements, but neither of them measure up to the standard—one having a high standard of quality but a woefully deficient company, and another running to "runs" which destroys its regular clientele, and the principle I am trying to illustrate. It should be a "one man" theatre, and not one of numerous managers; returning to the days of R. M. Field, of Eugene Tompkins, Arthur Cheney, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer and many others of their time.  
FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

There's a certain rare shade of hair,  
A certain pastel color of the eyes,  
A certain foreign fragrance, and a little  
Known way of putting a swooning deliciousness  
Into baked beans—but, hist! I tell too much.  
They're closing in on me, intent and eager for the kill, and I must obfuscate the trail. Will you kindly publish the following statement?  
"Oswald (the Great) is a paragon of manly virtue. He has never been known to drink, smoke, stay out late, or say bad words. He is always optimistic, docile, thrifty, agreeable, and readily takes no for an answer. Fly swatting is his secret passion." G'wan print it. Then I know no woman will have me.  
OSWALD THE GREAT.

A. N. M. writes in the Manchester Guardian: "Every reviewer would like to be the first to hail a genius or two, and perhaps this is why books are so often overpraised. In the United States they seem to be peculiarly susceptible to first impressions, and I dimly recall some statistical enormity of alleged books of genius. You must be a pretty tame kind of writer if you can't induce anybody to call you a genius. It makes things pleasant all round and such amiable indiscretions are soon forgotten unless, indeed, the genius really does blossom into certitude, in which case the reviewer says he told you so."

"PUT IT THERE"  
As the World Wags:  
There is much to be said for the practice of shaking hands, the Fascists' decree notwithstanding. At least such a manner of greeting suits better than the continental mode of kissing.  
But "Alpha of the Plough" has an essay on the subject, and the following is his conclusion: "Though there are hands that make you shudder and hands that make you writhe the ritual is worth the occasional penalty we have to pay for it. It is the happy mean between the oriental's formal salaam and the Russian's enormous hug, and if it has less dignity than the Arab's touch with the finger tips, which is like a benediction, it has more warmth and more of the spirit of human comradeship. We shall need a lot of evidence before we cease to say with the most friendly of all poets:  
"Then here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine."  
S. W. V.

APPRECIATION  
M. Paul Morand was introduced when he was last in this country, to a manufacturer who rained compliments on him. "I cannot tell you how happy I am to meet you—especially since I have had the pleasure of reading—some time ago—something of yours on a very interesting subject—in—I've forgotten what magazine—or book." He stopped for a moment, then exclaimed: "It was mighty good," and so saying crushed the hand of the visitor.

The American nation is like a farm-hand who has suddenly come into a business worth a million pounds.—Mary Borden.

INSIDE STUFF  
As the World Wags:  
Here is the political situation from a nutshell: The Democrats are in favor of prohibition and will do everything they can to abolish it; Smith will be strong in the middle West and Hoover will carry the solid South because this talk of revolt is all nonsense; Hoover and Smith are stronger than most people think; the South absolutely refuses to swallow Tammany rule and will vote for any Democrat who is nominated; Smith will carry New York because it is a Republican state strong for Hoover; the farmers are dissatisfied with Hoover, but can't think of any reason offhand; Illinois can be depended upon to go Republican or Democratic, while Pennsylvania is certain to go Democratic or Republican.  
HERBLOCK.

CYNICISM  
Star dusted nights  
Have ceased to be  
Filled with pleasure  
Or thrills for me.

The saber moon  
That clefts the sky  
Enchants no more  
My lover's eye.

Parked autos, too,  
Give no delight,  
For the truth is:  
I work at night.

EUTERPE.

Sometimes once a fortnight, perhaps once a month, I feel the mood coming on me—to be alone. Maybe a surfeit of "town" engagements, luncheons, dinners, the babble of many tongues, has to do with it. It is not that I want to "think things out"—I ceased worrying about the great problems of life long ago—but I want to be by myself. We are concerned so much about business and what other men are saying and doing, and so much of what we say and do is reaction, that days become a confused jumble. We must talk and have other folk around; even a quiet day in the country means the reading of a book; always under the influence of somebody else. And when we are supposed to be resting we are probably worrying; there are a hundred trifles. Few men ever know themselves. —Sir John Foster Fraser.

### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

#### "The Man Who Laughs"

A screen drama based on Victor Hugo's novel, adapted by J. Grubb Alexander, directed by Paul Leni, and presented by Universal with orchestral synchronization, sound sequences and the following cast:  
Gwynplaine..... Conrad Veidt  
Dea..... Mary Philbin  
Queen Anne..... Josephine Crowell  
Barkulphredro..... Brandon Hurst  
Ursus..... Cesare Gravini  
Duchess Josiana..... Olga Badanova  
Dr. Hurdstone..... George Siegmann  
Lord Derry-Moir..... Stuart Holmes  
King James II..... Sam DeGrasse

Brush up your classics, ye who seek the artistic and the authentic in motion pictures. Then take a seat at the Modern or the Beacon Theatres, and for nearly two hours view and absorb something really worth while in cinema craftsmanship. You will encounter no sleekly groomed heroes, no exotic heroines, no gangsters giving some one a ride, no grim reminders of the world war. Instead, you will be transported backward to the years 1690 and 1705, in the time of James II and Queen Anne, the Iron Chair, the grim old Chatham prison, the famous Southwark fair. With Paul Leni, one of the greatest of the German school of cinema direction, you will turn the leaves of Victor Hugo's ironic invective against English rule of the 17th century.

Each of Victor Hugo's novels contain material enough for a dozen scenarios. Carl Laemmle realized this when he first produced "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," following it with the French film version of "Les Miserables." This third masterpiece, "L'Homme Qui Rit" or "The Man Who Laughs," is a revelation in pictorial treatment of a morbid narrative, in pantomime acting of the highest order. It recalls the bitter lives of two of Hugo's most tragic characters, Gwynplaine, his face mutilated into a horrible grin by the Comprachicos, gypsies who bought, sold and disfigured children; and of Dea, orphaned and made blind in a raging snow storm, when an infant. In the prologue little Julius Molnar, Jr., is seen as Gwynplaine, the boy, who is left behind when the Comprachicos, banished from England, set hurried sail in the wintry storm, and who finds Dea in the arms of her dead mother and trudges with her to the carnival wagon of Ursus, strolling player and philosopher.

It is when Gwynplaine and Dea have come to youthful years that the actual story begins. The love of Dea, who has never seen his face, is both comfort and torment to Gwynplaine, now famous as the laughing clown. Their thrilling experiences through persecutions and villainous intrigues make the rest of the story. Only at the end does Mr. Leni falter. He leaves the impression that the two harassed lovers will yet find happiness. In the novel Dea dies aboard the Galliot, on which she, Ursus and the wolf, Homo, are leaving England. Gwynplaine follows her, a suicide. He leaps into the sea.

Such a subject calls for imaginative treatment, not for shallow inventiveness. Such treatment, in masterly manner, Mr. Leni has given the film. He



plays expertly with lights and shadows, he builds massive sets, he paints realistic scenes. He has a passion for details, lightly drawn, but always significant. The acting is splendid throughout. Mr. Veidt, handicapped by that hideous, inflexible grin, relies on his eyes for the expression of emotions. He gives a performance of tremendous power. Miss Philbin, radiantly beautiful, is a figure compelling sympathy; Miss Baclanova, a young Russian actress, makes the wilful, pleasure-seeking duchess far more than a mere screen vampire; Mr. Gravin, as the benignant Ursus, Mr. Hurst as the crafty courtier and Miss Crowell as the malevolent queen give well-studied characterizations.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA

##### "Win That Girl"

A screen comedy adapted from James Hopper's story, "Father and Son," directed by David Butler and presented, with sound effects, by William Fox with the following cast:

Johnny Norton, 3d.	David Rollins
Larry Brawn, 3d.	Sue Carol
Johnny Norton, 2d.	Tom Elliott
Larry Brawn, 2d.	Roscoe Karns
Johnny Norton, 1st.	Olga Francis
Larry Brawn, 1st.	Mack Fluker
Clara Gentle	Sidney Bracey
	Janet MacLeod

This is a seasonal comedy, bordering on the farcical and guaranteed to give one hour's genuine amusement for old and young alike. It is seasonal because it deals with that most popular of autumnal pastimes, football. It is written around a feud between two colleges, Mammoth and Sanford, in general, and two families, the Brawns

and the Nortons, in particular. Since 1880, the days of tally-hos and ground sweeping skirts, when they used a rifle instead of a pistol to indicate the closing of a game period; through 1905 and up to the present this feud has persisted, annually with monotonous climax, Mammoth and the Brawns on top. Mr. Butler thinks we may doubt this, so he stages football games of the three dates mentioned. The first two are truly comic, not only for the styles of play which they disclose but for the modes and millinery in vogue. We see Brawn the 1st, and Brawn the 2d, the latter a bit more savage than his progenitor in that he is not averse to use of brass knuckles is a scrimmage. However, its always the Brawns who capture the college widow, who are able to jibe mercilessly the unfortunate Nortons.

Finally comes the third generation represented by the youthful Mr. Rollins, one of our few unaffected, really likeable juvenile heroes of the screen. He is supposed to tip the scales at 2 pounds, ounces at the hour of his birth, an achievement in itself, according to the hospital experts. The elder Nortons, disappointed, decide to make a drop-kicker out of him, and from infancy to freshman year he is given home gymnasium work. Everything safe to remove is eliminated from his body; he is treated for everything from aphasia to zymosis; but these precautions do not prevent him from getting a bruised knee in his first eligible year, mumps in his second, or hay fever in his third and last. At that last game he is kept on the sidelines; you can hear him sneeze, just as you can hear the crowds cheering. These, in fact, are the pictures's sound effects. When Sanford has a chance to win, Master Rollins is sent in for a drop-kick. He fizzes that play gloriously, but scores a winning touchdown in the most ludicrous fashion, and gives the elder Norton for once a chance to smash the headgear of the hateful elder Brawns. Rollins wins the girl, Gloria, less by his football skill than by his gift of a volume, "Poems of Passion," written by himself.

It is all good fun, with some facetious direction by Mr. Butler and some elemental and therefore convincing screen play by the various performers. Some of the funniest scenes are those of Rollins's fraternity initiation and the pranks of the students in Gloria's food shop.

W. E. G.

OCT. 4, 1928

(For As the World Wags)

Let sombre bells resound in deprecation,  
And clouds discreetly veil Apollo's rays,  
And weeping throngs exchange commiseration,  
And doors be closed along the market ways.

Let dirges sung by Lowells and by Cabots  
To heaven raise their agonizing cry—  
Also the plaints of Joneses and of Babbitts,  
While Common pigeons twitter not nor fly.

Let deepest crepe in melancholy clusters  
Adorn the horrified Vendome facade  
As black-gloved dames resolve in tears  
and flusters  
To cancel an historic accolade.

And stricken graybeards, tremulous and sober,

Regard in envy the unfeeling dead  
Who did not live to see that grim October

The Transcript ran a baseball streamer head.

H. F. M.

We were tempted to purchase Mr. A. H. Adair's "Dinner Long and Short," but the pages about "Polite Wine Drinking" would sadden us for at least a day. Mr. Adair advises a host not to offer guests a claret younger than 1914. It is easy for Bostonians to follow this advice, for while our Republican friends, the bootleggers, can supply champagne, they have no claret or Burgundy to deliver. Nor would we have the courage to try Mr. Adair's Potage a l'Alsacienne, which calls for the liver, heart and kidneys of a goose, also a quarter of a pound of pig's liver. Youth is the time for gastronomic virtuosity. Alas, the fleeting years! This reminds us, "T. B. J." that "Tolstoi" is preferable to "Tolstoy," according to Mr. F. S. Flint, who writes: "When Tolstoi translated his name as Tolstoy he was—mistakenly, I think—suing his own convenience, and the Tolstoy Society, by following and abetting him in this mistake, are perpetuating the nuisance he unwittingly gave the weight of his authority to."

**FROM THE GREENVILLE ADVOCATE**  
Sam Hoskins accidentally shot himself while hunting. One of the wounds is fatal, but his friends are glad to hear that the other one is not serious.

#### RUM AND BEAUTY

As the World Wags:

The discovery announced by Dr. Doran, director of the prohibition bureau, that the Volstead law has resulted in the development of pulchritude in the masculine of the species in our beloved country is of front page importance. I had supposed that—but let that pass. The explanation of this physical phenomenon is thus set forth by this beauty specialist: Us men now have more money for frequent hair cuts, shaves, facial massages, manicuring, tooth pastes, shampoos, hair tonics and all the other cute little touches that will make us men more and more irresistible. Heretofore we spent our nickels and dimes for beer that made us homely. Isn't that great, boys? Oh, you kiddo, watch me abstain teetotally and do my daily dozen crushes! But stay, Doctor, what about the female of the species? Didja ever see a convention of the w.k. W. C. U. T. or the W. T. U. C., whichever it is, you know what I mean? They have had half a century of practice with this pulchritude promoter and what a result! If the facial maps of the whole of them represent a beauty contest then we need a new dictionary to define comeliness. One reason why I took to beer early in my checked career was the haunting hope that I might not look like the Temperance Party, facially. My idea is that these abstaining females need to have a general face-lifting treatment undertaken, ruthless in its thoroughness—and then well, just lifted. The next step is immaterial, so long as it is maintained in a lifted position. A late famous saloon smasher of that organization had a face that made a noise like setting up a stove. No, doctor, after second thought, I should say that the relative pulchritude of the old girls who have had 50 years of your remedy show about one and one-half per cent. of beauty and the remainder the other thing. Nothing doing, Doctor. Me for beer and light wines in my lil' Beauty Parlor.

WOOF WOOF.

As the World Wags:

"Woman Kills Man on Bus, but Apologizes."  
That's one really nice thing about us girls, our perfectly swell manners.

AN UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

As the World Wags:

The other day we read that a nurse was caught selling moonshine. At last we know what a wet nurse is.

COBB HALL.

#### "VEX NOT THE POET"

As the World Wags:

If column poetry is at a low ebb in Boston as you have recently suggested, so much the better for Boston! All right-thinking men of high or low estate know in their hearts that poets are among the despicable orders of creation. Poets are the victims of disease, and poetic fervor, sir, is but another name for that insidious poisoning of the blood which is brought about by a snobbish sense of superiority combined with the lack of proper exercise.

On a recent Sunday afternoon I was lonely, bored, melancholy, and overfed; in other words, I was ripe for poetical activity. Upon clean white paper I began to write strong verse substantially as follows:

"I would not thank my God for such a life

As I do lead from stupid day to day."

At this point unexpected friends arrived. With them I journeyed to the shore of the sea. Forced to be sociable, I conversed, wondered audibly at the waves, ran up and down the sand, drank in the sunlight, became in time exceedingly happy and glad that I was alive. How loathsome to me on my return was the very thought of writing poetry! All that nauseous poetical poison, sir, had been swept from my system by the beneficent action of sunlight, society and exercise.

The poem was promptly routed to the waste basket. I cooked myself some corned beef hash in a greasy frying pan and, having eaten, turned to the Sabbath paper to peruse the high adventures of Mr. Moonshine Mullins. I have never written a line of poetry since that day.

#### CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

Cambridge.

#### "QUICK! THE CHIROPODIST"

(Derry (N. H.) News; read by S. L. Parker)

Friends of Mrs. Mary E. Crosby, who was taken suddenly ill with Toemaine Poisoning last Fri. afternoon are pleased that she is able to be about again.

As the World Wags:

"The hunters state the animals are about 5 feet high and have hairless faces. They walk erect as humans and have feet resembling humans; but their teeth are longer. They live in the wilds and marshes, and feed on roots and herbs. They are quick, sly and powerful."

Gosh, read this yesterday and thought it was a part of Bill Borah's speeches about Tammany. And then we found it was merely a story about the finding of the missing link in darkest Sumatra.

R. H. L.

As the World Wags:

Did the speakies have anything to do with starting this whispering campaign?

FARMER JOHN.

#### By PHILIP HALE

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "The Silent House," a play in four acts, by John G. Brandon and George Pickett, presented by Lee Shubert. Produced at the Comedy, London, on June 8, 1927. Dr. Chan-Fu, Franklin Dyall; Ho-Fang, George Pickett; Capt. George Winsford, Basil Foster; T'Mala, Nora Robinson. Performed at Atlantic City and Philadelphia, the play came to the Morosco Theatre, New York, on Feb. 7, 1928. Ho-Fang, Howard Lang; Capt. George Winsford, Allan Dinehart; T'Mala, Helen Chandler; Henson, Charles McNaughton; Mateo, James MacDonald; Philip Barty, Gerald Oliver Smith; H'Wang, Bryan Lycan; Jacob Herrington, Wyrley Birch; Leon Peroda, Luis Alberni.

The cast last night was as follows:

Benson	Stanley Harrison
Ho-Fang	Allen Atwell
Mateo	Thomas Bate
T'Mala	Kathleen Robinson
Philip Barty	Anthony Holles
George Winsford	Vernon Kelsie
Dr. Chan-Fu	John Nicholson
H'Wang	Preston Foster
Jacob Herrington	Harry Sothern
Senior Leon Peroda	Luis Alberni

The Chinese villains on the stage and in novels are monsters of iniquity, ingenious in their dark and dirty work; ingenious in tortures. They will have an octopus in a tank for the disposal of a hero or heroine; they will rival the feats of the executioners described in Mirabeau's "Jardin des Supplices."

Fortunately for audiences and readers there are Chinamen equally ingenious in saving those hounded by their wicked countrymen. As the Hon-

ulu detective in Mr. Bigger's amusing novels; as Ho-Fang in the play last night.

If young Winsford's uncle had only registered about a million dollars of bonds Dr. Chan-Fu and his gang would not have been so troublesome; though there would still have been a hunt for the star valued so highly by the doctor. Why Peroda was so embittered against the dead Winsford; how T'Mala came under the powers of the doctor—all this is not clearly explained; but why analyze or seek explanations for anything in a play that might well be taken for a burlesque of the modern thriller?

The "silent" house was curiously furnished: a hidden pistol was for the rash man who pressed or turned knobs over the hearth; a poisonous snake was in waiting for any one who sought the bonds in another place. But the morning room in this "silent" house was a conventional Victorian parlor in comparison with a room in Dr. Chan-Fu's dwelling. Here was a huge Joss that fired a pistol; a cabinet in which a peculiar gas would turn a human being enclosed therein into a thing of horror; and the whole room was a lethal chamber. Lucky for Winsford and T'Mala that Ho-Fang burst through a sky-light and dragged them out half dead.

Mateo is killed soon after the curtain rises. Old Winsford's will, with its peculiar condition, with a mysteriously

warning letter to his nephew is read. Then follows a series of incidents intended to thrill the spectator, but provocative of boisterous laughter, so absurd they are, so artless is the construction of the play with its contradictions, its impossibilities. It is better to take this melodrama as a burlesque.

And the first act was played in a burlesque vein, by Winsford and his highly objectionable companion, Barty. Even this could not redeem the inanity of the dialogue.

The roles of the two Chinamen were played more serious, also effectively. So, too, the solicitor, Mr. Herrington did not take the play as a long-winded joke. Miss Robinson was a pretty maiden in distress; hypnotized, or in normal state of mind.

The large audience showed its appreciation by laughing heartily. There was no need of trained nurses to care for those swooning perchance, or hysterically shrieking.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "The Barker"

A play in three acts by J. Kenyon Nicholson. Staged under the direction of John H. Spissell, with the following cast: John Junior Nifty Miller, John Warner Carrie, Marion Grant.

The Hawaiian Trio: William Kahakalau, Irene Kahakalau, John Kalua. T-Bone, George L. Taylor. Pop Morgan, Richard T. Ira Hay. The Native, Thomas H. McKnight. Col. Gowdy, Georgia Neese. Lou, Jack McGann. Sailor, Don Beddoe. Chris Miller, Edith Shayne. Maw Benson, George R. Taylor. Doc Rice, Marie Bianchi. Cleo, Marie Bianchi.

"The Barker," Pulitzer prize-winning play of circus life, opens with the blare and glitter of carnival and with Nifty Miller doing his spiel, hailing the hicks into Gowdy's Big Show. John Warner gives a sympathetic interpretation of the role of the Barker, Nifty Miller, who tries to keep his son from making the mistakes he has made. Nifty has made up his mind that Chris is to be a lawyer, but the boy feels the call of the circus and joins the show. Don Beddoe hits the right note in his characterization of Chris, the shy country boy.

Nifty's lady friend, the hula dancer, is played in spirited style by Marion Grant. She makes both the dancer's jealousy of Nifty's son and her gentler side convincing.

The members of the company are well cast, Edith Shayne and John Junior doing their bits in particularly finished manner. Georgia Neese plays Lou, the girl who vamps Chris, and she puts a great deal of sparkle into it.

There is a fascination and a glamor about a circus which we feel just as young Chris does, and here we have an intimate picture of hula dancers, fortune tellers, barkers and all the miscellaneous people around the show.

Only two sets are used, the midway outside the show and a tent interior, but these are wholly adequate.

Next week, "Jimmie's Women."

F. K.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

##### "The Beaux's Stratagem"

Comedy by Farquhar. The cast:

Boniface	Thomas Shearer
Cherry	Edith Barrett
Aimwell	Milton Owen
Archer	Arthur Sroom
Tapster	Roger Bristol
Dorinda	Katherine Warren
Mrs. Sullen	Olea Bierbrock
Squire Sullen	Robert Noble
Scrub	Cameron Matthews
Gibbet	Thayer Roberts
Gipsy	Rosemary London
Froizard	J. Augustus
Lady Bountiful	Cecilia Radcliffe
Hounslow	Leland Wright
Bazshot	Benjamin Osipow
A Countrywoman	Mildred Smith
Sir Charles Freecan	William Mason

Mr. Redfield, the learned writer on musical matters, has no patience with such newspaper reviewers of music as waste their time, and their readers, praising acknowledged masterpieces. He would hold theatre reporters, presumably, to quite as strict an account. And, to say the truth, of course he has the right of it.

Of this Farquhar comedy, therefore, little need be said. Persons with a taste for Farquhar, Congreve, and the rest of that merry, wicked school, know all about the stratagems, set by two men of fashion from town, that forms the substance of the plot. They know, furthermore, the quality of its wit; they stand in no need of further comment. Persons, on the other hand, who cannot abide the artifice of those Restoration comedies, their chill, their want of decorum, not for one minute would they stand lengthy comment; why should they bore themselves?

Plain Joseph, nevertheless, who neither dotes on the Restoration nor hates the sound of it, will perhaps find more tolerable entertainment in this

play of a stratagem than in the run of revivals from epochs long since dead. It possesses a plot, to begin with, and not too mean an one, a plot, furthermore, that, as Mr. Jewett has arranged it, moves coherently forward at a very tolerable jog. It deals with personages not too arrantly knaves or fools to stir some measure of interest. Its wit, too,



It keeps reasonably in character, the acts are not witty all alike. This play, in short, is very well. Enthusiasts for the period will surely relish it. Other people will find very agreeable entertainment in its course.

The powers last night that produced it did their happiest work in the appeal they made to the eye. The nun kitchen they set admirably. They managed the other scenes suggestively enough, though surely they made no attempt at consistency in the matter of representation. They costumed their players delightfully; they were lucky in comely faces and figures for the folk who should be comely; they raised fun by the very look of the faces of those who shine by drollery.

In pleasing the ear, however, the powers were not so successful. Conceivably, apparently, the early 18th century as a period of noise and bustle, they set their players to talking very loud, to laughing very loud, to moving about in a manner showing every sign of pleasure. Between the first and second acts Mrs. John C. Abbott paid a warm tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Jewett.

R. R. G.

### TREMONT TEMPLE "Washington Irving's Adventures Of Christopher Columbus"

A play for puppets in ten scenes, by Anne Stoddard and Mrs. Sara.

It seems that there is nothing impossible to Tony Sarg and his versatile marionettes. In this, their most elaborate undertaking, no pains have been spared, and the results are beautiful and the faces of the puppets have a quite extraordinary individuality. The scheming villain, the piratical sailors, the enthusiastic queen, even the comic servant, are all deftly pictured. Perhaps the play is somewhat lengthy in measure but who could resist the yowling tom-cat that moved with such indignant haste, the agile whale that stood on its head and waved its flippers with such cheerful abandon, the monkey that did a solo dance, and the parrot that looked like a flower but did not sound like one.

Like all Tony Sarg's puppet plays, the story is carried on with amusing and attractive embellishments. The dainty little dancer on the quail was most graceful and charming, possessing a certain airy lightness not often attained by marionettes. The haughty courtiers seemed fairly to spurn the earth with their insolent tread, and the deserted wife shook the stage with her resounding walls. Particularly good was the under water scene populated with lie-like and energetic fish that swam with great enthusiasm and skill. The puppet Columbus was uncannily lifelike—his resemblance to the great navigator was apparent even to the most unobserving.

It is hardly necessary to recommend this puppet play to children or older people—they know that Tony Sarg's things are always entertaining and delightful and they will go and amuse themselves.

The marionettes are in Boston for one week only. F. L. H.

### BURLESQUE

**GAYETY**—Jack Reid and his "Record Breakers" are this week's attraction here. Elsie Raynor in dancing specialties is a feature, and others in the company include Syd Burke, Juanita Evans, Frank Burt, Ed Jordan, Tom Breen and, as master of ceremonies, Larry Clark. Sixteen shapely girls make the singing and dancing chorus, and Holub's Gayety jazz orchestra is a permanent factor in the entertainment provided at this house.

**THE OLD HOWARD**—"Speed Girls" is the apt title of this week's show, with Fred (Falls) Binder in the leading comedy role. For feminine pulchritude there is Nellie Nice, and for sinuous dancing, Tondyloa. Continuous features include Arthur Petley and company in a casting act; Reed and Lucey, pianists; and Chester and DeVere, dancers.

### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

**COLONIAL**—"Americana," J. P. McEvoy's revue, 2d edition; first performance this evening.  
**COPELEY**—"The Bellamy Trial," murder mystery drama.  
**HOLLIS STREET**—"Dracula," mystery play.  
**MAJESTIC**—"The Silent House," mystery play.  
**PLYMOUTH**—"Paris Bound," Philip Barry's comedy.  
**SHUBERT**—"The Queen's Taste," comedy romance, with music.  
**REPERTORY**—"The Beaux' Stratagem," old English comedy.  
**WILBUR**—"Take the Air," musical comedy.  
**ST. JAMES**—"The Barker," comedy drama.

### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

#### "While the City Sleeps"

A screen melodrama written by A. P. Younger, directed by Jack Conway and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with sound effects and the following cast:  
Lon Chaney..... Myrtle Sullivan..... Anita Page  
Nancy Carroll..... Wheeler Oakman  
Skeeter Brown..... Mae Busch  
Mrs. Malone..... Polly Moran

Mrs. Sullivan..... Lydia Yeaman Titus  
Dwight..... William Orlamond  
Wally..... Richard Carle

Lon Chaney without a make-up, a musical synchronization which fits character and action rather than hinging in threesome variations on a vapid theme song; and a police-gangster picture which stands out from its companion films as something intelligently conceived, directed, acted and photographed. These factors make "While the City Sleeps" a better picture than its title, a picture which gives a reason for every thrill, which recognized the value of suspense and sudden change of pace and scene. "The Cop," with William Boyd as a dumb patrolman, was a good picture in its way. Like the Chaney picture, it had its "shadow box" for parade of crooks on a platform, for identification by detectives in their unseen audience. It had its machine gun warfare, its ticklish situations for the hero.

"While the City Sleeps" goes farther. It shows how fingerprints of criminals are taken and recorded. It gives its plain clothes man brains and bulldog pertinacity along with fallen arches and frequent imprecations against a cop's life. It tells tersely, graphically and without exaggeration of one man's determination to run down not only a gang leader with the murders of two policemen on his soul, but the entire lot of thugs behind him. And it carries a love narrative and generous measure of humor without in slightest degree interrupting the main action. Mr. Conway's direction, plus Mr. Chaney's splendid characterization, alone would insure success to this picture.

Mr. Chaney possesses a physiognomy so seamed and ugly that it is actually appealing. He is stoop shouldered, careless of dress. He wears a stringy black tie, he keeps an old soft gray hat tilted downward over his eyes. Yet his features can express emotions so obviously and so abruptly that one watches his facial play and becomes fascinated. He is as tough as any of the gangsters, and twice as alert. He dodges in and out of doors and rooms where danger lurks; he scampers up and down ladders and fire-escapes; he always holds the whip hand. He not only kills the gang leader in a house-top duel, but he saves a young wastrel from a criminal record, stifles within his own breast a hopeless love for the girl Myrtle, and delivers her safely into the eager arms of the foolish youth she loves. Mr. Chaney's characterization is carefully conceived and vividly portrayed, as only he could do it. In other words, we consider him one of the great figures of the screen.

Miss Page is adequate in light moods, but inclined to tear passions to pieces when called on for a scene of emotional stress. Mr. Oakman is a mean villain; in the old days the gallery gods would have hissed him roundly. Miss Moran and Miss Titus, as the two Irish matrons, were amusing. Richard Carle, once a capering buffon of musical comedy, now become stout beyond recognition, had one or two comic moments as a bibulous headquarters reporter. What grudge had he, or Mr. Conway, against the knights of the press?

### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

#### "Stocks and Blondes"

A screen farce-comedy written and directed by Dudley Murphy and presented by FBO, with the following cast:  
Goldie..... Gertrude Astor  
Patsy..... Jacqueline Logan  
Tom Greene..... Richard "Skeets" Gallagher  
Powers..... Albert Conti

Gold-diggers, men of Wall street caught in recreational hours, not at home but at night clubs, and ticker watchers in a stockbroker's offices are the personages of "Stocks and Blondes." Goldie and Patsy are typical of the gold-digger colony. Mr. Conti and various unnamed actors represent Wall street, and Mr. Gallagher, as blond as any of them, stands by himself as the most conceited youngster who ever was fired out of his job as brokerage office boy. It is when he is thus ejected summarily from Mr. Powers' office after being caught apeing the boss that Patsy, who of course loves him, concocts a scheme to set Tom on his financial feet and incidentally to win a home for both of them. Patsy, in Miss Logan's case far from being blond, hobnobs with Powers and his market-riggers at the Kit Kat Club, where they serve champagne and other historic drinks. When the men talk of ups and downs in prospect on the market Patsy jots down the tips, then wires Tom, anonymously. Tom, egotistic ass, piles up quite a sum, and calls himself a wise boy.

Meantime Powers falls in love with Goldie, a real blonde, that is, on the screen. Goldie is the slangy one of the two girls, gets all the comic captions, in fact. Powers enters Patsy's dressing room at the night club where she is a hostess, tells of his love for Goldie, and asks Patsy to go with him to select an engagement ring. Tom, toting a huge box of flowers, breaks in, thinks he has caught Patsy in duplicity, strikes her, and proceeds to become tipsy, tossing money to his table companions, and repulsing Patsy when she tries to get him away. So Patsy tells Powers what has been going on, and the two plan

to break Tom and teach him a lesson. Powers sends Tom a fake tip and Tom, still drunk, loses his roll and becomes penitent. Patsy forgives him. Powers, having won Goldie, makes Tom his assistant, and everyone is satisfied.

The pictures runs at too slow tempo for the farce that it is. Certain camera tricks, flashing and refashing white backgrounds or a crazy jumble of heads, glasses and furniture to indicate Tom's befuddled vision, or enlarging Patsy's figure so that she seems to be stepping as big as a house straight into the audience, tend to outrage one's vision. Of the four principals Miss Astor gives the most convincing performance. While not a sound picture, one can almost hear her terse comments, mostly disparaging, as to Tom's character.

W. E. G.

### FILMS NEW AND FAMILIAR

**METROPOLITAN**—"The Water Hole."  
**MODERN AND BEACON**—"The Man Who Laughs" (A sound picture).  
**LOEW'S STATE**—"While the City Sleeps." (A sound picture).  
**KEITH-ALBEE**—"Stocks and Blondes."  
**SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA**—"Win That Girl." (A sound picture).  
**LOEW'S ORPHEUM**—"The Cameraman." (A sound picture).  
**OLYMPIA AND FENWAY**—"Wings." (A sound picture).  
**BOWDOIN SQUARE**—"Four Walls." (A sound picture).  
**LANCASTER**—"The Enemy" and "It." (first half week: "Four Walls" and "Kit Carson," balance of week).  
**EXETER**—"The Cop" and "How to Handle Women," first half week: "Four Walls" and "The Sawdust Paradise," balance of week.

011-161428

A good many years ago Julian Hawthorne, having had an experience of Saxon military arrogance and insolence in Dresden—so the story goes—wrote a vitriolic book about Saxon manners and customs; a bitter view of the people. After the publication of this admirable study, he wrote many novels. If we were to keep any of his books for pleasurable reading, they would be "Saxon Studies" and "Shapes that Pass: Memories of Old Days," which was published last month by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Hawthorne went as a boy with his father to Liverpool, when Nathaniel was consul there. "I came ashore at Liverpool 74 years ago, and lived in England (with some considerable intervals) till 1882. I hope to return there some day, whence my forefathers emigrated three centuries ago." Mr. Hawthorne says he has no intention of writing an autobiography; "remembrances are another matter, for they are a man's experiences, not himself. And they are a good tonic for health and spirits. Looking back on life, we naturally pick out the agreeable persons and events, and so increase sunshine. Memory, which forgets as well as remembers, is the greatest of artists. In youth we draw plausible but fallacious blue-prints of the universe; in age we begin to understand something, and tear up the sophomoric diagrams. . . . The procession files on. . . . Everything is really quite all right; true the costumes of some of the marchers may seem a bit old-fashioned, but the wearers are not strange. You may call it a masquerade, but acquaintances formed under masks sometimes become agreeable intimacies: white shoulders peep out, an arched instep, a soft little hand in yours; you are aware of an apple-blossom breath. Grandfathers and great grandfathers under their dominoes, are less odd than you expected. And if the whole assemblage vanishes at cock-crow, you will still find your goloshes in the cloak-room and your limousine at the door, and tomorrow no headache. I hope."

No autobiography, yet from these pages one becomes well acquainted with the writer; with his outlook on life, his opinions expressed with refreshing frankness and force, or all the more striking through subtle suggestion and indirection. He can sketch vividly a man's or woman's character in a few lines. He can portray those whom he met with Flemish care of detail. He might say with Byron, "Description is my forte," whether the subject is a man or a landscape, a scene in a drawing room, the village of Kinsale, Swinburne reciting, or a sojourn at Etretat. His memory may occasionally be at fault as when he says that Robert Buchanan "was credited with founding the 'Fleshy school' of poetry. On the contrary it was Buchanan who wrote a brutally abusive magazine article against Rossetti and Swinburne and entitled it "The Fleshy School" for which he was in turn savagely and grossly attacked. Mabel Cook was "the daughter of Mortimer Collins, a novelist of sorts." This hardly does justice to Collins, whose novels are delightfully whimsical; whose verses, essays and contributions to Punch showed him a man of wide reading, a lover of all that is excellent in the literature of the centuries.

"London dinners in the 1870's—if one observed reasonable precautions in the selection of hosts or hostesses—were one of the finest achievements of civilization." There is a long list of famous men and women met by Hawthorne at dinners, in studios and drawing rooms. There are pages about Coventry Patmore, Alma-Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton—Hawthorne calls him "Fred"—Herbert Spencer, Whistler, Browning—a glance at the index shows how wide was Hawthorne's field for exploration. If there is a loving sketch of Fanny Wrigley, who came to Hawthorne's house as nurse but remained as "everything and nothing"; Fanny who took the English world for granted: "Things as they were—English things—were right, and all other things were probably wrong, but certainly unimportant," there is also the sensuous portrait of the woman named as "Eustacia," who drew him to an inner boudoir: "Now let the handrums and the pipes play, and the nautch girls revolve solemnly in their long robes, on their bare brown feet . . . a subtle woman, who should have been a rancee in the Punjab, or an empress of ancient Rome. If only she were a thought less mature, and those pink gums and strong white teeth less apparent!" On one occasion "Eustacia" was dressed in dark blue silk, "open in front, but caught together at the throat by an insolent diamond; one thought, Were that clasp to come undone, what an expanse of white loveliness would be revealed! but it held." Her husband was prone to use "w" for "r" but not nearly so insignificant or asinine as one might think at first glance.

Henry James, talking, would turn his face upward as if watching his ideas develop on the ceiling. "His thoughts apparently out-pacing his words, as a child's hoop bowls away from him before the wind, the child sometimes quite losing sight of it. . . . He had the air of a gentle hermit, planning to get back to his cell presently. . . . To the end of his life he was as one contemplating the show from a stage box, affable but detached."

When Leighton was mentioned as being an orator, linguist, architect, handicraftsman, traveller, sculptor, Whistler remarked: "Yes, and he paints, too!"

Smalley, the New York correspondent of the London Times, looking like "a retired gentleman bruiser with a record." Ellen Terry: "Sweet, fierce, adorable and unaccountable. Or just stage manners, was it?"

Browning of the later years: "His silk hat and all below it were of Piccadilly and Pall Mall; he was staid, grave, urbane, polished; he was a rich banker, he was a perfected butler, no one would have suspected him of poetry. I once asked him, in the simplicity of my youth, why he made his poetry so obscure. 'I don't' was his reply: 'I try to make it easy; but it comes that way.' As for the Browning societies: 'They remind me,' says Hawthorne, 'of chimeras ruminating in vacuo, disseminating second intentions.'"

Ruskin was fitted to instil the ethics of the dust and the political economy of the skies into young women; but after they had become wives and mothers they forsook him for the cook-book. His prize achievement was "Burne-Jones." Mrs. Ruskin married Millais. "Mrs. Grundy held her breath for a moment; Millais was carnal, perhaps; but Ruskin's spirituality seemed indecent. It would be an indecency for two men to stay friendly over one woman. . . . Ruskin wanted to 'paw' persons he took a fancy to—an unwholesome trick."

There are amusing stories about the insufferable Hepworth Dixon; about Joquin Miller in London, who sported a sombrero, red shirt open at the neck, flowing scarf and sash, trousers tucked into spurred boots, long hair down over the shoulders, and a great blonde beard. "It helps sell the poems, boys, and it tickles the duchess," he said to the men at the Savage Club to whom he would tell tales of buffalo running wild down Beacon street, Boston. Not the least noteworthy pages in this fascinating book are those in which Hawthorne sums up his life and impressions, when there was no foreboding of the years of iron and blood. "The face of the earth is changed, and the scars seem ineffaceable."

### COLONIAL THEATRE

#### "Americana"

A revue written and produced by J. P. McEvoy, with music by Roger Wolfe Kahn; lyrics by Mr. McEvoy and Irving Caesar; performed for the first time on any stage at the Colonial Theatre with a cast including these principals and units: Donahue, Frances Ley, Wanda Waller, Mary Stanner, Frances Gershwin, Stella Seeger, Joe Donahue, John Rossmund Johnson, Thomas Barton, John Hamilton, Bradley Cass, Sammy Carr, Dorothy Johnson, Doris Carson, Olive McClure, the Bachelor Odelette and the Four Wanderers and the Roger Wolfe Kahn orchestra, directed by Don Voorhes.

Mr. McEvoy, harboring a fancy that a nationally known producer specializing in the glorification of American girls had mutilated, maltreated and other-



wise desecrated one of his recent oration children, decided that he would put on his own show, in his own way. So, when he was not turning out "Show Girl," of picking up odd pennies on one and a hundred other humorous bits, written in inimitable McEvoyan style, he stored up thoughts and skits and this and that, to be assembled in due course of time in a second edition of "Americana." Last evening he raised a bizarre curtain on the jazziest, craziest, frequently most puzzling revue ever conceived or presented on any stage in this jazz-stricken land. It proved to be a loosely bundled collection of satiric skits, dances by black and white dancers and more skits. It disclosed no magnificent stage spectacle, no opulence of settings or costumes. It was rather an affair of wires and mechanical devices, with dummies placed in a stage box, and given voice by canned sound; and with the clavilux, a light or color organ invented by Thomas Wilfred, and played last evening by Rose Bogdanoff. Of stage pictorial appeal there was none.

Several of the skits were amusing in varied degree, as the satire on "Amazing Interlude," in which the principals skated about the stage, while a back drop turned book-like leaves to indicate different scene settings; that of the male passenger in an upper Pullman berth, dressing under difficulties; that in the subway train, an old idea with new treatment; that of the Chicago school, with gunmen invading the room to dispatch the last policeman extant; that of the moving picture scene, with rending sound effects; that of the two prize fighting periods, 1900 and 1928; that of the lantern slide lecture on "The Black Bottle," with Miss Stauber, prim in a high bodiced black gown, as lecturer. In none of these was it possible to discern much of the keen wit which has made Mr. McEvoy's name a household word with those who relish harmless satire. These sketches were too heavily-handed, they lacked for the most part a genuine punch.

For the rest, the dancing was monotonously routine. In that small army of helpers as listed by the program Mr. McEvoy apparently lacked an inspired dance director. Several of the numbers seemed to afford a certain derisive amusement to the audience. Mr. Donahue, brother of Boston's own "Jack," alone gave token of individuality. He stepped, loose jointed and debonair,

while others sweat and pounded to little avail. Miss McClure's manacle dance was interesting as something odd in contortion. The vocal gem was given by the octette of Negro singers, trained by Rosamond Johnson. In prison camp garb they sang "Water Boy" and other plaintive melodies on a darkened stage against a pale blue back drop.

Mr. Voorhees directed an orchestra of excellent musicians doing full justice to Mr. Kahan's richly jazzed but scantily melodic score. Every one worked hard, even hysterically, to give the performance life and reason for being. There seems much to be done, however, to make "Americana" acceptable to the New York audiences for which it undoubtedly was planned. In its present form it is doubtful if Mr. McEvoy's brother producers will be compelled to retire ingloriously from the field which he has so rashly entered.

W. E. G.

Oct 11 1928

Mr. Koussevitzky will bring out two unfamiliar compositions at the Symphony concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening: "Apollon Musagete," by Stravinsky, and a suite from the comic opera, "Hary Janos," by Zoltan Kodaly. The remaining number is Schumann's Symphony No. 1, B flat major.

"Apollo Leader of the Muses" is a ballet. It was composed for Mrs. Coolidge's chamber music festival at the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., and performed there in April of this year, with Adolf Bolm miming Apollo. The Ballet Russe brought out the ballet at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, Paris, in June, and at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in the same month. M. Lifar mimed Apollo in the performances by the Ballet Russe.

The ballet has no story. There is a series of divertissements representing "the birth of the god and his inspiration of the Muses." Dancing is the thing, not action, and there is no symbolic significance—which may disappoint those who are fond of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. It was said in Paris that the choreography is based on steps and movements of the classic school with an avoidance of the queer attitudes which have been in fashion

for some years. "M. Lifar is the Etruscan Apollo of Veil come to life. From the moment when he emerges from the rock upon which his mother Leto is sitting until the chariot descends from the sky to carry him and the Muses to their new home upon Parnassus, he maintains the lines and gestures of archaic sculpture. Compared with the god, the Muses Terpsichore, Calliope and Polymnia seem strangely 19th century in their formal ballet skirts and tight mauve bodices, but the contrast is not unpleasant."

The critic of the London Times was amused. "A young woman sits astride an archway from which hangs a muslin curtain; a young man swathed in silk hops behind the muslin. He is Apollo. Two young women remove the swathings; he now has very little on and hops more freely; the lights go out; when they go up again he has put on a red garment. He goes through the motions of playing on a strangely shaped instrument. Three Muses, all in conventional ballet dresses, visit him. He goes through further elaborate movements with them and gives them appropriate symbols for their arts—a writing tablet, a mask, and a lyre. They put them down, and all shuffle round on their heels, holding each other's heads. That must be difficult, and there are other difficult things, especially the movements done in the time of a slow motion picture. At last the four horses and a chariot of Apollo appear on the back cloth; Apollo stands on a rock and points at them. The three Muses and the young women who had unwound him in the first scene assist in a tableau. Every one seemed very much impressed because it all means so much; the only question is 'What?'"

The music is for strings only. Some think that Stravinsky sought to write in the spirit of Lull's ballet music.

"Musagetes." This characterization of Apollo appears in a Pindaric ode—also in the Mystical Hymn of Orpheus "To Apollo."

"Titanic, Grunian, Smynthian, thee I sing,  
Python-destroying, hallow'd Delphian King;  
Rural, light-bearer, and the Muses' head,  
Noble and lovely, arm'd with arrows dread."

We quote from the prosaic translation by Thomas Taylor. It is far from Matthew Arnold's

"'Tis Apollo comes leading  
His choir, the Nine,  
—The leader is fairest,  
But all are divine."

The epithet "Musagetes" was also joined by the Greeks to the name of Hercules.

The suite from Kodaly's opera was played for the first time anywhere by the Philharmonic Society in New York, Mr. Mengelberg conductor, on Dec. 15, 1927. The opera was produced at Budapest in the year before.

Hary Janos is a famous person in Hungarian folk lore. The libretto is based on an epic poem written about the middle of the 19th century by Janos Garay. Some say Hary really existed. He was a peasant, who, having served in the Napoleonic wars, went back to his village and told incredible, Munchausen-like tales of his heroic deeds. Repeating them often, he finally believed in them. The opera deals with five of his adventures. There is a prologue at the village inn. The scheme of the opera is similar to that of "Contes d'Hoffmann."

A sneeze in Hungary is believed to attest the truth of any statement that has been made; so, when Hary tells an amazing yarn, an accidental sneeze from one of the listeners stamps the yarn as true. The suite begins with a prodigious orchestral sneeze.

Hary tells of the musical clock he saw in the palace at Vienna, a clock furnished with puppets. He and his sweetheart with him long for their fatherland: there is a love song, a Hungarian melody. He overcomes Napoleon in battle, and takes him prisoner in Milan. Napoleon trembled and wept when he caught sight of Hary. The snowbound empire of the Tsar is divided by a rail from the Austrian empire on which a spring sun is shining. "At the end of the world the stars are as big as loaves of bread, and the moon's sickle touches the earth;" here Hary fights a seven-headed dragon and rescues Marie Louise, whom he carries back to her father, the Emperor in Vienna. The suite ends with a march for the Emperor and his court entering in triumph. There is an Intermezzo with only musical significance.

Kodaly, composer, collector of folk songs, critic, was born in Hungary in 1882. In 1900 he studied composition with Hans Koessler at the High School

for Music at Budapest, where, since 1906, he has taught composition. He has written songs, chamber music, and published collections of folk songs. His "Psalmus Hungaricus," an important work, performed at Salzburg for the International Society for Contemporary Music in 1923, was produced in this country by the Philharmonic Society, with the Pro-Musica Society in New York on Dec. 19, 1927.

The program of the Symphony concerts next week comprises Haydn's Symphony, "The Surprise" (B. & H. No. 6); Rubin Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody," and Cesar Franck's Symphony.

Fritz Kreisler will play in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. On the same day and at the same hour Abbie Mitchell will sing in Jordan hall songs by Brahms, Franz, Schubert, Duparc, Chausson, Alfano, Rachmaninoff, Gretchaninov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Will Marion Cook, Hall Johnson and H. T. Burleigh. The Polish Chorus Lira will sing at the Boston Public Library at 8 P. M.

## THE THEATRES

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Jack Dempsey will appear as the hero in "The Big Fight" next Monday night at the Boston Opera House; Mr. Georges Carpentier will take the part in the Parisian production of the play; meanwhile Mr. Gene Tunney is cultivating the Muses and preparing for literary achievements which will outshine his triumphs in the ring.

Friends of Mr. De Wolf Hopper will give him a public testimonial dinner in New York on the 21st of the month to celebrate his 50th year on the stage. The committee is made up of prominent men. The Lambs Club will attend in a body. It would be a gracious act to invite Mr. Hopper's several wives and seat them according to their precedence, in the order of succession and replacement.

A brilliant critic in New York—alas, he is no longer living—was favored with three wives. From two of them he was amicably divorced. It occurred to him, for he had a lively sense of humor, to give them a luncheon. They all accepted the invitation. "After the luncheon," he told a friend, "I sat near a window smoking a cigar and heard them discuss me."

Mme. Jeritza on her arrival in New York, said of Richard Strauss's new opera "Egyptian Helen," in which she took the leading role in Vienna, "The music is nice and the story amusing."

This led Mr. William J. Henderson to write in the Sun that if she took the opera in that spirit, "her impersonation of the ship-launching heroine would be something to brighten the gloom of a sombre evening. One always learns something from the utterances of eminent sopranos. When they talk they seem to have the gift of penetrating right to the soul of things as they see them, even if they fail to do it when they sing."

There were good Chinamen on the stage long before "The Silent House" was manufactured to chill and thrill an audience. There are some who undoubtedly remember Wing Lee in Bartley Campbell's "My Partner." The part was remarkably well played by Charles T. Parsloe, Jr. It was said at the time that he frequented Chinese laundries and restaurants to master the lingo. The play was produced at the Union Square Theatre, New York, in 1879. Louis Aldrich, Henry Crisp, Frank Mordaunt, Harry Edwards, Maud Granger and Minnie Palmer were of the company. Parsloe had a pecuniary interest in the play for the first five years. He died in 1898.

Although Terence Molner, the Hungarian dramatist, possesses about three dozen gold and silver cigarette cases, "gifts from friends, actors, managers and editors," he sports and has sported for 18 years a tin case.

"Editors" seldom give gifts to dramatists or actors. In European cities the great majority expect to receive them.

There are extraordinary street and lobby advertisements for the play, "Gang War," in New York.

A large wooden box labeled the Gallery of Horrors contains a peep-hole with the warning that any one who looks inside does so at his own risk. Inside is a wax gunman dying from a slit throat to the accompaniment of green lights. Why not to the wailing of violoncellos? Guns, blackjacks, handcuffs and bombs are also shown to lure the passer-by within the playhouse.

"The piano is meant to be played at home; we cannot, unfortunately, have Miss Hess to play to us in our homes, so we needs must go to a concert hall. The piano then puts on its outdoor manners and becomes strident."

But suppose one of the formidable pianists plays in the music room of a private house? The walls shake; the wonder is that the ceiling does not fall.

The Musical Digest recently asserted that American orchestras, American programs, and American artists are second to none in the world. Le Menestrel (Paris) asks if its confrere will be good enough to state the nationality of the composers honored by American orchestras, the virtuosos who have played their works, the conductors who have directed them, and—here's the French touch—the women who have inspired them. Surely this does not refer to women's influence over conductors.

Cyril Maude speaks of actors who are so timid about their first entrance that they mutter little prayers or cross themselves before going on.

William Ludvig, the baritone, when he sang here in oratorio, read his prayer book before bursting into recitative or aria, but this did not improve the quality of his voice or insure pure intonation. When Natalie Janotha, the pianist, played in Boston—she rushed on the platform as if she were chased by the Furies—she put a prayer book, instead of the traditional pocket handkerchief, on the piano; yet her interpretation of pieces left much to be desired.

### RED RIDING-HOOD AVENGED

(An Aesopic anecdote in William Wordsworth's worst manner for As the World Wags.)

After Red Riding-hood had been digested

Her savage murderer should have digested

Himself of Grandma's dressing-gown and night-cap

For in this waggish world none knows what might hap,

But the rash beast lay stupidly abed

With dreams of further dinners in his head

Until a colored hunter passed the cottage

In quest of 'possum for a mess of pot-tag,

And on this hunt his little son and daughter

Came with their father to enjoy the slaughter.

Seeing the bloody culprit as he snored

The darky shot him dead and loudly roared:

"Look fru dis windah, Cleopatra, honey!

Look yeah, MARK ANTONY, DE WOLF HOW funny!"

E. G.

Contributors to London journals have been amusing themselves by making lists of persons whose name begins with "Z," known to Americans as "Zee," but to the English as Zed, or the variants Izzard, Ezod, Uzzard.

Mr. Coleman P. Hyman called attention to a little book, by Sophy Moody "What Is Your Name?" published in London 65 years ago. "The alphabetical list of names included in this book contains almost 30 with the initial Z." Mr. Hyman quotes this passage from Sophy's book:

"At one time a novel idea seized French romance and play-writers. The last letter of the alphabet, after a long life of comparative obscurity, was suddenly raised to pre-eminence. Every heroine was provided with a name beginning with a Z. It became, par excellence, the letter of the alphabet."

A writer of the day ridiculed the fashion by announcing the forthcoming History of Prince Zzzzzzz! (Noel's Dictionnaire Historique).

Mr. B. D. Sanders mentions three Kings of Poland: Ziemonislas, Zygmunt I and Zygmunt II.

Have these contributors referred to the sonorous lines in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great"?

"Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,

Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,

Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills—

Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine

Than the possession of the Persian crown

Which gracious stars have promised at my birth."

And Marlowe's magnificent use of her name in Tamburlaine's lament as she is dying should not be passed unnoticed.

### BEARDED LIKE A PARTNER

As the World Wags:

WHISKERS are coming back. Yecssir, they are. The gals with their bobs, sunburn make-ups, sport clothes, and swaggering walk are compelling the male biped to fall back on his last line



I defence—whiskers. We will welcome the return of whiskers. The only gals that ever had 'em were the Bearded Ladies in the circus. We met a Bearded Lady once. She traveled with Barnum's circus. She was the Bearded Lady while the side show was going on, but when she was off duty she chewed tobacco, smoked a pipe, and wore men's clothes. Also her name was Jimmy and she was the husband of the Fat Woman. Nop! When it comes to whiskers—well, it takes a man to raise whiskers.

R. H. L.

#### JUST GIVE US A CHANCE

As the World Wags:

I believe Stewart E. White in "The Rose Dawn" gives an excellent test of one's sobriety. If after drinking several cocktails you can say rapidly and correctly the phrase, "Uncle Sam's twin screw steel cruisers," you are not stowed. Try it.

G. S. A.

#### "VICE VERSA" WRITES TO US

I wish to point with pride to the fact that I have not mentioned—no, never even whispered of any one for the Hall of Fame.

Remarking the irritating frequency of cigar stores in this metropolis, the large number of women whose lips taste of tobacco, and the claim of the world's champion, who boasts 250 cigars in 24 hours, I can sympathize from the depths of my nicotine stained lungs with them that would try to make Boston a smokeless city.

Hail to the unsung heroes of this nation! Hail to them that can walk into South station at 5:15 or thereabout, newsboys to the left of them, newsboys to the right of them, newsboys in front of them, newsboys on top of them—yes, walk, wade, fight through the maddening maelstrom of newsboys—and buy their evening paper at the news stand! Hail, I say, hail to the men of iron!

It is certainly a wonderful thing that there is a way of controlling something that has always seemed of no use and a lot of bother, like radio static. There is plenty of raw material for Mr. Theremin in this field of invention right around my window nights. Old shoes, clocks, and a bottle of hair oil have failed. And if Mr. Theremin could do something about "That's My Weakness Now," I would be glad to mention him in my will, which I drew up during the siege of "Ramona."

#### WISDOM

I tasted love and found it  
A very yeasty bread,  
Small comfort for the stomach,  
Much fever for the head.

I gathered wealth and thought it  
A harvest full of grief,  
I moldered in the winrows  
And shriveled in the sheaf.

I nibbled fame and called it  
A far too bitter plum.  
So now I sit in corners  
Contented with my thumb.  
—JESSICA NELSON NORTH.

#### AT LAST

We have now seen a Barlow knife; what is more we have one in our pocket. We are indebted for this joy to Mr. Walter F. Burbank of Rutland, Vt. This letter accompanied the package:

"This is a Russell Barlow and it is the same as all Barlows except that it has the letter R on the bolster instead of the letter B. Your correspondent in Thomaston Centre has told the whole story of the Barlow. I wish that he would tell of the decline in the manufacture of hand-made cutlery in his home town. It is rather a tragedy and records the beginning of the machine age in the making of fine pocket cutlery. You can give the Barlow to a boy or keep it on your desk to show to some of your older friends. I think it will bring a smile of remembrance to their faces."

As the World Wags:

I should like to hear from Mr. Herkimer Johnson on the method of solving this problem: Given one-tenth of an ounce a day to drink, how can 79 men consume 2000 gallons in two years? Is the solution reached by fourth dimension, relativity or triconometry?

I. B. THURSTIN.

#### ENTER DR. SCHMETTERLING

As the World Wags:

The art of lecturing, which produced such works as "Heroes and Hero Worship," is not dead, as some intellectual pessimists declaim. Any night, in any large city, you can hear public street-lectures on how to preserve falling hair, how to save your soul, how to vote for the best interests of this great democracy, and how to keep your trousers neatly pressed, or your neckties in good condition. (The last are the only ones

for which charge is made.) In addition, if you venture indoors you can hear talks on spiritualism, personal magnetism, concentration, personal hygiene, the Ford automobile and foreign war exploits. I leave out the lectures of traffic policemen.

As head of the Society for Helping Unemployed Foreigners, I am glad to announce that a new authority will add himself to the above list. He is Dr. Sigmund Schmetterling, psychiatrist extraordinary to the crowned neurotics of Europe, president of the Imperial Academy of Psychical Clrugeons, and the author of a monumental work on psycho-paralysis (now unfortunately out of print). Dr. Schmetterling has been in this country before, having gone through Harvard in 1918 (it was on Dec. 6, to be exact), receiving the degree of M.Y.O.B. from President Lowell. He also is a member of the exclusive Sugary Sigma Sap and Hol Poloi fraternities.

Dr. Schmetterling will lecture on several subjects. For the medical profession exclusively, he will give a lantern-talk on "The Surgical Anatomy of the Left Thumb Nail, as Influenced by the Oedipus Complex." For the benefit of the Charitable Home for Expectant Fathers he will tell some of his experiences while curing Queen Mabel of Rheumatism of her sad kleptomania. Admission to this lecture will be \$10. Tickets in charge of Mrs. Svelte von Dieting.

For the public-at-large he will deliver a series of talks at Cacophony hall on the subject, "How to be Healthy, Wealthy and Wise without Getting Up Early." Admission will be free; the exits, however, will be guarded. Other subjects may be announced later.

Dr. Schmetterling will tour the states under the auspices of the Daughters of the Industrial Revolution.

#### PHILOSOPHICUS.

Cambridge.

As the World Wags:

A few years ago, I was riding south from Paris on the P. L. & M. In my compartment was a young Englishman who seemed to know the continent with the usual sang-froid of a Britisher which, as you know, is so different from the blustery omniscience of some other European visitors. I asked him if he would recommend the name of a well appointed but moderately expensive hotel at Nice.

"The Oak and Oar," he replied.

"The what?" I asked.

"The Oaken Oar," was his answer. At least, that is what it sounded like.

Arriving at Nice, I directed the taxi driver to take me to the "Oaken Oar." He drove me across the street to a large hotel—I never knew whether it was mid-Victorian or early Gen. Grant type of architecture. Above the door was a big sign which proclaimed its name, not "Oaken Oar," not "Oak and Oar," but "O'Connor." VILERS ST. BENOIT.

#### BACK FIRE

"I heard a story!" "Is it true?"  
"What is the difference to you?"  
It's a thrilling scandal, and very new.  
And I'm dying for some one to tell it to!"

And so she told it.

And nobody ever yet has found  
How that tale got started 'round.  
But no matter how false a thing may sound,  
Some one will believe, and it won't be downed.

After you've told it.

And some day somebody's going to start  
A boomerang tale that will pierce her heart.  
MARJORIE F. W.

In connection with these verses that strange story, "Tongues of Fire," by Algernon Blackwood, is pertinent reading.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Charles street is full of surprises. A shoe-shining parlor between Chestnut and Mt. Vernon streets exhibits this modest sign:

"Pedal ligaments artistically illuminated and lubricated for the infinitesimal remuneration of 10c per operation."

Do you think this new tendency in advertising should be encouraged or deplored?

Across the street, a few doors from Beacon street, an Italian fruit dealer invites the passer-by to

"Get acquainted with Oriental Per-simmons."

This is a splendid suggestion. I may not follow it out, but it will at least give me an expression to alternate with the now tiresome: "Tell that to the marines."

DALE WARREN.

As the World Wags:

Man learned a lot when he discovered that the planets, the stars and the moon obeyed certain laws. Immediately he made laws for himself and the other guy because all harmony is based on rules and regulations and the red light on the

corner. Well, sir, after man worked hard and thought he had everything jake, along comes another man with an awful thirst. The thirsty one steps into a smoky little place and sez: "I wanna drink." "All right," growled the waiter, "but the NEXT time ya come here fer a shot go to tha side door and rap three times."

ORACLE.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY.

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollo Musagete" ("Apollo, Leader of the Muses"), a ballet (first time in Boston); Kodaly, suite from his comic opera, "Hary Janos" (first time in Boston); Schumann, Symphony, B flat, No. 1.

The disappointment of those who seeing the name of Stravinsky went prepared to sulk, pout, rage and find fault with Mr. Koussevitzky for daring to conduct another piece by this son of Belial, flushed with insolence and vodka, this Antichrist in contemporaneous musical life, must have been keen. For in this ballet there was no orgy of dissonances, no thunderous crashes, no drums beaten as if by madmen. There was simple music, often tuneful, often beautiful; when there were commonplace passages they were not disturbing to Stravinsky's admirers; and these commonplaces reassured and pleased the reactionaries who are suspicious of anything they think is mildly or audaciously original. The prevailing spirit of this ballet is of the 18th century.

"Apollo," scored for strings only, was first heard at the indefatigable Mrs. Coolidge's chamber musical festival in the music room of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., on April 27, 1923. Mr. Bolm then mimed Apollo. At the later performances in Paris and London Serge Lifar of the Ballet Russe was the god.

Here is the rare instance of ballet music that does not suffer by being transferred to the concert platform. There is hardly any story for the theatre stage; the action is negligible. It would seem as if Stravinsky, now tired of his futile attempt to write in the manner of Bach when that composer was dull and merely a weaver of insignificant patterns, and in the manner of Handel's oratorios—there has been only one Handel—the superb—forgot his piano concerto and his "Oedipus Rex" and bethought him of Lull and Rameau. Thus he has joined the band of modern Frenchmen who praise these composers of the 18th century and would submit to their influence. Did not Debussy at a performance of a ballet suite from Rameau's "La Guirlande" performed in Paris 25 years ago, stand up and shout: "Hurrah for Rameau! Away with Gluck!" For in Rameau's music Debussy found the pure French musical tradition, tenderly and delicately charming, "without the affectation of German depth, without the italicization with blows of the fist, without long-winded explanations which seem to say: 'You are a parcel of idiots, who understand nothing unless one forces you in advance to accept 'bladders for lanterns.'"

No wonder that the audience yesterday enjoyed Stravinsky's dance tunes which might have served the old leaders of the ballets in the Parisian opera house moving vivaciously or with solemn poses as goddesses or nymphs.

No wonder that the applause was so general, so hearty, so long continued that Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled after the excellent performance; that the players shared in the tribute.

The suite drawn from Kodaly's comic opera, which was produced at Budapest in 1926, is another matter; more dependent, no doubt, on the action, with the effect increased by the scenery, costumes and the dramatic dialogue or soliloquy. This Hary Janos, a boastful peasant, having returned to his village, tells, as an old man of the wonders he has seen, the deeds that he has done. He overthrew in battle Napoleon at Milan—Napoleon trembled and wept as soon as he caught sight of Hary; and Hary rescued Marie Louise and took her to her imperial father in Vienna—hence the boisterous march in the nature of a Hungarian Rhapsody that ends the suite.

The burlesque battle scene is amusing, but how much more entertaining it would be in the opera house! The prodigious orchestral sneeze with which the prelude opens is also amusing, a clever instrumental trick, but what would a hearer make of it, were he not told that in Hungary when any one perpetuates a whooper, an accidental sneeze from man of woman in the company is an assurance of the narrator's truthfulness, however incredible the tale may seem. There is beautiful music in the section entitled "Song," where Hary and his sweetheart long to see again their

fatherland. Here, as elsewhere in the suite, Kodaly uses Hungarian melody. This suite, as we have said, is entertaining, the work of an accomplished musician, who, while understanding and able to write in the ultra-modern idiom, is not afraid of melody even when it is frankly national or has undergone sophistication. Although Kodaly is known as an enthusiastic lover and collector of folk songs, his hobby has not made him a parochial composer. He is not forced for inspiration to sit in a village belfry.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a brilliant and eloquent reading of Schumann's symphony; so eloquent that one forgot for the time being the oft repeated slurs on Schumann's orchestration and the oft heard remark that he wrote as if for a piano and then awkwardly handed the music to the orchestra. All in all a delightful concert.

It will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Haydn's Symphony in G major called "The Surprise"; Rubin Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody" and Cesar Franck's Symphony.

#### "Glorious Betsy," Good Romance with Talking Sequences at Metropolitan

##### METROPOLITAN

#### "Glorious Betsy"

A screen romantic drama based on a story by Rida Johnson Young, with scenario by Anthony Coldeway, directed by Alan Crosland and presented by Warner Bros. with talking sequences and the following cast:

Betsy Patterson	Dolores Costello
Jerome Bonaparte	Conrad Nagel
Preston	John Miljan
Napoleon	Pasquale Amato
Col. Patterson	Marie McDermott
Col. DuRoi	Michael Vavitch
Capt. Lemaire	Andre du Segnirola
Captain of Ship	Paul Panzer
Aunt Mary	Clarissa Selwynne
Princess Fredericka	Betty Byrne

A restful picture, this. Restful in its early scenes of the southland, Virginia and Maryland; its gardens, its trusting places for the romance of Betsy, the pupil, and Jerome, the French tutor; restful even in its pageantry. To be sure, we have an early view of a duel with rapiers between Jerome and one Preston, a reckless blade who has lost heavily at cards and offers a locket containing Betsy's face as stakes against \$500. Jerome, intervening, thought it worth more than that; in fact he bought it with Napoleonic gold, and then pinned Master Preston to the wall while he sped to the garden to meet Betsy. The duel is the only act of violence to mar otherwise a peaceful romance, unhampered by historic fact.

Jerome, who is supposed to be in America as envoy extraordinary, has a neat trick of disappearing at most undiplomatic times. He did it in Philadelphia, again in Baltimore, and a third time when Brother Napoleon, now Emperor of France, thought he had Jerome bound, sealed and delivered to Princess Fredericka of Wurtemberg. As a French tutor Jerome was a good lover. Betsy pretended that he was beneath her, but, again those romantic gardens—finally yielded and promised to marry him. A moment later Jerome is proclaimed to Baltimore's finest society in his true identity, brother of the Emperor. He in turn announces Betsy's promise to marry him. Marry they do, and are off to France. But the Little Corporal boards the ship before she docks, has a bitter scene with Jerome and a touching one with Betsy. He hurls platitudes about love and sacrifice and destiny at her and she wilts and sails back that very night for America, taking leave of Jerome with her chin up and a tiny fib on her lips to effect that they will meet again "tomorrow."

Later Jerome receives Betsy's letter

which tells of their son. So Jerome makes his third disappearance. The Emperor, with cinematic license, decides that it may be politic to encourage perpetuation of the name of Bonaparte, and permits Jerome to return to his wife and son, the familiar garden being the scene of the reunion.

Miss Costello and Mr. Nagel so act that they make the story seem plausible. Miss Costello knows her movie alphabet from A to Z. She is now learning to put her letters together and talk. The Vitaphone, dragged in at the very end, makes her speech soft and mournful. In time she will realize that acoustically a studio is not an auditorium, or vice versa. Mr. Nagel is always likable. He enters into any role joyously, whether as lover, gunman, or prince of the realm. His Vitaphone voice is another matter. He and that adroit bit of mechanism should get together and talk it over, for harmony's sake. W. E. G.



M. Charles Koechlin, distinguished composer, teacher and writer about music, who has been teaching during the summer session at the University of California, will give a lecture in English in Paine hall of the Harvard music building, next Wednesday evening, at 8:15. There is no charge for admission to this lecture.

He is probably best known here through Bostonians who studied with him in Paris, but his "Three Chorales" were performed at a Symphony concert in 1923 and some of his charming songs have been heard in our concert halls. He was born of Alsatian parents at Paris in 1867. Having made his classical and scientific studies he went to the Polytechnic School, but in 1890 he entered the Paris Conservatory of Music, where he studied composition with Massenet and then with Gabriel Faure. The list of his compositions is a long one; symphonic poems, orchestral suites, many songs and piano pieces, chamber music, a Biblical pastorate, a Choreographic poem, Chorale for organ and orchestra, etc.

Mr. Ernest Newman differs with Dr. Terry, who says in his life of Bach recently published: "Nothing more vividly declares its (Leipsic's) unappreciation of him than its cold neglect of his widow." (She died 10 years after him in an almshouse.)

Mr. Newman replies: "In 1750, when Bach died, the characteristic Bach style was virtually out-moded; he must have seemed, to the ordinary Leipzig citizen of the younger generation, a belated survival. And the town council plainly had no particular love for him as a man. He had fought them too stoutly and worsted them too often for that; so that it is perhaps not so very surprising that, once rid of the incubus he must have seemed to them in the later years, they regarded their connection with the Bach family as having ceased. But surely there is the plainest of commonsense reasons for their neglect of his widow. Bach left nine children behind him; and though the grown-up ones were mostly by his first wife, the good Leipzigers probably saw no valid reason why these should not maintain the stepmother who had brought them up. Philipp Emanuel was 36 in 1750, and occupying a good position at the court of Frederick the Great. Wilhelm Friedemann was 40, and held the well-paid post of organist at Halle. Dr. Terry notes that 'her (Anna Magdalena's) own children as yet were unable to maintain her, while her stepsons do not appear to have admitted an obligation to do so.' Is not the simple commonsense view of the situation not that the Leipzig 'community' was 'unappreciative' of its great Cantor, but simply that it saw no reason to relieve Emanuel and Friedemann of the plain moral obligation that lay on them?"

The standard of "pianism" has progressed so remarkably that one is prompted to demand an equal advance in concert deportment. This is still strangely neglected. No one wants airs and graces. These are bad enough in the old, and insufferable in the young. At the same time manners maketh the pianist—and all other executant musicians. From the moment of appearance on the platform deportment counts towards the sum of impressions they are to leave with their audience. Too often do pupils make a hurried dash for the piano, and directly they have finished make a hurried exit, taking no notice of the applause the kindly audience is giving them. And if they bow, how stiff and gauche the inclination of the head is apt to be! The result is that the effect of their playing is impaired, and for reasons which it would cost no effort to remove.—H. E. Wortham.

We recall the appearance of an excellent pianist at a Symphony concert in Boston. She came on the stage, swinging her arms, nodding to friends in the front seats, and with a general air of "Howdy, folks, now I'll make you sit up."

Mr. Errol Sherson considering the "Temperament and the Prima Donna" writes: "Some modern instances, quite odd enough, are not wanting of these ebullitions of temperament. It is not so long ago that a charming lady and great singer is said to have spat at her rival standing in the wings because she thought she was criticising her performance. This spitting business was not confined to the ladies. There was a tenor once who had the nasty habit of spitting on the stage to clear his throat. Madame Lablache, wearing a lovely velvet dress, feared for its folds, and whispered to him, 'Could you not, by chance perhaps, aim once for the train of the other lady?' These jealousies and 'tantrums' were exhibited in the front of the house, as well as in the galleries. Cerito was furious because Taglioni had, she fancied, a better bow than hers for her friends. It was generally, in the old days at any rate, a case of unblushing blackmail.

"These ladies were also most insistent on the sumptuous nature of their appointments. Enormous sums have had to be squandered at various times for the leading operatic artists. When the Italian Opera Company was touring the States it was currently said that 'Patti was bringing her voice and Nordica her wardrobe,' alluding to the huge sums that the latter had spent in Paris over her dresses. They also had weird ideas of what it was necessary to travel with. Ilma di Murska travelled with a large Newfoundland, a monkey and several parrots, who all had their places laid for them at her table, and she generally went out accompanied by several of her pets, and with her 'golden hair a-hanging down her back.' It must be the nature of the operatic singer to be somewhat different to any one else. There is no accounting for it. We have to take these ladies as we find them."

The Editor of The Boston Herald:

When, where can we find the one-act play? What an opportunity there is today in this city and Greater Boston for a theatre manager to introduce a new kind of entertainment, one that in some way gets off the beaten track of "Two Pictures," a "Sennett Comedy," "Current Events" and "News of the Day." All interesting enough, but one is fed up with the same thing, no matter what picture house you attend.

For instance: I am very fond of a certain theatre. I like its general atmosphere, its good management and its location, yet, while I am not a picture fan exactly, I have not been in this theatre for months because I have seen one feature or another weeks before at a first-run theatre.

A good many years ago the late B. F. Keith introduced at his Washington Street Bijou Dream a policy that became popular immediately and lasted until his death. A feature picture, the Pathe News, a 15-minute lecture or talk with slides (now the movie illustrations), a quartet singing, besides

solos, duets and trios. I recall an especially worthy rendering in costume and with scenery of the sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Above all there was the one-act play which was featured. The little comedies and dramas were very popular; a packed house greeted the players twice a day for weeks, months, and even years. These plays were not highbrow nor trash; just real and understandable to all classes of patrons. They were well acted and carefully staged.

I went to the theatre with every change of bill and I recall coming in contact with some of Boston's notables in professional and social life, but the majority were of that good class of people who are perhaps the best critics after all.

It would seem that this sort of performance is just what would be appreciated and patronized today. I have in mind several theatres that would be glad, I am sure, if they made the adventure in this charming yet inexpensive program.

Unfortunately I cannot recall the names of the clever people that Mr. Keith gathered about him; the review, what kind of a picture he wanted, and whom to employ to make that picture.

GEORGE WESTON.

The English music hall has just lost, for a time, the popular American artist, who is described as the Queen of Jazz—Miss Sophie Tucker. I could fill another column raving about Sophie, but I must not. Why is the Jewess so invariably successful on the stage? I think I can find the answer in Miss Tucker's methods. They are precisely those of many other notable members of her race whom I can remember on the boards. She has a big heart, and is not afraid to wear it on her sleeve. To hear her sing "My Yiddisher Momma" is to realize the strength of Jewish family and tribal claims, and touches the secret spring of all Hebrew motherhood.—London Daily Telegraph.

Dr. Adrian Boult, director of the Birmingham (Eng.) city orchestra, flying from Munich to lecture at Oxford (taking four different aeroplanes), said to young would-be conductors: "Keep a stick everywhere. I always have one lying on my desk, and I pick it up at all sorts of odd moments and feel about with it so that the handling of it becomes almost second nature. Even when people come in to talk I invariably twiddle the thing about in my hand."

There was nothing like deep breathing, he said, for making conductors feel really calm, collected, and happy. He also recommended walking before conducting a concert. Even if it were only a walk across the road or round the corner it had a calming effect. "Do not enter the artists' room more than two minutes before a concert is due to start, and for goodness' sake do not stand in front of your choir with your baton shaking about in your hand."

From Sir Harry Lauder's "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" recently published: "Occasionally I fall to dreaming of just how much money I ought to have earned from the millions and millions of gramophone records sold in both hemispheres. Once I discussed the matter with my old friend Caruso, and the figures he gave me from his angle made me so ill that I suddenly changed the conversation from 'royalties' to 'voice production.'" P. H.

## New Songs of Quality

### The Oxford University Press Issues Many Such

The Oxford University Press, of Amen House, Warwick square, London—because of the address alone lovers of things English would wish to like the output—has sent The Herald, from its American branch, New York, a bulky parcel of songs. Whatever their actual worth may prove to be, these songs rouse interest; they point tendencies.

They make it clear, for instance, that the Englishmen at work today have no patience with commonplace verse. Bernard Van Dieren, indeed, one of the most significant of the company under consideration, has turned to Walter Savage Landor for three of his texts, lyrics of genuine charm: "The Touch of Love," "Last Days" and "Love Must Be Gone." In his musical settings he has reproduced not a little of their singular charm and flavor. A delicate taste he brought to his task, and exquisite workmanship, a certain imagination. If he has not quite escaped a touch of the "precious," it does not matter; preciousness, after all, does not great harm to verse by Savage Landor.

Mr. Van Dieren has not scorned melody. Melody, of course, as it sprang to the minds of Mozart and Schubert, lies not in his reach. Melody, however, of the short-breath character in vogue at present, Mr. Van Dieren has achieved, and better than most of its kind. Hewing to a vocal line not too twisted or snarled, he lets his phrases fall on the ear melodiously, rhythmically, too. If a singer and a pianist sufficiently competent set themselves to learning these songs, they will acquire something, wherewith they can give pleasure to such musical people as are not too bitterly opposed to present-day musical ways.

But the incompetent had better let them alone. Not all young persons, whatever their pretensions, or old ones either, may hold themselves capable of interpreting fine verse and music melodically and rhythmically subtle merely because they, by commendable toiling and mulling, can contrive to sing in time and tune. Far more than correctness is needful to lend these Van Dieren songs that air of natural ease without which music is no better than nothing at all. So pray be modest, ladies and gentlemen, and let these songs alone, unless you know more than most likely you do.

If they like the look of the name Van Dieren on their programs, singers something less than the best will find their hands quite full enough with Mr. Van Dieren's "Spring," to words by Thomas Nashe, a brilliant song with fancy in it and the season's happy atmosphere, with engaging melody as well, and bounding rhythm. Still lesser singers can manage nicely "Mon Coeur se Recommande a Vous," with its delightful melody attributed to Orlando Lasso. If humorously disposed, they have real fun at hand, with very few snags to hold them up, in Mr. Van Dieren's setting of "Epiphanias."

Fun and fancy, the sprightliness of spring—they lie well within the powers of Mr. Van Dieren and his company. The turn of melody that voices the bright, the droll or robust—English moderns, in varying degrees, stand ready with it, and with the harmony, as well, that intensifies moods of



similar kinds, the animating rhythm. Melody, however, suggestive of ardor, exaltation, passion—where is it? Not in these present songs under view does one hint of it show itself. Perhaps Dame Ethel Smyth has the right of it. Englishmen, by their very nature, are more at home in the comic than in the grand. The lady, to be sure, was discussing opera. Her dictum, nevertheless, she might have stretched to cover the entire musical output of Englishmen and of Americans, too—the Anglo-Saxon brand of them—without too great risk of stretching the truth.

C. W. Orr, who contributes to the exhibition musical settings of four poems from Housman's "A Shropshire Lad"—"Is My Team Ploughing?" "On Your Midnight Pallet Lying," "This Time of Year" and "Oh, When I Was in Love with You"—would perhaps agree with Dame Ethel, and even go her one step better: the grand is not to be desired. To fit the form of Housman's poems Mr. Orr has made use of a folk-songish order of melody, suitable enough, and logical, in respect to form, but so sorrowfully thin and dry that it answers not at all for the real spirit of the poems.

He has fashioned these melodies, furthermore, so clumsily for the voice that scarcely one man alive could sing them comfortably, baritone, tenor, bass. Why will not song writers take the pains to learn their medium, the human voice?

Herbert Howells, in his "Come Sing and Dance," has managed better. Agreeable words from an old carol he has furnished with a pleasant melody neither common nor far-fetched, with an accompaniment, furthermore, harmoniously interesting, but not outrageous, brilliant but not impossibly difficult.

Constant Lambert also managed well in his setting of four poems by Li Po. A man of sound musicianship and of taste, he must have observation to his credit as well, ingenuity and fancy, for in these little songs of his he has contrived to suggest, and vividly, the aspect of Chinese life displayed on fans and tea cups. There is grace in these songs if a singer can bring it forward. Not every singer can.

His humor, not his fancy, stirred W. G. Whittaker to set to music four "Songs of the Northern Road" by W. W. Gibson. He gave it happy play in two of them, "The Crowder" and "Song of a Lass, O," songs of real melody right rhythmically set forth, with accompaniments pleasantly, in their harmony, up to date. In the matter of declamation Dr. Whittaker has exercised a judgment that should lead to comprehensible words. Though in his other songs he has employed an affected manner that matches their texts but ill, for one of them, "The Empty Purse," he has provided an accompaniment so beguiling that perhaps it may, in performance, serve to take the curse away.

What with editing as well as composing, Dr. Whittaker must have been driven to death. Through his editorial efforts many new choruses, in the "Oxford Choral Songs" series, have become available. Exacting no more than a pianoforte accompaniment, and not too difficult for the average company of singing amateurs, they ought to prove useful, for with marked success they avoid the ordinary. And their texts are discreetly chosen, with taste.

For the "Oxford Choral Songs from the Old Masters" Dr. Whittaker has also "edited" fifteen Schubert songs, some of them famous, others less familiar. He wishes them to be sung by a chorus in unison—a wish not shared, so far as memory serves, by Schubert. Choruses by Purcell and others, genuine choruses, would seem to be of greater value, not to forget three of Bach's church cantatas, fitted out with very good English translations.

Good translations are distinctly the feature of several Schubert songs. They come, these English versions, from "Schubert's Songs Translated," by A. H. Fox Strangways and Stuart Wilson. Although they scarcely strike the level of Goethe's poems and Heine's, they do reach so high a pitch of excellence that they make many songs possible in English which heretofore have lain quite out of the question. If only singers will make use of them! Singers dearly love, however, the most of them, to sing in slovenly German to audiences who do not know one German word from another. Then, when they reap the reward they might expect, bitterly they complain the public will not tolerate music by the masters.

As a rest, perhaps, from Schubert, Mr. Stuart Wilson has made a translation or two from the Italian, "Voi che sapete," and "Star Vicino"; they appear in the "Oxford Library of Standard Songs," in company with Purcell songs in English, Handel, Dr. Arne. They are satisfactory, though not obviously necessary. But would it not be wise to print the original text along with that in English? By their completeness, then, as well as by their fine appearance, songs in this edition would set a standard, in very truth.

ROY R. GARDNER.

## SYMPHONY HALL

### Fritz Kreisler

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. His admirers filled every cranny of the hall, stage included, and enthusiasm ran high. Mr. Kreisler began his program, assisted by Carl Lamson, pianist, with Brahms's A major sonata for piano and violin, which work he followed with the Bruch G minor concerto. Next Mr. Kreisler, in Gallo-Ispanic mood, turned his attention to habaneras by Ravel; one transcribed by himself from the Rhapsodie Espagnole, the other a "piece in habanera form." By Dvorak, then, he played three pieces, all arranged by himself, the popular "Songs My Mother Taught Me," and two Slavonic dances. Mr. Kreisler closed his program, officially, that is to say, with Wieniawski's fantasy on Russian melodies.

Mr. Kreisler played his part of the Brahms sonata in a way fit to force the musically intellectual down to their knees. He brought tone to hearing of an exquisite purity. He fashioned the lovely phrases with an elegance and a grace that, maybe, Brahms himself did not conceive when he invented them. He made the most of the rhythm. Perfectly, in short, from the musical point of view, did Mr. Kreisler perform Brahms sonata.

Chillingly, nevertheless, he performed it. He let its melodies shine, but not once did he make them glow. Perhaps Mr. Kreisler felt a call to protest against the cry now widely raised that Brahms stands in need of present-day performers with their rouge-filled "vanities" if he is to hold his own with the public of today. If so, surely he protested too much; he left the sonata pale and weak. Or may it have been the result of routine merely that led him to a performance so restrained?

The latter guess would seem the likeliest, in view of what came after. For the romantic ardor that is needed to fan the faint breath of life that still flickers in Bruch Mr. Kreisler did not summon. He had to do what he could with consummate musicianliness alone. His singular charm, however, he had at hand once more for the pretty trifles of Ravel, and for Wieniawski's brilliancy of technique that delights those who understand technical fine points. In the Ravel pieces, by the way, Mr. Lamson, most discreet of accompanists, showed himself a pianist of notable skill.

R. R. G.

Two volumes—supplementary volumes—of "Hakluyt's Voyages" have been published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York. Now there are ten volumes in all of this library edition

illustrated with portraits drawn by Thomas Derrick and reproductions from contemporary portraits. There is a full index of proper names, countries and towns. Would there were an index of subjects, but the task of compiling it would be well nigh intolerable and would demand a volume to itself, as is the case with Birbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's Johnson. The title of these supplementary volumes is "The Voyages, Traffiques & Discoveries of Foreign Voyagers with other matters relating thereto contained in the 'Navigations.'" It will be remembered that the title of the first eight volumes is "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation made by Sea or Overland to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth at any Time Within the Compass of These 1600 years."

There are few "remote and farthest distant quarters of the earth" today. There are regions in Asia, but now one goes comfortably to Angkor; Timbuctoo is as near as Pasadena; the Antarctic may in a few years be a summer resort. Steamships are floating hotels; the motor car is a substitute for the camel. Women venture gaily to visit places where not many years ago the boldest of men feared to tread. We can remember when prayers were said in churches and men made their last wills and testaments—"In the name of God, Amen,"—before taking passage on a Cunarder for Liverpool.

"Hakluyt's Voyages" should delight all fireside travelers—all those who, eager to see strange sights in far countries, must perforce content themselves with the pictures shown by the entertaining and informing Mr. Newman or by subscribing to magazines such as Asia and the magazines of the National Geographic Society. (Does any one recall the merry quip of Bert L. Taylor? Some newspaper had stated that Mr. So-and-So had been elected a member of the National Geographic Society. "Yes," said Taylor, "and he gets the magazine, too.") For parents who are already cudgelling their brains about a Christmas present for the bright-eyed young Augustus, there will be no better gift than this library edition of Hakluyt. Parents of a thrifty nature can obtain the first eight volumes in the Everyman's Library.

Many years ago Froude wrote an essay, one of his best, extolling the use of the English language by these early writers as well as their heroic deeds. Open the 10th volume of Hakluyt at random. "Quabacondono having subdued all the petty kingdoms of Japan, in the yeere of our Lord 1590 (as father Friar Lewis Frois writeth in his Japonian Epistles of the foresaid yeere) grew so proud and insolent that he seemed another Lucifer; so farre forth, that he made a solenne vow and othe, that he would passe the sea in his own person to conquire China; and for this purpose hee made great preparations saying, that since hee is become Lorde of all Japan, he hath nothing now to doe but to conquire China, and that although he should end his life in that enterprize, he is not to give over the same. For he hopeth to leave behinde him hereby so greete fame, glorie and renowne, as none may be comparable thereunto. And though he could not conquire the same, and shall ende his life in the action, yet should hee alwayes remaine immortal with his glory. And if God doth not cut him off, it is thought verily, that hee will thoroughly attempt the same!" It is not this a lordly prologue to the tale of his adventure with the "Corayans"?

Turn to the journal of Friar Odoricus concerning strange things which he saw among the Tartars of the east.

"When I was in the province of Mançy, I passed by the palace of a certain famous man, which hath fifty virgin damosels continually attending upon him, feeding him every meale, as a bird feeds her young ones. Also he hath sundry kindes of meat served in at his table, and three dishes of each kinde; and when the sayd virgins feed him, they sing most sweetly. . . . His palace is two miles in circuit, the pavement where of is one plate of golde, and another of silver. Neere unto the wall of the sayd palace there is a mount artificially wrought with golde and silver, whereupon stand turrets and steeples and other delectable things for the solace and recreation of the foresayd great man. And it was tolde me that there were foure such men in the sayd kingdom."

But the women of Tebek! "Wherein is more plenty of bread and wine than in any other part of the world besides." These women wear "above an hundred tricks and trifles about them, and they have two teeth in their mouthes as long as the tushes of a boare." There is a lively description of Tartary from

Vincent of Beauvais speaking of "Parasitac," "Who having little stomack, and small mouthes, ate not anything at all, but seething flesh. They stand or sitte over the potte, and receiving the steame or smoke thereof, are therewith only nourished, and if they eate any thing it is very little." There is a country "lying upon the Ocean sea, where they found certaine monsters, who in all things resembled the shape of man, saving that their feete were like the feete of an oxe, and they had indeede mens heads but dogge faces. They spake, as it were, two words like men, but at the third they barked like dogges."

The early voyages to Mexico, Florida, the West Indies—"Domenica is one of the fayrest Islands of the West, full of hills and of very good smell"—the voyages of Jacques Cartier and others to Canada are of peculiar interest to students of early American history. There is a glorious description of the sacking of Cadiz by the English in 1596.

Nearly 90 pages are given to the letter by the grave and learned Bishop Gudbrandus Thorlacius about Iceland and Greenland. He wrote in answer to vile reports about Iceland, "there came to light about the yeare of Christ 1561, a very deformed impe, begotten by a certain Pedlar of Germany: namely a booke of German rimes of al that ever were read the most filthy and most slanderous against the nation of Island. Neither did it suffice the base printer once to send abroad that base brat, but he must publish it also thrise or foure times over. . . . So great was the malice of this printer & his desire so great to get lucre, by a thing unlawfull. . . . His name is Joachim Leo, a man worthy to become lions food." The good Bishop discusses solemnly the question whether Mount Hecla's flames will not burn low or be quenched by water, and whether the mountain is the prison of unclean souls.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, to whom the journey from Boston to Clamport is fraught with peril, should procure and read diligently these ten volumes. Would that they had a binding of less flaming red!

## "BRUNCH"

As the World Wags:

In your column of last Saturday I read about the word "brunch," a meal served in England between breakfast and luncheon. This brought to mind a remark made to me this summer by a good lady of Shrewsbury, England: "Why, even the charwomen must have their breakfasts!"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "The Big Fight," a play in three acts and four scenes, by Milton Herbert Gropper and Max Marcin. Staged by David Belasco, produced by Sam H. Harris and Albert Lewis at Buffalo, N. Y., on Aug. 30, 1928; Majestic Theatre, New York, on Sept. 18, 1928. At Buffalo Mr. Belasco praised Mr. Dempsey, "Just a big boy" and Estelle Taylor, who took the part of Shirley, there and in New York. Mr. Belasco repeated his characterization of Mr. Dempsey in New York.

The cast last night was as follows:

Steven Logan	Jack Roselitz
Berrell	William Ricciardi
Nick	Lewis Shuman
Ross	Jefferson Hall
Reinhart	Henry Phillips
Winnie	Mary Robinson
Sim	Victor Kihan
Snowball	Henry Clark
George	Carl de Mel
Jim	Jean Sidney
Pinkie Frye	Owen Martin
Shirley Moore	Harriet F. MacGibbon
Jack Dillon (Known as The Tiger)	Jack Dempsey
Chuck "Flower" Sloan	Arthur R. Vinton
Lester Moore (Shirley's brother)	Roy Hargrave

Sniffy Joyce	Eddie Mann
Lefty Wilson	Gordon Conover
Thirley Lewis	George Spelvin
LT. Rooney	E. J. LeSaint
Battling Baker	Ralph Smith
Danny	Daniel Kelly
Jerry, the Greek	Alan Allen
Bill	Jerry Luvadis
Battler's Second	Anthony McAniff
Referee	Joe Bernstein
Announcer	J. W. Nelson

When Mmc. Modjeska at Cincinnati saw John L. Sullivan taking the part of the hero—was the play "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," or "A True American"?—she defended him against supercilious, one might say irreverent, critics: "I like him very well, indeed. He speaks his lines naturally, and I like that bluff, hearty manner." The play must have been "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," for in "A True American" only a few lines were given to John L.: "I am a true American" and "I will fly to your assistance." These lines kept recurring throughout the play like a leitmotiv in Wagner's "Ring." But in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," which we saw at the Howard Athenaeum—it was one of our most memorable adventures in Boston's theatres—John L. was given several mouthfuls of speech which he delivered as if he were facing the slippery, shifty Charlie Mitchell in the ring. Never shall we forget John L.'s chivalrous speeches about women, and his final monologue:



"There is no time, no place, no power, No land serene, no roseate bower, No heaven, no sainted place of bliss, Nor baby's cheek, nor baby's kiss, That's grander, sweeter, purer than A woman's love for thoughtless man." These lines were delivered with such heartfelt sentiment, such devotional solemnity, that the deeply affected audience, smug orthodox citizens and plug-uglies, raised the shout: "Good boy, John. That's the stuff."

What Madame Modjeska said of the lamented John L. might be applied to the portrayal of Jack Dillon by Mr. Dempsey. It is true that as a play "The Big Battle" is of little account. The fight's the thing. 'Twas the representation of the prize fight between "The Tiger" and "Battling Baker" that drew the crowd to the Boston Opera House, the fight and the opportunity of seeing Mr. Dempsey in the flesh and in action. The first scene is a barber shop. Shirley is a manicurist, beset by admirers tempting her to stray from the narrow path of virtue; but the noble girl is in love with the champion of the ring and she laughs them to scorn. Unfortunately her brother kills a man. He will take the chair at Sing Sing unless gangsters and crooks of all varieties persuade her to dope the champion so that they may gain his downfall. The dramatists have not favored Mr. Dempsey with chivalric speeches and glowing apostrophes to woman. Perhaps they distrusted his rhetorical ability and knew that his emphasis should be muscular, not verbal. They knew that the audience would not care for polished dialogue or poetic outbursts. What Mr. Dempsey had to say,

he said clearly and amiably. Even when he was angered by the proposal to lay down in the fight, he did not roar, nor did he once, to show his indomitable spirit, indulge in what was once familiarly called soap-chewing or biting the scenery. When the fight began he injected into the play the poetry of motion.

This scene, a faithful representation of the ring, arena, what you may choose to call it, should be described by our excellent colleague, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, who is skilled in the niceties of pugilistic technique. It can only be said by a layman that it rewarded one for waiting through the long drawn out play, which announced to begin at 8:10 did not begin till 8:35. The waits were out of all proportion with the acts themselves.

Miss Harriet MacGibbon, who replaces on the tour Estelle Taylor (Mr. Dempsey's wife) gave a pleasing portrayal of the distressed and sorely tempted heroine. The others in the company were more than adequate for the parts assigned them. They took the melodrama seriously, defining well the respective if not respectable parts. The crooks headed by Mr. Vinton as Chuck Sloan gave a vivid picture of underground life.

And this play has a moral: Never bet on a prize fight.

There was a large audience. Whenever Mr. Dempsey came on the stage he was loudly applauded; enthusiastically when he said that in a fight he always did his best.

#### REPERTORY THEATRE

##### "S. S. Incorporated"

A drama in the modernistic manner, presenting for the first time on any stage, the 1925 prize play written by Verne Jay and rewritten for production by Frances Jewett. The cast:

Winifred	Olga Birkbeck
The Past	Kenneth Reardon
The Present	Elmer Hall
The Future	Leland Wright
Barrie	Thayer Roberts
Gaites	Emmie Silverman
Locke	Elmer Hall
Allan Craig	Mildred Smith
Ted	Milton Owen
John Spafford	Arthur Siroon
Shiva	Robert Noble
Sam Perkins	Edith Barrett
Diana	Thomas Shearer
A Voice	Katherine Warren
The Governor	Augustus Keough
Ralph Benton	William Mason

Utilizing a theme for which a \$1000 prize was paid recently the Repertory Players with the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Jewett have woven a fantastic "moral uplift" play the purpose of which is to inspire faith in life among the youth of America.

"S. S. Incorporated" tells of a suicide club which gleans its chaff from the strata of society that desires self-destruction. This it achieves in a climatic scene which portrays the destruction of Spafford of "Spafford Suicides, Incorporated" and his only daughter.

Mrs. Jewett who is credited with the success of whipping the play into shape for stage presentation, evidently has been reading about "Great Head Centre" and the marvellous effect which that individual attains in seeking world power.

Heavy hangings, flashing back drops, angular planes and lighting effects with

the modernistic touch carried out in the design of the stage pieces create an atmosphere much in keeping with the theme.

"S. S. Incorporated," is managed by a capitalist who conceives the idea of giving a bonus of \$25,000 to any person who desires to commit suicide. That person to sign a contract to commit this act within the confines of Babylon park where the public will have an opportunity to enjoy it after paying an admission price. The suicide has privilege of assigning the money to any of his heirs.

Robert Noble as John Spafford "head" of the novel company that preys on the unfortunates of life creates much of the atmosphere by an insight of the part he plays. Coldblooded, sacrificing a son that his "public" might not be disappointed carries off the lead. Edith Barrett, as Shiva, daughter of Spafford plays the role of the martyr with considerable effect. Cameron Matthews as William Fitzroy Bundy who leaves his \$25,000 to indignant actors who have wanted to play Hamlet but were never allowed dressed up a scene which other-

wise would have missed him. Olga Birkbeck, Katherine Warren and Milton Owen are the conspirators who finally cause the downfall of Spafford. C. L.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "Jimmie's Women"

A comedy farce in three acts by Myron C. Fagan, with the following cast:

Billy Wells	John Junior
Thomas	George L. Taylor
Algermon Simpson	Don Reddon
Teddy Kane	Adrienne Earle
Jimmy Turner	John Warner
Robert Fowler	Thomas McNight
Dr. Richard Turner	Richard Sumner
Samuel Kane	George R. Taylor
Mrs. Samuel Kane	Edith Shayne
Florence Standish	Marion Grant
Mrs. Reginald Van Alstyne	Georgia Neese

This trivial piece about a pampered heir of stage pattern and an incognito lady who ends the third act properly by turning out to be the "princess in disguise" was played in New York last year, and came to the Hollis in May for a brief run. It is a rat-tat-tat farce of misunderstandings and time-tried comedy hokum, and provokes laughs when rattled through with snap and speed.

The Jimmie of the play is a young man who will inherit money and is much pursued by young ladies. The priggish trustee of his estate and his domineering wife have decided that he shall marry their ingenue daughter, Teddy, and threaten to disinherit him by enforcing a clause in the will if he fails to obey them. Their Teddy is adored by the boyish Algermon, and to remove him from the scene and give Teddy a chance at Jimmie the mother and her lawyer conspire to engage an actress to come as their guest and "vamp" Algermon. It develops that she and Jimmie are well known to each other, and couples are paired off in a manner not of the mother's planning. Billy Wells, Jimmie's happy-go-lucky companion of gay parties, is another guest in the Connecticut country house where the scene is laid, and furnishes many of the "quick laughs" with his flippant retorts, Broadway slang and overweening conceit. The daring touch common in this sort of play is supplied by the actress' venture into Jimmie's bedroom, a deed whitewashed by the previous planting of the fact that they are married.

The local company carried the play off well, although failing in a few cases to score with the laugh lines Mr. Fagan had prepared for them. The play was well cast and costumed with two exceptions. Mr. Sumner was not convincing, even in farce, as the doctor, and one feels that George Taylor in his part as the spinsterish, henpecked and gullible prig was too urbanely dressed to satisfy the standardized requirements of farce characterization. Judging by the flowers and applause, it was Miss Adrienne Earle's first appearance with the company. She did a nice bit of work as the childishly absurd Teddy who was determined to get her man. H. F. M.

#### BURLESQUE

**GAYETY THEATRE**—"Dimpled Darlings," with George Leon and Fay Norman as principal entertainers, is at the Gayety Theatre this week. Others in the company are Eddie Lorraine, Daisy Dean and Abe Sher. Holub's Gayety jazz band is a popular feature at this house.

**OLD HOWARD**—"Puss Puss," by Jim Bennett, and numbering in its ranks such favorites as Ruth Darling, Flora Dearth, Ella Sears, George Sullivan and Jack Reynolds, is this week's attraction at this house. The program of vaudeville is given by Cortoni, magician; Dave Vine, in topical songs, and the Chevalier Brothers.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—"The Big Fight," melodrama, with Jack Dempsey. (This week only.)

**COLONIAL**—"Americana," J. P. McEvoy's revue.

**COPLEY**—"The Bellamy Trial," mystery drama.

**HOLLIS STREET**—"Dracula," mystery play (last week).

**MAJESTIC**—"The Silent House," mystery play.

**PLYMOUTH**—"Paris Bound," Philip Barry comedy.

**REPERTORY**—"S. S. Incorporated," 1925 prize play.

**SHUBERT**—"The Queen's Taste," comedy with music.

**ST. JAMES**—"Jimmie's Women," comedy.

**WILBUR**—"Take the Air," musical comedy.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA

##### "Women They Talk About"

A screen comedy-drama by Anthony Colde-way, scenario by Robert Lord; directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Mary Mervin	Irene Rich
Dorothy Hughes	Audrey Ferris
John Mervin	Claude Gillingwater
John Harrison	Anders Randolph
Steve Harrison	William Collier, Jr.
Anthony Nicholas	John Santore

With all due respect to the ladies, "Women They Talk About" is of minor consequence as a story of politics and love. It has action plenty; it has two love themes, one for exuberant youths, one for sedate adults; it gives young Collier chance to maul a bigger man. But first and last it seems to resolve itself into a splendid character study by that excellent character actor, Claude Gillingwater. Not since Theodore Roberts' fine screen creation in "Grumpy" can we recall anything so natural, so finished as Mr. Gillingwater's performance in the role of an old man of irascible temperament, selfish, self-centred; a common scold, a domineering head of his household, intolerant of those he terms gutter-snipes who have risen by their own foot-strap to power. It is this intolerance, this contempt for a man, now become mayor of his city, who years ago had been his office boy, which really makes the story. John Harrison, the mayor, had issued a special permit for heavy trucking on the road passing the Mervin mansion. In a fiery encounter between old Mervin and the mayor in the latter's office, Mervin reminds Harrison that as an office boy he was none too good, and certainly not worth the five dollars raise which he sought and did not get. He adds that the Harrisons came up from the gutter, and Harrison retorts that Mervin's ancestors were civil war profiteers. Neither will retract or apologize, and the war is on.

Old Mervin's granddaughter, Dorothy, falls in love at first sight with Steve, the mayor's son, driving a truck to get workingmen's votes for his father, though he is college bred and would be a mechanical engineer. Mervin's daughter, Mary, an old sweetheart of Harrison's, incensed at his effrontery in ordering a midnight raid on her house party, decides to run for mayor against him. Unknown to Harrison, Dorothy is kidnapped by one of his unscrupulous henchmen. Thanks to young Steve, the plot to besmirch the Mervin name is frustrated, Harrison denounces the plotter, and is wounded when, in a fight between Steve and the henchman, a bullet passes through a glass door and sends him to a hospital. This incident ends in love declarations between Harrison and Mary, who says she prefers to be a mayor's wife, and half-hearted reconciliation between the two enemies.

There are talking sequences, for Mary and Harrison, for the hospital scene with Mary, Harrison and old Mervin. Miss Rich's voice is one we shall want to hear again when perfect co-ordination between voice and recording device has been reached. Mr. Gillingwater's voice was most natural, thanks to invaluable stage training. Even in defeat, the old man has the last word. He has shaken hands with the disabled mayor. He scowls over his glasses and mutters, "I still don't think he was worth a \$5 raise," and the picture fades out. W. E. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE

##### "Excess Baggage"

A screen version of John McGowan's stage play, directed by James Cruze and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Eddie Kane	William Haines
Elsa McCoy	Josephine Dunn
Val D'Errico	Ricardo Cortez
Jimmy Dunn	Neely Edwards
Michel Ford	Kathleen Clifford
Betty Ford	Greta Granstedt
Herbert Granmon	Cyril Chadwick

In Mr. McGowan's stage play the action begins in the basement under the stage of a small-time vaudeville house near Los Angeles, and the Kanes, Eddie and Elsa, have been married for some time. Eddie's chance for the big time, and Elsa's opportunity to go into pictures, come simultaneously. Eddie gives in, Elsa becomes a star and a subject for gossip because of her supposed fondness for D'Errico, the sleek movie star, and his known infatuation for her, and Eddie quits his daring "slide for life" act. This all happens in the first act of the play.

In the screen version the opening scenes show Mr. Haines clowning the part which Ralph Morgan made a serious human characterization. Mr. Haines has been working alone, but persuades Elsa to marry him. His methods of courtship are lowest slap-stick. In fact it is not until the film is well under way that Mr. Haines decides to play the part straight, and thereafter he does a very good job of it. The stage version is followed faithfully, in general, though

once or twice the action takes a bewildering turn. For instance, after Eddie has yielded to Elsa, that she may have her chance, he tosses away a telegram offering him \$400 per week to appear in San Francisco, and the next scene shows him doing the famous slide, only to fall into the horrified audience as he nears the stage in his descent. On the tail of this scene we see Eddie, with no bones broken, loafing in the rooms of the N. V. A. Club in New York; nor do subsequent shots or titles give any clue to the discrepancy. The play indicated none of this.

Also there are times when Mr. Cruze, able director of big spectacles, seems to have absented himself from the studios, telling the players to proceed in their own fashion. It is then that "Excess Baggage" gives signs of being merely a mechanical piece, indifferently acted, lacking in real study. To revert to the stage play, after Eddie Kane's final break with Elsa he becomes desperate, accepts an engagement at the Palace, and goes on to do his stunt, sliding from the theatre dome, determined to let himself go and break his neck. He does fall, and the play ends backstage, with Eddie, in his clown make-up, crumpled up on a cot, and Elsa at his side, imploring forgiveness. We never did know whether Eddie lived or died. But in the screen version, Elsa slips into an orchestra seat, watches Eddie, becomes fearful and rushes to the stage in her street clothing, yelling "Attaboy, Eddie," and tolling him downward, sound of limb, to rapturous embrace in full sight of the movie extras audience. Perhaps it was just as well. Miss Dunn shows a very pretty profile. She was best in dramatic scenes. Mr. Cortez, suave and handsome, played himself. Mr. Haines, as has been said, played a little of everything.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "The Night Bird"

A screen comedy adapted by Nick Barrows and Earle Snell from the story, "The Man Disturber," by Frederick and Fanny Hatton; directed by Fred Newmeyer and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Jim Trenney	Reginald Denny
Madelena Conradi	Betsy Lee
Gleason	Sam Hardy
Nate Silsbury	Harvey Clark
Mario	Michael Visaroff
Pietro Rossi	Alphonse Martel
Blonde	Corliss Palmer
Red Head	Jocelyn Lee
Joe	George Bookasta

This may have started as a comedy in the minds of those concerned in its making, but it certainly developed into farce before many feet had been traveled, and farce it remained until the bitter end. Even the sub-titles are farcical, when it comes to imitating the broken Italian-English of a little Italian girl, they are, as Trenney himself would say, "positively ridiculous." The one thing which saves "The Night Bird" from a box-office point of view, or any other, is the prize fight at the end. Here there is familiar action, with real blows, knockdowns which probably would not stand analysis, yet knockdowns as far as the story goes. The fact that the most farcical touch of all is saved for the final scene is lost sight of, forgiven, in view of the ring encounter.

Mr. Denny, who may as well be called by his own name as by that of Trenney, is supposed to be training for his biggest fight as a champion. His manager, sensing that his charge holds himself aloof from press and public, decides to exhibit him in the night light section of New York. Trenney, disgusted with the actions of his young women companions, runs out on the party, to breathe the fresh air of Central Park. Here he finds Madelena, weeping over her last beating at the hands of a cruel step-father. Trenney takes her to his apartment, which Gleason, his manager, shares. Madelena, slight, wistful, engaging, enslaves both men, and falls in love with Jim. Despite his avowed indifference to women he kisses and embraces her, and is knocked down by Gleason, who misinterprets Jim's attitude.

Madelena, thinking she stands in Jim's path to fistic glory, steals back to the Italian quarters, is sold to Pietro for \$20,000, a lot of money as any one will admit, and takes another beating when she refuses to go through with the marriage ceremony. Meantime, in the ring at Madison Square Garden, Jim also is taking a beating; but when a little Italian boy races to his side with tidings about Madelena he takes on new life and pounds the challenger to pieces. Then, minus bath robe, he totes the boy under one arm to a taxi, rushes up to Madelena's room and throws the evil Mario down a flight of stairs. Clad only in his colorful tights and that ruddy glow which follows violent exertion in the ring, he is seen kneeling at the girl's side as the film closes.

Not much of a vehicle for Mr. Den-

ny, not very creditable to the scenarists or the director. In their few scenes together, Mr. Denny and Miss Lee contrive to inject at least a semblance of genuine humor and sentiment. Mr. Hardy likewise plays honestly a role which has little of human substantiality behind it. W. E. G.



"Bossy" Gillis, Newburyport's bag-boy mayor, enlivens the screen here this week. Pathe News shows him at various tasks in Salem jail, with a close-up in which as mayor he is signing official papers, all with a grin of his face.

#### FILMS NEW AND FAMILIAR

METROPOLITAN—"Glorious Folly." (A sound picture).

LOEW'S STATE—"Express Baggage." (With Movietone).

KEITH-ALBEE—"The Night Bird."

SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA—"Women They Talk About." (A sound picture).

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"While the City Sleeps." (A sound picture).

OLYMPIA AND PENWAY—"Wings." (A sound picture).

MODERN AND BEACON—"The Man Who Laughs." (A sound picture).

BOWDWIN SQUARE—"Two Lovers."

LANCASTER—"Street Angel" and "Swim, Girl, Swim," first half; "Two Lovers" and "Clearing the Trail," balance of week.

EXETER—"Show Girl" and "The Matting Call," first half; "The Patriot" and "Detectives," balance of week.

#### GEORGE MARION'S "1878" PARTY

George Marion, veteran actor and stage director well known and well liked in this city, first came to Boston on Oct. 24, 1878. He was then a mere boy. Ten years later he made his first stage appearance here at the old Boston Theatre, as a member of Lew Dockstader's Minstrels. Since then he has created many noteworthy stage parts, has staged many of the stage successes of their time. At present he comes to local attention as the man who staged for the Messrs. Shubert "The Queen's Taste," the new musical piece now running at the Shubert Theatre.

As observance of the 50th anniversary of his first visit to Boston, Mr. Marion invites all couples who were married 50 years ago to be his guests at the Wednesday matinee performance of "The Queen's Taste," on Oct. 24. He has made arrangements to this end with the Messrs. Shubert. It is suggested that all who are eligible to attend send their names and addresses promptly to Mr. Marion's personal representative, S. R. Stratton, care of the Shubert Theatre, in order that proper seat reservations may be made.

## Koussevitzky

By RENA GARDNER

Koussevitzky in a cutaway stands poised like a small, elegant faun, quite removed from the everyday world of one and John who watch his fire and race from their seats in Symphony hall. Koussevitzky at home in a flowing black-velvet dinner jacket manages to remain almost as far removed from reality. He has a manner of simplicity and courtesy. He sits on his chair with an air of indefinite leisure, as though he could have nothing in the world to do but chat. He seems neither to possess a watch nor to be aware of a clock, an attribute eventually disconcerting to the American visitor. If he would only crane a surreptitious neck toward the mantelpiece, cough, and say, "I'm awfully sorry, but as a matter of fact, in exactly five minutes I must compose a symphony."

But no, he talks on, unhurried, with noticeable lack of the pronoun "I," leaning back in his chair, surrounded by an almost tangible aura of distinction. It is no matter of background, for the house in Jamaica Plain clearly serves as a makeshift, a pied a terre, for the Koussevitzkys. Where there should be ancient tapestries, a neutral wallpaper frames the small, alert head, the vacuous hands. Delicately inlaid French furniture makes a haughty, mellancholic with the very domestic rug of the little music room. Piles of scores cover every table and almost every chair.

In spite of these mute evidences of musical knowledge, his comments are intelligible even to those who might possibly confuse Stravinsky with Scriabin and find something vaguely comical in the word "oboe." If these are not marble halls, they should be.

#### ENGLISH AN EFFORT

In his own regard, Mr. Koussevitzky "speaks English very little." He finds it a difficult medium of expression, he halts suddenly, he clutches his forehead as though to drag from his mind that elusive past participle, his brown eyes grow tragic with an effort to recall whether you say "rode" or "rod" in case you have spent some time on the back of a horse. When the strain becomes too tiring, he retires for a period into a more familiar and more pliant French. Whatever language he speaks, his expression is vivid and intense. As he brings forth every thought with his whole spirit, even with his entire body, it would take a very young child or possibly a blind man, to fail to follow him, but at the tiniest shadow on the

face of his listener he remorsefully offers an interpreter who "speaks so much better English."

The conductor seems older off the stage of Symphony hall, less some ageless spirit, more man of the world. A crowded life has cut lines beside thin curved lips and about wise and tired eyes, but with the mention of a subject that interests him the whole man comes

to life, to youth, again. He bubbles, he pours himself into the conversation. He jumps from his chair, he paces the floor, he acts the scene that is going through his mind. "It was dark night—sombre—no lights, is that how you say?—no lights—la neige tombait. I can hardly walk, the wind blow"—here he creeps in his shining patent-leather pumps, the length of the room, bent, huddled in imaginary wraps against a Russian winter. "Tout a coup, what do I see? What comes?" The listener, huddled in an Anglo-Saxon lump on the divan, mutely wonder what.

#### MUSIC HIS WHOLE LIFE

Any question of music, particularly modern music, brings an instant response from Koussevitzky. There lies his whole life, his absorbing interest, practically his only interest. In reply to the extremely American question, "How do you play?" he replies, "The bass viol," but after a more exact rephrasing, "Oh, pour m'amuser? I read, I go to the theatre. I like cinema, Charles Chaplin is a great artiste, I see every Chaplin picture. But I have little time, you see. Each week, four rehearsals!" Here his expression which has lost in animation over the discussion of his amusements, brightens again.

"Then I arrange the programs, every performance I arrange. That is very difficult, ca. For each series of concerts a different audience, there must be different program for each. For each city, another type of concert." To the conductor, Cleveland presents an entirely individual surface from that of St. Louis, and the Saturday concerts in Boston from those on Tuesday afternoons. But while he regards the personalities of these audiences, Koussevitzky believes that it is an artist's duty never to pattern a program entirely on the taste of his hearers.

"The audience likes always what it has heard many times, what it can whistle. The artist must not leave it there, he must go on. He keeps the old as a base, and plays the new things as they come. He must lead the way."

#### MUSIC MUST CHANGE

Many letters come. "Why do you give us Stravinsky? Why not more Bach and Beethoven instead?" Koussevitzky answers, "Why do you wear your hair differently from the style of 30 years ago? Why not skirts to the ground, why not beaver hats?" Everything changes, goes forward, so must music change. By way of illustration, he produces a letter written in Beethoven's day, speaking of the master as a "madman, impossible to play his music, no harmony." The Third Symphony is "ridiculous, ephemeral." Just so they wrote of Debussy, says Koussevitzky; now he is accepted by all. "Accepted today is the 'Petrouchka' of Stravinsky, but not the 'Sacre du Printemps.' But it is beautiful, beautiful, it too must be accepted. The old ever fights the new."

During the past summer he found England hostile to the new music, bitterly conservative. This he feels to be more the fault of the English artists who do not educate the people than of the people themselves. France, too, wears an apathetic conservatism. The French are not a race of concert-goers. But in France, says Koussevitzky, there is an elite, very small, very musically advanced, which forms the audience of his four annual Paris concerts. In his last concert this year he played 14 pieces by new composers. Enthusiasm varied, but interest and understanding remained constant.

As a nation, however, he finds the French less responsive to the music of the moderns, than the Americans. Our cities are interested in the new, they look forward both by temperament and education. This winter Koussevitzky will give Boston something entirely new, a "Symphonie Rustique" by a young French composer named Jeannin. He is also preparing a suite of "Bas reliefs," composed under a Persian influence.

"Bas relief is difficult in music, is it not? Music must go on, bas relief stay flat, stay so, no movement, one cannot make bas relief in music. But it is interesting."

#### HIS FAITH COMPLETE

Koussevitzky possesses a complete faith that everyone, everyone in the world appreciates good music. The man sings, he sings songs to himself, why should he not love music?" a remark that fills the American on-looker with the benevolent affection given to dear old grandma when she says, "There is good in everyone."

However, Russians, it appears, are different possibly because they have no shoals of little songs about a "Cottage Small by a Waterfall" or "She Was More Than a Mother to Me." In Russia—before-the-war Russia—Koussevitzky's

orchestra played in Moscow, in Petrograd, and the people came from all the country round to hear. Every Sunday, for five pence, he gave a concert for the workers. They crowded the hall. He felt happy, because a symphony orchestra is "a great thing, a grand thing. Everyone, rich and poor, should be able to enjoy this beauty."

#### ART TREASURES LOST

The Koussevitzkys lived through four years of revolution—through Kerensky, through the Bolshevik ascent to power. In 1914 their house in Moscow held a gallery of 260 paintings, a library collected through the years, and a complete bibliotheque musicale, from Palestrina to the year of the war.

Some commissar now enjoys Degas and Palestrina. With the communalization of dwellings the Koussevitzkys were assigned to one room "smaller than this, more small than you can imagine, in the space five families would live," and in this apartment they passed years of dreadful hardship. Escape was impossible, for the bolshevik government detained all artists in Russia. "I work all day—I work so hard—I conduct—I play at night—not enough money for bread, for butter. And I am lucky, for I am very popular there because I am an artiste." People say, "Have Koussevitzky this? Does he have food? Shoes?" But for others, less fortunate, life was worse than any book you read, and thought you imagine. Their next-door neighbor, a former millionaire, they saw die of starvation.

#### GIVES UP ESCAPE

Koussevitzky planned to slip out of Russia. One man knew of his plan. The night before he was to leave, on this "sombre" night, as he was going home from his concert through the dark streets, a figure materialized in the snowy gloom beside him, and whispered: "The cheka knows that you plan to leave Russia tomorrow." If this unknown man in the street knew, the cheka must know. He gave up the escape, and bent his efforts toward a temporary leave of absence. He is still on the leave of absence, and on the "liste noire" of the cheka.

#### BUILDING HOME IN PARIS

But as if by a law of compensation life has been kind to the Koussevitzkys of late years. Boston has become more and more home to them. The dog enjoys his walks about Jamaica pond. For two years they have been building a new house in Paris on their own terrain, pres de la Bois de Boulogne, a house of great windows and arched doorways, all in the style of l'Empire Russe, that mixture of "Grecque, Renaissance and Russe" a fitting background. But they are in France so little, and there are the four Paris concerts with their new music and musicians collected from several orchestras. "Wonderful" musicians, fine artistes, but they have not played together.

They must rehearse and rehearse. My last concert is always much different from the first. In Paris, there are no orchestras, only musicians. They play here on the days of the week, with another orchestra on Sunday, next month somewhere else. Paris conducts rehearse twice for a concert. Here in Boston we rehearse for every concert four times. So, I work hard with that orchestra. Then comes a rest in the mountains, and there has been no time to enjoy the house a l'Empire Russe. The trip back to America has become the homeward voyage.

Yes, beyond the ever-present tragedy of Russia life flows smoothly, with its occasional furries usually caused by the profession of music critics. This delicate subject causes Mr. Koussevitzky to quiver. Leaning forward, poised on the edge of the chair, his voice trembles. "The poor artiste work, he work, he work!" clapping his iron-grey head with a gesture of profound fatigue. "He play!" sawing passionately at an imaginary bass viol—"He practice late at night, he rehearse, he have not sleep!"

His face falls into the deep lines of exhaustion, his shoulders slump. "Then the critic! He drink his coffee, it is fine morning. He choose his tie, his handkerchief, he say, 'Ha, hum, I must go criticize!' He listen, he has never heard that piece before, he hear it once, and the next day, 'This piece was very bad,' or, 'This piece was so-and-so!'"

Mr. Koussevitzky feels that this subject needs a book by itself, or at least an article. In fact, he wrote one last summer for the French papers, on the absolute necessity of "la sensibilité esthétique" in the makeup of a critic.

This effervescence, this passionate quality disappears when the conversation, leaving criticism, turns to the interests of his private life. He becomes courteous. You suddenly see him a busy man, probably a tired one. As he makes a last bow, a last simple and gracious phrase, you wonder whether he really has a personal life, or whether he exists remote, sliding through the hours with a polished and impenetrable surface, coming suddenly to life over music, over Russia, over dastardly crit-

ics, or on the pressure of some other spring more secret, relapsing again into the somewhat wearied reserve of the homme du monde who has experienced too much.

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#### AT THOREAU'S CAIRN

(For As the World Wags)

Walden Pond is silver clear,  
Washed pebbles glisten in the sun,  
Robins hover near,  
On the distant shore  
A lone bather wades about,  
Shivering in Hamletian doubt—  
To swim or not to swim.  
One contemplates the scene.  
In this cove stands a crude shrine,  
A rounded pile of stones,  
Each stone a sacred relic of wayfarer  
disciples.

But, alas, vandal hands  
Have also contributed tomato cans  
And other picnic litter.  
A blatant voice near-by—  
"Say! Who was this guy Thoreau?"  
And so, the world passes by.  
On this site stood the poet's hut  
Where he gave to the world  
His gospel of freedom—  
Freedom—and "nothing but."  
The voice rings across the grass-grown  
trail:

"Say! He must have been a wow!"  
Again one contemplates the scene and  
thinks—  
What price Freedom now?

ANTHONY SKELDING.

The announcement that Mr. Koussevitzky will play the double-bass tonight, assisted by the excellent Henri Cascadenes, should surely fill Symphony hall. It is seldom that musicians of so marked technical ability and exquisite taste playing the double-bass and the viola d'amore come before the public of Boston. The program is an interesting one. Music by Luigi Lorenzini and Luigi Borghi, composers of the 18th century, has been heard here. Mr. Koussevitzky will play his own Concerto and Valse Miniature, and the beautiful Largo from a sonata by Eccles. But which Eccles? There was Solomon the elder, who turned Quaker, sold his music and instruments, then bought them back, and to prevent Satan from using them to gain souls for his blazing dominion, burned them all on Tower Hill. It occurred to him during the great plague in London to walk about stark naked with a dish of burning sulphur on his head. When he turned Quaker he was earning at least £500 a year as a teacher, a good sum for that time. Solomon the younger was possibly a son of the Quaker. Then there was Henry, undoubtedly a son of the elder Solomon, and there was John the elder brother of Henry.

"Lasca," whose Berceuse will be performed by Mr. Koussevitzky, is an unfamiliar name to our audiences. The foreign dictionaries of music spell his name with a "k." Born at Prague in 1847, he was a famous player of the double-bass. He wrote a mass of music. For the double-bass he composed a concerto, a suite, three fantasias, a rhapsody, smaller pieces, and he wrote a "Kontrabassschule." Lasca was also a painter.

An inquiry was addressed by the New England Council of Boston to every New England community to find out what products are made for the aviation industry. The Herald is indebted to Mr. R. W. Bowdoin, the research executive of the council, for the reply from Milford, N. H.:

"Milford is the granite town of the Granite state. Some of the finest memorials of the world are quarried and cut in this town. Whether or not they are considered as an aeronautic supply is a matter of personal judgment. No other goods used in aviation are manufactured here."

#### As the World Wags:

She was a brittle-looking thing who came drifting through here with a touring orchestra. She sat in the window of a corner hotel looking out on the main street; her bare legs were cocked in the air and she puffed one cigarette after another. Naturally, the villagers stared at her as they passed along on the street; so did the guests of the hotel. Finally, the lady wearied of the attention being bestowed upon her, and, turning to a middle aged salesman who chanced just then to be gazing at her, she snapped out: "Well, what do you think of it?" The gentleman eyed her levelly, and answered coolly and calmly: "I'll tell you what I was thinking. Miss. I was just thinking I'm damned glad you're not my daughter—or my sister—or my wife." And instantly from the bystanders came a shout, "Pour it on 'er, boy, pour it on 'er." JAZBO.



## WHAT ABOUT THIS, WATSON?

Mr. Ren R. West of "He Never Closed," who informs the public that he is "the only man in Sagamore who has ever been adjudged sane, advises:

## FOR SALE

2 Sets of Hoover auto plates or will exchange for one set of Al Smith plates

Young men have a passion for regarding their elders as senile.—Henry Adams.

## "BRUNCH"

As the World Wags:

The word "brunch" was used three to five years ago by some students at Cambridge (Mass.). It was employed chiefly on Sunday and holiday mornings—after a night of "two in the balcony," "two in the orchestra," or "three in a box." When a student did not feel like getting up or was unable to arise for breakfast, but felt well enough by 10:30 or 11 to go out and get a snack, he would say, "I am going to brunch."

I never knew the philology of the word, but presumed that it was a combination of the "br" in "breakfast" and the "unch" in "lunch." It seems to me that I heard it used late one morning by a mondayfied Britisher. However, it is certain that this repeat often took place about midway between the usual hours of breakfast and lunch.

"Two in the balcony," "two in the orchestra," and "three in a box" were the telephonic code words for "two (or three) bottles of." The location in the theatre referred to the kind of liquor desired by the student. The local bootlegger upon receipt of such a message would soon deliver the "billetts." Then a fine time would be had by all. Unfortunately, this code, like all others, was decipherable and the authorities stepped in. I dare say other codes are employed now, but whether or not the students at Cambridge still use the word "brunch" I cannot state.

VILLUS ST. BENOIT.

## LET JOY BE UNCONFINED

(Fredonia Daily Herald)

Miss Charlotte Chain came from Wichita today for a shirt visit with her sister, Mrs. M. M. Robbins and family.

As the World Wags:

The Nat. Prohib. Director says the men are handsome under the dry law because now they spend on cosmetics. Oh, the little devils buying lipsticks and perfumery. If you ask me I think they look ornerier than ever.

## THE UNPREFERRED BRUNETTE.

## OUR BIOGRAPHERS

(For as the World Wags)

Lives of great men now remind us Biography is all the rage. So be sure and leave behind us Footnotes for the future age.

Footnotes that perhaps our mother Jotted down when we were young Where the lynx-eyed may discover Germs for Adler, Freud or Jung.

But let us now re-turn the leaves That strew the brooks of C. Lombroso, And find, what modesty achieves, Is only mediocre, so so. Yarmouthport, H. W. A.

## JORDAN HALL

## George Brown

George Brown, violoncellist, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall of cello music, a concert quite out of the ordinary; it afforded real pleasure to many people who are by no means partial to the cello when played as a solo instrument.

He offered them an untrite program of music skillfully contrasted. From the classics, he chose a piece of rare dignity and charm by Sammartini, and a sonata of real character by Locatelli. In the person of Dvorak he paid his respects to the romanticists with the adagio out of the concerto in B minor. To show what more modern persons are about, Mr. Brown played "Tre Canti," by Pizzetti, and a popular Spanish suite by de Falla, arranged by Marchal. In place of the customary closing medley he offered Faure's song "Après un Reve," Ravel's "Piece en Forme de Habanera," and "The Blackbird Reel" by Hughes.

What could be better? And Mr. Brown brought much charm to the performance of this engaging program. He elected to make his utterances for the most part in a tone of moderate strength and of genuine beauty, a tone refreshingly free from that exaggerated vibrato which raises the wrath of Sir Henry Wood. When so he chose, however, at the call of quickened emotion, Mr. Brown knew how to brighten his one or turn it warmer, graver. He never let it grow monotonous.

Slow movements Mr. Brown played delightfully. Sensitive to the melodic flow, he displayed as well a keen feeling

for rhythm that saved those slow-moving pieces from heaviness. Quite as convincingly, indeed, he showed his sympathy for music quick in pace, but, as yet, in music rapidly stirring Mr. Brown can not be sure of tone entirely agreeable or even in scale. In the subtleties of Pizzetti, too, he appeared not so comfortably at home as in the more forth-right statements of the classic writers and of Dvorak.

If Mr. Brown has still something to acquire, by last night's attractive concert he gave a good earnest assurance that he will presently acquire all that still is wanting to make of him an artist of distinction.

A large audience applauded Mr. Brown with unusual cordiality. The accompanist was Arthur Fiedler.

R. R. G.

Oct 18 1928

Apropos of the entertainment for the Actors' Fund of America, which will be given tomorrow afternoon, Mr. William Seymour writes to us from his home in South Duxbury:

"The fund, established in 1882, has now two, only, of its original staff, in the persons of Daniel Frohman and myself. Thirty-five years ago in Boston I was the New England representative of the fund, succeeding Harry McGlenen. On April 26, 1894, I submitted a benefit program to the Boston public, a copy of which I enclose. Mr. Frohman and I have worked for the fund, side by side, for 46 years. I can vouch for its probity and benevolence. Mr. Campbell is the son of Bartley Campbell. (I noted your item about 'My Partner' and Charley Parsloe in a recent Herald.) I am writing you on James O'Neill's birthday—Oct. 14, 1847; Sarah Bernhardt's will be on the 22d (1845); John McCullough's in November, 1837; Edwin Booth's on Nov. 13, 1833; John Drew's on Nov. 13, 1853; E. L. Davenport's on Nov. 15, 1815, and W. H. Crane's on Nov. 6, 1845. A fine nucleus for a stock company. I knew them all, and thus remember them."

According to Susie C. Clark's life of John McCullough, he was born at Coleraine, Ireland, on Nov. 14, 1832; and French authorities give 1844 as the birth year of Sarah Bernhardt, among them the Paris Conservatory's list of laureates in which the birth certificates are quoted. W. H. Crane, in his "Footprints and Echoes," says that he was born at Leicester on April 30, 1845. The birthday of an actor or a singer is in many instances, like Easter, a movable feast.

The program sent to us by Mr. Seymour of the benefit at the Boston Theatre, April 26, 1894, is an interesting one.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, led by Emil Paur, played the overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," then followed the third act of "London Assurance" (Fanny Davenport, May Davenport Seymour, Charles Barron, J. H. Barnes, William Seymour, Charles N. Schroeder, Joseph Haworth, F. S. Harts-horn, Nat Childs). E. M. Lafricain played a cornet solo and E. N. Catlin conducted the Tremont Theatre orchestra. The Bostonians performed the second act of "Robin Hood" (Mmes. Davis, Waltzinger, Cleary, Bartlett, Messrs. Bassett, Barnabee, MacDonald, Cowles, Frothingham, Lang); J. E. Dodson recited "Several Charges of the Light Brigade"; there was a monologue for Mme. Janauschek; Ian Robertson's "A Play in Little" was performed by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's company. Donnelly and Girard, with "Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy." The Museum company performed "Day-break," by E. E. Rose (Marie Burress, C. Blande Rice, Messrs. Rose and Frawley). The last act of "The Two Orphans" was performed (Kate Claxton, Vida Croly, Alice Fischer, Marion Clifton; Messrs. Clifton, Gratan, Harcourt, Gisko, Constantine, Bethel, Harris). Joseph L. White sang "Oh, Day of Bliss." The whole performance was directed by Mr. Seymour. A. M. Palmer was then the president of the fund; Daniel Frohman, secretary; Louis Aldrich, vice-president; Frank W. Sanger, treasurer.

Mr. Seymour asks: "Of the above how many are alive today? It was only 34 years ago. I believe the regular theatre prices were charged. The receipts were somewhere near \$3000, and not a penny of expense."

Rubin Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody" will be played by the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. The thematic material is derived from "Spirituals." The rhapsody was composed in 1921-22 and performed for the first time by the Philharmonic Society

of New York in 1923. It has been performed by other orchestras in this country and it was played recently in London.

The other pieces to be conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky are a symphony, "The Surprise," by Haydn and the symphony by Cesar Franck.

The program of next week comprises Prokofiev's Classical Symphony; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun"; Pich-Mangiagalli's Introduction and Fugue, and Brahms's Symphony No. 2.

Luther Emerson, baritone, will sing in Jordan hall tonight songs by Schubert, Bach, Hassler, Franz, Rubinstein, Dunhill, Ballantine, M. Shaw, C. Scott, Hahn, Chausson, Delmas, Strauss; also Helen Hoepfirk's three songs from Heine's "Nacht in der Kajuete," which will then be heard in public for the first time.

Tomorrow night, in Jordan Hall, Jean Duncan, a soprano from New York, making her first appearance in Boston, will sing music by Beethoven, Strozzi (16th century), Haydn, E. Wolf, Marx, Strauss, H. Wolf, Szale, Pierne, Rhene-Baton, Saint-Saens, Hadley, Carpenter, Coleridge-Taylor, Hageman.

Next Saturday afternoon, in Jordan Hall, Albion Metcalf will play piano pieces by Bach, Tanelev, Beethoven (Sonata Op. 57), Brahms (Waltzes Op. 39), Repper, Bax, Ibert and Chopin.

Next Sunday afternoon Geraldine Farrar will sing in Symphony Hall at 3:30 P. M.; the People's Symphony orchestra will give its first concert of the season in the ballroom of the Hotel Staler at 3 P. M.; Mr. Horowitz will play the piano in Symphony Hall that evening; Edith Mason, soprano, of the Chicago Civic Opera, will sing at the Copley-Plaza; Alice Baschi and others will give an operatic and ballad concert at the Boston Public Library (8 P. M.); the Dixie Jubilee quartet (Messrs. Newman Smith, Charles Henry, Edward Carter and Russell Hatton) will sing for the Ford Hall Forum, Ford Hall (7:30 P. M.).

Dr. Chas. H. Baldwin, having heard Mr. Kreisler play in Symphony Hall last Sunday, voiced his enthusiasm in the Nashua, N. H., Telegraph of Oct. 15.

"From his (Mr. Kreisler's) bow there flowed a stream of liquid, limpid loveliness that each one in the house could drink in to the limit of their appreciation and musical capacity. His fingers running up and down the finger board like four white mice, gathered up crumbs of melody, consisting of arpeggios, trills, double stops, close shakes, feathery, crisp staccato notes, picking with the fingers the pizzicato tones the selection called for sounds like a night-ingle soaring up into harmonics that were clear but so fine as to be almost inaudible. Then starting high up almost to the bridge with double stops, diving down with sounds of dazzling beauty and executing a musical L'Immerman until landing on the rich, low tones of the silver G string."

This is not the tepid appreciation of a reserved New Englander. Dr. Baldwin writes: "I have done the best that a native-born Kentuckian can do."

The first prize of \$6000 offered by the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia for chamber music compositions has been divided between Bela Bartok, the Hungarian, for a string quartet, and Alfredo Casella for a quintet (clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, violin and cello) in the form of a serenade. The second prize, \$4000, was divided between H. W. Warner of London and Carlo Jachino of Parma. Six hundred and forty-three compositions were sent in.

## KOUSSEVITZKY RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Serge Koussevitzky, double-bass, assisted by Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore; Bernard Zighera, accompanist, gave a concert in Symphony hall last night. The program was as follows: Lorenziti, Symphonie Concertante for viola d'amore and double bass. Koussevitzky, Concerto for double bass. Borghi, Sonata, No. 3, for viola d'amore and double bass. Lorenziti, Petite Suite for viola d'amore. For double bass solo: Eccles, Largo from Sonata in G minor; Beethoven, Minuet; Laska, Berceuse; Koussevitzky, Valse Miniature.

An enthusiastic audience that filled the hall heard old and beautiful music beautifully played. It would be interesting to know how much editors and instrumentalists have done to compositions by Lorenziti and Borghi; whether this music in its original and naked form would have today the same charm; whether the "revision" has been strictly in keeping with the spirit of the 18th century. Hans von Bülow took all manner of impertinent liberties with the sonatas of Scarlatti. Modern music has suffered from editors. Rimsky-

Korsakov's sandpapering and polishing of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" is an instance of an editor's willingness to improve a work, to correct original ideas which seemed to him crudities or errors in musical grammar. Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" has been maltreated within recent years.

Whether there were textual emendations in the ancient music performed last night was a question not asked by those who were quick in response to the emotional simplicity of the slow movements; music that was spiritual in its serenity, its purity; music that came as from the air and returned there, as Hazlitt said of melodies by Mozart. The lively pages were not mere chatter, mere notes to test the technical agility of a virtuoso; these pages required a virtuoso to bring forward what was in and behind the printed page, but a virtuoso in the higher and nobler sense.

The fine art of Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Casadesus had already been fully appreciated by the Boston public as by the public in European cities. Last night this art was again recognized: a technical ease that was at times surprising in the conquest of difficulties; an ease that led the layman only to enjoyment of the music itself; phrasing that seemed inevitable; the dash that vitalized quick passages that otherwise might have been regarded as mere padding; above all, the poetic spirit which found expression in ravishing euphony of tone.

These accomplished artists were not fulfilling a set task; they played as if for their own pleasure, realizing that their pleasure would be shared by the rapt hearers. While one marvelled at Mr. Koussevitzky's mastery of the double-bass, the manner in which he sang a melody, the dominant thought was not of the instrument itself but of the music that Mr. Koussevitzky brought from it. His Concerto, written no doubt, to suit his uncommon technique, is more than a parade piece. His little Valse, while it is frankly salon music, has individuality.

Lorenziti's Largo and the Sonata by Borghi will long be remembered, for the music itself and for the perfection of the performance. Did the composers ever think that their names would be gratefully remembered in the 20th century? Could they have dreamed that their music would be so admirably performed?

## JORDAN HALL

## Ruth Redefor

Ruth Redefor, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall, playing this program: Sonata, C Sharp Minor, Soler; Prelude and Fugue, E Minor, Mendelssohn; Ballade, G Minor, Grieg; Three Preludes, Scriabine; L'Isle Joyeuse, Debussy; Two Diversions, Carpenter; Danza Iberica, Joaquin Nin.

Before she had played six bars of Mr. Carpenter's first "Diversion," Miss Redefor had given a hint at a musical past which will surely prove of inestimable value to her. That entertaining little jazzy piece she tossed off with a swing and a bounce, an air of ease and nonchalance, that suggested many a lively musical evening in the parlor at home or in the big hall at school, with an audience at hand of school-fellows and kinsmen. If this guess is lucky, it is safe to guess again, that Miss Redefor gave her audiences rare pleasure.

The experience she gained in this musical environment here guessed at supplied Miss Redefor with a foundation of vigor, rhythm and assurance that will stand her in excellent stead. She has much to build on.

Serious study, in the comparatively short time that can possibly have elapsed since Miss Redefor's school days, has added to her natural equipment. Already she has acquired extremely pretty tone for use in passages ornamental. At her best she can handle chords with a fine sturdy strength. A graceful salon piece, like Scriabine's first prelude, she can play with charm.

Until, however, she has developed a finer musicianship. It is a question if Miss Redefor is well advised to undertake ambitious appearances in public. The melodic line at present means to her but little. Rhythm, the cruder sort excepted, she has still to master. Of imagination she showed last night few traces. She does not yet understand the principle of musical design. To the showy side of her art, apparently, Miss Redefor has devoted most attention.

It is much to be hoped that Miss Redefor will give deeper thought to the real significance of music—beauty, poetry, form, the finenesses of rhythm. Her rich endowment of charming presence, vigor and assurance, not to forget an unquestionable aptitude for playing the pianoforte, ought to put it in her power, with intelligent application, to play exceedingly well.

P. R. G.

ALWIN SCHROEDER,  
NOTED 'CELLIST, DIES



Funeral services for Alwin Schroeder, one of the world's most noted cellists, who died yesterday afternoon at his home at 94 Perkins street, Jamaica Plain, will be held tomorrow at the Forest Hills crematory, and burial will be at Forest Hills.

Mr. Schroeder, who suffered a shock last Friday night, was born of a musical family in Germany 73 years ago. For many years he played with the Boston symphony orchestra, and he was a member of the formerly renowned Kneisel quartet of Boston. He has played in many sections of this country and abroad.

He came here in 1891 at the request of Maj. Higginson and Arthur Nikisch, conductor of Symphony orchestra. He took the conductor's place as first cellist of the orchestra, and also as a member of the Kneisel quartet.

After spending 15 years here and playing all over the country, he returned to Germany to accept the position of cellist in Dr. Hoch's conservatory at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in the Museum quartet, which is the post of highest honor accorded any cellist in Germany.

He again returned to Boston, coming back to spend the rest of his life. During the last few years, he has appeared in concerts before the music loving public and he has taught persons of great music renown.

Schroeder never took a lesson on the cello. He was taught the violin and the piano, and, as early as the age of 7 showed proficiency in these studies. As he became older, he became enamored of the dulcet tones and wonderful possibilities of the cello. During leisure moments, he practiced on an old cello, and, before anyone knew he could properly draw the cello bow, he offered to play in a prominent orchestra as soloist. His services were accepted and from that time on Schroeder played nothing but the cello and the musical world has listened.

He leaves a son, Rolf A. Schroeder, Boston architect; two daughters, Hedwig Schroeder, teacher at the New England Conservatory of Music, and Mrs. Elfriede Hamblin of Brookline.

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#### SWEET TOLERANCE (For As the World Wags)

Tolerance—this new born political wail  
Who now trips so lightly  
O'er hills of prejudice and hate  
Pray who gave birth to thee . . .  
Charlatan or saint?  
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee  
Twin gods of democracy  
Beseech us to decide the destinies of  
state.

The issues are indeed involved,  
Nickel beer . . .  
Or an engineer.  
Uncutious gentlemen with axes to grind  
Betray a curiously open mind.  
But withal I am resolved to hold my  
predilection

'Til after the election.  
Whether tolerance be truth or myth  
I can best decide  
If South Boston goes for Hoover  
And Brookline for Smith.

ANTHONY SKELDING.

#### SPEAKING OF POLITICS

The editor of the Courier-Gazette, Rockland, Me., writes that the Barlow knife, to the best of his recollection, did not have any marked popularity "in this Down East region, even if it was known at all." In his boyhood the knife that held "chief place in affections" was the Jonathan Crooke, a handsome piece of workmanship, its polished black handle of a fashion that accommodated itself to the hand and a symmetry and keenness of blade which lent to it a special distinction. Upon each of the blades was stamped the design of a pistol and heart, a trademark whose significance we never understood, but to hear its juvenile owner boastfully proclaim that his was a "Jonathan Crooke, pistol and heart," was to throw an immediate scare into the heart of the boy to whom a challenge to "cut knives" had been issued. Jonathan Crooke, pistol and heart. Does the knife continue today in vogue? And do boys today "cut knives"? We wonder.

We have received a letter from Mr. Charles E. Hazleton, the treasurer of the John Russell Cutlery Co., Green River Works, Turners Falls.

"The paragraph mentioning the Barlow knife was naturally of considerable interest to me, as this pattern has been a distinctive Russell product for over 50 years. While the boy of today usually prefers a better appearing and more expensive pattern, such as a Boy Scout knife, we still sell many thousands of dozens each year, largely in the middle West and South. . . . With a background of over 90 years this company is the oldest cutlery manufacturer in the United States; there are many

features of our history which have to me at least a real romantic appeal: The part played by our knives in the early development of the far West has recently been described in an article published by the Museum of the American Indian of New York and I inclose a copy together with a partial reprint which we are using for general circulation. Possibly it may be of interest to you."

It appears from Mr. Arthur Woodward's article, which Mr. Hazleton has sent to us, that several of the hunting and scalping knives, obtained from the Plains tribes, bear "worn but legible letters and a brand, 'J. Russell & Co. Green River Works.'" The knives bearing this stamp were of different forms, but the "Dadlery" was most favored by white hunters and trappers. The blade is supposed to have been designed by a frontiersman who gave his name to this knife, which was in demand among Indians and white men in the upper Missouri country from 1835 to about 1860. The Indians often reset the blades in their war clubs. Handles were not only of wood (ebony and cocobolo); ivory and rubber were sometimes used. These knives, sold usually on terms of six months, brought \$1.50 to \$3.50 a dozen wholesale. They were retailed in the Indian country at 50 cents to \$1.50 each. (The fur companies charged their men \$6 a pound for powder, \$3 for lead, \$6 for coarse calico shirts, \$1.50 a yard for coarse tow linen for tents.)

In the forties a Green River knife was a standard of quality, from a horse to a trap. If anything was well done, it was done "up to Green River." "The cry of a trapper in a fracas or 'fofarraw,' as the mountain parlance had it, 'Give it to him, up to Green River,' had quite another signification. Knives were the handiest means of settling disputes; and since the brand of the company was stamped on the blade not far from the hilt, the meaning of the expression is obvious." As John L. Hatcher said, telling an adventure with Indians: "Sez L. hyar's a gone coon eft they keep my gun, so I follers thar trail an' at night crawls into camp an' socks my big knife up to Green River—first dig."

Does any one know the favorite brand of the snickersnee? All we know about it is that it was a large knife, alluded to by many authors, among them Washington Irving, Thackeray and W. S. Gilbert (in "The Mikado"):

"As I gnashed my teeth  
When from its sheath I drew my  
snickersnee."

#### VILLAGE NOTES

As the World Wags:

Tessie McDougal got herself another permanent wave. This makes her third in two months. Why not get a permanent permanent?

Slim Jenkins claims that if the talkies are a success he's going to star his wife.

Our advertisement of last week, "Will exchange home-made radio for used car," brought no answers.

DUKE BAKRAK.

#### HELP YOURSELF

As the World Wags:

"The New Orleans Item-Tribune states that the cafeteria system originated in Los Angeles in 1906."

The first cafeteria in the United States was located in the basement of the Royal Insurance Building, Chicago. My office was in that building, and overlooked the entrance of the cafeteria. California always claims to have inaugurated everything, but, as an old Californian, I have to admit that in this case the gentleman who wrote this story didn't make enough research.

The cafeteria in Chicago was started in 1890. The patron was given a tray, and he walked around the room plucking anything desired from the shelves. The bill of fare was better than nowadays, if memory serves me. After finishing, the customer told a man at the door how much he owed, paid it and went out. There was no check at all. The proprietor innocently believed that if he placed the masses of people on their honor he wouldn't lose a nickel. And this is old "Chi!"

Often have I looked from the window and observed the husky proprietor throwing a customer out, and in on case remember he kicked him all the way across Congress street. Many of those fellows were found to have eaten \$2.00 worth, and declared 30 cents or thereabouts. Eventually it was decided to adopt a system of checking, which has been in force ever since.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

As the World Wags:

Fort Hazor, a town buried since Bible times, has been discovered in Palestine. We await the Literary Digest to discover the records of a straw vote showing the town went strong for Joshua.

R. H. L.

#### A HUMOROUS ORGANIST

(Springfield, O., News-Sun)

Proceeding the wedding serv. cc. a musical program of beauty was presented by Ralph Zirkle, pianist, and Dr. Stanley Xander, baritone, who sang "United," "Until," and "The

#### JORDAN HALL

##### Luther Emerson

Luther Emerson, baritone, sang this program last night in Jordan hall, well accompanied by Reginald Boardman:

An die Musik, Schubert; Liebest Herr Jesu, Bach; Elne Schon' Tageweils, Bohme; Gagliarda, Hassler; The Water Lily, Franz; Not With Angels, Rubinstein; The Cloths of Heaven, Dunhill. The Oak Tree, Ballantine; Brookland Road, Shaw; Sea-Song of Gafran, Scott; L'Heure Exquise, Hahn; Amour d'Antan, Chausson; Cloches de Pente-cote, Delmas; Aus den Himmelsaugen droben, Eingewiegt von Meereswellen, An die brettlerne Schiffswand, Hopenkirk; Freudliche Vision, Winterliebe, Strauss.

Nature, in the endowment of Mr. Emerson, showed generosity in plenty but of judgment distinctly less. She gave him a sufficiently accurate musical ear and an aptitude for singing. She implanted in him determination and, no doubt of it, a readiness to work. A definite taste she gave him, furthermore—and a taste genuinely definite, mark you, among singers is an asset none to common—a taste for the lyrical in verse and song; he likes songs that deal with beautiful things, like water lilies and the stars, dreams, solitary forest pools at night.

So much for nature's liberality. Regarding her judgment, though—as a means to a lyric end she furnished Mr. Emerson with a voice of rough and ready quality which would fit "The Road to Mandalay" more snugly than "L'Heure Exquise" or anything of the sort.

Mr. Emerson, granted time, no doubt will effect a compromise between his voice and his temperament. On another concert occasion perhaps he will believe it wise to relieve the general placidity of his program with sturdier songs, and more of the kind than he cared to present last night. His pleasant medium tones, of a satisfying stoutness, probably he will come to give more freely than he does at present. Those same firm tones, it is much to be hoped, he will employ to add body to the bodiless head tones he over-works just now.

Sharpness of rhythm, to go on, Mr. Emerson of course will develop further, and keener feeling for the rise and fall of a melody, and the sort of diction that adds color and pungency to vocal utterance.

All this Mr. Emerson can do when he will. He possesses the voice and the ear, the intelligence. He is blessed with technical aptitude; already he has achieved an admirable legato, enunciation reasonably distinct, and an unusually firm command of breath. A compromise—that is all that is needed.

R. R. G.

#### 604201916

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony G major, "The Surprise." Rubin Goldmark, A Negro Rhapsody (first time in Boston). Cesar Franck, Symphony, D minor.

Mr. Koussevitzky is so fortunate in his interpretation of Haydn's music; so intelligently appreciative; so content to let the music speak for itself in its 18th century way; so regardless of the composer's clarity of expression, the finish of his workmanship and his friendly, homelike spirit, one wishes that more symphonies of Haydn, and less familiar ones than those played from time to time, were heard under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. There are conductors who say to themselves: "I suppose I must play one or two of Haydn's symphonies this season to satisfy the old fogies." And so they select from the few they know and conduct them in a perfunctory way, apologizing, as it were, to the young and voluble amateurs in the audience who think that there was no music before Debussy; that even his music is now "old hat," too obvious and melodious. This symphony as it was conducted and performed yesterday is fresher, more spontaneous, more charming music than many works of the last decade, which, when they were performed here were hailed as "original," "remarkable," even "epoch-making," and now are in the capacious dust-bin of Time.

Mr. Goldmark's Rhapsody, composed in 1921-22, was performed for the first time by the Philharmonic Society of New York in January, 1923. It has been heard in other cities of this country and was recently played in London. The name of Carl Goldmark's nephew was not unknown to our symphony audiences. His overture to "Hiawatha" has been performed twice at the concerts of this orchestra; his tone-poem "Samson" has also been played here. For the thematic material of his "Negro Rhapsody" the composer naturally took what are known as "Spirituals," with the exception of a Tennessee river tune.

The themes are inherently interesting. They should lend themselves easily to emotional or rhythmically brilliant treatment.

Mr. Goldmark has composed the Rhapsody in what might be called the post-war orthodox manner. Perhaps it was the only way to treat these themes. He knew that the melodies themselves, the stirring rhythms, at times after the fashion of a negro "break-down," with thunderous climaxes, would excite immediate applause. He is an excellent musician, well grounded in the grammar and rhetoric of his profession. He brought out the effects he wished to make. His labor was rewarded yesterday by enthusiastic applause. He was twice obliged to acknowledge the tribute. He acknowledged it modestly, rising from his seat on the floor; not making a frantic rush with flying coat tails to the platform.

As the "Pelleas" for a time d.d. Debussy harm, so the "Franciscans" injured the reputation of Cesar Franck. They insisted on his aloofness from earthly strife, joy, sorrow, passion. They proclaimed him a mystic, dwelling in the seventh heaven and hearing, if not the celestial choir, at least the music of the spheres. His compositions were of plenary inspiration; not a note could be added; not a note could be taken away.

A reaction was inevitable. Younger composers, escaping his influence, were tired of his alleged perfection. Older composers, envious no doubt of his fame, were weary of the recital of his private and musical virtues. Was he overestimated soon after his death? For some years it has been the fashion to underestimate him; to speak of "the false mysticism of the old Belgian angel." Too frequent repetitions of his music, even of that masterpiece the violin sonata and of his symphony were not of benefit to him. (It was as with Tchaikovsky and his "Pathetic" symphony.)

Today it is only just to recognize Franck's eminence among composers. To say that his symphony is flawless is not so easy. We believe that in the first movement the return of the sombre introduction, even with a changed tonality, before the full exposition, development and continuance of the main body of the movement was a mistake. It might reasonably be said that there is in this movement over-elaboration, a surplusage of detail, unnecessary repetitions of thematic fragments given in turn to various instruments or choirs of instruments, a favorite device of Tchaikovsky's. There might something be said with regard to diffuseness in the other movements.

The performance was dramatic. Even

a spiritually endowed organist may be pardoned for being dramatic in his music. Too much has been said about Franck's piety and humility. There should be no quarrel with Mr. Koussevitzky about his fiery reading of the work; but, surely, the finale does not admit of the rapid pace at which he, as other conductors in the past, took the movement. The music demands breadth and continuous, stately sonority. Here is not a quick allegro, even though there are two beats in the measure. The rapid playing makes the finale feverish; and gives a certain triviality, even flippancy to passages that should be dignified and imposing.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Prokofiev, "Classical" Symphony, Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Michal Kondraczki, Partita, Brahms, Symphony in D major, No. 2.

#### JORDAN HALL

##### Jean Duncan

Jean Duncan, soprano, with the help of Arthur Fiedler, accompanist, sang this program last night in Jordan hall.

Mit cinem gemalten Band. Beethoven; Amor dormiglione. Strozzi; My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair, The Mermaids Song, Haydn; Ich bin eine Harfe, Erich Wolff; Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht, Marx; Das Rosenband, Richard Strauss; Nixte Binsefuss, Hugo Wolff; Clair de lune, Szulc; Les tres petits chats, Pienne; Serenade melancholique, Rhene Baton; Mai, Saint Saens; At the Time of Parting, Hadley; To a Young Gentleman, Carpenter; She Rested by the Broken Brook, Coleridge Taylor; At the Well, Hageman.

Last night Miss Duncan showed herself a singer of curiously uneven development. To her musicianship, so much is clear, she has devoted real thought. A sensitiveness above that of most of her peers in age and experience, to the melodic line and to the finer points of phrasing, she has acquired already. She knows what rhythm means. And she does what she can, with the resources at command, to surround each song with its fitting mood.

There is the point—the resources at command! Why does not a person so musical and so intelligent as Miss Duncan develop her potential resources to the point when they will prove sufficient to carry out her fine intentions? Too often, last night, they left her in the lurch.

Her voice, for example, of genuine beautiful quality, so frequently and







One would hardly think that a play based on the life of the Buddha would appeal to New York audiences or, in fact, to any American theatre of the ordinary run; yet Walter Hampden tempted fortune, or misfortune, by taking the part of Siddhartha in a play, "The Light of Asia," by original Jones Walton.

Mr. Gabriel of the New York Sun reminded his readers that "New York are ever and again being treated to importations of these solemn festivals, vision plays of the Higher Thought, rumbling with religious vastness and stilted made voluptuousness. . . . This one, of all I can remember, seems to me the most sumptuously uninspired. . . . Mr. Hampden, both as gilded youth and godlike martyr, is equally lofty, luscious-voiced and benignly level. He may be alone in finding his prince a mostly unimpressive performance. I may be committing blasphemy in reporting that, just once in a while when Mr. Hampden's back was turned and his honeyed grandeur momentarily stilled, he seemed to me just a gentleman at a masquerade in an embarrassingly big pair of pants."

No, the critics were not kind to the dramatist and Mr. Hampden. Yet the audience of the first night (Oct. 9), there were rapt admirers. Mr. Robert Little of the Evening Post found this audience far more interesting than the performance. "There were nuns sitting all alone, and old gentlemen completely clothed in white linen, and blank, earnest faces slightly startled by the search for truth, and the people one sees in theosophist book stores, and the round eye of the mild fanatic, and kindly, credulous, eccentric mouths saying to each other something about 'beautiful . . . beautiful . . .'" It was agreed that the production was sumptuous in all respects.

E. L. H. writes to us from New York that the play "fails to attain to anything except mere visual loveliness," and is much too long. The audience wearied when Siddhartha sets forth on his pilgrimage; as there is next to nothing of Buddha's belief, one wonders what the play is all about. There are disturbing colloquialisms and "pseudo-comic relief"; the sincerity of Hampden's acting gives the play its only claim to interest.

An opera, "La Luce dell' Asia," based on Edwin Arnold's poem, music by Adore De Lara, was produced at Covent Garden in 1892. The opera was originally a cantata for concert use.

Rita Neve, who will play the piano in Jordan hall next Wednesday evening for the first time in Boston, is English. She is a pupil of Arthur Schnabel of Berlin, and has given recitals and played with Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in London.

Madame Amelia Conti, daughter of the late Arnaldo Conti, the first conductor of the Boston Opera company, is known here as the harpist of the Chicago Civic Opera company. She will give six soirees musicales in the ballroom of the Copley-Plaza Hotel this season. October 21, Edith Mason; Nov. 1, Horace Britt, cellist, and Lewis Richards, harpsichordist; Dec. 16, Cyrena Gordon, contralto, and Carmela Ippolito, violinist; Jan. 27, Pauline Kornelyns, Belgian soprano, and Jose Echaniz, Cuban pianist. At the last concert, April 9, Tito Schipa will sing.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Mme. Edith Mason's fine, sympathetic voice and indisputable art. Her program will be found elsewhere in this issue of The Herald.

Norman Cannon's, "He Walked in Her Sleep," met with favor at the Copley Theatre. Mr. Cannon took his play to London last month, and appeared there as Charles Quarterhouse. The Daily Telegraph noted that the criticism of mistaking the words "taking this plunge" for "taking the sponge" was received with a roar of laughter at the "Q" theatre.

"When we came away the author (who, by the way, played the part of the barrister rather well in the first two acts) was thanking them (the audience) for their 'wonderful reception' of his composition. He was right. 'Wonderful' was the word."

Sir Landon Ronald at a dinner in London made remarks that are applicable to the condition of music in Boston: "In the old days it was 'Come and have a bite and put some music in your pocket, and we can have a song after dinner or some instrumental music.' Those days are over. Nowadays it is 'Come and have a bite, we have some wonderful new records for the gramophone'—or 'Come and hear tonight's wireless,' or 'Come and make a fourth at bridge.' All those things did not exist 20 years ago—there was nothing for people to do after dinner but listen to their own efforts—Heaven help them. The publishing trade was practically ruined, and only those studying in schools would want songs—they would prefer to hear mechanical music."

It is said that Charlie Chaplin will make his next comedy a "talkie" but his voice will not be heard. "He realized that his English accent would be incongruous in the tramp character he always plays."

"The Bachelor Father," by Edward Childs Carpenter, which will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night, was produced by David Belasco at Atlantic City, Feb. 13. It should be a pleasure to see June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr in the leading parts. Viola Roache, who is pleasantly remembered here, is in the company; so is her daughter, Philippa Bevans, though we believe she was not a member of the original cast.

Louis Intermeyer wrote (London, Feb. 15, 1928) about Agnes Enters, who will present her "Episodes" next Wednesday evening at the Fine Arts Theatre for the benefit of the Women's City Club:

"She says it all with a flicker of two fingers, the small circling of a wrist, a questioning eyelid. Without preamble or background she establishes a mood in the first moment; an age in ten seconds, an entire drama in five minutes. She begins where other dancers leave off. She never exploits the body; her body is a sensitive instrument, creating songs without words, fresh-voiced in counterpoint. There is, seemingly, no end to her gamut. Here, within a bare prosopoeia (but escaping its limitations) are living evocations; the gauche coquetry of the Viennese Bachfisch; the feline overtones of a febrile Debussy; horror masked in the suave cruelty of the Heptameron; the wide-eyed clarity of a peasant touched but not tarnished by sophistication; a cartoon of a generation whose rosary is a lipstick; the clean sensuality of a half-roused odalisque; the high reach of Gothic arches; the Queen of Heaven (a composite of a dozen 'schools' from Cimabue to Albrecht Durer) revealing the world's secret in the mystic rose. . . . Any one of these would be sufficient to place Miss Enters among the few great artists of our time. But if I had to remember her by only one episode (a choice that, though I am not called upon to make), it would be one in which she does no dancing whatsoever, not even a suggestion of it. It is an episode which she calls 'Piano Music No. 1.' No one can possibly forget the young girl dutifully (and mechanically) practising her Chopin assignment, the hesitant walk to the window, the dubious return, the abstracted plaiting of her hair, the blurred day-dream, the catharsis of the sentimental waltz, and its lingering rallentando which releases her tears. With a few swift passages, a searching pause and a miracle of suggestion, Miss Enters catches—and fixes—the whole poignance of adolescence. This is no longer the appearance of reality; this is essence. It is not dance, it is not drama, it is divination."

Miss Gluseppina Sabino, who, having been graduated from the Rockland Me., high school in 1925, came to Boston for singing lessons and sang in Jordan hall in May, 1926, went for further instruction to Italy, where she studied with Malatesta. The Gazzettino degli Spettacoli of Milan (Sept. 20-30 of this year) speaks in warm praise of her recent appearance at Gilda in "Rigoletto," and predicts a brilliant career for the young singer.

#### A LATER DEVELOPMENT

[A French journalist complains that the world is now too dull to make foreign travel interesting because the cinema has taught the people of all countries to wear the same kind of clothes.]

But wait until the process spreads;  
O bide your time, my boy!  
The dullness that the tourist dreads  
May turn to greater joy.  
The very movies may, I mean,  
Turn out to be your savior—  
Folk take their costume from the screen?  
Well, why not their behaviour?

In course of time they may acquire  
The movie hero's knack  
Of dangling from a trembling wire  
Across a railway track;  
Or learn to treat a lofty wall  
Like Fairbanks with derision,  
Or hurl a custard pie with all  
A Chaplin's deft precision.

When people leap, unharmed, from trains  
That speed on express routes,  
Or ride on wings of aeroplanes,  
Or drop in parachutes,  
Or race mad cars without a spill  
O'er prairie tracks or gravel,  
There should be entertainment still  
In modern tours and travel.

—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

P. H.

Jigs and reels and lovely tunes—these are what make music Irish to the world that is not neo-Gaelically disposed. And Sir Charles Stanford knew how to make them tell.

It was good, once more, to hear a Mozart concerto; at present we hear few of them, few concertos of any kind. Miss Webb played it delightfully, with extremely pretty tone, with technical deftness. In delicacy of phrasing, furthermore, and in rhythmic feeling, Miss Webb proved herself a true musician. The orchestra accompanied her with spirit.

And so began the ninth season. May it prosper, for this orchestra fills a need.  
R. R. G.

#### COPLEY PLAZA BALLROOM

##### Edith Mason

Edith Mason, soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, sang this program last night in the Copley Plaza Ballroom:

Vedrai, carino, Mozart; Have You Seen But a White Lily Grow, Anonymous; I've Been Roaming, Horn; Waltz song ("Romeo and Juliet"), Gounod; Romance, Fantoche, Debussy; Les belles manieres, Deems Taylor; Noel, Old French; Immer leiser wird Mein Schlummer, Vergebliches Staendchen, Brahms; Allerseelen, Serenade, R. Strauss; The Little Shepherd Song, Watts; At the Well, Hageman; The Cuckoo Clock, Grant-Schaeffer; April, St. Leger.

Somebody once ventured the statement that it takes an opera singer to make the most of a song. Last night Mme. Mason set one to wondering if, in some respects, the statement may not be true. For to her, she made it evident, the dramatic force that lies in a song, the character, mean more than they do to the usual singer of songs, even a very good one. Thus the two parties to the dialogue in Brahms's serenade, Zerlina in cajoling mood—the three of them Mme. Mason differentiated as sharply as though she had action on the stage to help her.

She did as well by the girl who was fond of prowling out in the dew of early morning, and by Brahms's piteous girl who had not long to live. Character—for all her songs Miss Mason has it on hand, and in fuller measure than most of her peers can summon. Thereby she pleased her audience greatly. Let lesser singers profit!

Let them, furthermore, note the unusual clarity of her English enunciation and let them try, if they can, to produce tones of such rare beauty as some of Mme. Mason's. Beauty of voice, however—that, to a great extent, is a gift from God. It is in neatness of diction, which is due to hard work, and in intelligence of characterization, that young singers should take

pattern by Mme. Mason. For these great virtues in song they all can acquire if they will set their minds to the task, even as she has done.

Isaac Van Grove, who accompanied Mme. Mason most competently, played two solo pieces, Debussy's Habanera and a "March Orientale," by Granados, in a manner amazingly forthright. The audience asked him as well as Mme. Mason, for more.

#### WASHINGTON STREET OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

##### "The Singing Fool"

A screen drama written by Leslie S. Barrows, with scenario by C. Graham Baker, photographed by Byron Haskin, directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented as a Vitaphone special by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Al Jolson	Al Jolson
Grace	Betty Bronson
Molly	Josephine Dunn
John Perry	Reed Howes
Marcus	Edward Martin
Joe	Arthur Housman
Sonny Boy	David Lee
Cafe Manager	Robert Emmett O'Connor

There never was a Winter Garden show featuring Al Jolson which could overshadow his remarkable individuality. As long as he held the spotlight the audience existed for him alone, for his songs, his quips, his familiar gestures and mannerisms. While he rested, off-stage, that same audience viewed the stage spectacle appreciatively, or tolerantly, yet all the time restless and eager for more Jolson. Always he gave and gave, always he and not the audience pleaded exhaustion, craved surcease.

It is the same in the case of Jolson of the pictures, the singing pictures. As a story of a lowly night club waiter and songwriter who twice finds fame, who loses a mercenary wife by divorce and a most lovable little boy by death, and who finally is solaced by a loyal little friend, cigarette girl at Blackie Joe's, the piece would be by itself a mawkish bit of writing and picturization. The moment Jolson, his features concealed by an upraised table which he is about to spread for Marcus, the up-town theatrical producer, and his adventuring party, prances down stage, the picture takes on animation. When Jolson sings his first song, "It All Depends on You," then comes realization that this man, by sheer force of his personality, his talents, his wonderful dynamic energy, has done something to make the talking movies really worth while.

His voice comes from the silver screen with that same vibrant appeal which has captured audiences throughout the length of the land. Whether he laughs, shouts after his sixth song, "Wait a minute! You ain't heard anything yet," or sobbily out his verses about "Sonny Boy" to a make-believe theatre audience while Sonny Boy lies still in death on a hospital cot, you know that is the real Jolson, as incomparable in his own



light as is Chaplin in pantomimic clowning, or Chaplin in opera, or Ruth Draper in character recitative. Because Jolson's shadow thus becomes

so startlingly close to his material self it is essential to praise those Vitaphonic qualities which have made this sense of actuality possible.

There is one other figure in this film which will leave an indelible memory with all who see it. That is David Lee, said to be 3 years old. He is just a natural little boy, affectionate, loyal, pathetic in loneliness, brave in his pathetic passing. The adequate acting of Josephine Dunn, Betty Bronson, Mr. Hewes, Mr. Housman suffices for the pictured story; but who can soon forget the picture of Jolson, telling bed-time stories to Sonny Boy, crooning the lad's favorite melody, fondling his little hands, brushing back his tousled hair? A new Jolson this. Always an inimitable balladist, a spontaneous joker, he has become actor of sentiment. May we meet him and Sonny Boy again, in happier chapters. W. E. G.

Minton, Balch & Co. of New York have published three books that should stand together on a shelf: "A Gallery of Eccentrics," by Morris Bishop; "Lorenzo Dow, the Bear of the Word," by Charles Coleman Sellers; and William Martin's "Statesmen of the War in Retrospect, 1918-1928." The three books are illustrated. Mr. Martin's book may be grouped with the other two, for some of these statesmen were eccentric; i. e., out of the ordinary, different from other mortals.

Let us today speak of Mr. Bishop's entertaining volume. He is not the first to portray men looked on by the smugly sane and orthodox as eccentric. R. S. Kirby over a hundred years ago published his "Wonderful and Eccentric Magazine," containing "curious biographies of the most remarkable misers, criminals, persons laboring under bodily deformity, or celebrated for extreme longevity, dwarfs, giants, etc." Nathaniel Vanley in 1791 told of eccentric persons in "The Wonders of the Little World." There is Gerard de Nerval's "Les Illumines." Nerval himself was an eccentric when he was not insane. There have been other biographers of those whose behavior was considered by their contemporaries as "queer." Anatole France confessed that he enjoyed the acquaintance of men tottering on the brink of lunacy, especially the Parisian who went about gaily in a suit of bed-tick stuff.

In Mr. Bishop's gallery are portraits of Helioabalus ("Elagabalus" in this catalogue), Brusquet, Van Helmont, Urquhart, Jeffrey Hudson, Choisy, Duke Mazarin, Bartholomew Roberts, Bampfyld-Moore Carew, Edward Wortley Montagu, Jr., Lorenzo Da Ponte, and Richard Porson. It is doubtful whether the pirate Roberts, whose full length portrait is in Capt. Charles Johnson's history of pirates, Da Ponte, Hudson and Porson can be justly described as eccentrics. Concerning the others named by Mr. Bishop there can be no doubt. The chapter about Helioabalus is practically a defence of that emperor against Lampridius who, writing a hundred years after the death of that emperor, was constant in his praise of the Christian Constantine and pictured "the generous, fearless, affectionate boy," known to the populace as hideous and debauched, an unclean monster. Mr. Bishop, while he tells the story of incredible luxury and extravagance handed down to us by Lampridius, seems to agree with De Quincey: "The poor fellow has been sadly abused in history; but after all he was a mere boy, and as mad as a March hare." This sentence is not quoted by Mr. Bishop, nor does he refer to Georges Duviquest's "Helioabale" for which Remy de Gourmont wrote a preface saying that the emperor's faults were those which would be shown by any 14-year-old, a boy of unlimited liberty and enormous wealth; a generous youth, against whom no murder for political reasons can be charged, no persecutions of religious foes or of philosophers. As Mr. Bishop ends his lively chapter: "Let us forget those old iniquities; whether real or imagined, they are in no wise novel or interesting. Sin is so restricted, as the Empress Theodora said." Here Mr. Bishop does not venture to quote exactly Theodora's famous remark, attributed to her by Procopius and quoted by Gibbon in the decent obscurity of the original Greek. "Let us remember rather the gay and laughter loving boy, playing his tremendous jokes, dancing through the imperial palace, dancing through the little life he had. And if you are of a mind for more serious reflection, you may think of him as one who failed by a little of making us all today secretaries of Baal, devotees of that happy deity, the Sun, of whom the first Prophet was to be the great, the good, the sainted Elagabalus."

While Mr. Bishop does not disdain the purple phrase, the dominant note of the book is that of gentle irony. He can be picturesque in description. On his first page we are introduced to a man about to be a dinner guest of Helioabalus. "In one of the foul, dark chasms of old Rome sits a great hog-headed of a man, a wheezing, belying monster such as only the South produces, the admiration of his quarter, one of the dozen weightiest men of the capital."

Brusquet was court fool to three kings; also postmaster of the city of Paris. His jokes, practical and verbal, do not seem today irresistibly amusing. "These robustious Renaissance humors are quickly exhausting to an age that laughs by preference at fine-spun cobweb witticisms." Van Helmont was a dreamer, an iconoclast, the founder of pneumatic chemistry, the revealer of the chemistry of digestion. He would eat heavily to dream through to a solution. (As Fuseli would sup on raw pork to gain inspiration in his sleep for a painting.) Was he thus an eccentric? He averred that the sensitive soul lived in the mouth of the stomach, but Sir M. Foster describes him as a patient, exact observer, who anticipated conclusions not reached until long after him. Sir Thomas Urquhart was truly eccentric, writing fantastical books, proud of his extraordinary family tree, meeting in Madrid a bald-pated fellow who believed himself to be Julius Caesar, brave in battle, dying in a fit of laughter when he knew that Charles II was restored to the throne; yet his translation of Rabelais is one of the noblest works in English literature.

Sir Jeffrey Hudson was eccentric only as a dwarf. He had a gallant soul; he was loyal to his queen. Held in slavery by Barbary pirates his stature rose from 18 inches to three feet nine, as a result of his hardships. Choisy was eccentric in often dressing as a woman, and acting as a woman, but he was a man of parts and elected to a chair in the French Academy. When we wrote some time ago about a life of the beautiful and reckless Hortense Mancini, we said something about her husband Duke Mazarin and his eccentricities: how he put a shift or a cloud of plaster on statues and chastened "the carnalities of Titian and Correggio"; how he tried to bring about the extraction of the front teeth of peasant maidens, "lest" as Mr. Bishop says, "their pastoral beauty should prove a stumbling block to the faint of purpose." We fail to see why Roberts should be in this gallery: he was an able, prosperous pirate of a religious nature and blessed with a sense of humor. As for Carew his eccentricity consisted in going a-gypsying. A wanderer, rat-catcher, beggar, not unacquainted with jails in this country, but having speculated in London lotteries, he retired to the west of England where he ended his days beloved and esteemed by all. Mary Wortley Montagu's son on the contrary was amazingly eccentric, as Englishman, Turk, Mohammedan; a man of incredible amorous adventures; an accomplished linguist, a member of Parliament, a correspondent of the Royal Society.

Lorenza Da Ponte was a brilliant adventurer rather than an eccentric. Not without reason was he a friend of Casanova. Poet, dramatist, librettist, impresario, coming to this country, robbed in business enterprises, the first professor of Italian at Columbia College, he died in New York. "After 27 years of hard labor, I have no longer a pupil! Nearly 90 years old. I have no more bread in America." He was the librettist of three operas for which Mozart wrote the music: "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," "Così fan tutte."

Riccardo Testa, who took a prize offered by the Italian magazine Comoda for the best new play, is "a confirmed criminal" now serving a long sentence, jailed for theft. He has been in a lunatic asylum.

The discovery of these facts should not have surprised the editor of Comoda or the Italian public. Eminent dramatists have stolen plots, even dialogues, and are still stealing them. It's not necessary to go back to Shakespeare and Moliere. If certain plays by contemporaneous dramatists are sufficient evidence, some of them have been in insane asylums, or should be.

#### HARRY LIQUIDATES

As the World Wags:

Suicide has lately raised a pile of big words and foolish talk, which usually go together like balloons and hot air. I

mind the time Harry was set on trying it; for there wasn't a thing he wouldn't try once not even suicide except maybe these moving stairs. He kept shy of moving stairs, being scared to death he'd stay on too long and get swallowed up. Anyway, he figured a way to commit suicide which he thought was different and was set on trying it.

Usually suicide is sad and ends in a funeral if they find the corpse, but Harry's idea was to make it a gay time. Instead of blowing his brains out, he was going to drown himself in liquor. He called it liquidation.

I was feeling scummy green all over at the time he was weaning his brain child as the poets say from drinking rotten applejack and didn't mind if he wanted to commit suicide on himself. I even said I'd help him which surprised Harry so he went about to try his scheme. He ran over to the North end and brought back 10 gallons of dago red which was going to be embalming fluid. He looked disheartened when he got back. It seems we needed a bathtub to put the wine in and we hadn't one. At least there was one on the floor below, but it was used for coal and some swill, so it wouldn't be tasty or hygienic. Finally he found a big bucket which he said would do. He primed himself with a gallon of the bad applejack and then after shaking hands with me stuck his head into the bucket and had me hoist his feet into the air, where I tied them to the chandelier so he could relax and enjoy his drowning.

Then I set about to liquidate him. Well, I'd poured in five gallons before I noticed there wasn't a drop staying in the bucket. I looked for holes but it was tight as a hog's belly. I asked Harry and he said he thought he could taste wine but wasn't sure. I kept on pouring and had three more gallons in with the bucket still dry when I saw what was up. Harry was sucking the wine up like a dry lamp wick. As fast as I'd pour Harry would sop it up. Well, I was surprised but I figured the eight gallons must have saturated him and the two left was enough to drown him all right. But I was wrong for the bucket was still empty when I'd poured the last. I left Harry and got five more gallons. When I got back I found Harry had a nosebleed and wasn't enjoying the liquidation much but wanted to see it through. I told him to keep his mouth closed this time and give the wine a chance. He did but it didn't do any good. There's more than one hole to a sponge.

I didn't tell Harry I was out of wine. Instead I sneaked out and got some water which I thought would be just as good as the dago red to finish him with. Harry got restless as soon as the water came near him. He smelt it like ordinary people smell liquor. But I didn't give him a chance to say anything but poured it in. The water had hardly hit the bucket before he began to snort and take on something awful. He thrashed and milled and roared and the next I knew he had smashed the bucket and started swinging himself with his feet tied to the chandelier. He sailed right through the wall into the middle of the happy family next door and without apologizing swung the other way toward the window when the chandelier got loose and Harry shot out the window head first.

We were living on Atlantic avenue in a vacant room which was convenient because we could get in the window from the Elevated, and didn't have to pay rent as long as the landlord didn't catch on. By the time I reached the street, Harry had bunted over an Elevated pillar, put a bull to sleep and rung in the fire alarm. He said he was burning up inside and couldn't wait for the fire kit, so he rushed down the street to T wharf, where he jumped off. Only he jumped where there was a tug and that made him hotter, because he was wedged in the smoke stack. While the crew and me were getting him out, he cussed me for putting in the water. The dago red was all right till it mixed with water, then it went off like a carbide cannon.

By the time we had Harry free, the fire department had come along with a couple of hundred bulls, two ambulances and a squad of marines. They pumped Harry out and took him to jail. If you mention suicide to Harry, he'll kill you. BEN BOOZLENOOT

#### A MODERN MOOD

I do not sigh because I am not wed. Cramped in some dingy kitchenette there's drudgery: An icebox and a cabinet in one, Stinging burns on unaccustomed fingers. Blind love? Where can it dwell? There's room enough—perhaps, instead, a spouse Who lavishes a home, a vine garden? No. Alas, love finds a place to wander And is lost for aye. Rather give me then A pleasant art, an undemanding lover. Motherhood holds silver-studded blessings— Perchance a child—godlike? What's in a name?

I do not sigh because I am not  
DIDYMA DES

#### A CORRECTION

(PARIS, ARK., PROGRESS)

In reporting the accidental death of Windel Crow of New Blaine last issue information given the Progress was erroneous. Young Crow was a son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Marshall instead of W. R. Marshall; he resided at New Blaine instead of Delaware; the small Crow lad riding the truck at the time was victim's cousin instead of brother; and the Rev. W. W. Walker of Prairie View instead of the Rev. Wade was in charge of funeral services.

#### BY PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE.—The first performance in Boston of "The Bachelor Father," a play in three acts and seven scenes by Edward Child Carpenter. Produced by David Belasco at Atlantic City on Feb. 13, 1928; at the Belasco Theatre, New York on Feb. 28, 1928. Antoinette, June Walker; Bianca, Harriett Lorraine; Maria, Adriana Dori; Kate Trent, Viola Roache; Jennie, Maryland Jarbeau; Hortense, Kitty Gray; Keating, David Glassford; Sir Basil, C. Aubrey Smith; John Ashley, Geoffrey Kerr; Geoffrey Trent, Rex O'Malley; Dick Berner, Howard Bouton.

The cast last night was as follows: Larkin, Sir Basil's butler, George Riddell; Francis Keating, M. D., David Glassford; Sir Basil, Winterton, V. C., K. A. B. A.; C. G. M., C. Aubrey Smith; John Ashley, Geoffrey Kerr; Kate Trent, Viola Roache; Geoffrey Trent, Rex O'Malley; Bianca Credaro, Harriett Lorraine; Maria Credaro, Adriana Dori; Antoinette ("Tony") Flagg, June Walker; Dick Berner, Howard Bouton; Jennie, Philippa Bevans; Keating, Doria Belli; Roberts, Thomas Reynolds.

It occurred to Sir Basil, gouty, irritable, opinionated, bored, that it would be a capital idea to bring three of his illegitimate children—he counted only three to Dr. Keating when he was reciting the catalogue of his mistresses—to his house in Surrey. Perhaps he had been shamed into this resolution by the preaching of the physician; perhaps he wished to make amends for his ignoring them though he had pensioned handsomely the mothers. Gruff and choleric as he was, he was at heart a sentimentalist; at the same time considering himself irresistible with ladies of high and low degree.

One of the most amusing scenes in the play is where he describes semicynically his amorous exploits and the character of each conquest. There was a boy Trent in Manchester; the daughter of an opera singer was in Florence, Italy; another daughter was somewhere in New York, in Hogan's alley, as it turned out, a telephone girl with an amazing vocabulary of slang and wisecracks.

It was the duty of young Ashley, Sir Basil's man of business, to hunt up those children and bring them to their father. This idea gave the dramatist a chance for three scenes: Mrs. Trent's modest home; a balcony in Florence with the mother reproaching her daughter for not singing passionately—here the stage was romantically set and there was music in the street below; the third scene showed the front door and steps of a cheap lodging house. Young Trent was not anxious to make the acquaintance of his father; Maria jumped at the chance thinking that by meeting an Englishman—or an American—she would acquire the desired passion; Tony, whose mother had died, was not in a hurry to leave New York until Ashley had promised her that she would have an airplane.

With the exception of slow moments in the scene at Florence, the first act moved quickly with sparkling dialogue in the first scene and the pleasing encounter of Tony with Ashley in the fourth.

The children arrived, independent, waiting to size up their father, with the exception of Maria who at once fell in love with Sir Basil and his house and grounds. They cluttered up the living room; they plucked up flowers by the roots; they constantly threatened to leave if they could not have their own way. Sir Basil raged, called them brats, repented of his experiment, while the butler was horrified at the reigning disorder, while Ashley was amused.

Of course the children softened Sir Basil's nature; he became their servant; they were fond of him, they grew to love him. He spoiled them. They were all remarkable in his eyes. But Maria accepted an operatic engagement in Italy; Trent found out that Sir Basil was not his father; a cavalry officer had that honor, but Sir Basil

justly insisted that he might have been should have been. Tony nearly broke his heart by performing airplane stunts and by insisting on marrying Ashley. She told her father that it would be the first marriage in the house.

This is a faint synopsis of a most amusing comedy which, when the main idea is considered and the frankness of the dialogue, might be easily compared by comedians of a farcical type. It is performed at the Hollis Street theatre, the situations, and the dialogue were all accepted by the large and enthusiastic audience as natural and pleasing. Sir Basil could say with Casanova that no woman ever regretted her short life with him. His nature was chastened by the very illegitimacy of



His program included compositions by Bach, Brahms, Chopin and Saint-Saëns. The moderns were notably missing. In arranging such, one might say, a ha-



duction. If toccata is a touch-piece (as the name suggests) designed for a display of a bell-like clearness of touch and transcendent virtuosity, then Mr. Horowitz was superb in his achievement. The infallibility of his technique, the evenness of his scales, the precision of his tonal graduations showed Bach in a new light—not the profound musical thinker we know him, but a virtuoso-mind building up staggering structures of steel and lace miraculously interwoven. The fugue—one of the strangest, projecting into the future, inspirations of Bach—sounded satisfyingly logical; the exposition and the climax on the pedal-point were conveyed with intuitive mastery.

Of Brahms Mr. Horowitz played three "intermezzi" and a "rhapsody." The performance was a distinct disappointment. Mr. Horowitz failed to catch the playful, Viennese spirit that animated the "intermezzi." He missed the gravity and the changefulness of the rhapsody. True, Horowitz's crystal touch, his flowing technic, easily spanning the typical Brahmsian wide intervals, was a delight to listeners, but, unwittingly, the pianist was rendering but lip-service (or shall we say, finger-service?) to the composer who more than any other needs the aid of a creative interpreter.

With Chopin, Horowitz fared no better. Where was the whimsical and the tragic of the fantasy? The descending chromatic figure, alternating with the light scherzo-passage sounded matter-of-fact, almost meaningless. The two ballades, the G minor and the F major, were mere virtuoso pieces at the hands of the pianist. The mazurkas that followed made one wistfully remember Paderewski, whose genius, even in his later years, transformed these short dance-tunes into revelatory sound-pictures.

One would suspect that Mr. Horowitz was unhappily indisposed during the middle of his program, for in his last piece, the "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens, arranged by Liszt, he regained his grip and asserted himself in a glorious manner. The audience instantly felt the change, and the applause that had become almost perfunctory, now rose again to the proportion of an acclamation. The encores were pleasurable: the "Minute-Waltz" (as it is dubbed) the "Butterfly-Étude" (as the nickname goes.) But there was a roar which shook the air, when Mr. Horowitz played his own arrangement of the gypsy dance (Chez Lili Pastia) from "Carmen." Certainly, there is no piano piece more difficult to play; certainly, there is no one who can outdo Horowitz in the performance. Incidentally, he showed extraordinary skill and invention in arranging the themes.

N. S.

#### STEP ON IT (For As the World Wags)

Main street is not what it used to be  
Some fifteen years ago.  
The old elm is razed,  
And in its stead  
Is a Socony Stand of vermilion red.  
Where formerly was Foley's Bar.....  
(Sweet memories)  
A Greek now runs the Minerva Spa.  
The white church remains unchanged  
Except for a poster out in front  
Announcing the movies...  
A new religious stunt.  
Gone are the natives who sat in the  
square:  
In their place  
Are furtive figures of alien poise and  
race.  
Mill hands, warped with weary toil...  
Mutterings... industrial strife.  
Progress is in the air...  
New life? ... Also bucolic blight.  
From the doorway of a ten cent store  
A radio bawls machine made blurbs,  
Big town sophistication...  
Wise cracks and standardization.  
One wonders with all this,  
If Eddie Guest  
Had the low down  
On such towns,  
Would he be such an optimist?

ANTHONY SKELDING.

#### INJURY PLUS INSULT

Our correspondent is not the only one in Boston or Greater Boston who has suffered a like injury, nor does there seem to be any redress.

As the World Wags:

Is it legally allowable to park an automobile before a house when the inmate of said house objects, and if not, what is the penalty?

Having recently returned to Boston after two years' absence, I searched for a street of little traffic in a nearby suburb, to avoid the noise, dirt and fumes of automobiles. Opposite my house is an open space with no house on it; that side of the street is equally available with my side for parking.

Today four cars have been parked

before my house. One for the whole afternoon. The last of the four, having taken in a baby-carriage, a baby, and a woman, the place of meeting evidently prearranged, remained parked. I called to its occupants, "Will you please drive along and not stay parked there?" to which the woman replied that they were going on soon. After ten or fifteen minutes, as they were still there, I said, "Why do you not drive along and park somewhere else, as I asked you to do?" A man then leaned out of the car, and said, "I am very sorry, madam, you are so fussy," to which I replied, "Your car is placed so no other car can stop at my gate." His rejoinder was, "I shall stay here exactly as long, madam, as it pleases me to do so."

Query: Do we seek out, with much care, a quiet street, and acquire an expensive house on an expensive piece of land, for the purpose of affording parking opportunity to intruding and discourteous fellow beings?

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

#### SAFETY FIRST

As the World Wags:

I read that item about the 30 people in New York who died from drinking likker made from alcohol that the government had soaked full of benzine and T N T and rusty tacks to denature it, and gosh! I just turned over a new leaf on this drinking business. Whenever I go to a party now and they pass around the highballs or the cocktails I take mine when the others do, but I always start telling a funny story, and I keep on telling the story and holding my glass in my hand until all the rest have drunk their drink. Then I pull another story or some merry quips and keep on stalling for two minutes more. Then if nobody has dropped dead or nothin', I drink my drink.

THE SAGE OF SAUGATUCK.

#### WHY "CAFETERIA"

As the World Wags:

I have been much interested in recent remarks of yours concerning that peculiarly American institution, the cafeteria, and your query as to who got up that name for it, and why, and when. On consulting the big Webster in our office—a well-thumbed tome indicative of a sustained desire on the part of the staff for information—I find that the page that contains the F's including this particular word has been torn out and lost; but the little dictionary, which abides on my desk between Who's Who and Cruden's Concordance, gives the word and defines it as a "restaurant or cafe at which the patrons serve themselves with food kept at a counter, taking the food to small tables to eat. U. S." It further recognizes and establishes the pronunciation of cafeteria, with the stress on the ante-penult, although I am aware that purists, mindful of the word's apparent provenance, insist that it should be accented on the penultimate syllable; to wit, the "i," as in such Italian words as cavalleria, birreria, trattoria, et id om. Ought not this hybrid to have been started in life as "cafferia?" Or is the insertion of a "te" in its midst intended as a reference to coffee's twin brother?

It may be a mere idiosyncrasy on my part, but I abominate the term, which is exceeded only in deplorable qualities by such copycat expressions as "luncheria"—meaning, apparently, the part of a pharmacy where one may obtain a snack. Unless absolutely compelled, I would no more enter a cafeteria than I would enter a shoppe. Somehow the serve-yourself (sometimes tortured into "servurself") system seems to me unworthy of the great ceremony of fueling the human furnace. As a charter member of the Two Hours for Lunch Club, I feel that protest ought to be made against degrading this rite to the level of obtaining a slab of gum from a slot machine. The one-arm lunch, in addition to lacking the appropriate dignity which ought to hedge the process of recruiting the bodily temple, brings me painful memories of the North Latin Room at dear Old Siwash, where they had some seats like that.

Just what is there about our race and country which inspires it to invent superfluous terms to describe the places where one eats? Why is a restaurant where one perches precariously on a revolving stool commonly denominated a "spa"? Possibly we need some sort of advance warning to apprise the wayfarer what he is going up against. If he sees the sign "Spa," he should know that it is a lunch counter where one may mount a lofty piano stool and be catered to by a man in a white coat. If he is told that the door opens into a "cafeteria," it ought always to mean that it is one of those places where you rove around collecting food to your fancy from safety-deposit boxes—so that if you don't like that sort of thing, you can avoid it. But in practice it seems almost anything can be called a cafeteria. The word seems to make irresistible appeal to a certain type of mind, which also rejoices in such way-side shripes as "Dewdrop Inn" and "Awkumoni," familiar to us all as embellishing the highways of our American Switzerland.

To my Uncle Amos every such establishment was an "eatin' house" simply.

This may have lacked elegance, but one took his meaning. Uncle Amos long antedated the hot dog stand, the diet kitchen, the cafeteria, the spa, the rathskeller and the grill. He never knew what he missed, and there are times when I wish I didn't, either.

Wamest. PHINEAS REDUX.

As the World Wags:

"I deeply appreciate your coming to speak to me," Mr. Hoover replied. "We are trying to heal the breeches and fill the rifts which still unfortunately exist to some extent among our citizens, because of various differences of birth."

Isn't it now customary to patch them? Castine, Me. Mrs. W. G. S.

#### CHAMBER MUSIC

A concert both agreeable and out of the ordinary took place last night in Jordan hall. A trio for piano and strings, no less, came to a hearing, one by Schubert into the bargain, that in B flat, op. 99. Time was, and not so many decades ago, when a trio on a program caused no stir, either of unusual pleasure or resentment. But nobody now will have trios at any price because, the argument seems to run, strings and piano do not agree.

The masters, oddly enough, thought otherwise, from early days to these; their ears, perhaps, were not so sensitive as those of the present public. Finding themselves on the side of the masters, Miss Kate Frishin, the pianist, Miss Marie Nichols, the violinist, and Mr. Jacobus Langendoen, a 'cellist of lovely tone, made no bones whatever of presenting a program of trios and nothing else. A goodly company of listeners had every air of enjoying themselves.

Why should they not? They heard Schubert music of enchanting melody and bewitching rhythmic variety, music fresh and sparkling as water from a mountain spring. This music, moreover, they heard performed by three able musicians who understand the principles of ensemble—though, to say the truth, the 'cello was sometimes something driven to hold its own.

As well they heard a fantasy in E minor for piano, violin and 'cello, by James Frishin. Music of the neo-Celtic type it sounded to be, with a mournful introduction that established at once a certain mood. Pleasant moments followed, some gay, some of a gentle melancholy, all alike, however, in their intangibility, their remoteness from everything that savors of flesh and blood, humanity.

In company with Mr. Willem Valkenier, Miss Frishin and Miss Nichols then played the Brahms horn trio, E-flat major, op. 40. To a person who had not heard it in years, the first two movements came as a disappointment—a disappointment, however, amply made up for by the beauty of the adagio. The mellow loveliness, too, of Mr. Valkenier's horn gave constant delight.

The concert, indeed, gave pleasure throughout the evening; so much was clear. Why would not more of the kind be preferable to recital after recital—probably more profitable to performers and agreeable to the public.

R. R. G.

James Agate, novelist of repute, dramatic critic of the London Tatler and the Sunday Times, and a man of letters and broad observation, has been won over to motion pictures. He has decided to write film criticism and, in candid phrases, he tells why. "There are a hundred reasons why I want to write film criticism," he declares, "and the straightforward thing is to begin with the most straightforward reason. I want to criticize the films because I have fallen in love with them. No, I hasten to say in parenthesis, I shall not desert that theatrical lady, Mrs. Micaewber, but I see no reason against being on with the new love without being off with the old. 'Criticise something he's in love with? The man's mad!' I can hear the reader exclaim. And once more we have the popular and fundamental error concerning the function of criticism. To criticize is not to pull to pieces. Criticism is appreciation, the saying how jolly a thing is. The child who pulls its mother to the window, crying, 'Look, mummy! Look at that booful policeman!'—that child is the complete critic. It has been stirred to admiration by a phenomenon which in its judgment is beautiful, and it desires to tell somebody about it. No critic can do more, though it often happens that the professional writer, disliking the thing he must criticize, is compelled to do less. The critic who writes, 'Keep away from that book, play or film because it is bad,' is only the negative shadow of the lusty fellow who, admiring something, spends his admiration in a column. I hardly ever emerge from a cinema without wanting to tell somebody about what I have seen. This straightforward and primary reason should suffice; all others are secondary."

"Our hopes for the screen are centered in the interest taken in it by minds which have received Anthony Asquith's education. The other day I was invited by one of those youthful

papers which are the joy of our other universities, to contribute to a symposium having for subject, 'What's Wrong With the Cinema?' Bernard Shaw was to be asked for 2000 words, Messrs. Wells and Bennett for 1000 each, St. John Ervine for 500. Would I kindly forward 25? Brevity being the soul of more things than wit, I condensed my reply into a single word. That word was 'America.' I am aware of the conditions governing butter and the dog's throat, and of the difficulty of rescuing our English films from American jaws. But it can be done. In fact, it must be done. And I beg readers of the Tatler to believe that if ever I attack British productions, the wounds inflicted are to be taken for those of faithful friendship. In the matter of theory this must do for the present. Ring up the curtain! Or should it be let down the screen? Next week I shall tackle my picture."

W. E. G.

04-25-1928

There have been two changes in the program of the Boston Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday this week.

An Introduction and Fugue by Piek-Mangiagalli was announced for performance. This was put aside because the orchestral parts did not arrive in time. It was said that a Partita by Kondracki, a young composer born in the Ukraine region, now living in Paris, would be substituted. For some reason or other the performance of this Suite has been postponed. Ibert's "Fecrique" for orchestra will be played for the first time in Boston, if not for the first time in this country. The first performance was in Paris three years ago. The other numbers on the program are Prokofiev's pretty little "Classical" symphony; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and the Symphony in D major (No. 2) by our old and esteemed friend, Johannes Brahms.

The orchestra next week will give concerts in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus and Pittsburgh. The next concerts in Boston will be on Nov. 9 and 10.

Jean Bedetti, solo violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, assisted by Felix Fox, pianist, and Arthur Fiedler, conductor and pianist, will give a concert tonight in Jordan hall. The program is one of unusual interest. C. P. Bach's Concerto No. 3, A major, accompanied by strings, will be performed for the first time in Boston. The sonata for violoncello and piano by Alfano, whose opera "The Resurrection" was performed here by the Chicago Civic Opera Company, will also be heard for the first time in this city. Other compositions are Kodaly's Sonata for the violoncello alone; a Chant Élégiqne by Gaston Elcus, a valued violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and piece by Granados and Popper. In Kodaly's Sonata, which will be played here for the second time, the G and C strings are lowered a half tone.

Next Saturday morning at 11 o'clock in Jordan hall Guy Maier, pianist, will give a recital of music for young people of all ages. He will play pieces by Liszt, Mozart, Schubert, Godowsky, Chopin, Berners, Chassin. The second part of the program consists of Carpenter's ballet "Krazy Kat," which was performed here at the Shubert Theatre, with a "scratch" orchestra, pitifully inadequate, for the benefit of the Rheims Music School in March, 1922. Following his custom at his young people's concerts Mr. Maier will talk about the pieces on the program.

Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall the Brahms (vocal) quartet—Clarib Banks, Louise Osborne, Nancy Hibel, Elinor Markey—will sing music by Brahms, Croce, Donati, Jacquet, Debussy, Berger; also music of the 17 and 18th centuries, and English madrigals.

Next Sunday there will be seven concerts. The English Singers will at a table—but without the appropriate mugs of ale—and lift up their voices in Madrigals, Elizabethan part songs, songs, traditional by Weekes, Bateson, Morley, airs Bartlett, Dow Bennet; two songs from Purcell's "The Tempest," and old airs ranged by Gerald Williams, Slater and H. E. Randerson.

The People's Symphony Orchestra will give its second concert led by Erick Fischer (guest conductor), Hotel Statler.

Pompeo's Symphony Band, Giovanni Pompeo, conductor, assisted by Mantovani, soprano, and Rocco Pa-



disco, baritone, will play in Symphony hall. Orchestral pieces by Verdi, Grieg, Pömpö, Weber, Foroni, Dvorak, Suppe, Arias by Verdi, Thomas, Giordano, Plotow and Johann Strauss's waltz, "Voices of Spring." Mme. Maria Mantovani, soprano, and Rocco Pandiscio, baritone, will make their American debuts at this concert. "Both singers have a wide reputation in their native Italy. Mme. Mantovani has appeared in the principal opera houses and figured conspicuously in operatic performances in other European capitals, and the Orient as well. Mr. Pandiscio, like Mme. Mantovani, has long been a leading singer of the San Carlo Royal Opera House in Naples, and has also figured in operatic performances of Europe and South America."



# THE MEDICAL MUSE!

(Poem entitled "He Has Gone" from "Panama Patchwork," by J. S. Gilbert.)

Close the door—across the river  
He has gone.  
With an abscess on his liver  
He has gone.  
Many years of rainy seasons  
And malaria's countless treasons  
Are among the many reasons  
Why he's gone.

Bind the wasted jaw up lightly—  
He has gone.  
Close the sunken eyelids tightly,  
He has gone.  
Chinese gin from Bottle Alley  
Could not give him strength to rally.  
Lone to wander in Death valley  
He has gone.

In his best clothes we've arrayed him;  
He has gone.  
In a wooden box we've laid him—  
He has gone.  
Bogus Hennessy and sherry  
With his system both made merry;  
Very hard he fought them—very;  
Yet he's gone.

Down the bill we tramp once more,  
friends;  
He has gone.  
Once again we've seen all o'er, friends;  
He has gone.  
Let us hope we may endure, or  
At least our taste be surer—  
Let us pray the liquor's purer  
Where he's gone.

Did ex-President Hadley come out for  
Gov. Smith on account of the justly  
celebrated and traditional "Yale spirit"?  
We used to imbibe this spirit at Mori-  
arty's, Austin Allen's, Gus Traeger's,  
and the life saving station where the  
Hills stoutened the hearts of students  
stranded on the bar. Gone, all gone are  
the old familiar places. How paltry in  
comparison are the stately buildings of  
Yale!

## LOOKING FORWARD

As the World Wags:

The presidential campaign of 1948 as foreseen by me during a seance with my favorite crystal ball reveals the great American people as running true to form. The paramount issue was preservation of the race. The population of this country had been reduced by automobile to less than twenty millions. The roadsides had become a continuous cemetery as the killings were so frequent that no time could be spared to hold funerals. But few died a "natural death" as we understand it. Mortality statistics classified deaths as from "natural causes" (known as motor impact), and old-fashioned disease, the latter being about 1 per cent. of all deaths. The population was equally divided between motorists and pedestrians, and the latter were being slowly beaten in the struggle for existence. There were two parties struggling for control of the government, called the Speediacs and the Footpads, while a well organized denominational force known as the Anti-Gasoloon League worked noiselessly with the Footpads. The Speediacs nominated His Honor Horace Mickleover, chairman of Rocket Motors Incorporated, for President, on a platform whose keynote was "Obstacles to Rapid Progress Must Go Under." The Hon. John Jay Walker of Gopherville, Minnesota, was put up by the Footpads. They demanded that all highways be abolished and armored sidewalks be provided for pedestrians. The Anti-Gasoloonatics called for a Jihad against the manufacture, sale or importation of gasoline as a leverage for motor vehicles of a propulsive potential exceeding one-half of one mile per petrol hour. Old-timers recalled Volstead and his queer law and just laughed. The Hon. J. Jay Walker when called upon to give his views on this proposed amendment to the constitution said it would be a noble detriment, and if elected he said he would enforce it to the limit, the same as the other 43 amendments are enforced, when remembered.

He said he could see that this proposition had some ambiguities which were polyangular and needed evisceration, but he would appoint a commission to determine scientifically what toxicity existed in a propulsive potential and get an honest definition.

The Hon. Mr. Mickleover said that if elected he would enforce the amendment ruthlessly. He was "no nullificationist," but he called attention to the fact that gasoline of that strength would make a car go backward, while he believed in rapid progress. He advocated a minimum speed in cities of 90 miles an hour so that death would be practically instantaneous, and said that his motto was—"No Lingering Hospital Cases." In the long run he thought this was truly humanitarian. Walker charged Mickleover with killing thirty thix thitithens during the past year. Mickleover deprecated a

lipping campaign. He had killed only thirty-five, and that was not excessive for a "Bullet 90" as he had killed them all clean, instantaneously, a statement that was toothfornously approved by ten thousand horns broadcasting at his acceptance speech. There was much irreligious bigotry in evidence during the progress of the campaign. The Footpads said they would make it obligatory for every car to carry a chaplain to administer the last rites to Speediac victims, but the latter party refused to admit religious disqualifications, or qualifications, if any.

The polling was done by radio combined with television. Electric Robots broadcasted the result instantaneously. The vote proved an overwhelming victory for the Speediacs. They had killed off enough Pedestrians going to the polls to secure a triumph. When interviewed, President-elect Mickleover said while he regretted the great mortality occurring on election day, yet it must be remembered that efficiency was the keynote of our success. It was his purpose, he said, to recommend to the Congress that the administration be authorized to construct a nationwide series of catacombs where pedestrians could live underground in comparative comfort, and thus make the world safe for motocracy. He thought that was the place for pedestrians anyway. WOOF WOOF.

## NEWS STAND DAWN

As the World Wags:

Close to the sacred hour of the milkman comes the newspaper truck hurtling through the pale, cold streets. Sleepy little urchins in ragged clothes stand expectantly waiting beside their corner stands; beefy gentlemen who have seen better days pull their heads into their frayed coat collars and dodge the rope-bound missiles, still smelling of ink, that lurch from the passing speed cart and gradually pile up along the curb. Five o'clock, and the procession has begun. Six o'clock, and a small, but steady, stream of dusty brogans and shining dinner pails passes the news stand corner. Seven o'clock, and pale, vivacious faces with daring little hats drift by to a brittle sound of voices and the patter of smart cheap shoes. Eight o'clock, and the fathers of families, smooth and flaccid of face, worried of eye, pause in their stationward pace and absent-mindedly acquire the accustomed sheet. Nine o'clock, and tight-lipped shoppers in matronly hats, having successfully met the breakfast hour and defeated it, rustle a paper into the capacious brown bag which is to bring home turnips and mending cotton. Ten o'clock, and an occasional lily of the field leans from a limousine and reaches languidly for the day's grist of hectic happenings outside the orbit of her twistful and well-ordered world. ALI SAN.

As the World Wags:

Is it true, what they're telling me that Mayor Thompson of Chicago is the inventor, patentee and manufacturer of the Thompson machine gun? If so, what a local distribution he must have for his product! GUSSIE.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony Hall: Prokofieff, "Classical" symphony. Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Ibert, "Feerieque." Brahms, symphony No. 2, D major.

Ibert's name was not unknown in Boston before yesterday. His orchestral pieces, "Escapes" and "Les Recontres," his "Chant de Folie" for chorus and orchestra have been played at the Symphony concerts. The flute players club gave a performance of two movements for two flutes, clarinet and bassoon.

"Feerieque," brought out in Paris three years ago, was played yesterday for the first time in Boston, probably for the first time in this country. An ingenious Parisian has said that it was Ibert's intention to evoke "a purely imaginary realm of sounds, rhythms and timbres," that the hearers should take their time in searching "clither the poetic plan which they have not found there or the scheme and speech of pure music which they also have not found." A profound and Orphic saying, but what is the precise meaning of it? We are told that there is no "literary" program for the music.

"Feerieque" not only means pertaining to the fairy kingdom; it also means magical, wonderful, marvellous. If this music is taken by the hearers to portray fairyland, the robust, not to say inexplicable section suggests that ogres, giants, ghouls and vampires are among the dwellers in that imaginary realm. The opening section has poetic feeling, though the solo for the oboe over the whispering strings is not fascinating. This mood is not long sustained. There is an abrupt change into orchestral violence. Here the listener is not tempted to say "Marvellous" to Ibert's

musical narrative, after the manner of Dr. Watson punctuating the surprising story in which Sherlock Holmes reveals his shrewdness. Neither the rhythmic play, nor the musical ideas, nor the orchestration leads one to shout "Wonderful." "Feerieque" is apparently an amorphous work without marked significance, without exquisite nuances, without glowing color.

Mr. Prokofieff is pleasingly versatile. He can be superbly barbaric, impressive by his wildness, as in his "Scythian Suite." "Seven, They Are Seven" and the "Ballet of Steel"; he can write admirably for the piano with orchestra; in his "Classical" symphony he has shown that he can be delightfully and artistically simple, employing his inven-

tive ability and technical resources to charm the ear and refresh the spirit. They who go in for "thunder and guns and all that" in a musical composition may sniff at this symphony, complain of its small dimensions, its apparent naivete. Ah, how hard it is to write simply and say something in each sentence! As in literature, so in music. Here is a work without superfluity, redundancy, padding. There is no attempt to startle, to thrill the hearer. How the quick movements sparkle and gaily bubble! What old-time, but not affected grace in the middle movements! And when Prokofieff has said his say, he stops. He is not overcome by his ability. He is not unduly enamored of his speech.

There was a beautiful performance of Debussy's prelude, one of continuous and ravishing euphony. For the unalloyed enjoyment it was not necessary to think of Mollarme's cryptic poem or Edmund Gosse's explanation of it. If the prelude had been entitled "Summer Afternoon" or merely "Music," the effect on an audience would be the same, for the prelude is entrancing without suggestion of a faun remembering sensuously a vision of vixen nymphs—however "divinely tender and indulgent" they may have been to him. The whole orchestra was as a poetically inspired virtuoso, yet one cannot refrain from mentioning the flute of Mr. Laurent, the oboe of Mr. Gillet and the horn of Mr. Boettcher.

Mr. Koussevitzky is not afraid to give dramatic emphasis to the symphonies of Brahms when he detects the drama therein. For this reason, perhaps, his interpretation may disconcert those who, hearing the music of Johannes under preceding conductors, felt comfortably a disposition to sleep, believing that Brahms was a safe man who would do nothing musically indecent while they slumbered. Yet in spite of Mr. Koussevitzky's vivid interpretation, his poetically dramatic reading of details and the whole, his galvanizing the padding into momentary life—for Brahms could pad with the worst of his colleagues, including Bach—the symphony seemed yesterday inferior as a work of art to the first and the third; but when Brahms remembered Hungary, or was melodically and rhythmically piquant as in the third movement, then there was genuine enjoyment, with full appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week, visiting Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh. The program for Nov. 9-10 will comprise Jacob's Indian Dances, the Third Symphony of Sibelius and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy."

## "Moran of the Marines," with Richard Dix and Ruth Elder, Aviatix

METROPOLITAN

### "Moran of the Marines"

A screen comedy-drama written by Linton Wells, photographed by Edward Cronjager, directed by Frank Strayer, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Michael Moran	Richard Dix
Vivian Marshall	Ruth Elder
"Swatty"	Roscoe Karns
Basil Worth	Brooks Benedict
Gen. Marshall	Capt. E. H. Calvert
Sergeant	Duke Martin
Sun Yat	Tetsu Komai
Patrick Moran	Burr McIntosh

There must be a generous sprinkling of comedians in the United States marines if you believe everything that the Messrs. Wells and Strayer tell you in this film. Michael Moran is funny, "Swatty" is funny, the top sergeant is funny. Even Gen. Marshall, head of the corps and father to the heroine, is seen more frequently in smiling than fighting mood. Life must be one constant lark in the marines. Take the case of Michael Moran, for instance. He is having a dull time, fighting his way into and out of night clubs in New York, until he meets Vivian Marshall at one of these resorts. He scolds a drunken reveler who annoys Vivian, a free-for-all starts, and Michael lands in jail with his pal, "Swatty." Uncle Pat, wealthy railroad builder, refuses to bail him out, so he and "Swatty" join the marines. At San Diego they

juggle sacks of beans all day; they dig trenches and then, at the spiteful orders of a hateful sergeant, fill them up again. Michael, to escape drill and inspection, feigns fever and is exposed when this same sergeant strips off the hospital cot's bedclothes and finds Michael plastered with hot water bottles and a cake of ice. And all the time the sub-titles are flashing the witty remarks of various comic marines. Vivian, who has a passion for airplanes, doesn't know Michael has joined the marines. She thinks he is as able and rich as his uncle. When exposure comes she has him made an orderly in service in her home. He kisses her, is seen by an officer, and court martialled. Michael won't talk until Vivian testifies that he kissed her against her will. Then he pleads guilty and is given three years at hard labor. Vivian is sorry, but does nothing. So the marines finally move to China, Michael keeps on digging, and Vivian keeps on flying. She and her fiancé, Basil Worthing, fly over the mountain camp of Sun Yat, the bandit, and come to grief. Basil runs away, Vivian is caught, and Michael throws down his shovel and, armed only with his good right fist, speeds to her rescue. This he effects in absurd fashion, Uncle Pat happens in for the finish, and Vivian does not marry Basil.

Miss Elder has graduated from the news reels to straight pictures. She wears flying togs and ballroom gowns, turns her profile every time the director signals, and that is about all. Mr. Dix, they say, never has a double for his fights. Whether Ruth has one for her fights we do not venture to say. At any rate, she is most at ease in a plane pit. We found Mr. Dix, Mr. Karns and that very capable Chinese actor, Tetsu Komai, the most interesting figures. They knew just what they were there for, and did it, with spirit and unction.

Two Fox movietone features this week are exceptionally good. One, in which George Bernard Shaw, standing in an open field, allows a light wind to ruffle his white hair the while he discourses on Mussolini's "terrific and imposing brow," and on his own. In the other, Charles "Chic" Sale is heard in his familiar comic characterization of the escaped inmate of an insane asylum who wanders into a country church and gives a sermon on Old Mother Hubbard. Both of these features are unusual screen entertainment. W. E. G.

## GUY MAIER

By PHILIP HALE

Guy Maier played the piano yesterday morning in Jordan hall for the entertainment of young people of all ages. He played and he talked.

He has the gift of talking to children without being silly or condescending. Children are not hearers eager to accept all that is said to them, nor are they played to easily even by pianists of high reputation. If the young in an audience are moved by emotional music their faces are impassive, their hands are quiet. They are like the Spartan boy of old times who let a fox gnaw his entrails. Let them hear a lively rhythm and they in turn are alive. They show appreciation of dexterous fingers; a brilliant glissando, as one yesterday, amuses them, excites them.

Now Mr. Maier succeeded in holding the attention of the young people of all ages by his talk and by his playing. He was ingenious in his narration of what happened to him and them as on their journey they first slept under MacDowell's tall white pine; heard music of nature and folks in Italy, caught Schubert's trout; went with Gullon to a negro camp-meeting where Brother Sinkiller was warning his flock of their impending fate and a little boy was playing a tune written for him by Mr. Gullon. They saw a Punch and Judy show set to music by Goossens, who led them into a haunted house; they marched with sad faces at the funeral of a canary; Lord Berners led the procession. They sat by Paul White's lake and tried to dance to his self-forgetting waltz. Then they found themselves in Hong-Kong at the rush hour for which Chasins found the appropriate music, and after a few minutes rest they all went to hear Mr. Carpenter's music for the ballet "Krazy Kat." Early in the concert they sang a song of Salvador Rosa to which Liszt supplied a simple musical dress; they went home to play "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman," but not Mozart's variations of that tune.

At times Mr. Maier was more imaginative as well as convincing in his descriptions of pieces he was to play than was the music. For example, his adventure in the haunted house was more thrilling, more macabre than Goossens's musical idea of a ghost story; and so Mr. Maier's enumeration of the mourners at the canary's funeral aroused an anticipation that Berners did not satisfy.



Boston has seldom seen in the last twenty-five years a finer portrayal of character in a comedy than C. Aubrey Smith's Sir Basil Winton in "The Bachelor Father," now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre. Think, for a moment, how a comedian of grosser nature would have coarsened Sir Basil's character and the whole play. As Mr. Smith plays the part one loves Sir Basil; forgets that he never cared for his children born out of wedlock, scattered by him negligently broadcast over the globe. It is true he had provided handsomely for the mothers. No one of them reproached him. Only one played him a mean trick; Mrs. Trent, who, unfaithful to him, had palmed off her Geoffrey as his son. The Italian opera singer could not think of him without emotion. The song and dance girl in New York, who died, told her daughter Tony that her father was a gentleman and a dead-game sport.

Mr. Smith was not the only one in the company who gave unalloyed enjoyment to the audience last Monday night. It is not often that so excellent a band of players is allowed to visit Boston. It is not necessary to single them out one by one for praise.

Miss Walker's stock of amusing slang is not her only claim to distinction in this play. She succeeds in being innocently naughty; in saying words that endear her to the audience, which coming from another might seem unnecessarily raw. It is to be regretted that fear of Boston's prudery obliged her, or the management, to substitute a feeble ending for one of her most delightful remarks. Is the word "bastard" so shocking? On Shakespearean play bills Philip Faulconbridge in "King John" and Edmund in "King Lear" are so characterized, and Edmund speaks bravely of his illegitimacy. Only a few weeks ago the highly respectable Observer of London published a posthumous poem of Thomas Hardy's,

#### THE DEAD BASTARD.

Many and many a time, I thought,  
"Would my child were in its grave!"  
Such the trouble and shame it brought.

Now 'tis there. And now I'd brave  
Opinion's worst, in word or act,  
To have that child alive; yes slave

To dress and flaunt it to attract;  
Show it to the gossips brazenly,  
And let as nothing be the fact  
That never its father married me.

The children in "The Bachelor Father" showed no fierce resentment, when they met Sir Basil.

How charming these children were! How deftly they conveyed the impression of youth and youthful spirits! One will not soon forget their appearance as they first entered one by one, or when, later, they came in from the garden. And here a word or two about Miss Dori and Mr. O'Malley may not be out of place. For these notes we are indebted to Mr. Tunis F. Dean. Miss Dori plays the Italian daughter.

"It was one of those strange tricks of fate that Miss Dori's selection for this role came to her just at the time she had concluded that it was impossible for her to secure a New York engagement. She was about to sail back to Italy. Born in Turin, educated in a convent, she frequently appeared in the amateur theatricals at school. After graduation she appeared in dramatic and operatic productions in Italy and South America. This is her first appearance on the American stage."

"Rex O'Malley attended Mayfield College in Sussex, England, and later at Cambridge. Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson sponsored his London debut at the Drury Lane Theatre, in 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' Later he played in Paris and South Africa. He took the part of Valerie in a French production of Moliere's 'Tartuff' at the Court Theatre in London."

"It was a pleasure to see Viola Roache again. She gave character to Mrs. Trent, who sadly needed it: not too lacrymose, not too indignant at Sir Basil, hopeful for her boy's future. And there were the recollections of the excellent performances when she was a valued member of Mr. Jewett's company. Her daughter, Philippa Bevans, now plays the maid at Sir Basil's."

Mr. Kerr, excellent in whatever part he plays, was quietly humorous with Sir Basil, to whom Mr. Glassford listened with professional calm. Nor should the butler, played by Mr. Riddell, his consternation at the entrance of the children, be forgotten. He was not the conventional stage butler, given to incongruous epigrams, but an intelligent, devoted servant.

As our readers probably know, "The Red Robe," to be seen here tomorrow night at the Shubert Theatre, is a musical comedy based on "Under the Red Robe," which, brought out at New York on Dec. 28, 1896, was derived in turn from Stanley Weyman's novel. William Faversham took the part of the hero; Viola Allen played Renne de Cocheferet. J. E. Dodson took the part of Richelieu. What a pity that Mr. Dodson left the stage to excel at bridge. When the play was produced in London with Herbert Waring as the hero, Mr. Archer wrote that "if there were anything in the so-called rules of dramatic construction 'Under the Red Robe' ought to fail," but he admitted that it would very likely fill the Haymarket for months. It did, it ran for over a year.

Weber and Fields burlesqued the play, calling it "Under the Red Globe." Richelieu appeared as Cardinal Fishglue; the scene was a gambling house at Long Branch.

Archer in London liked best "the comic relief" provided by Cyril Maude. The chief comedian in "The Red Robe" will be Barry Lupino.

Mr. Wallace Munro has sent a sketch of the famous family. "Two hundred and twenty-five years ago a wandering Italian acrobat landed in London, the possessor of nothing but a stout heart and limbs, a small piece of carpet which he placed on the street (and upon which he performed his act), and the resolution that he was going to succeed in a country where he was unknown and where he did not understand or speak one word of the language. This was the advent of the first Lupino to an English-speaking nation. The Lupino family of acrobats, pantomimists, clowns and harlequins is the last of a long line of stage comics who devoted their lives exclusively to making people laugh. With the passing of the

Grimaldi, Majilton and Photic families, the Lupinos are the only survivors of an art that is rapidly slipping into oblivion. Barry Lupino made his professional debut as a baby, carried on to the stage by his grandfather, George, who was then clown in 'Puss in Boots' at Manchester, England, thus adding another link to the unbroken chain. George Lupino, the grandfather of Barry, was the father of 13 children, all of whom adopted the stage as a career. Some of them married into the Lane family. Of this branch, Lupino Lane is the present head." (He was with "The Ziegfeld Follies" in 1924.)

"Chevalier George Lupino, the present head of the Lupino family, is still actively associated with the stage, though over 75 years of age. Barry, his son, made his American debut with the entertainers brought here by Harry Lauder on his first visit to the United States. He has appeared with Al Jolson in 'Robinson Crusoe, Jr.,' and several of the Shubert musical productions. He played last season in 'The Love Call,' the musical version of 'Arizona,' which was here at the Majestic under the title of 'The Golden West.'"

Two plays that have won marked and long-continued success will be seen tomorrow evening. "Coquette," with Helen Hayes, at the Wilbur; "A Connecticut Yankee," a musical comedy, based on Mark Twain's story, at the Majestic. The two were first seen in New York in early November of last year.

P. H.

The entertainment was a pleasant one in all respects. Mr. Maler played the music as a skilled pianist and imaginative interpreter.

#### THE BRAHMS QUARTET

The Brahms quartet, with the help of Byron Hughes, accompanist, gave this program yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall: Minnelied, Und Gehst du Uber den Kirchhof, Die Berge Sing Spitz, Die Nonne, Nun Stehen die Rosen, Brahms; Im Monte Oliveti, Croce; Villancella Alla Napolitana, Donati; Disons Les Chapelets, XVII century; Ovous Patres Des Montagnes, Jacquet; Beau Soir, Debussy; Les Belles Manieres (arranged by Deems Taylor), XVIII century; Die Erwachte Rose, Berger; Dobru Noc, Fridi Ty. Subajko, Tece Voda, Tece, Czechoslovak folk songs, arranged by Deems Taylor; May Day Carol, When As I Glance, English Madrigal; The Little Fisherman, Eastwood Lane; Rantin', Rovin' Robin, old Scotch.

These ladies—Claribel Banks and Louise Osborne, soprano, and Nancy Hitch and Elinor Markey, contralto, have put endless thought and care into their undertaking. To please the eye they dressed themselves in charming gowns of the hoopskirt period. With nosebags, stiff as you please, in their hands, just right, they grouped themselves symmetrically when they came forward to sing, two ladies sitting, two behind them standing.

To show their respect for their hearers, they greeted them with low plunges; slight curtsies the standing contraltos dropped in acknowledgment of applause by the way. Their facial expression they had evidently studied with care. To their attitude, sitting or standing, they had manifestly given thought.

To their music as well they clearly had paid deep consideration. Not a phrase had they left unpolished. Their attacks and their releases they managed with the nicest accuracy. To make their voices blend they had taken much pains. Technically, therefore, and musically, too, the quartet gave an admirable performance.

They did their best, no doubt of it, to find an attractive program of variety. Since, however, the great masters of music have not worked overmuch in the field of quartets for women's voices, the singers did not quite succeed in ridding their program of monotone.

The nature of the case being what it is, these ladies will show themselves wise if they try very hard to secure the needful variety by means of a wider range of dynamics and of tonal color. Yesterday they sounded, whatever the character of the song they sang, something too continuously alike. A more buoyant rhythm, too, they might wisely strive to develop, a warmer heartiness, here and there, of utterance.

All this is to ask much of them. But the four ladies appear to be excellent musicians, and are vocally well endowed. Already they have accomplished so much as to give full proof that they can presently, if they will, add the touch or two that will bring their efforts to fruition.

R. R. G.

#### HISTORICAL DIVERSIONS

They say a man in Mandalay  
Has writ a most improper play.  
Which, by its whole design and plan,  
Traduces our esteemed Queen Anne.  
Another man in Timbuctoo  
Has caused a pretty how-d'y-e-do;  
He wrote a book which proves, in brief,  
That Milton was a thug and thief.  
And there are experts here at home  
At work on many a pious tome,  
Conveying in the form of fiction  
A comprehensive malediction.  
Thus no one should be much put out  
To find a novel all about  
The wicked ways of Wesley (John),  
Or General Gordon's goings-on;  
For any day we may expect

Some ancient reputation wrecked,  
And authors itching to insist  
That Browning was a bigamist,  
Or Tennyson in later life  
Habitually beat his wife.

It seems to me if authors may  
Their brisk invention thus display  
There ought to be a kinder way.  
Instead of organized detraction  
Why not the nobler satisfaction  
Of putting up a brighter case  
For someone deeply in disgrace?  
Why should the fairer fame be hid  
Of gentle, courteous Captain Kidd?  
Where is the author who'll release  
A halo for the head of Peace?  
Or show the kinder side and calmer  
Of Rugeley's famous William Palmer?

Alas! I fear this latest vogue  
Is rather for the saint as rogue,  
And rogue transformed to saintly feller  
Would never yield a real best-seller.

—"Lucio" in the Manchester Guardian.

Years ago The Herald had the privilege of printing in this column poems of a remarkable nature by Frothingham Clancy. They attracted attention. Callers at the book shops asked if a volume of his verses had been published. The more importunate, rabid lovers of the Muse, did not "ask"; they demanded copies. What became of Mr. Clancy? Why has his lyre long been mute? There is a mystery about him. Perhaps he is some professor of economics or geology who assumed the name of Frothingham Clancy, fearing lest his verses might cost him his none too lucrative position. Or a glowing amateur as a poet, as a devoted husband he feared a suspicious, jealous wife. And now we have the honor of introducing a poet, unknown as yet to the great majority. The accompanying critical remarks, say rather "appreciation," by "Exelauo" are a fine example of high art in reviewing, though to the Philistine they may seem too subtle, too "precious."

#### As the World Wags:

As literary executor of my late poet-friend, T. Wellingsworth Tribb, and as connoisseur and lover of his genius, I send you the following poem which, in point of style, is of his middle period; and I am sure you will agree after studying it (for to read Tribb is never in itself sufficient) not only that it required a master hand to strike immortal fire from the falling leaves, but also that such mastery as here evinced has rarely, if ever, been observed of any poet's middle period.

#### CADUCUS PERCULSUS

My soul is a fallen leaf.  
The trumpets of October raise me not.  
Nor are the tapestries of his regal hall  
My sudden delight.

Oh fallen leaf, you are my soul!  
Oh soul, you are my fallen leaf!  
Soul-leaf and leaf-soul—flutter, flutter,  
Fade, and fall!

Around me dun and damp  
The fallen souls of my fellows lie:  
The swift music of my strident color  
Dies brownly in me.

Why have I fallen here?  
Behold the street-sweeper and the leaf  
He sweeps—their beauty gone, the end  
is but  
Caducity.

The artistic consciousness of an individual whose uttermost sensibilities are, in a manner of speaking, both strange to others and ineradicable from the ledger of his own mental and spiritual synthesis, is, like the artistic consciousness of a nation, evident and appreciable to other individuals or other nations not only as a phenomenon unique and wholly distinct from other



manifestations of the individual or racial character, but also as the reflection, or one might go so far as to say the translation of that individual's or that nation's daily empirical praxis into a distillation of some portion of his or its psychic nebula, respectively. However startling this proposition, it is impossible to ignore the fact that Tribb is an impressionist whose artistic consciousness is of such nature; the words "sudden delight," the nouns "flutter, flatter, fade and fall" (as verbs they would be incompatible with the proposition laid down), the mere odor throughout of the utter downness of a fallen leaf—all these are but the articulated reflexes of a supremely imperceptible sensibility; the very word "caducity," constituting the last line of the poem in a complete subsidence of sense and rhythm, is per se the picture of a declivity approaching into infinity toward, but never reaching, the cursive profundity of a continually regressive nadir. Despair is merely suggested to the reader, but the suggestion, surety is mandatory. EXELAUONO.

#### As the World Wags:

Well, I had a man but ma sez if I catch you thinkin about him again I will feel awfully bad because a girl of your breeding aint fer the likes of him. His name is Harley Button. Ma sez tha Buttons are no account. Well, Harley Button went away and made lots of money and when he come back ma called him up because she thought that would be nice. Ma sez for him to come over to dinner and Harley came because I guess he is a good kind of a boy. But when I saw him again I didnt think so much of him and ma got sore at me because she sez Harley Button was a very fine man and it was about time fer me to be thinking seriously of gettin married. Well then when Harley went to go away ma sez to him about how long he would be in town and Harley sez not very long because I got to get back to my wife and children. Now ma is madder than a wet hen and I dont feel so good myself.

ORACLE.

#### WASTE

When I have longed to please you most  
I seem least fair—  
Bewitched of blemsied skin, dulled eyes  
And stubborn hair.

Last night my wish upon the moon  
Was mirrored fleetingly.  
But beauty then but broke my heart—  
You were not there to see.

JUDY SHEA.

#### COMMERCIAL CANDOR

(La Salle, Ill., Post-Tribune)

If you think your cooking is bad, try ours. Golden Rule Cafe. C. E. Klouse, Proprietor.

Oysters, we read, bring a high price this fall in London. Mr. Robert Lynd's saying: "There are spendthrifts who would feel guilty of the sin of wastefulness if they paid the price of a dozen oysters for a buck" is significant.

#### THE ENGLISH SINGERS

A program of old madrigals, ballets, part songs, street cries and traditional airs was given by the English Singers yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. A large audience, attracted by the peculiar beauties of the music offered by these singers rather than by their individual vocal abilities, listened with evident pleasure.

The leader of the group, Cuthbert Kelly, described the madrigals and part songs, reminding the audience that they reached their highest development during Elizabethan days, when England was the most musical country in Europe. There were no public concerts in those days; music was a domestic art. In every prosperous home books of parts were passed out after supper, and host, guests and servants would lift their voices in song. There was ale and jollity.

Much of that spirit of carefree entertainment is reproduced by the English Singers, who so evidently enjoy the songs, and are so unostentatious in their performance. Seated about a table, as if after supper, ladies garbed in rich Elizabethan robes, the men (unfortunately) in the sober clothes of the 20th century, they relish each song with the audience. A little more vigor, a little more precision in intonation, a little less refinement, a little less suave gentility, would improve their performance and bring the listener closer to the joyous impromptu concerts of those vanished times.

Opening the program with three madrigals and a ballet, all of the 17th century, the English Singers once more revealed the fact the beautiful music may be made by ensemble singing, when no one voice alone can lay claim to

special quality or very intelligent use. The second group, including a ballet by Thomas Weekes (1575-1638) served to make even more noticeable the distinguished ensemble technique of these singers. They achieve lovely effects, and are able to escape the monotony so easily slipped into by the less musically sensitive, by carefully avoiding full volume, in which individual faults of production would be more apparent, and by phrasing with great nicety and care.

The Weekes ballet, "O care thou wilt dispatch me," is interesting as one of the first ballets ever written which used the traditionally joyous "fa la la" as a sad cry—an innovation very daring at the time!

The first half of the program was closed by three modern arrangements of folk songs.

In the second half of the program, perhaps most interesting were some old Italian street cries, and the beautiful old round "Sumer Is Icumen In." The latter was admirably sung on the whole, though the rather nasal production of the predominating female voice tended to obscure the charm of the melody.

The Italian street cries, "Chimney Sweeps," "Rag and Bone" and "Hot Chestnuts" were sung in 17th century Italian dialect and with great enthusiasm. In "Chimney Sweeps" two women added the boyish sopranos of assistant sweeps to the unctuous bass of the head sweep; "Rag and Bone" was sung by three men, and "Hot Chestnuts" vividly and imaginatively by all six singers, beginning very softly, swelling to forte, and dying away to pianissimo, as if the criers were passing down a long Italian street.

An amused audience compelled the repetition of the duet "Will Said to His Mammy," a jovial warning to "Bachelors" to avoid the perils of matrimony, and by its long applause at the close of the concert, gave proof of its keen enjoyment of the intelligent work of this enterprising group of singers.

E. B.

#### PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Yesterday afternoon, in the Hotel Statler ballroom, the People's Symphony orchestra gave their second concert of the season. Once more Frederick Fischer of St. Louis, conducted. He began his program with Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris," went on with a composition new to Boston, "Mississippi," by his fellow townsman, Ernest R. Kroeger, threw in for brightness sake Komzak's "Waltz Girls of Baden," and closed the day's proceedings with the Dvorak symphony "From the New World."

Of the only novel piece, Mr. Kroeger's symphonic poem, there is not much to be said. Its composer knows

how to write for orchestra; sonority, the piquant effects to be had from the skilful use of solo instruments—these he has for the asking, not to forget the brilliancy that comes from brasses cleverly employed. Of musical ideas of value, however, Mr. Kroeger showed yesterday no rich possession. With his poem, therefore, he made no deep impression.

Mr. Fischer played it with care. So he did the Svendsen piece, which still can make its brilliant effect. The Komzak waltz he played effectively enough, though his view of Viennese rhythmic procedure followed the letter of the Viennese way with a waltz rather than the spirit.

More interesting than the program yesterday or its performance was the question of the acoustics of the new concert room. It would seem, after hearing the orchestra twice, that its tone sounds both warm and brilliant except when, in extremely loud passages, strings and brasses run a tilt with each other. The strings, in a contest of the sort, cannot hold their own, to the consequent dullness of those same loud passages. Shall the strings be augmented, or the brasses held in restraint?

Next week the new conductor, Theophil Wendt, begins his period of service. Alice Ericson, violinist, will be the soloist. R. R. G.

#### POMPEIO'S BAND

With bands occupying a large measure of public attention from the moment the first notes of "Our Director's March" ring through a crowded stadium, until a gesticulating drum major flings his baton over a goal post and catches it or does not catch it, they draw considerable enthusiasm from fall audiences. Last evening at Symphony hall, all our major conceptions of band efforts were refuted when melody almost as subtle came from a horde of band instruments with an impressive softness of tone quality.

A unique episode in band history was created by Giovanni Pompeo's Symphony band performance. A program, largely composed of orchestrations, was skilfully and beautifully rendered by the band that appeared for the first time on a Boston stage last evening. Foroni's Symphony in C minor was done with remarkable harmony and effect. The music was mellowed seemingly, by the absence of violins and its theme was carried entirely by wood winds. Verdi

contributed several numbers to the Maestro's selection, including an overture, "The Sicilian Vespers," "Grand Selection from Rigoletto" and "Fantasia" from "Aida," where the haunting appeal of the music seemed intensified by the wail of the wind instruments.

Just once did the feeling exist that a band, no matter how melodious its sound, seems better adapted to the more imposing measures of Dvorak's "New World Symphony" than to the Peer Gynt Suite, and most especially "Anitra's Dance." Where the dance rises to the wild abandoned notes of the climax one pictured not an Anitra, sinuous and lissome, but a rather red-faced matron breathing heavily in the final effort of her mad whirl. On the other hand a perfectly delightful gaily-timed rendition of Weber's "Invitation a la Valse" showed how agreeably and convincingly a band can make dance music.

One of the numbers on the program was a splendid march of Mr. Pompeo's own composition that began with a challenging burst to one's martial spirit and ended in a triumphant assumption that the emotional response had not been denied.

Two performers made their initial appearance with Mr. Pompeo last evening, Signorina Maria Mantovani and Signor Rocco Pandiscio. Miss Mantovani accompanied by Mr. Arthur Fiedler, evoked a vociferous acclaim and Mr. Pandiscio's powerful rich baritone justified his being called back again and again by the sincere and appreciative audience. R. S. B.

#### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

##### "The Perfect Crime"

A screen mystery drama adapted by William LeBaron from Israel Zangwill's story, "The Big Bow Mystery," photographed by James Hays, directed by Bert Glennon, and produced by F. B. O. Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

Dr. Benson	Clive Brook
Stella	Irene Rich
Sam Frisbie	Tully Marshall
Mrs. Frisbie	Ethel Wales
Wilnot	Edmund Breese
Trevor	Carroll Nye
Mrs. Trevor	Gladys McConnell
Jones	James Farley
Butler	Phil Gastrock

Dr. Benson, master detective of his time—the early nineties, sat one evening in his study in a big house located in a shabby, run-down purlieu of London. After devoting eight of the best years of his life to successful solution of crimes which had baffled the keenest minds of Scotland Yard, he had decided to retire. There was an old love affair which brought poignant memories every time he looked at a certain photograph. His tireless endeavors in criminology had relegated romance to the background. It was time to stop. As he sat and pondered, and made entries in his diary, he concluded that all criminals are inherently stupid. They invariably leave a damning clue. Could there ever be the perfect crime? And in answer he wrote, "perhaps."

The picture takes up his thoughts at this point. Sam Frisbie, a brutish fellow, a wife-beater, comes to pay his rent. He complains of toothache. Dr. Benson studies him, gives him relieving tablets and advises him to take them on retiring, adding the caution that he close his windows, draw the shades, and lock and bolt his chamber door. They are sleeping potions. When Mrs. Frisbie fails to arouse Sam at five the following morning, she calls Dr. Benson. With her as witness, he forces the bolted door, but he enters alone. When he comes out he announces that the man has been murdered, and bids her look at the corpse.

Such is the first step in "the perfect crime." The police find the razor in an adjoining backyard, and they arrest young Trevor, a youthful husband and father. For motive they introduce testimony that he had threatened to kill Frisbie if he caught him beating his wife again. They present in evidence a pair of pliers with which it is shown that he could have turned the lock in the chamber room. Trevor swears that he had used the pliers the night before in repairing radio antennae on his roof. Dr. Benson, tight-lipped observer at the trial, says nothing; is not called as a witness. Trevor is convicted and sentenced to death.

Meantime Stella, his old love, comes to Dr. Benson. Now that he has retired, she can be his wife. But some-

whether Frisbie had been dead two hours, or nine, from the moment body was discovered. Why, if Dr. Benson was the man who broke down the door, in Mrs. Frisbie's presence, who not called? She was a voluble what? And how did Dr. Benson, in his confession, convince Wilnot that he had been broken in early morning not late at night? As Dr. Benson himself admitted, it was not a perfect crime.

This picture has certain novel features. It has an all-talking prologue and epilogue, introducing a married couple whose quarrel about a young woman named Dolly, is interrupted by the radio, the medium through which the pictured story is supposed to be narrated. It also utilizes the Photophone, which at first hearing seems to be the most faithful reproducer of musical accompaniment yet demonstrated. The court room scene employs the spoken word effectively. The acting throughout is of high order. It could have been otherwise, with such splendid plays as Mr. Brock, Miss Rich, Mr. Mars, Mr. Breese and Miss Wales in the good W. E. He

Oct 30 '28

#### "Coquette" Shown for First Time in Boston at Wilbur Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Coquette," a play in three acts by George Abbott and Ann Preston Bridges, produced by Jed Harris and Crosby Gaskett at Philadelphia in October, 1927. Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, Nov. 8, 1927. Helen Hayes, Betty Lee Reynolds, Una Merkel, Michael Jeffery, Elliot Cabot, Mr. Wentworth, Frederick Burton, Stanley Wentworth, G. Albert Smith, Jimmie Beant, Andrew Lawlor, Jr.

The cast last night was as follows:	Andrew Lawlor, Jr.
Dr. Benson	Charles Waldron
Stanley Wentworth	G. Albert Smith
Norma Besant	Helen Hayes
Betty Lee Reynolds	Una Merkel
Mr. Wentworth	Frederick Burton
Julia	Abbie Mitchell
Michael Jeffery	Bryant Selles
Joe Reynolds	Gaylord Pendleton
Ethel Tompkins	Carven Miller
Ed Forsythe	Frank Clayton

Norma Besant was so popular with the boys in a southern town that her father, a physician, was disquieted. She cajoled the young men; broke engagements for a ball or a party; lied magnificently in her shifting of adoring swains; and so managed it that they did not think the less of her. She was capricious, thoughtless, and, as she afterwards said when she was in sore distress, she was selfish. This girl fell desperately in love with Michael Jeffery, who had a bad name in the town before the war and after he returned from it. He drank, he gambled, he would not work. What was the attraction for Norma? He was blunt, he blurted out the truth. In comparison with other suitors he was in the language of certain novelists and writers of scenarios, "a he-man." Naturally Dr. Besant frowned on any intimacy between Norma and Michael, who was not only a rough neck, but of a humble family. Forbidden the doctor's house, Michael went away to work. He would show that he could amount to something. He was to be away six months, but his love—and Norma had told him that she loved him—brought him back. He went with her on the way to a dance. She did not come home till four in the morning, no longer a maiden, but a woman, and glorying in her womanhood.

Michael had thrashed a fellow for Norma's sake; he had boasted in the street that he would marry her. The doctor learned of the dance and Norma's late return. Michael came to him to explain matters. There were angry words. Insulted by the doctor, Michael shouted that he and Norma were as good as married; they had lived together. He left the house. The doctor took a pistol, which in southern houses where there is a keen sense of honor takes the place of the family Bible, found Michael and shot him dead. Arrest, imprisonment, trial followed. Respected as the doctor was he was in danger of his life. Yet if Norma would swear in court that she was a virgin, the jury would applaud the slayer, as the gallant defender of woman's chastity. This Norma could not do. She told Mr. Wentworth that she was no longer what he would call pure. As Mr. Wentworth had probably not read Thomas Hardy's "Tess," he was shocked and grieved. She told Stanley, a former suitor, that she was carrying Michael's child. The gallant youth offered to marry her. Norma thought of only one way out. She took the other pistol in the house and shot herself—off stage. The audience is left in doubt as to the verdict of the jury.

This story is told simply, naturally, with dialogue of every day life until there is the call for emotional scenes—and in them there is no hifalutin, no pretty shop-keeping talk (to borrow a phrase from Artemus Ward). The story seems even to New Englanders not only plausible, but real. What is more, the audience sympathizes with the doc-



for as with the lovers. Nor is the transformation in Norma's character unnatural. In comparison with the common place suitors, good, easy men, Michael seemed heroic. She loved him before she ever talked with him. He loved her when he thought he would never know her. There is a child-like innocence in their natural devotion. But with her abandonment to him in the conviving night, there is a new Norma, as set of purpose as her obstinate father. Not knowing shame, she will not lie, and not because her "shame" will be in time apparent to the neighbors.

The dramatists set Miss Hayes the task of showing the character of the two Normas. This task was accomplished brilliantly. As the flirt, Miss Hayes gave reason for the devotion of those who followed in her train. She was not silly, not affected; she was pleasantly insincere in her excuses, apologies, wheedling. Nor was there any direct appeal to them of sex. With her love for Michael she gained visible character. Her love scenes were tender, not sentimental, never mawkish. Nor in her frenzy, hearing of Michael's death, was she extravagant in hysterical outbursts. Nothing became her more than the quiet moments before she took her pistol from the drawer, nor will her farewell to the unsuspecting father be soon forgotten.

The others in the company gave her excellent support. Mr. Waldron was a southern gentleman even in his rage. Mr. Sells was not too rough and rude; his wooing was far from that of a cave man's; his protest of consuming love was true. Mr. Smith's Stanley was a fairly portrayal. An eccentric part that of the apparently gawky Betty, with her queer, artless yet at times shrewd speech, was well played by Miss Merkle. The large audience gave the closest attention. For once there was no titting and emotional scenes.

#### SHUBERT THEATRE

**"Red Robe"**  
A play in 3 acts, from Stanley Weyman. Music by Jean Gilbert. Book by B. South and Edward Delaney. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Gilbert Holmes. Director, John McManus. Presented by Helen Gilliland and the Hale Girls, by Shubert. The cast:  
King Arthur of Britain, George Peterson  
Sir Lancelot of the Lake, Marjorie Peterson  
Sir Galahad, his son, Barnett Parker  
Merlin, a mighty magician, Barry Lupino  
Morgana, lady-in-waiting to Morgana, Ivan Arkushkin  
Mistress Evelyn la Belle, Percy Dolan  
Queen Morgana la Belle, Roy Gordon  
Sir Tristram, Gerald Gehlert  
Sir Sagramor, Walter Woolf  
Sir Tristan, Violet Carlson  
Mistress Phoebe Sauce de Pommes, Helen Gilliland  
Slaves, knights, ladies of the court, John Blunt, John H. Goldworthy, Joseph, Jose Ruben, Joseph, Lee Bezze, Corban, Edward Orchard, Countess De Cocheffort, Mania Powers, Count De Cocheffort, S. Herbert Brazziotti, Manet, Charles Carter, Maria, Hugh Chalkers, Maria, Fred Von Golisch, Maria, Charles Fromm, Maria, Theo Bayer, Maria, John Walsh, Maria, Edward Marshall.

This play with music won success last night. There was every reason why should. The adaptors had laid their able hands on a notably stirring story of the sword and buckler school, course of which they managed to reasonably clearly forward. Known, moreover, to a T just what the social play public likes, they added, make assurance trebly sure, comedy plenty of a popular kind, and danced, too, in very generous measure. They their work with skill and insight. The composer who dressed the play with music displayed a similar skill at meeting audiences half way. The music is full of dash and prance, impets liberally employed furnish sh and brilliancy. Drums mark the rhythm in no uncertain terms. There sentiment on flow in the songs the nautic lovers sing. Easy to catch and follow, half of the tunes, no doubt it, are being hummed this very minute.

To do this new play full justice, the producers have spared no expense. Their tunings, by Watson Barrett, are especially handsome. So are the costumes. To play the role of the hero—wonder is that Douglas Fairbanks not already made it his own—they used in Mr. Woolf an actor of precisely the becoming romantic presence, cavalier mighty ardent in love, in inner when dealing with the world lebonnair as Mr. Fairbanks himself, master always of the situation.

Miss Gilliland, a newcomer of grace and comeliness, with a pretty voice to credit and fine high notes, made for gallant knight a fitting partner. There were also comedians on the stage who greatly pleased. The eldest of these was Miss Carlson, a young woman by nature so droll and so able characterization that she might safely trust her native ability and acquirement to make their way without recourse to extravagance. Barry Lupino, an athletic dancer of genuine ability, delighted with his comedy. So did Barnett. The Hale Girls received hearty acclaim. And Jose Ruben, who played Eminence, brought pleasant moments of quiet relief from the prevailing hilarity. He made of the cardinal striking figure, a man of power as

well as of cunning. Can Mr. Ruben possibly be old enough to have seen Sir Henry Irving act. All the others of the long cast were very good indeed.

A large audience showed great satisfaction.  
R. R. G.

#### MAJESTIC THEATRE

**"A Connecticut Yankee"**  
A musical comedy in two acts. The cast was as follows:  
Sir Kay the Seneschal, Gordon Burby  
The Yankee, William Gaxton  
The Demoiselle Alisande la Carteloise, Constance Carpenter  
King Arthur of Britain, Paul Everett  
Sir Lancelot of the Lake, Richard Lane  
Sir Galahad, his son, Jack Thompson  
Merlin, a mighty magician, William Norris  
Morgana, lady-in-waiting to Morgana, Evelyn Rih  
Mistress Evelyn la Belle, June Cochrane  
Queen Morgana la Belle, Nana Bryant  
Sir Sagramor, Molly Johnson  
Sir Tristan, John Greithorn  
Sir Sagramor, Jack Deles  
Mistress Phoebe Sauce de Pommes, James Cushman  
Slaves, knights, ladies of the court, far-  
tory hands, etc.

For the benefit of those who always incant to read Mark Twain, "The Connecticut Yankee" is all about a gentleman from Hartford who was hit over the head by a champagne bottle and for no particular reason woke up in the court of King Arthur. Mr. Herbert Fields, who in the program publicly acknowledges writing the book of this musical comedy, has gone Mark Twain one better. The result is Mr. Fields's idea of what Mark Twain would have written if he had been Walter Winchell. Though his ideas are often funny, he will go any length for a laugh, even so far as "I was just waiting for a street car." There may be older jokes than that.

Speaking of old jokes, we are planning to introduce a bill in the Massachusetts Legislature restraining any theatrical producer in a Boston playhouse from presenting a burlesque of "The Volga Boat Song," as humor. If we use our influence with Mayor Nichols, "Americana" and "The Connecticut Yankee" will just have to think up another joke for act two.

The main theme of "The Connecticut Yankee" (by Mark Twain) can't help but be funny, in itself. An American go-getter in a dinner coat set down in Camelot. In the year 528, completely surrounded by coats of mail, "Yeas" and "wouldsts" gave Mark Twain quite an opportunity which we understand he used to the full. Martin, the Yankee, played with the utmost in physical exertion by William Gaxton, is doomed to be burned at the stake. By putting off the execution with such exhibitions of minor magic as "Ye Dunhill—the light that never fails," he uses the total eclipse of the sun of 528 to obtain, not only his freedom, but one per cent. of the net profits of the kingdom, and the title of "The Boss." From then on things hum in Camelot. Telephones and airplanes appear. The Boss rescues Demoiselle Alisande la Carteloise from the futuristic new castle of Queen Morgana la Pay, and wakes up in Hartford.

The songs of the Connecticut Yankee are so very catchy that even if you have been trying them over on your own Orthophonic for a year, you simply love to hear "Thou Swell" in the flesh. There is a pleasing map of the environs of Camelot by Robert Benchley, between two scenes, and a very pleasant curtain with knights in armor on prancing chargers, between two other scenes.

Miss Constance Carpenter as Lady Alisande possesses real charm and grace. She has "it." Mistress Evelyn la Belle-Ans, played by June Cochrane, more of a sweet home girl, also leaves a vacuum behind her when she exits left on one toe.

That leaves the chorus. On the opening night they resembled far more the chorus of the yearly production of the Radcliffe Barnswallows, than the Tiller girls, but perhaps the stage was smaller or larger or something. Also, the pretty chorus girl unfortunately could not dance at all.

There is one tremendous advantage in seeing "The Connecticut Yankee." You can hum all the tunes. Some of the audience can even sing all the words, and do.  
R. E. N. A.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

**"Saturday's Children"** a play in three acts by Maxwell Anderson, with the following cast:  
Flourie, Sadie  
Willy, Sadie  
Mrs. Harvey, Sadie  
Bohdy, Sadie  
Mr. Harvey, George R. Taylor  
Rins O'Neil, John Warner  
Mrs. Gorkik, Georgia Nasse  
Chauffeur, George L. Taylor

Although, if memory serves correctly, "Saturday's Children" works hard for a living. Maxwell Anderson, co-author of "What Price Glory," made the present play a discussion of marriage rather than one of bread-winning. His people are caught in the trap of poverty, and much of the domestic dissension which fills the three acts have to do with money. Yet one feels that his freshly-caught comedy of the sexes is as old and generic in its psychological essen-

tials as the sexes themselves, and that the same situations in different dresses might easily adorn a typical opus of Long Island's last set.

As those who saw the play in its previous Boston showing will recall, its story of the boy and girl who loved each other, who married and proceeded to live and fight on \$40 a week, is engaging, amusing, and skillfully constructed. Its author has apparently made a desperate effort to understand women, and the many sympathetic chuckles between girl and girl friend in the audience may indicate that he has succeeded. As might be expected from the midwife of Capt. Flagg, Mr. Anderson deftly peppers the play with healthy household damns.

The acting was uniformly agreeable and the audience was pleased.  
H. F. M.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

**COPY**—"The Bellamy Trial," mystery drama.  
**HOLLIS STREET**—"The Bachelor Father," comedy.  
**MAJESTIC**—"A Connecticut Yankee," musical comedy.  
**PLYMOUTH**—"The Silent House," mystery play.  
**REFUGERY**—"S. S. Incorporated," 1928 prize play.  
**SHUBERT**—"The Red Robe," musical comedy.  
**ST. JAMES**—"Saturday's Children," drama.  
**TREMONT**—"By Request," comedy (last week).  
**WILBUR**—"Coquette," drama, with Helen Hayes.

#### BURLESQUE

**GAVETY**—Law, Lewis, Dutch comedian, and Charles Smith, silent comedian and dancer, furnish much of the fun in this week's attraction here. Step Along, Lena Daley drew great applause for her Hawaiian dance, and Florence Trotman and Laurette Lee gave solo and duet dances which revealed exceptional skill and finish. Between them they also led the attractive Germans through a series of dances which were features of an all-round lively and varied burlesque performance.

**OLD HOWARD**—"The Bohemians," a musical burlesque attraction, is at the Old Howard this week, with Frankie Moore, singer and dancer, and Art Mayer, comedian, to carry the burden of individual entertainment. Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, was a prime drawing card, however. He gives a neat exhibition of gymnasium work and with a sparring partner demonstrates that he still is clever with his fists. Dotson, the dancer, and Pisano and Devlin lead the continuous program.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

**"Submarine"**  
A screen drama of the sea, written by Norman Springer and adapted by Winifred Dunn, photographed by Joseph Walker, directed by Frank Capra, produced by Harry Cohn and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:  
Jack Dorgan, Jack Holt  
Bessie, Dorothy Revier  
Bob Mason, Bob Mason  
Submarine Commander, Clarence Burton  
The Boy, Arthur Rankin

Two points of view may be trained on "Submarine." One has to do with the question of good taste. Motion picture audiences, we believe, do not like to view scenes stressing acute suffering, prolonged agony. A picture showing victims stretched on hospital cots is apt to find an audience tolerant only if such scenes are flashed for no longer a period than is absolutely essential to the logical progress of the story. Beyond that, the audience quivers, becomes restless. Its interest lags, perhaps stops.

The other viewpoint had to do with the commercial value of such a picture, its appeal to those minds which feed on sensationalism, on scenes of horror piled on horror. To such, "Submarine" will seem a great picture, a remarkable, realistic painting, depicting with relentless fidelity the scenes incident to the sinking of an undersea craft, with its sequences of suspense, suffering, despair. Within the lapse of 12 months our own coast was scene of such a catastrophe. It was front page news for days, and it was not cheerful reading.

The story of "Submarine" is trivial. It relates the jovial comradeship of two men, Jack Dorgan, a diver and Bob Mason, a petty officer, both in the naval service; the break in their friendship caused by a dance hall frequenter, a woman known as "Snuggles," or Bessie, who married Dorgan and played around with Mason, who was ignorant of her married state. When the submarine on which Mason is billeted goes to the bottom after a collision, Dorgan is called on by his government, but refuses to budge, so raging is his hatred for Mason. Humanitarianism, duty, mean nothing to him. So, while the screen gives scene after scene of the tortured seamen, writhing on the floor of their doomed ship, gasping for air, parched with thirst, awaiting the end, Dorgan sits in his home, and broods. By strangely belated evidence he discovers that his wife was the guilty one in her relations with his old friend. She is worthless and, knowing that, he speeds by hydroplane to the rescue ship, dons his diving armor, descends to unbelievable depths, attaches the succoring air line, and saves all hands. All save one, a mere boy. When one has forgotten this torpid story and its artificial interpretation, forgotten even the excellent views of naval manoeuvres which are woven in and out of such sheer fabric, we venture to predict that the last mental picture will be

that of this boy, with blood trickling from between his pursed lips, his plucky set smile, his slowly dulling eyes. This boy who had started a letter to his mother, that he was only a gob now, but some day would be an admiral; and his pathetic postscript: "I guess I'll never be an admiral now," as he slumps downward, and dies. Not even the humorous tag to "Submarine" can erase that depressing vision.  
W. E. G.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Hit of the Show"

A screen comedy-melodrama based on the story "Twisty," by Viola Beaudoin Shore, directed and produced by Ralph Ince and presented with talking sequences by FBO Pictures, Inc. with the following cast:  
Twisty, Joe E. Brown  
Joyce Carson, Gertrude Astor  
Trixie Sullivan, Daphne Pollard  
Slaves, Lee Sherryway  
Bob Woodward, Leroy Mason  
William Norton, William Francis Dugan  
Charlotte Van, June Holmes  
Cosmo Kyrie, Cosmo Kyrie  
Goldenstein, Ole M. Ness

For a low comedian, mime and dancer, taking his first fling at the movies, and talking movies at that, Joe E. Brown has done a pretty good job, as he himself would put it. Perhaps he can't imitate David Warfield in "The Music Master," or John Barrymore as Romeo, or anybody at all as Macbeth. That doesn't matter. He can talk and act naturally, he can dance nimbly, and he can twist his features into sly knots and sad lines as easily as the average person can wink an eye. Many have watched him clowning on a musical comedy stage, and have found him a personage of distinction in his peculiar ways. He is no less funny on the screen. Like Al Jolson, you can't possibly mistake him for any one else.

"The Hit of the Show," in common with another FBO special now being shown in Boston, has the newest in film wrinkles, a talking prologue and epilogue. Three male troupers of a burlesque show come off stage, each in turn proclaiming himself "the hit of the show." Disputes lead one to relate the story of "Twisty" Beaumont, and here the silent screen comes into play. We find "Twisty" lodging in Trixie Sullivan's theatrical boarding house, out of work and eight weeks behind in his room rent. Called to a producer's office, he encounters Joyce Carson, who has run away from home on the eve of her wedding because her fiancé had entertained some dancing girls at his last dinner as a bachelor. He misses his Broadway coining, but finds a home for Joyce with his landlady and proceeds to teach her stage essentials. After several disappointments they both appear in a Broadway hit; but on the opening night "Twisty" who has grown to love Joyce, overexerts himself, and a weak heart, of which he has been warned, flutters, and stops beating. They lay him on a cot in a dressing room and he passes out in the presence of the entire cast, each of whom tries to say or do something which shall ease his passing. "Twisty's" mascot, a tiny white ivory elephant which he calls "pal," rolls from his hand to the carpet. The epilogue concludes the tale.

Back-stage plays and pictures are generally interesting, sometimes fascinating. "The Hit of the Show" has it all—rehearsals, petty jealousies, dressing room tragedies, actual appearances before the footlights, with speech and music. Mr. Ince has directed his picture with fine sincerity. His players leave nothing of which they need be ashamed. Aside from Mr. Brown's adroit clowning, we liked Miss Astor as the warm-hearted landlady who once was a trouper herself; Miss Pollard as the pathetic slavey, with her wistful eyes, her gay little straw hat, her devotion to "Twisty"; and Miss Olmstead, for her straightforwardness in a role which easily could have been overacted.  
W. E. G.

#### FILMS NEW AND FAMILIAR

**B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL**—"Oh, Kay."  
**METROPOLITAN**—"Muran of the Marines."  
**LOEW'S STATE**—"Submarine."  
**KEITH-ALBEE**—"Hit of the Show" (a sound picture).  
**MODERN AND BEACON**—"The Perfect Crime" (a sound picture).  
**OLYMPIA-FENWAY**—"The Singing Fool," with Al Jolson (a Vitaphone picture).  
**LOEW'S ORPHEUM**—"Excess Baggage."  
**COLLIER SQ. OLYMPIA**—"The Fleet's In."  
**BOWDOIN SQUARE**—"While the City Sleeps," "The Street of the Angels."  
**LANCASTER**—"The Dark Angel," "Telling the World," first half; "Reveries of Life," "Win That Girl," balance of week.  
**FASTER**—"Fazio," "Freedom of the Press," first half; "Two Lovers," "Just Married," balance of week.

## KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE OPENS

When Edward F. Albee, president of the Keith-Albee-Orpheum Corporation, two short weeks ago authorized public announcement that the new B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre would be

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Seeing there is nothing to spend them for,

With the old wisdom of October  
This tree like a great lady  
Makes its will to dust  
And dedicates its wardrobe to the air.  
MARSHALL SCHACHT.

Signor Mussolini has at last attained the highest honor. The famous chef M. Escoffier has produced a new dish. "Supremes de Poulet Mussolini." And now Il Duce is to be named with Chateaubriand of the beefsteak, Nesselrode of the pudding, Mme. McIba of the peach. Has not Mme. Pavlova given her name to a particular kind of ice-cream?

God help the man who won't marry until he finds a perfect woman, and God help him still more if he found her.—Ben Tillett.

This reminds us that the ideal woman has often been described, especially by those who never met her. Wordsworth's "phantom of delight" would not please every man; neither would Walt Whitman's women, who—

"Know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend themselves;  
They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm, clear, well-possessed of themselves."

As man likes to think he is a sturdy oak, he longs for a clinging vine. Wordsworth's woman was not too good for "daily human food." Byron, who had had some experience with women, could not bear to see them cat.

According to Schopenhauer's law of contrasts a poor, weak, timid man weds an Amazon. Has a bearded lady ever wed a bald-headed man?

Novelists used to give a minute description of a heroine's face and figure; though not so minute as the ancient who named Helen's thirty points of beauty. Mr. J. D. Beresford in his "Writing Aloud" has greatly dared in his conception of "the eternal woman that is eternal throughout the ages."

"She shall be neither tall nor short, neither very dark nor very fair, neither alluringly beautiful nor noticeably plain, neither too clever nor a fool, neither hopelessly womanly (the 'perfect wife and mother' sort of thing) nor the kind we have read about so much lately who devotes herself to some art or profession and babbles about women's freedom. She shall play games in moderation without making a fetish of them. She is original, but not striving after originality. If one could make a convincing picture of the ordinary human girl, how she would show up against the young woman we get so much of now in life and fiction."

#### THE GENIUS

(For As the World Wags)

Pietro was the proprietor of a little fruit shop. The rows of gleaming apples and oranges artistically arranged in the show window were the pride of Sister Marla.

But not so with Pietro. He knew that the graceful bunches of grapes and golden bananas brought him his daily black bread; above all they were the means whereby he could buy his beloved paints. And how much they cost! His ambition was to paint, paint anything, but chiefly portraits. Faces interested him. He loved the pretty faces of children, the serious faces of their elders, the grotesque faces he would see from time to time in the cars, in the streets.

For months Pietro had painted by himself; no one to criticize; no one to advise. One day, Maria said to him: "Pietro, you use up the canvas; you use up the paint; you don't know if you are doing the things which are right. Why don't you go to a great artist who'll tell you what is right and what is not right?"

So Pietro began to study under a master. The progress he made! The hopes he had! There was a scholarship for study abroad. They said at the Academy that no one would be his equal. The important day came. The paintings of the students were hung in the exhibition room. There was no doubt; the scholarship was awarded to Pietro. There was a babble of excitement. Friends looked about to congratulate him; but where was he? How strange he should be missing.

In the subway Pietro's car with many others stood waiting—patiently, unfeelingly. A block held up traffic. His heart raced, he must get out, he would walk through the subway. Hurrying, out of breath, in the open at last he hailed a taxi. He did not see the truck coming.

At the studio his master wept.  
EVELYN NICHOLS.

Our foreign correspondent nominates for our Hall of Fame the French photographer, G. Le Visage.

#### WHAT THE WOMAN WILL WEAR

As the World Wags:  
If it goes much further it will be: She was dressed in a soft felt hat and a long felt want.  
JOSCELYN.

#### As the World Wags:

Hello, hello, hello! Is this the Emporium? Yes I want you to call for a package. You said what. Hello! Hello! Hello! Please gimme the call department. Yes a package. I gotta pack—Hello. Hello. Hello. Yes, is this the Emporium Call department? Well I gotta package. No I didnt ask for information. Hello. Hello. HELLO. I want to have some one call for a stove lifter I mean ild lifter. Hello Central. Hello Central. Is this Central? What I said was I had a stove lifter. Yes a STOVE LIFTER. HEL-lo. Is this the Emporium? Well this is Missus Hootnanny and— I said Hoot. No it dont begin with a dub cl ya. Thats it. Yes. Hootnanny. Missus Hootnanny. I said I was Missus Hootnanny and I had a stove lifter. What difference does it make. Hello. Hello. Is this the Emporium? Well I have a stove lifter and I am Missus Hootnanny. All right then connect me with the call department. Hello. Hello. Call department. Well I am Missus stovellifter and I have to return a hootnanny by mistake that I got yesterday. Oh yes the manager is it. Well I gotta stove lifter a wanta return AND I WILL BE DOWN WITH IT MYSELF THIS AFTERNOON!  
ORACLE.

#### THOMAS HARDY ON HIS 86TH BIRTHDAY

Well, World, you have kept faith with me,  
Kept faith with me;  
Upon the whole you have proved to be  
Much as you said you were,  
Since as a child I used to lie  
Upon the leaze and watch the sky,  
Never, I own, expected I  
That life would all be fair.

'Twas then you said, and since have said,  
Times since have said,  
In that mysterious voice you shed  
From clouds and hills around:  
"Many have loved me desperately,  
Many with smooth serenity,  
While some have shown contempt of me  
Till they dropped underground."

"I do not promise overmuch,  
Child; overmuch;  
Just neutral-tinted haps and such,"  
You said to minds like mine.  
Wise warning for your credit's sake!  
Which I for one failed not to take,  
And hence could stem such strain and ache  
As each year might assign.

#### JAMES FRISKIN

James Friskin, pianist, played the program last night in Jordan hall: Prelude and Fugue in B flat major, Sarabande, Minuets, Gigue (from suite in F major); Capriccio in B flat major, Bach; Sonata in D major, Op. 10, Beethoven; Three Poems (Solitude, Ecstasy, Sunset), Frank Bridge; Rhapsody in B minor, Op. 79, Intermezzo in E major, Op. 116, Capriccio in C major, Op. 76, Brahms; La Soiree dans Grenade, Debussy; Teccata, Ravel.  
In the pleasant way that little by little is coming to be the fashion, Mr. Friskin last night let himself rest content with music that is merely agreeable; not once did he attempt to make passions rock, to cope with the sublime. Quite likely he was wise; not every actor can justly portray Othello. By the same token, not all pianists had best essay Beethoven's latest sonatas or Brahms at his very highest.

Granting, however, the wisdom of his policy, it does not therefore follow that Mr. Friskin showed sound judgment in his choice of a program. Setting aside, indeed, Bach's delightful prelude, the rhapsody of Brahms, and, may be, Bridge's pretty parlor poems, the pieces he selected, out of all the piano music extant, surely belong, the lot of them, among the masters' inferior works.

Mr. Friskin, of course, would agree to nothing of the kind. Opinions vary. There are no two opinions, however, as to the high worth of contrast. When Mr. Friskin played scurrying music from the first note he struck till he reached the Beethoven largo, with the single exception of a sarabande from Bach, he threw away, most listeners would agree, the good that comes of variety.

This fast music, furthermore, Mr. Friskin played so breathlessly fast he often blurred it. If Beethoven's first movement runs so fast that scales, chromatic and other kinds, and broken sixths too all sound very much alike, what remains of the movement's charm? For its charm lies in its ornament. The charm of Bach's prelude fades into air if its rhythm gets lost in hurry. Tone, furthermore, has a way of turning thin, if pace is driven too hard.

When Mr. Friskin allows himself leisure, he plays very pleasantly. Out of Beethoven's minuet, curiously retarded, he made music very charming. Extremely well he played the quiet episode in major during the rhapsody's course. After all, there is time enough. Why should Mr. Friskin hurry?  
R. R. G.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE "Oh Kay"

● A screen comedy, adapted by Elsie Janis from the musical comedy of that title, by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse; photographed by Sidney Hickok, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, and presented by John McCormick as a First National picture, with the following cast:

Lady Kay Rutfield.....	Colleen Moore
Jimmy Winter.....	Lawrence Gray
Judge Appleton.....	Alan Hale
Constance Appleton.....	Ford Sterling
The Earl of Rutfield.....	Claude Gillingwater
Lord Braggot.....	Julianne Johnston
	Claude Rains
	Edgar Norton

Thanks to the original plot of "Oh Kay," to Miss Janis, who knows stage values; to Mr. LeRoy, who followed the plot as well as he could, and to George Marion, Jr., with his clever combination of lines from the musical piece and lines of his own invention for subtitles, one must tset through the film product to know how it comes out. No advance warnings are posted, no obvious climax is indicated, save that one feels that Lady Kay and Jimmy Winter will escape from their respective dilemmas in the end, and be united in a wedding ceremony born of an over-night romance. But how this is to come about within the normal run of a motion picture—that is the puzzle.

The opening reels sketch very hastily Kay's rebellion against a forced marriage to Lord Braggot, her retreat to her sail boat, the storm and her rescue by the rum-running schooner bound for America. After Kay and Morty, one of the rum-runners with whom she has made friends, land at night on the grounds of a Long Island estate, the action quickens. Kay meets Jimmy, who is to be married the next day to Constance, daughter of Judge Appleton who, unfortunately for Jimmy, controls his fortune. Thereafter the presence of Kay in the household causes untold complications, all ludicrous. It is in these scenes that we have Mr. Wodehouse at his best in creation of fresh entanglements so that it would seem the plot never could be straightened out. And it is here that Miss Moore has free play for her pert humor, her disconcerting mischief. As the bungling maid who deliberately spoils a meal for the late judge and his cold and imperious daughter, Miss Moore, valiantly abetted by Mr. Sterling as the bogus butler, carries the picture along at rollicking gait. What if she does suggest Ecstacy Little rather than Gertrude Lawrence? The Moore personality is behind it all, and it is Miss Moore's picture from that moment on. She is bound to break up the Appleton-Winter alliance, and she does it to the queen's taste. It is to be hoped that thereafter she may be retained in such roles as these. She is too resourceful as a comedienne to be offered up to the gods of tragedy and stilted melodrama. Ford Sterling played a comic part with restraint and true comic spirit. Mr. Gray was the bewildered but game lover who was willing to cast off the old love for the new and genuine. Mr. Hale as the hi-jacker posing as a revenue officer fooled everyone. And what a mystifying cablegram Kay finally sent home to England. No wonder the angular lady clerk who took the message by telephone was puzzled. "Oh Kay!" O. K. That seemed the popular verdict.  
W. E. G.

RSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 19

#### NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

#### MUSIC AND MEMORY

(By Alfred Noyes)

Music remembers it all. It is all one music;  
Music in breaking bud, and in falling leaf.  
There was never a pang of the dead but music remembers  
Each thread in the woven pattern of joy and grief.  
Chord leading to chord, through swift resurrectional changes,  
From key to key, in a close-linked golden chain;  
All, all that we ever loved, though it sleep in silence,  
At a touch of the Master shall wake and be music again.

A Fairyland Suite (Incantation and Cortege of the Fairy Queen, The Watersprites, The Satyr and the Nymphs, The Fairy Ring of Pixies and Nixies), by Lucius Hosmer, dedicated to George W. Chadwick, will be performed by the New England Conservatory's orchestral class at Jordan hall this afternoon. Francis Finlay will conduct the suite, a selection from "The Mikado," Volkmann's Serenade No. 2, in F, for strings, and Victor Herbert's Potpourri of Favorite Melodies.

Royal Dadmun, baritone, will sing in Jordan hall tonight, accompanied by Dorothy Birchard Mulhoney. His program comprises an air by Handel, "Dar

#### TO A TREE ON BOSTON COMMON

(For As the World Wags)

This tree spends its frail bright coins  
At first carefully, one by one,  
Laying them on the counter of the earth.  
(A tree is a miser in September here.)  
Then suddenly.



sei dir, Herr, songs by Rachmaninoff, Gretchaninoff, Koenemann, Liszt, Schumann, R. Strauss, an air from Gluck's "Pelerines de la Mecque"; the familiar "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade"; songs by Richard Farley, Winter Watts, Graener, and these folk songs: Sourwood Mountain (Kentucky), "Begone Dull Care"; the chantey, "Away to Rio," and the negro spiritual, "Toil de Bell, Angel," arranged by Kennedy.

Gluck's Singspiel was originally entitled "La Rencontre Improvée." It was produced at Vienna in 1764. A good many years later the title was changed to "Die unvermuthete Zusammenkunft oder die Pilgrime von Mekke." The libretto, described as "wretched," was by L. H. Bancourt, who was once a Harlequin at Berlin. When the opera was produced at Paris in 1790, the Baron Grimm wrote that the libretto was so insipid that "all our veneration for the illustrious composer could not obtain a second hearing for the opera. The chief character is a French musician who has a fit every time the idea of marriage is proposed. The most applauded air was the one of the bell sung by the Kalandier—Il faut entendre sa sonnette." The opera, in German, was a great favorite at Vienna for many years.

Apologies of Robert H. Fuller's life of Col. James Fish, Jr., published recently, Miss Louella D. Everett sends us a song that was sung by W. J. Scanlon. It is well worth reprinting.

JIM FISK, JR.

By W. J. Scanlon

If you listen a while I will sing you a song  
Of this glorious land of the free;  
The difference I'll show 'twixt the rich  
and the poor  
In a trial by jury, you see.  
If you've plenty of stamps you can hold  
up your head,  
Or walk from your own prison door;  
But they'll hang you up high if you've  
no friends or gold.  
Let the rich go, but hang up the poor.  
Let me speak of a man who is now in  
his grave,  
As good a man as ever was born,  
Jim Fisk he was called, and his money  
he gave  
To the outcast, the poor and forlorn.  
We all knew that he loved both women  
and wine,  
But his heart it was right, I am sure;  
He lived like a prince in his palace so  
fine,  
But he never went back on the poor.  
Jim Fisk was a man, wore his heart on  
his sleeve,  
No matter what people would say;  
He did all his deeds, both the good and  
the bad,  
In the broad open light of the day;  
With his grand six-in-hand at the beach  
at Long Branch,  
He cut a big dash, to be sure,  
But Chicago's big fire showed the world  
that Jim Fisk  
With his wealth still remembered the  
poor.  
When the telegram came that the poor  
and distressed  
Were starving to death, slow but sure,  
By the lightning express, sent by noble  
Jim Fisk,  
Went food for the hungry and poor.  
Now what do you think of the trial of  
Stokes,  
Who murdered this friend of the poor?  
If such men go free, is any one safe  
To step from outside their own door?  
Is there one law for the rich and one for  
the poor?  
It seems so, at least so they say;  
But if they hang up the poor, why hadn't  
the rich  
Ought to swing up the very same way?  
Don't show any favor to friend or to  
foe,  
The beggar or prince at your door,  
But the millionaire you must hang up  
also,  
And never go back on the poor.

Bruce Simonds will give a piano recital in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon: Schubert, Impromptu, C minor; Beethoven, Sonata, A major op. 101; Suk, Things Lived and Dreamed; Schumann, Toccata; D'Indy, Laufenburg (Helvetia Valse); Albeniz, Triana; G. Faure, First Nocturne; Debussy, Poissons d'Or; L'Isle Joyeuse.

This excellent pianist was first heard here at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra conducted by Vincent d'Indy on Dec. 9, 1921 (Bach's Concerto D major for piano). He has since given several recitals. D'Indy's "Helvetia Waltz" is dated 1884. "Helvetia Waltz" No. 3 was played here by Raoul Pugno in 1905, the Laufenburg Waltz by Richard Platt in 1909. Josef Suk's "Through Life and Dream," as it is sometimes called, is his op. 30. His Symphony in E major and his suite, "A Fairy Tale," have been played in Boston. Bohuslav Martinu, whose "La Bagarre" was performed here last season, was his pupil in composition.

Theodore Wendt, the new conductor of the People's Symphony orchestra, was born in 1874. He studied music at Cologne and London. In 1914, he was appointed conductor of the Cape Town

Municipal orchestra. He retired from this position in 1924. William Henry Bell, the dean of the faculty of music, Cape Town University, has said of him: "His performances are marked by musicianly insight and the power of getting the maximum of effect with minimum of fuss. . . . He has a wide catholicity of taste—as excellent an interpreter of Brahms and the classics as he is of the most modern compositions."

The Boston Symphony orchestra's program for Cambridge next week, Thursday, comprises Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony; Debussy's Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun; Jacobi's Indian Dances (first performance anywhere), and Schumann's Symphony B flat major No. 2.

The songs that the man in the street sings are far better than they were.—Dr. F. J. Karn.

Recitals next week: Sunday, Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Mme. Galli-Curci. Monday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Hildegard Donaldson, violinist. Wednesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., A. Josef Alexander, pianist. Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Dorothy George, mezzo-soprano.

Laura Huxtable Porter will read and play the piano in Jordan hall tomorrow night.

Oct 30 1929

The chief characters in "The Bishop's Wife," by Robert Nathan, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, are a bishop, his wife, his little daughter, an angel, Dr. Wutheridge, Lanyarde, professor of Semitic languages; Mrs. Lanyarde and Mr. Cohen.

Bishop, angels, priests of all sects have figured in novels and have been seen in plays: the good bishop in "Les Misérables"; Fabre's Abbe Tigrane; the clergy in Trollope's novels; those extraordinary novels "Sebastien Roch" and "L'Abbe Jules" by Mirbeau to be placed on a shelf with Huysmans's "La-Bas"; the poor fish of a clergyman in Mary Webb's "Gone to Earth"; the brave chaplain in Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend"; the tormented soul in "The Scarlet Letter"—one might draw up a list that would stretch out to the crack of doom, not forgetting the pagans introduced by Petronius and Apuleius.

There is Anatole France's "Revolt of the Angels." Angels figured in Elizabethan and Jacobean dramas.

In Mr. Nathan's satirical story Bishop Brougham wished an archdeacon to assist him, for he was raising money to build the greatest, the most towering of cathedrals. The bishop finally exclaimed in his despair, "What I need is an angel from heaven." A stranger came into his room, young, with a cherubic face, a smile of ineffable sweetness, and said with a gesture of dignity: "I am that angel."

The bishop demanded an archdeacon of sound views, believing in heaven, hell and the miracles. "He must believe that God was watching; that was no reason, the bishop thought, for him to be tactless. God, he reflected, and the bankers, love a tactful man. For himself, he had, he felt sure, piety enough for both; but he needed help with his accounts." To him the duty of the church was "to illuminate with the light of piety the vigorous battles of the industrial world. This was not considered difficult or astonishing, in view of modern exegesis."

The bishop had a beautiful wife Julia. She was of a loving, passionate nature. Brougham believed that "he satisfied her as a bishop, and felt that nothing further was expected of him." His father, a wealthy manufacturer, had told him when he was 16 that "marriage of a man and woman is above all a pure and holy thing. As for the rest there is a certain matter of hygiene. Do not trouble your head about it." After seven years of marriage the daughter Juliet, an adorable youngster, was born. Children in many novels are what Charles Lamb said of children in life, "unwholesome companions for grown persons." Julia had named her Juliet, having in mind the lovers of Verona.

Of course Michael, the angelic archdeacon, aroused the interest of Julia. He had known the world since the Garden of Eden and was therefore an entertaining conversationalist. When he talked of ancient days and men and women and spoke of Heaven as his home, she thought he indulged in metaphors and symbolism. Even the bishop was at times startled by Michael's remarks. As when he said: "A moment ago I had just come from a gathering of artists, poets, critics and musicians, in which not a word was spoken concerning art, poetry, music or literature. Instead, the hostess threw herself upon

the bosom of a visiting novelist, while her husband took a young lady into the pantry to tell her something. What the other guests spent the evening discussing, I cannot tell you, out of deference to your cloth. Such things do not help to establish the home."

Michael found the list of proposed subscriptions jotted down by the bishop inadequate. In the case of Mr. Cohen, the banker, Michael wrote \$25,000 instead of \$5,000. "Mrs. Lanyarde"—she was on the list for \$10,000—"would not contribute to a Jewish synagogue. But she would gain nothing by such a contribution. Mr. Cohen knows when you have nothing, that is the time to give something to your wealthy neighbor. Cast your bread upon the waters, bishop. That is a Jewish saying."

The new cathedral would increase the number of worshippers, as Michael remarked to Mrs. Lanyarde when she said it was a mistake to convert many people. "If every one believed as we believe, we should find ourselves worshipping in the company of Jews, negroes and other non-sectarians. The church would lose its dignity, which depends upon the social prominence of its members." Michael reassured her: "Since the seating arrangements are equally restricted, we shall be able to exclude twice as many people as before." The scene between Michael and Mr. Cohen began by asking why he should contribute to a church. "When I cannot even get a seat to sit down," but when Michael told him he himself was of Jewish extraction Cohen said: "Have another cigar. Put it in your pocket." He added: "I do not turn Christian because I do not want my grandchildren to hate the Jews. There is too much hate in the world as it is; in this country it flourishes like the weed. Here even the poets hate one another." But Cohen subscribed for a new altar, and Michael said: "I cannot promise you a pew at St. Agatha's, but you will find a number of free seats in the rear."

Equally delightful are the scenes between Juliet and her mother, between Juliet and the rude and selfish little Potter boy.

But how about Julia and Michael? The angel kissed her, to her dismay, to her joy. Her joy was the fault of the bishop. Dorothea in Massinger's tragedy met a sweet-faced beggar boy, the good spirit of Angelo:

"And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,  
Methought, was filled with no hot wanton fire,  
But with a holy flame, mounting still higher,  
On wings of Cherubins, than it did before."

Julia had a husband and a daughter; Dorothea was a virgin martyr; yet the two were martyrs, Julia through marital neglect. Later Michael embraced her until she tore herself away and cried: "We are mad. . . . You of all people. . . . I have only myself to blame."

When Michael called on Prof. Wutheridge and told him that he was in love with a good but married woman, the professor quoted Epictetus: "True education lies in learning to distinguish what is ours from what does not belong to us." The bishop would not divorce Julia; he did not favor divorce except under one extreme condition. It was impossible for Michael to lead the bishop to divorce. "You forget," said the professor, "that you are an angel. And nowhere in my researches have I come upon an angel of Semitic extraction capable of performing such a feat."

The professor met Julia in the park. She told him Michael had left them. "I think he found the city a little distressing." She also said: "My husband has always been a very sensible man. . . . He always says that we are a nation of homes, not of churches."

Bobbs-Merrill Company also publish "How to Get Rid of a Woman," by Edward Anthony (illustrated), and "Two Black Crows in the A. E. F.," by Charles E. Mack. These books more or less amusing may divert an idle hour. Moran and Mack are funnier on the stage than in Mr. Mack's novel.

#### ROYAL DADMUN

Royal Dadmun, baritone, sang this program last night in Jordan hall, very well accompanied by Dorothy Birchard Mulroney.

Dank sei idr, Herr, Handel; Oh, Thou Billowy Harvest Field, Rachmaninoff; Over the Steppe, Gretchaninoff; When the King Goes Forth to War, Koeneemann; Ueber Allen Gipfeln ist Ruh, Liszt; Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn, Schumann; Mit deinen blauen Augen, Heimliche Aufforderung, Strauss; Air, "Pelerines de la Mecque," Gluck; Vision

Fugitive, Massenet; Oh, Mother My Love, Farley, Wood Song, Watts, The Old Gentleman, Graener; folk songs, Sourwood Mountain, Kentucky Mountains; Begone Dull Care, Old English; Away to Rio, Sailors Chantey; Toil de Bell, Angel, Negro spiritual arranged by Kennedy.

An unusually large audience turned out last night to hear Mr. Dadmun sing. Thereby they showed their good sense, for Mr. Dadmun treated them to singing no less than excellent. If, among the goodly company, young concert singers were present, they had an opportunity to learn a thing or two of the evening's concert-giver.

They should note, for their own behoof, that Mr. Dadmun has trained his very fine voice till he can do with it pretty much what he will. Big tone, little tone the length of his long range, and every grade of loud and soft between the far extremes—all these can Mr. Dadmun summon at his pleasure. Dark tone and light tone and round tone, too—let us for once be technical—he holds ready at command. In English, furthermore, and in German only a little less so, Mr. Dadmun has developed a clarity of enunciation quite apart. An admirable technique, in very truth!

An able musician as well as technician, firm as a rock, Mr. Dadmun showed himself in every song he undertook; he knew it, every note of it, every breathing place, accent, inflection. He knew, furthermore, what sentiment by it he wanted to convey, how to set about it and how to see it through. Schumann's boy with the wonderful horn, Massenet's love-sick reprobate, the passionate lover of Strauss's song—Mr. Dadmun knew how to deal with them all. To competence so rare let us all take off our hats. And let young singers take notice.

So competent, indeed, is Mr. Dadmun that we all may reasonably hope that presently he will turn his keen intelligence to the element of beauty in music. To the charm that lies in legato singing he seems at the moment to turn a somewhat deaf ear. Only seldom does he allow a melody to flow along in the line that its nature calls for. To the rhythmic rise and fall that make the Massenet aria moving he showed himself last night insensible. For some tastes, too, Mr. Dadmun loves too well a sornbreness of timbre that tends toward dullness, a pianissimo tone too bodiless to be vital.

These fine points of song, however, Mr. Dadmun of course will acquire when he sets his mind to them. To his competence, in the meanwhile, once more, hats off!

R. R. G.

We read that a German woman professor was out boating with her betrothed when a storm came up. To prevent the boat from capsizing she pushed him overboard and thus saved her own life. (Perhaps she was disappointed in him.) A court of law upheld her action.

Mr. Golightly, when you are touring Germany for pleasure, sightseeing, or studying the present condition of the breweries, don't go boating with a native woman though she be desirable, though the moon be shining romantically.

It seems that the court of appeal at Amiens rendered a decision a good many years ago based on the same principle, "but the general opinion of French jurists is hostile to any such rule. English law has never had to decide the matter in the form in which it is raised by the German case, though Lord Bacon left on record an opinion that in such a case the survivor would be under no criminal liability."

#### ROMANCE COUPE

(As the World Was.)

Oh, I met a girl on a country road  
And I blessed the lucky day,  
For she had IT and class and pep  
And style and "je-ne-sais."

But presently I deemed it best  
To terminate my stay.  
For when I made my little spiel  
She only answered "Hey?"

So I met a girl on Broadway  
And she seemed demure and gay,  
And I stopped and she stopped,  
To hear what I might say:

But the little lambkin filled me  
With chill and bleak dismay,  
For her eyes, as they looked me over,  
Seemed to question, "Can he pay?"

Well, I met a girl on Main street  
And she looked the other way,  
But she stumbled a bit and jostled me,  
Which caused a slight delay:

So this is the end of jesting.  
For now she's mine for aye,  
And the romance sweet on every street  
Is eternally passee.

F. F. H.



## ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:

Were you at the stadium Saturday last and did you happen to hear that wife of Ahab who carried on so vociferously in the bowl? I never saw such actions before. Oh, yes I did. Three years ago, an Acrasia having "passed out" was borne from the Yale stands by her none too steady escort and a well-intentioned but decidedly wobbly Eli. Surely we never witnessed such spectacles prior to the genesis of "the noble experiment."

Last week the press told how many tons of paper—newspapers, programs, etc.—were picked up after the Harvard-Army game. Do you suppose there is any chance of ascertaining how many "empties" were found in the stadium after the Harvard-Dartmouth game?

VILLERS ST. BENOIT.

This reminds us that with "the intention of making theatre-going as cheerful as possible," free drinks are served at the Cambridge (Eng.) Festival Theatre: Coffee, lemonade, hot claret with a mixture of spice. And—BEER.

A correspondent asks whether Emmy Destinn, the opera singer, is living. She was on the 16th of last month, for she sang at a Czech concert in London. It was the 10th anniversary of the re-establishment of Czechoslovakia that brought her out of retirement for the moment.

## JOYS OF THE RAIL

As the World Wags:

There are two trainmen of the 8:07 o'clock who evidently are after the same girl. At every stop one leans in from one end of the car and the other from the opposite end; and they both holler "West Pansbutton!" (or whatever the name of the burg may be). It would be very artistic if they both hollered to once. But each tries to get the last word, as if he was debating which end of the car was at the particular station, and as if the guy that won the debate was the one that could yell loudest and longest. Sometimes the engineer has to blow his whistle and drown them out. This causes a delay to get up steam again.

The other day we stopped at a new station. Well, you see the name of the place is Snugsabugginarugg—one of these real estate growths. When we started to slow down I got scared, but didn't have time to jump. One trainman opened the door and hollered, "Snugsabugginarugg! Snugsabugginarugg!" Before he was half through his rival appeared at the other end of the car and bellowed, "Snugsabugginarugg! Snugsabugginarugg!" Honest, it was terrible. Those four Snugsabugginaruggs came to grips in the middle of the car. Pretty soon they had reinforcements from both sides. It was an awful scene. I haven't found my teeth yet. Gaud only knows what would have happened if an unknown hero hadn't opened a window. The Snugsabugginaruggs all went out the window still quarreling, and I could hear them going off down the track as the train sauntered out of the station.

Something should be did about this.  
VICE-VERSA.

Mr. Ernest Newman heard Mr. Paderewski play in London on Oct. 9.

"Paderewski's presidency is a thing of the past. He is now more than a mere President; he is a King, who can do no wrong. What, I wonder, would the press and the public have to say about any newcomer who played the piano with the exasperating badness of some of Paderewski's work last Tuesday—the ugly tone, the pile-driving, the shattered and twisted rhythms? A great deal of it was really outside the borders of the musical. The mistake of some pianists is to make the difficult look too easy, so that they do not get full credit for being the consummate technicians they are. Part of the secret of Paderewski's success has always been that he has made the easy seem difficult, while, of course, the real difficulties take on the appearance of the colossal. If only he could learn even now that 'plus fait douceur que violence!' The pity of it is that the douceur is really there all the time, if only he would let it have free play.

"His Chopin on Tuesday was almost uninterruptedly lovely. But Chopin came late in the evening, and, as usual, Paderewski had to pound his way through other composers before the exquisite side of his art had its chance. Every now and then the ripe wisdom of this essentially fine mind found a tone that was the fitting clothing for it—in the thoughtful, moving reading of the arioso dolente of the late A flat sonata of Beethoven, for example. But for the greater part of the first hour of his recital he tried to get by thrashing the piano, especially with that terrible left of his, what it would have been more than willing to give him under per-

suasion. He seemed unable to unbend. Could anything have been more lamentably out of scale than his playing of the Schubert-Liszt 'Hark, hark the lark?' Was this really a lark at heaven's gate? Or was it a bizzard? The pity of it, as I have said, is that the finest art is there in him all the time, if only he could think to scale. The 'Sourire de Vienne' was as perfect in the delicacy of its final fortitura as it was monstrous in its first delivery of the graceful little waltz tunes. But the vigor, both physical and intellectual, of this man of 68 is astounding; his playing of a Liszt Rhapsody at the end of a long program was almost incredibly brilliant."

## LAURA HUXTABLE PORTER

A recital of poetry, drama and music was given last night at Jordan hall by Laura Huxtable Porter. A fair-sized audience was present.

In her concert "in word and tone," Mrs. Porter attempts to correlate the arts of poetry and music by juxtaposing single poems and piano compositions, and by calling attention to their points of similarity in "inspirational content." Thus Milton's "Sonnet on His Blindness" is followed by the Bach intrata in G minor; Shelley's "To the Night" by the Chopin D flat nocturne; selections from "Deirdre of the Sorrows" (Synge) by the slow movement from MacDowell's Celtic sonata.

In the arrangement of her program, in her explanatory remarks, and in the feeling for beautiful expression which she brought to her playing and her literary interpretations, Mrs. Porter showed herself to be sensitive and serious. She limits the possibilities of interest in this selected field of hers by not letting the music and poetry speak for themselves simply enough, she is too anxious to stress the emotions common to music and spoken words. The result is a muffled diction and distorted rhythm—the first resulting from too intense feeling for dramatic expression, the second from too much use of rubato. These faults were specially noticeable in a selection from "The Invitation" by Shelley, and in its companion piece, Chopin's waltz in G flat.

Mrs. Porter's style in literary interpretation is that of the well-trained actor. Of feeling she has much, and of dramatic qualities. She differentiates between many characters with ease, and without undue gesture. As a pianist, she plays with decision and imagination, but she lacks a clean sense of rhythm.

The audience listened appreciatively and applauded vigorously, though the program was a trifle too long for uniformly rapt attention.

E. B.

## METROPOLITAN

## "Varsity"

A screen play by Wells Root, prepared by Howard Estabrook, photographed by A. J. Stout, directed by Frank Tuttle and presented by Paramount with the following cast: Jimmy Duffy.....Charles "Buddy" Rogers  
Ray.....Mary Brian  
"Pop" Conlan.....Chester Conklin  
Middlebrook.....Phillips R. Holmes  
Rod Luke.....Robert Ellis  
The Senior.....John Westwood

"Varsity," for five minutes, is a collegiate film. Thereafter it becomes a Chester Conklin special, and a puny special at that. One feels sorry for Mr. Root, a Yale man six years out. It seems impossible that he could have written anything quite so "wishy-washy." Mr. Tuttle, the director, also is a Yale man, but what a lowly trick he played on Princeton, the setting for "Varsity." At the outset there are several beautiful campus scenes. One hears the chapel bell tolling, sees students, mostly entering freshmen, sorting out luggage and seeking their dormitories. We see old "Pop" Conlan, with a walrus mustache, spectacles well down over his nose, a dust cloth trailing from a hip pocket. "Pop" is one of the yard janitors. Gin made him a janitor, and a flash-back shows us how it came about. Twenty years ago his wife died in a hospital ward, the county took the little 3-year-old boy, and Conlan kept on going down hill. When he got to Princeton he apparently braced up sufficiently to save \$2000 toward the lad's education, and soon we see Jimmy Duffy, now a prepossessing youth, about to battle his way through college. Of course he does not know that "Pop" is his father.

From this point the picture jumps the switch, so to speak, and runs wild. There is a girl from a Wild West show who disarms Jimmy, crazed by speak-easy liquor, after he has tried to shoot up the show in a student celebration following a baseball victory. There is a robbery in which Jimmy, collector of student funds, is the victim. There is a wild flight by automobile, involving serious injury to "Pop," who gets in the car's way, and the inevitable crash in which the car is wrecked, while Jimmy and the villain, Rod Luke, toss each other about recklessly. "Pop" goes to

Harriett Lorraine, who sings in the balcony scene of "The Bachelor Father," gained musical experience on the stage. She is an American, born at New Orleans. Mr. Tunis F. Deap informs us: "She went to New York to study music, then to Paris. She met there the Baron Luigi de Wardener Hollup, formerly of Prague, and was married to him on Dec. 19, 1911. They lived in the baron's villa in Italy. When the world war broke out, the Italian government sent the husband to a concentration camp, and took possession of the villa at San Remo. Turned out of her home, the baroness appealed to the American ambassador, who managed to provide her safe conduct to the United States. In New York she met Morris Gest, who offered her an engagement in 'Experience.' She played in it for some time at Chicago. An autographed photograph of Mussolini is in her dressing room at the Hollis Street Theatre."

Andre Coeuroy in his "Panorama de la Musique Contemporaine" does not ignore American composers. What he says of them should be of interest and possibly excite discussion.

"The young American music is struggling with aesthetic and national problems unknown in countries where musical culture is homogeneous. In America one finds an Anglo-Celtic current (MacDowell, Carpenter, Hadley, Cadman, Griffis, Taylor, Whithorne, Hammond) which is mingled with a cosmopolitan current (Gruenberg, Jacobi, Marion Bauer) and a Hebraic current (Ernest Bloch, or Saminski. The problem is to create a musical culture and a style. The law of the least effort urges the treading of paths blazed by the old Europe; formerly by the Germans and the Five Russians; today by the French and Stravinsky. Now it is Berlioz who appears in Loeffler's 'Villanelle du Diable'; now Rimski-Korsakov in the 'Kubla Khan' of Griffis; now Wagner with Debussy in Jacobi's 'Eve of St. Agnes.' A curious cocktail: Farwell goes to the songs of the cowboys, while Clapp rescuscitates Mahler; Cadman stuffs his opera 'Shanewis' with Indian music, while Converse expresses his truly American soul in the German language; Powell rhapsodizes on negro themes; Eichheim borrows from China and Japan. There's something sad in the sight of Henry Gilbert keeping himself savagely away from Europe, addressing himself to Indians, Creoles, and not succeeding in the incarnation of the American soul.

"With the youngest generation there is absence of tradition, but an artless view of things: The reckless who shout (Antheil, Virgil Thomson); the academic who turn to the left (W. Piston, Chanler, Elwell), in the midst of the liberals, Copland. European reflections may play on young heads.

"Tradition which fails them, can be created by jazz. Already it exists in the light music of the American theatre, where Irving Berlin, Youmans, Gershwin figure prominently. If there is creation, it is because it is a form of popular art, which suits men whose life is in machines, whose culture is in the newspaper. Jazz is all right for negro music, but where the man of routine hears only noise and sees only grimaces, the historian and the artist discover a source of life. The African negro invented all the elements of jazz, as Schaeffner, having pillaged dozens of explorers' narrations, has shown. Musical comedy is the form that best responds in the United States to the appeal of jazz now brusquely agitated, now melancholy. A substantial tradition of stage jazz is already formed with Youmans ('No, No, Nanette' or 'Hit the Deck' which contains the celebrated 'Hallelujah'), with Gershwin ('Lady Be Good,' or 'Tip Toes,' or 'Oh, Kay'), with Operetta accompaniments as 'Shuffle Along' of Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake, or 'Liza' of Maceo Pinkard. The ideal of jazz music should be a music expressly thought for this orchestral form; the attempts already made deserve to hold the attention; Victor Herbert's 'Suite of Serenades' for orchestra and jazz (yet conceived according to the methods of the usual orchestral style); the 'Three American Pieces' of Eastwood Lane; Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue,' a sort of concerto for piano with jazz, in which the traditional form of the concerto is broken by clashes of jazz sonorities; the 'Studies for Jazz' (for two pianos), by E. Burlingame Hill; the 'Syncopated' by Leo Sowerby; the 'Juba Dance' by the negro Nathaniel Dett; Louis Gruenberg's 'Dance Jazz'; the entire work of Henderson.

"Darius Milhaud notes very justly that the force of jazz lies in the novelty of technic in all domains. The employment of syncopation offers a ceaseless variety of rhythm. The new instruments, or a new employment of old ones, offer an inexhaustible richness in orchestration. Melodic elements, even banal, take on a new value, thanks to the rhythmic designs that sustain them. If in this wholly new form of art, Americans do not always find much to put in it, it is because they do not trouble themselves sufficiently to search musical ideas that could and should correspond to the new elements. If they confine themselves to using dance tunes, or, what is worse, classic European themes, they may well cry out: 'Jazz is dead!'"

M. Coeuroy's valuable "Panorama" was published in Paris this year. It should be translated into English, for the 230 pages are full of weighty matter; shrewd estimates of contemporaneous music.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Monday night I went to see "The Red Robe," and pop went another illusion. I regret Santa Claus and the Easter Rabbit, but if it's true that cavaliers wore their hair just like our marcelled drugstore cowboys—no, no, not that! Tell me it isn't true. Don't think I'm silly and romantic because I'm cynical and disillusioned. Isn't anything sacred now days! In my beautiful ignorance I thought only the Puritans went in for boyish bobs. But the hero didn't act like a Puritan as far as I could see through my tears. And didn't



Bassompierre pull that line about the Day of Dupes, not that I care, only I thought it was sort of quaint of him, seeing he was one of the Dupes? And I wonder if maybe they didn't get his Grey Eminence mixed with Friar Tucker the other night. I was scared to death he'd turn out to be comic relief. Or is the gaunt figure I supposed him another illusion, or did he take on weight in his later years? Isn't it the saddest world? THE LADY ARTIST.

When "Under the Red Robe" was produced in London in 1896 William Archer wrote that Richelieu was given one priceless saying: "Two minutes after he has received the King's missive restoring him to power, 'It shall never be forgotten' he says to Berault, 'that you were my one client on the Day of Dupes.' This reminds one of the play in which Napoleon, being tempted to do something unworthy of the page of history, checks himself with the words, 'No! Not on the eve of Austerlitz,' or of the college essay in which the Athenians were said to have 'enjoyed the inspiring consciousness of living in the fifth century B. C.' Mr. Rose—he was the dramatist—"argues that some one must have been the first to call this day 'The Day of Dupes,' and why not Richelieu? True; why not? In making this remonstrance, Mr. Rose also supplied me with a better instance of historic prescience than either of those above cited—that of a gentleman in some unnamed play who parts from his lady-love with the words, 'Adieu! tomorrow we begin the Thirty Years War!'"

Hildegard Donaldson, violinist, who will give a recital in Jordan hall tomorrow night, was born near Boston. She studied at an early age at the Brussels Conservatory, later in Berlin. Returning to the United States, she studied with Charles Martin Loeffler and Leopold Auer. Having played in the leading cities of this country, she gave concerts during the last 18 months at Paris, London, Brussels and in cities of Italy.

A. Josef Alexander will play the piano for the first time in public next Wednesday evening in Jordan hall. He is a young man who has studied in Boston.

Dudley Peele of Hazleton, Pa., is the winner of the \$100 prize offered by the Swift & Co. male chorus in its eighth annual competition, by reason of his music for Scott's poem, "Harp of the North, Farewell." Mr. Peele was the winner in the competition of 1927. The first performance of the new work will be at the Chorus's concert in Chicago on March 4, when Florence Austral will be the solo singer.

Frederick Jacobi's "Indian Dances" will be performed for the first time anywhere by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Cambridge next Thursday night and in Boston next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. They were composed in 1927-28, and are based on themes or fragments of themes heard by Mr. Jacobi during sojourns among Indians in New Mexico. Mr. Jacobi, born at San Francisco, now lives at Northampton. His string quartet based on Indian themes has been performed in Boston by the Flonzaley and the Lenox quartets.

P. H.

ne hospital, the Wild West girl re-  
vers the stolen funds, and Jimmy  
wears off. Then the film leaps two  
ears ahead. "Pop," himself again, sits  
in his basement den, choosing from an  
assortment of gift cigars with the fas-  
tidiousness of a bored clubman. Jimmy  
and Fay, the girl, come to say good-by  
as they start their honeymoon. There  
is a final scene intended to be affecting,  
but here, as elsewhere in the film, talk-  
ing sequences spoil the effect and only  
distorted sound comes forth. Frankly,  
"Varsity" is the best anti-talking movie  
argument we have heard so far.

Mr. Conklin tries to make his char-  
acter plausible. In so far as by-play is  
concerned, he succeeds; but story, de-  
velopment and even his lines conspire  
against him. Mr. Rogers does not act  
like the same youth who was so vividly  
alive in "Wings." He moves as one who  
constantly feels the director's prod at  
his back. Miss Brian is an almost mute  
heroine. Had she refrained entirely  
from speech she would have been 100  
per cent. perfect.

For eight minutes of delicate, delicious  
rollery we commend Robert Benchley,  
editor of Life, in his movietone mono-  
logue, in which he delivers the treas-  
urer's report at the annual banquet of a  
suburban community club. W. E. G.

#### BRUCE SIMONDS

Yesterday afternoon Bruce Simonds,  
pianist, played this program in Jordan  
hall:

Impromptu, C minor, Schubert; so-  
na, A major, op. 101, Beethoven;  
Songs Lived and Dreamed, Josef Suk;  
Cata, Schumann; Laufenburg (Hel-  
la valse), d'Indy; Triana, Albeniz;  
Nocturne, Faure; Poissons d'or,  
de Joyeuse, Debussy.

Campaign wars and commotions net-  
withstanding, Mr. Simonds drew, held  
and delighted a large audience yester-  
day. It by no means follows, however,  
that the run of music reviewers, just  
this stirring moment, could feel sure  
a soul who would read what they  
right write; only a reviewer of quality  
all to that of Mr. Simonds himself  
did hope for any luck.

So let it be recorded, briefly, that  
Mr. Simonds, in mood so brisk and  
bryant that his very finger-tips had  
the air of emitting electric sparks,  
played such music incomparably as  
out above all for crispness of tone  
and temperament. Schubert's im-  
promptu, that waltz d'Indy wrote that  
sounds like the work of a man quite  
different, parts of the Albeniz piece—  
w rhythmically he played them all,

with what rare tonal beauty!

His rhythm, on the other hand, Mr.  
Simonds let wander oddly during the  
toccata and he scarcely proved himself  
the exceptional pianist who can either  
hold the interest throughout Beet-  
hoven's experimental sonata or make  
every page of it sound beautiful. It  
was in miniatures, yesterday, that Mr.  
Simonds shone.

R. R. G.

William Gillette's "Too Much John-  
son" won favor in various playhouses.  
Mr. Herklmer Johnson, we regret to say,  
has recently failed us as a contributor.  
His admirers—they are everywhere ex-  
cept at Clamport where he spends his  
summers—say they cannot have too  
much of him, yet we heard a young  
man at the Porphyry Club, an irrever-  
ent new member, describe him as an  
old bore. There cannot be too much  
of a man long dead, a writer and a  
clubman whose surname was the same.  
We refer to Dr. Samuel Johnson, who,  
although he held everything out of  
England in contempt, once braved dis-  
comforts beginning with the stinking  
streets of Edinburgh.

"A Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides  
with Samuel Johnson, L. L. D., by  
James Boswell, Esq., with an intro-  
duction by T. Ratcliffe Barnett, illus-  
trated by 12 pen and ink drawings by  
W. H. Caffyn and eight portraits in  
photogravure," with an adequate index,  
is published in this country by E. P.  
Dutton & Co., Inc. The journal is  
evidently intended to accompany Bos-  
well's "Life of Samuel Johnson," pub-  
lished in an attractive form by the same  
firm.

Naturally this "Journal" is rich in  
descriptions and anecdotes of the fa-  
mous "Ursa Major." After all, John-  
son was a human being, not only by his  
prejudices, but by his appreciation of  
women in spite of disagreeable things  
he would say about them.

"This evening one of our married  
ladies, a lively pretty little woman,  
good humoredly sat down upon Dr.  
Johnson's knee, and being encouraged  
by some of the company, put her hands  
round his neck and kissed him. 'Do it  
again,' (said he) and let us see who will  
tire first.' He kept her on his knee  
some time, while he and she drank tea.  
He was now like a buck indeed. All the  
company were much entertained to find  
him so easy and pleasant. To me it  
was highly comick, to see the grave

philosopher—the Rambler—toying with  
a Highland beauty! But what could he  
do? He must have been surly, and  
weak too, had he not behaved as he  
did. He would have been laughed at,  
and not more respected, than less  
loved." This reminds one of Johnson's  
behavior with two girls in a London  
tavern.

Johnson abstained from strong liq-  
uors on this tour, yet at Inverary he  
called for a gill of whiskey. "Come,  
(said he) let me know what it is that  
makes a Scotchman happy!" He drank  
it all but a drop.

As we all know, Boswell loved wine,  
strong liquor, and the ladies. At Cor-  
richatach, after Dr. Johnson had gone  
to bed, Boswell finished a bowl of punch.  
By 5 o'clock in the morning a fourth  
bowl had been drained. "Of what  
passed I have no recollection, with any  
accuracy." He awoke at noon with a  
severe headache. Johnson came into  
the room. "What, drunk yet?" He did  
not upbraid him; he was jocular. Bos-  
well then drank some brandy, which he  
found to be an effectual cure. Taking  
up a prayer book he opened it at the  
20th Sunday after Trinity and read in  
the epistle: "And be not drunk with  
wine, wherein there is excess." He wrote  
in his journal: "Some would have taken  
this as a divine interposition."

Johnson remembered where all the  
decent people in Lichfield got drunk  
every night and were not the worse  
thought of. "Smoking has gone out."

I cannot account, why a thing  
which requires so little exertion, and  
yet preserves the mind from total  
vacuity, should have gone out. Every  
man has something by which he calms  
himself; beating with his feet, or so."

When Boswell asked where John  
Knox was buried, Johnson burst out:  
"I hope in the highway." He did not  
wish a dangerous steeple to be taken  
down, "for it may fall on some of the  
posterity of John Knox; and no great  
matter."

How proud Boswell was of his descent  
from the noble house of Sommelsdyck,  
and the fact that the blood of Bruce  
flowed in his veins! See his uncon-  
sciously amusing foot note on page 13.

There was a tradition that an old  
wall in Edinburgh would fall on a  
learned man. It was taken down;  
whereupon Johnson amiably remarked:  
"They have been afraid it never would  
fall."

He did not like salted and dried fish  
called "speldings." Dipped in the sea,  
they were dried in the sun. Boswell  
heard that "speldings" were made at  
Bombay, "where they call them 'Bam-  
baloes.'" These must be what are com-  
monly known as Bombay duck, which  
are to be classed with Welsh rabbit  
and Cape Cod turkey. Should not  
"speldings" be "speldrings" or "spel-  
drins"?

Without doubt Johnson would have  
been glad to chat with Mr. Tunney.  
"I am sorry that prize-fighting is gone  
out. . . . Prize-fighting made people  
accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing  
their own blood or feeling a little pain  
from a wound."

"Dinner was mentioned. Johnson,  
'Ay, ay; amidst all these sorrowful  
scenes, I have no objection to dinner.'"  
He was told that Highlanders cut their  
meat with a dirk; then handed knives  
and forks to their women, and they  
themselves ate with their fingers. Some  
ate fish with their fingers, thinking a  
knife and fork gave it a bad taste.

"If I kept a seraglio, the ladies should  
all wear linen gowns—or cotton; I  
mean stuffs made of vegetable sub-  
stances. I would have no silk; you  
cannot tell when it is clean."

The Hebrides; Skye; romantic names:

"Ah, by wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides!"

Poe probably wished an unusual  
rhyme for "seas" and "trees," as Fitz  
James O'Brien made his sailor sing of  
a girl of the Galapagos isles.

We have not quoted descriptions of  
scenery and life, written by Boswell on  
this tour, nor his now sensible, now  
pompous and preposterous remarks to  
or about his companion; discussions  
about second-sight, play-acting, religion,  
bigamy, inns, polite society, learned men  
and eccentric persons, books. Did John-  
son find Skye steeped in a ghostly at-  
mosphere? Did he remember the ballad  
of Douglas on the morning of Otter-  
bourne?

"But I have dreamed a dreary dream—  
Beyond the Isle of Skye,  
I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I."  
Johnson on this journey argued for  
witchcraft; but he would take either  
side for the sake of a bow-wow argu-  
ment, and admitted that he would do so.

Put this engrossing book next Bos-  
well's "Life of Johnson"—unless Bir-  
beck Hill's edition of the latter, con-

taining the "Tour" is there—and see  
that Alexander Smith's "A Summer in  
Skye" is a near neighbor.

#### ON THE "FLYING YANKEE"

As the World Wags:

"Hon."  
No answer.  
"Say, Hon."  
"Yeah, I'm lissenin'.  
"Say, Hon, what does the brakeman  
count the passengers for?"  
"What does the brakeman count the  
passengers for? Why, so he'll know how  
many there is."  
"So he'll know how many there is?"  
"Yeah."  
"Oh, yeah."  
Silence.

A. N. O. N.

#### PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Yesterday afternoon, in the Hotel  
Statler ballroom, the People's Sym-  
phony Orchestra gave its third concert  
of the season. The occasion was one of  
consequence, inasmuch as Theophil  
Wendt, the new conductor, made his  
first appearance with the orchestra.

An earnest of his fine taste he gave  
in his choice of music with which to  
begin his tenure of office, Beethoven's  
"Eroica" symphony. A wiser discretion,  
however, Mr. Wendt might have shown  
if he had elected to make his begin-  
nings, with a new body of players in an  
unfamiliar hall, with music not so ex-  
acting. Till Mr. Wendt has got the  
hang of the curiously absorbent nature  
of the hangings amid which his players  
sit, not to mention the virtues and per-  
haps defects of his individual choirs,  
fairer it will surely be to attempt no  
detailed estimate of his qualities of  
leadership. Conditions yesterday were  
sorely against him.

Conditions, though, notwithstanding.  
Mr. Wendt made it clear that he is a  
sound musician with a taste for pre-  
cision, a business-like man with no airs  
and graces about him, no fondness for  
seeking sensations. For so much let  
us all be truly thankful. Further causes  
for thanks, no doubt, will presently  
come to the fore, just so soon as Mr.  
Wendt has learned his way about.

Another musician as well as Mr.  
Wendt, made a first Boston appearance  
yesterday. Alice Ericson, a very young  
violinist from Worcester, came forward  
with three movements from Lalo's  
Spanish symphony. Beyond question  
ably taught, Miss Ericson must be in-  
deed an unusually musical girl. With a  
technique already at hand that enables  
her to produce a tone both strong and  
sweet and to play difficult passages with  
security and ease and neatly, Miss Eric-  
son, in her capacity of musician, deals  
justly and intelligently with such  
weighty matters as rhythm, melody,  
and the proper place of musical orna-  
ment. So musical a girl as she will  
probably acquire soon a more com-  
pelling warmth of delivery, the bril-  
liancy that makes technical display  
exciting.

She was roundly applauded. So was  
Mr. Wendt, who, by the way, ended the  
program with Dvorak's "Carnival" over-  
ture. The next concert takes place Nov.  
18. If, like the concerts to date, it is  
to begin at 3:15, may not that fact be  
stated, for the convenience of the pub-  
lic? Heat, furthermore, less liberally be-  
stowed, would add to the public's con-  
tent.

R. R. G.

#### GALLI-CURCI

Amelita Galli-Curci, assisted by Her-  
man Samuels, pianist, and Ewald Hahn,  
flutist, gave a song recital before a large

and warmly appreciative audience at  
Symphony hall yesterday afternoon.

The type of song for which she is  
most famous, and which every audi-  
ence expects of her—the tuneful, bird-  
like, coloratura air, was represented on  
her program by a Scarlatti cantata by  
Bishop's "Echo Song" by Mozart-Adam,  
and theme and variations. In these  
three works Mme. Galli Curci indulged  
in melodious competition with a flute,  
capably played by Mr. Hahn. No one of  
these three compositions, however, gave  
the singer so many sustained high notes,  
or so much of glittering coloratura, as  
she was wont to regale us with in the  
past. In fact, a deepening of the whole  
voice seems to have removed from it  
some of the top notes, though it is still  
as marvelously agile as ever. The long  
high tones which used to astonish by  
their clear, smooth perfection, waver  
and tremble now, almost becoming  
trills. Something of the unreal, in-  
human crystal is gone from Galli  
Curci's voice, but in its place she has  
now more security of intonation, and  
more resonance and sweetness in the  
middle register.

"L'Eau qui Court" by Georges, and  
"Spanish Serenade" by Bizet. Galli-  
Curci sang beautifully; the first dis-  
played the suave beauty of the middle  
of her voice, the second exhibited her  
remarkable agility and grace in flori-  
tura. Songs which demanded of her  
some depth and tenderness of expres-  
sion were not done so well. "Der Sand-  
mann" of Brahms, sung as an encore,



was tossed off rather thoughtlessly, "O del mio amato ben," by Donzudy, which opened the programme, was merely amiable waibling.

Galli-Curci seems to charm most by her delightfully simple and naive singing of popular tunes and "old favorites." In Spanish-American popular airs like "La Paloma" and "Clavelitos" (both sung as extra numbers) her diction combines miraculous accuracy and speed, and she has a gift for the graceful turning of a phrase in the Spanish style. Italian and French popular tunes also won favor as encores. Most enthusiastic was the applause for some old English and American tunes. "Comin' Through the Rye," "Just a Song at Twilight" and "My Old Kentucky Home." In these songs Galli-Curci was at her best, for here are demanded just what she does best. Emotional intensity would make their words seem foolish and their tunes heavy; they need only a clear, sweet tone to round out the familiar cadences. Mme. Galli-Curci closed her recital by singing "Home Sweet Home," and, to make the hint even broader, by waving a handkerchief to the audience for a real farewell.

Mr. Samuels played a group of short piano pieces very pleasantly and was compelled to grant an encore. E. B.

#### SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA

##### "The Midnight Taxi"

A screen melodrama by Gregory Rogers, scenario by Harvey Gates, photographed by Frank Kesson, directed by John Adolfi, and presented with vitaphone effects by Warner Bros., with the following cast:

Tony Driscoll	Antonio Moreno
San Parker	Helene Costello
Mrs. Brant	Myrna Loy
Al Corvini	Tommy Dugan
Joseph Brant	William Russell
Jack Madison	Robert Agnew
Detective Blake	Pat Harrigan
Lefty	Jack Santoro
Soumit	William Hauber
Dutch	Paul Krueger
Rastus	Spencer Bell

A few opening marine and beach scenes, a three-masted schooner loafing off the 12-mile limit under a moonlit sky, a business-like cutter transferring her clandestine cargo, a fleet of taxis scurrying along a curving beach, a few terse subtitles, and that is all we have of the actual details of the huge rum-running activities of the gang with which the picture is about to deal. The story plunges without further preliminary into a conspiracy on the part of Joe Brant, known to his intimates as "the Baron," to double-cross, frame and otherwise maltreat his trusting associate, Tony Driscoll, to the tune of \$200,000 cash. Tony has agreed to put up that huge sum against the Baron's bonds of like value, in one huge deal which will yield him a fortune. He does not know that the bonds were stolen, that the youth, Jack Madison, who had a hand in the bank robbery, is in prison, or that the Baron, his wife and his satellites are out to ruin him.

While negotiations are pending Tony and Nan Parker meet informally in a hotel lobby. Nan, seeking evidence to free young Madison, who turns out to be a selfish pup and guilty in the bargain, consents to accompany Tony to Vancouver as his secretary when she learns that he is in with the gang she is trailing. Tony, despite his shortcomings, apparently has no evil designs on Nan. He admires her as a plucky, square girl. So their adventures start. He drapes a costly fur coat around Nan, who does not know that cash and bonds totalling \$400,000 in value are sewed in the lining. During the long train trip to Vancouver two of the Baron's gang hold up Tony, for the money and bonds, only to be interrupted by a detective looking for some stolen jewelry. Tony, again double-crossed, is arrested and, with Nan, taken off the train. They take the wrong coach, discovering the mistake the next morning after a night in jail. Released on bail, they charter an airplane, overtake the Vancouver express, recover the coat and start a lively fight. Tony cuts off the observation car and, he and Nan in it and the Baron and his crew atop it, the car runs wild for miles and miles, coming to a stop just as another express stops within a few feet of a terrific crash. There is the usual wild shooting, but in the end Tony and Nan win out, the villains are shackled, Tony decides to go straight, and Nan decides to go with him, instead of with the worthless Madison.

The scenes of the airplane-express train race are realistic and intensely exciting. So is the fight that follows. In fact, the picture has suspense and legitimate thrills to its credit. There are several interchanges of dialogue, with a new wrinkle, a crook who stutters, and sings lugubriously. Mr. Moreno, Mr. Russell, Miss Costello, Miss Loy, not yet permitted to talk, and Mr. Dugan bear the brunt of the action.

Sir John Lavery's portrait of Mr. Tunney is exhibited in London. An early portrait of the Prince of Wales hangs near it. Sir John says that Mr. Tunney has the face of an artist.

We are not told whether Mr. Tunney in this portrait sits with an improving book in his hand or stands erect. Perhaps he is in "the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning, as posed by a clog dancer in the good old days when there were 'statue clog dances.'" Are they still to be seen anywhere? We have "tappers" and "strutters" on the stage, but are there any clog dancers who follow the traditions and are motionless above the waist, with expressionless faces, awaiting impassively the applause which comes after a few minutes of their activity? These dancers of the seventies were apparently of a melancholy nature. No one was ever seen to smile. We remember a dancer in "The Telephone Girl," who, as he displayed remarkable agility with his legs, resembled facially the most gloomy picture of Edgar Allan Poe.

We do not like to think that Clarence, the Zeppelin stowaway, is only a "bluff." Some scoffers are unwilling to associate the name "Clarence" with any daring deed; but they do the "Clarences," the "Percys" and the "Willie-boys" injustice. Does the young Augustus of today read "The Boy Tar," by Mayne Reid and become excited over the adventures in the darkness of the hold and the combats with rats?

We do not understand one of Zeppelin Clarence's remarks in Berlin: "German girls are nice enough and good-looking. But they are too big for me." Foreign correspondents keep assuring us that under the German republic one of the most noteworthy marks of improvement is the comparative thinness of the Berlin women and girls. It is possible that even some of their dramatic sopranos now weigh less than 225 pounds.

Perhaps Clarence is too "beastly particular." He certainly is ungrateful if he has been quoted correctly, for on his arrival the girls embraced him wildly and pressed burning kisses on his youthful lips.

Miss Jane Winterbottom writes to us, complaining of a table girl who in the act of serving the family whistles popular airs or indulges in sparkling improvisations. This is no more injurious to gastronomic enjoyment and digestion than the music played in restaurants; that is, if the serving maid by whistling does not intend to express her contempt for the food of the family seated about the table.

A question from Boswell's account of his "Tour to the Hebrides" may here find place: Dr. Johnson and Boswell were at the Duke of Argyll's castle. (Was this the duke who is held in grateful remembrance by the Scotch because he provided them with public scratching-posts? We hasten to add that we find no authority for this familiar statement in grave histories of Scotland.)

"A gentleman in company, after dinner," says Boswell, "was desired by the duke to go to another room, for a specimen of curious marble, which his grace wished to show us. He brought a wrong piece, upon which the duke sent him back again. He could not refuse; but to avoid any appearance of servility, he whistled as he walked out of the room to show his independency. On my mentioning this afterwards to Dr. Johnson, he said it was a nice trait of character."

No, here we cannot agree with the doctor. We should have liked the "gentleman" better if when he had brought in the second piece of marble, he had remarked "Take it, old top. Now I hope you are satisfied."

#### As the World Wags:

While I was assisting an aspirant to citizenship, of Italian birth, I asked him this question: "If the President of the United States should die while in office, who would take his place?" "Al Smith," was the prompt reply.

A. L. W.

#### COMMONPLACE

You have gone and left me, and I am alone, alone,  
But I shall be too proud to sit apart and weep and moan;  
And I shall sweep the floor and wash the dishes as before.  
But, somehow, I shall never laugh so gayly any more.

For I have seen love pass me by, and I know life is done.  
I sit and watch the clock tick off the seconds, one by one.  
And wonder, now that love is gone, how I can live at all.  
And yet I still have tea at five, and neighbors come to call.

MARGARITA JOSEF.

#### "WITHOUT PAIN"

From the advertisement of a dentist in Nashua:

"On his mother's side he is a descendant of Hannah Dustin, known in history as a woman of iron nerve, who slaughtered a tribe of Indians as they slept on an island above Penacook, N. H., and made her escape with her small son. Naturally Dr. Baldwin is not afraid of anything 'that crawls the walk' when it comes to extracting teeth with No Pain. Starting at the age of 16 he has already shed an ocean of blood and is waiting for more."

Translation of a notice handed to English tourists entering the hill town of Carcassonne (the original in French was signed, "Un Groupe de Cochers"):

#### ADVICE.

Mrs. Touristes and Travellers.

Beware!! Whenever you send for a coach by a waiter, this person require a good sum than we are obliged to require yourselves.

Then we engaged you to come and take the coach yourselves, to the coach-stand Place Carnot.

You shall take the coach preferred and shall treat yourselves for price.

A GROUPING COACHMEN.

#### "CAFETERIA"

As the World Wags:

This subject is dead, perhaps, but recently you wrote regarding the word, "Cafeteria," and asked if I could tell you who coined it, and when. I wrote G. W. Chandler, the etcher, who is in Milwaukee at the moment, and he replied:

"As to the origin of the word 'Cafeteria' (accent on the 'ia'), I can't enlighten you. I have always understood that it started at Los Angeles, and the first one was operated by Boose Bros. of that city (swell name, if somewhat inappropriate). The word is Spanish, and signifies a shop where coffee is sold in the grain. 'Grocereria' is American and has no meaning."

There isn't a Spanish dictionary within my reach, and I am wondering what Chandler means by that statement as to the definition of the word in Spanish.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

The only Spanish dictionary on our desk is the old one of Baret's, the friend of Dr. Johnson. We find there "Cafetera," meaning coffee-pot. No doubt Mr. Robinson's correspondent is correct in statement.—Ed.

#### As the World Wags:

We (Elin and I) were discussing Peggy (Hopkins) (Joyce) (who hath had five husbands and one she soon leaveth to the altar) and Elin (who hath but one husband so far) suggested that her (Peggy's) invitations should read, "Those who come in late may remain for the next performance."

LARRY XIV.

#### ST. JAMES THEATRE

##### "Why Men Leave Home"

Comedy in three acts by Avery Hopwood.

Grandma	Jessamine Newcombe
Butler	George L. Taylor
Tom	John Warner
Fifi	Marion Grant
Sybil	Adrienne Earle
Billy	Don Beddoe
Nina	Georgia Neese
Artie	Tom McKnight
Sam	John Junior
Betty	Dolores Palley
Maid	Elizabeth Levitt
Doris	Carmaleen Butler

Three wives—three blind mice. See how they run. Home less than an hour from their steenth trip to Europe, already they are planning where next they will run to, leaving their husbands to sit and hold their hands.

"This would make an ideal plot for a play," says Tom Morgan at a council of war of the three husbands. "Why Men Leave Home." Wives leave it first and there isn't any home left for the man."

But Tom makes the mistake of pointing this out, in attempting to dissuade Billy Reynolds from proposing to Sybil, his wife's sister, and in explaining that husbands do not just sit at home and hold their hands. Billy repeats this observation to Sybil, who mentions it to Fifi Morgan, who passes it on to the remaining two wives. Thus the stage is set for the afternoon of crimination, the evening of recrimination and the morning after, as Mr. Hopwood chooses to label his three acts. Luckily there is a Grandma Sutton to untangle the scrambled wires.

There is much humor and more truth in this comedy. How refreshing it was that Mr. Hopwood avoided the obvious—three triangles. Three wives, three husbands—all that was needed were three liaisons to complete the thirdsides of the triangles. But in only suggesting them, perhaps in lightly sketching them in, he achieved better comedy and more humorous situations.

Miss Grant appeared to excellent advantage as Fifi Morgan, the wife who for four years had been "only one-fifth a wife," and who finally was made to

see herself as the audience first saw her. Mr. Junior seemed most natural of the three husbands. Miss Newcombe, making her debut with the Keith-Albee Players, was greeted enthusiastically by those who remembered her as a member of the Copley Players. Her Grandma Sutton appeared to best advantage in the third act, when her costume was

an old-fashioned gown of lavender and lace. Would that she might have worn it also in the previous two acts.

Of course, there was a bedroom scene—the middle act. (Remember Mr. Hopwood wrote this comedy). It provides a good excuse for a delightful display of some clever pajamas and fashionable negligees.

A capacity crowd enjoyed many laughs and a good performance. S. L.

#### THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

COPLEY—"The Bellamy Trial," mystery play. (Last week.)

HOLLIS STREET—"The Bachelor Father," comedy.

PLYMOUTH—"The Silent House," mystery play. (Last week.)

REPERTORY—"S. S. Incorporated," 1928 prize play.

SHUBERT—"The Red Robe," romantic comedy with music.

ST. JAMES—"Why Men Leave Home," farce.

TREMONT—"Blackbirds," all-colored revue, opens Thursday night.

WILBUR—"Coquette," drama.

#### BURLESQUE

GAYETY—"Girls From the Folies,"

this week's attraction at the Gayety Theatre, is brimming over with good tunes, dancing and comedy. Gladys Clark, Sam Raynor, Zona Duval, Jean LeRoy, Frank Mallahan, John Crosby, Lew LeRoy and May Raynor are the principals, and each has abundant talent in his or her line. Election returns will be given out tonight during the regular performance, and also during a special midnight show immediately following.

OLD HOWARD—"The Chicken Trust," bearing the famous trade mark of Billy Watson, is on the burlesque stage of the Old Howard this week. Leading the company of fun-makers are Jules Jacobs, Billy (Grogan) Spencer, Ramona, the dancer; Dorothy Fuller, Billy Hart, Jules La Porte, Rose Bates and Kitty Howard. There also are special features for the continuous program, and for the screen. Election returns will be announced up to midnight tonight.

#### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE

##### "The Night Watch"

A screen melodrama adapted by Lajos Biro from the play, "In the Night Watch," directed by Alexander Korda and presented by First National with the following cast:

Yvonne Corlaix	Paul Lukas
Captain Corlaix	Donald Reed
D'Artelle	Nicholas Soussan
Brambours	Anita Garvine
Anna	Gustave Partos
Dagone	William Tooker
Admiral Mobraze	George Periolat
Farrasson	Nicholas Bela
DeDuc	

Whatever may be said concerning the logic of the somewhat melodramatic picture, "The Night Watch," now to be picture, at the B. F. Keith Memorial seen at the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre, it has two outstanding merits: the unusually interesting photography and the acting of Billie Dove. Miss Dove, given every opportunity for the usual movie hysterics and heroic gestures, was restrained and decidedly moving. Beautiful as ever to behold, she managed to make the spectator forgive her comeliness by the emotional sincerity of her acting.

The picture begins with the return of a French destroyer to Toulon after vanquishing an enemy vessel. Every-thing appears to be as it should when the body of an officer, shot to death, is found in the cabin of Captain Corlaix and by his side is the captain's revolver. Meanwhile Captain Corlaix, on rever, finds that his wife is turning home, finds that his wife is turning home, finds that his wife is turning home all night. When at last she does appear she refuses to give any explanation of her conduct and begs her husband to trust her. Not unnaturally he refuses and she leaves him in despair.

Brought to trial for murder, Captain Corlaix is unable to prove his innocence until his wife, horror-stricken at his danger, takes the witness stand in his defence. With the other officers' wives she had dined on board the destroyer the night that war was declared, but, piqued at her husband's seeming neglect, had not gone ashore with the army. An ardent but chivalrous admiral takes her to his cabin and promises her his undying devotion. In the midst of his raptures the destroyer gets under way and steams out to battle. An unattractive gentleman discovers the Madame Corlaix and is silenced in the only possible manner. It would not be



fair to reveal the slayer; it is enough to say that his motives were of the best. The scenes on the battleship at night were quite out of the ordinary—suggestion rather than revelation made the great vessel the more terrifying and impressive. The acting, apart from Miss Dove's excellent performance, sufficed, though Paul Lukas deserves praise for his effective playing of the unjustly accused and heroic Captain Corlax.

E. L. H.

#### KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE

##### "Lonesome"

A screen drama adapted by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. from a story by Mann Page; photographed by Gilbert Warrenton, directed by Paul Fejos and presented with talking sequences by Universal with the following cast:

Glenn Tryon ..... Mary ..... Barbara Kent

A cast of four persons, Paul Fejos, Hungarian director; Mr. Warrenton with his camera or cameras, and Mr. Tryon and Miss Kent, make this picture one of the notable contributions to filmdom. Barring slight exaggerations here and there, or harmless prolongations of suspense when the boy and the girl lose each other in the milling throng at Coney Island, "Lonesome" seemed to be a courageous, human, and joyful narrative of things as they are, or well might be. When the best 10 pictures of 1928-29 are selected by popular vote, this column wishes to be recorded as in favor of granting a place in the honor role for "Lonesome."

How simple was the theme! Two lonesome souls in New York, a young machinist and a telephone operator, released from their daily grinds on a sunny Saturday afternoon. Attracted to Coney Island by the blaring of a negro jazz band passing their windows on a float inviting all and sundry to taste the joys of a holiday at the beach. Chance meeting atop a bus, little fibs as to stations in life, quickly dissipated by confessions. Then the merry, carefree pursuit of diversion, visits to the soothsayer, the instantaneous photograph studio, the score of alluring devices intended to provide thrills and laughter for the millions. The exciting trip on the roller coaster, the accident, the separation of the two, known to each other only as Mary and Jim. The desperate game of seeking each other again in that mad crowd, the hopelessness of it all, the sudden rain and wind storm, the dejected return home, newly found happiness turned to anguish. The reunion when, hearing Jimmy's cheap little phonograph playing "Always," Mary beats with her fists against the wall in tearful protest, and Jimmy rushes into her room. All the time they had lived across the hall from each other.

Mr. Tryon gives a fine characterization of the boy, Miss Kent is sparkling and lovable as Mary. Their performance becomes all the more meritorious when one considers that they are steadily before the camera as the central figures. All else is background. In two scenes Mary and Jim talk from the screen, naturally, effectively, always impressive, always fascinating. The camera seems bent on new tricks. Double exposures and dissolve are utilized often. Crowds, like those in the subway stations and at Coney Island, are shot with wonderful sweep and perspective. In one instance you are astounded to see the picture actually revolve, so that it pivots from top to bottom and back again in the twinkling of an eye. Direction and camera work of such quality are unusual. They deserve all the praise one can bestow.

W. E. G.

#### LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

##### "Napoleon"

A screen drama written and directed by Abel Gance, filmed in France by the General Society of Films and presented here by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Napoleon Bonaparte, boy ..... Waldimir Roudenko  
Napoleon Bonaparte, man ..... Albert Dieudonne

Danton ..... Alexandre Koubitzky  
Rouget de Lisle ..... Harry Krimer  
Robespierre ..... Edmond Van Daele  
Danton ..... Antonin Arlaud  
Josephine de Beauharnais ..... Gina Manes

This film is of interest chiefly because it affords opportunity to compare foreign methods of photography, direction and performance with those now in vogue in our own studios. As to its story, M. Gance frankly confesses that he plotted it less as a review of the morals or politics of Napoleon's time, but as a portrayal of early events in the life of Napoleon, and a dramatic interpretation of the spirit of the age in which he lived. It is fragmentary, episodic. It is not a pretentious historical film. It is more an effort, however disjointed, to picture the spirit, the budding military genius, the youthful philosophy of the famous Corsican.

As Napoleon the boy, Master Roudenko triumphs in a snowball battle at his school in Brienne. He engages an entire dormitory of boys in fist combat when two of the boys let his pet eagle out of its cage into the storm. Then M. Dieudonne becomes Napoleon, sent as a sub-lieutenant to quell a Corsican uprising. Thence onward, he astounds his superiors by a brilliant victory at the battle of Marengo, and finally triumphs at the battle of Austerlitz.

In a drenching downpour of rain. He reorganizes the army in Italy, and leads it to victory. He returns to France, acclaimed as the new deliverer of the nation. And at that point the picture turns trickster. It leads Napoleon to the deserted convention hall where revolutionary plots and reigns of terror have had their birth. It induces him to soliloquize on the errors of Danton, Marat, Robespierre, to promise himself not to follow in their downward paths. And in abrupt conclusion, out of a clear sky, it sets him to fulminating against the horrors of war, to predictions of the time when conquests shall be gained without need of bayonet and cannon, when all the world shall become the brotherhood of man. All of which indicate that M. Gance found in the character of Napoleon certain attributes and viewpoints hitherto unrecorded in history.

In its photography, "Napoleon" makes no threat against our native cameramen. The battle scenes are noteworthy for bursts of red flame against a darkened terrain; in fact much of the picture is shadowy, its outlines dimmed. Close-ups of typical faces caught in mob scenes obviously are cut in strips. They do not dissolve, one into the other smoothly. M. Dieudonne was a sardonic Napoleon, a lean and lank figure alien to all previous conceptions of the man. Mme. Manes made Josephine a lady lacking in distinction or feminine allurements. A peculiar picture of mingled charm and shortcomings.

W. E. G.

#### FILMS NEW AND FAMILIAR

B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL—"The Night Watch."

METROPOLITAN—"Varsity." (Part talking picture.)

LOEW'S STATE—"Napoleon."

KEITH-ALBEE—"Lonesome." (Part talking picture.)

SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA—"The Midnight Taxi." (Part talking picture.)

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"The Battle of the Sexes."

OLYMPIA-FENWAY—"The Singing Fool," with Al Jolson. (A Vitaphone picture.)

MODERN-BEACON—"The Perfect Crime." (Part talking picture.)

BOWDOIN SQUARE—"Our Dancing Daughters."

LANCASTER—"The Cossacks" and "The Cardboard Lover," first half; "The Water Hole" and "Just Married," balance of week.

EXETER—"The Night Bird" and "Beautiful But Dumb," first half; "The Fleet's In" and "The Water Hole," balance of week.

#### HILDEGARDE DONALDSON

Hildegard Donaldson, violinist, ably assisted by Ralph Linsley, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall:

Concerto in G, Mozart; Sonata in A minor, Opus 51, David Stanley Smith; Partita in G major, Virgilio Mortari; Six Rumanian Folk-dances, Bartok-Szekeley.

Jordan hall, last night, Miss Donaldson shared with a very good audience to whom she gave unusual pleasure. The news space this morning she will have to share with the candidates, all uttering, with the strength that is left them, their final words of warning or encouragement. The lion's share of that inadequate space—Miss Donaldson has too good sense to expect it.

A perfunctory notice of her performance last night is not worth the space it would cost to print it in. For Miss Donaldson is a musician of rare natural ability and individuality. She finds new music to play at her concert that violinists less enterprising pass by, for the proper performance of which she has developed a singularly secure technique, musicianship solid and sound. The blessed virtue of temperament, furthermore, Miss Donaldson can boast.

To discuss her performance in detail would be a pleasure. But discussion, just at present, is not in order. Suffice it to say that Miss Donaldson held the attention engrossed every minute she played—and to hold the public's attention is the chief asset of an artist. To Miss Donaldson, congratulations.

R. R. G.

#### NIGHT CLUB

High, flaring notes scream ecstasy, While random joy waits candidly . . . Strange—we, together in this place Whirled breathless in some phantom race Of light and sound and mystery.

Should by no sign or token be Allowed to touch. But who can free A vow—release its darkening trace— Though still we dance.

Ah, lost adored one, can you see The swaying figure that is me? Across the crackling, crashing space— The drifting white blur of your face . . . To love no more, did we agree— Still we must dance.

JUDY SHEA.

Our old friend Trixie Friganza was at the Victoria Palace, London, about a month ago. She was described by a rapt admirer writing for the Observer as follows:

"Trixie Friganza is a very large lady who worries so little about her size that she wears all the different frocks for all her songs in layers at her first entry. Yet when she has discarded the last that is to be discarded, we find clothes made very little difference; in fact, when she wears only baby frills and short socks she appears larger than ever. It all adds to the gaiety of nations, and her song about vain efforts to reduce 'fat' might relax the tension of a world-wide effort that is calling forth so immeasurable an amount of energy that the disarmament problem could be solved with the half of it."

#### ASTRIDE OR ON SIDE-SADDLE?

In our boyhood women rode on side-saddles and wore a low stovepipe hat with a veil around it and streaming gallantly in the wind. We read a letter published in a London newspaper not long ago that "riding astride by ladies" was a custom of very recent origin. But in the 13th century the English fine ladies rode either side-saddle or astride. In Shakespeare's time the women rode astride; as they cropped their hair, sported men's beaver hats, boots and breeches. Grandmothers in Jacobean days and even earlier, to quote from Violet Wilson's "Society Women of Shakespeare's Time," upheld the pleasing fiction of "their own immaculate youth. They did not paint their faces; cut their hair short; smoke pipes; dance to excess; gamble at cards; swear 'good mouth-filling oaths'; ride astride; wear short skirts to show off their ankles; go to dinner-parties given by men friends at the Apollo Tavern; or visit public theatres to fall in love with popular actors. Grandmothers, with hands uplifted in horror, wondered what girls of the present day were coming to."

London city wives in 1607 rode some upon pillions, some upon side-saddles, but the ladies of Ireland, according to Riche's "Irish Hubbub" (1619) "neither used pouldring nor painting stuffs, they knew not what a coach meant, nor scarce a side saddle, till they learnt them from the English." In England of 1585 saddles for women were not common.

Old chroniclers say that Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard II, was the first to bring a side-saddle into England. He loved her so extravagantly, wrote Jeremy Collier, that he cursed the place where she died.

#### As the World Wags:

Mrs. Ralph R. Richardson, a Chicago society woman, whose luxurious touring sedan was stopped and roughly searched by a crowd of men Saturday night, said, "Surely, if those men had been prohibition agents, they would have shown their stars." Yes, lady, had they been prohibition agents, you would have seen stars.

R. H. L.

#### TO A YOUTH DEDICATED TO BIGGER AND BETTER BUSINESS

(For As the World Wags)

Now my boy soon you'll be In the game with Johnny D. To your self you must be true If you're not you won't be you.

Love your neighbor as your self, If you would get all the pelf. If you don't you won't get on Selling widgets, stocks or bonds.

Join the chambers, join the clubs, Root for boosters, root for dubs. Soon you'll find them—Jack and Jake All for all, but on the make.

Don't give a damn for any man, It's no game for a Peter Pan. Train your conscience, have no quakes. Sell 'em 'til their belly aches.

When you're through and on the top They'll worship you like hottentots. You're name I visualize, Planed in smoke across the skies Like Lucky Strike or Mother's Pies.

Should you die or get kicked off, The boys will still be at the trough, Your epitaph, it will be writ (in public showers), Or said with flowers—

"Well! The old geezer got away with it." ANTHONY SKELDING.

#### ADD, "ARMENIAN OUTRAGES"

As the World Wags: Djever hafta go along on a rug-shopping tour? If ya didn't, don't. Seems tha B. an C. is tired of getting ritzed by tha girl frens on account we don't own a oriental rug. We got enough

Jack laid by to get a new overcoat which I promised me but it looks now like I better start gettin estimates on cleaning and fixin that ole benny. Well, tha Mama is got a list of 6 dumps what she's gonna visit and altho I pleaded a headache, Ida had to goalong if Ida said small-pox. Tha first store we got to I tell tha bozo we wanna look at some rugs and he answers me by saying saruk kirmanshahs bohars turcomans, to which I merely replies that the winters don't get so cold as they use to. After tha gink displays about 20 or 30, he shows one which he says is 60 years old so I slips tha B. an C. tha high sign to check out cause it seemed to me that he was a helova merchant if he coodn' sell a rug in 60 years. Tha next bazaar had a clerk what gave me a pain in that neck, he's always asking me to feel his rugs. I simply told him that feeling didn't interest me 'cause at our house we don't walk on our hands. Tha next gyp joint had prices with so many zeros on tha tags I thought he was showin us where tha Armenian war loan stood, as of today. In tha last place we went we was positively insulted, the clerk tells us that his boss was one of tha best known collectors in tha business, I simply told tha egg he cood keep his carpets 'cause we was gonna pay cash an didn' need tha services of a collector. When we leave, tha guy wants to bet me we'll be back so I tells him I'd take 10 bucks worth of that bet and he crawfishes. Not being up on Armenian lingo I didn' get tha gist of tha dirt he was shoveling at me but from tha look on his map I think he said something like "Ya dirty bum, get out of here."

DUKE BAKRAK.

P. S. Tha next time they start a war on Armenia I'm gonna put 5 bucks to tha Turks.

D. B.

#### As the World Wags:

This mud-slinging campaign just ended, reminds one of the story Joe Jefferson used to tell of the coffee women of Dublin on a certain bridge or thoroughfare capturing the early morning trade of workers. Woe betide if a customer neglected to patronize the first stand he came to, for a whispering, hoarse at that, would pierce the air: "Who put dirty water in the corf-fer!" oft spoiling the trade of the second stand.

W. G.

## Clive Plans

#### By RENA GARDNER

Mr. Clive lives completely surrounded by two dark-haired secretaries, three desks, several telephones and a safe. Bare office walls with a framed English playbill of "Tons of Money," October, 1924, as the only hint of theatre in the room. Here you find your mental picture of the office of Louis K. Liggett, hardly a congruous environment for the actor you first saw in your freshman Christmas vacation as the curate of "Charley's Aunt." There should be at least one box of grease paint and a rose-colored rabbit's foot under the gooseneck desk lamp, with perhaps a beautiful masqueraded actress waiting in a corner to try for a part. Instead, you carry on a conversation about plays past and present, to a soft but insistent accompaniment of "Hello? Yes, Mr. Zilch. Mr. Clive will have that ready for you on the 20th—yes—very well, Mr. Zilch." What was that last remark about Strindberg?

Mr. Clive, like his secretaries, wears his hair short. The most probing eye can discover no signs of the Thespian. Clive, 35, is, dark gray. Spats, non-existent. He does not fold his hands on the silver head of a cane, nor show you 47 photographs of himself as King Lear back in 1892, and if he is double-breasted, so are we all in the bond business.

His face, of a ruddy complexion, looks very much as it appears behind the footlights, more attractive, perhaps, for grease paint, in bestowing youth, glosses over the lines of character that give strength to a man's face. You reflect, when you should be listening to Mr. Clive, or at least to Mr. Zilch, how much more like great Caesar might have seemed various stage Caesars you have seen, without benefit of grease paint.

Mr. Clive is an intelligent man, with an appreciation of irony. This may come as a surprise to those who have watched the Copley Theatre during the last few years in its metamorphosis from Shaw and Ibsen to "Ghost Trains" and "Number Seventeens." But far from revelling in the genre of the clutching hand, Mr. Clive prefers to see, as well as to give, the more subtle dramatists. Necessity, rather than choice, has dictated the policy of the Copley Theatre since he took it over. Before, the tremendous yearly deficit was paid by the contributions of Boston drama lovers. Mr. Clive, forced to re-establish the theatre on a paying basis, has been provident, as nearly as he



could guess it, what the public wants, and Mr. Clive is solvent. Who can blame him?

He is even slightly ahead of the game, and at the end of next March is planning to experiment with several weeks of a Le-Gallienne-ish repertory—six plays in rotation, one for every night of the week. This is to be a gamble, a feeling of the artistic and financial pulse of the public. Mr. Clive has no

idea whether he will lose several thousand dollars a week, or play to full houses, as he does with "The Bellamy Trial." For plays he has chosen a Henry Arthur Jones, probably "Michael and His Lost Angel," a Pinero, a Sudermann, a Barrie, a Shaw or Strindberg, depending on the Theatre Guild's choice of Shaw for Boston, and an old English melodrama, "The Ticket of Leave Man." This last, Clive plans to do with the utmost gravity. "Curse you, Jack Dalton!" asides, Poor Nell, and all. He expects a 1929 Boston audience to find it as amusing as a London audience 50 years ago found it heart-rending.

Mr. Clive has literally been losing sleep over this question of what the public wants. For vacation last summer he revisited England, and in some 28 days there the score read—Plays seen, 34; cities visited, 25, or something equally as bad. His desk is piled with manuscripts of submitted plays. As a general rule, he starts reading at midnight, and reads through that portion of the early morning when all good Bostonians should be in bed. Five hours' sleep fill all Mr. Clive's needs, night in and night out these many a year, and five hours' sleep is what he gets.

In judging a play, Mr. Clive uses his personal standard of excellence entirely. "If I get a kick out of a play, if it keeps me interested from one to three in the morning, then I lay it aside to read again the next day." That seems fair enough, considering the state of mind of the average sober citizen from one to three in the morning. Clive never puts himself in the place of his public. He does not consider that his own taste is higher than that of the general public, or lower, for an audience possesses an absolutely incalculable quality. It will support a "Silver Cord" or an "Able's Irish Rose" with equal enthusiasm, and the poor producer can only guess why or how.

The kicks to be gotten from reading plays seem to be as various as the plays themselves. Mr. Clive got one from "The Bellamy Trial," his current variation of the 1927-28 Mary Dugan series, and he got one from "The Idealist," which he tried to run last autumn. "The Idealist" made a tremendous appeal to his imagination. This story of the old man who tried to raise a modern Magdalen, her marriage to the man's innocent young son, the inevitable disillusionment of one who has faith in the impossible, also thrilled Lee Shubert, whose opinion Mr. Clive asked. Clive spent more than usual on advertising, he announced his own return in "a new play." On the opening night it neither rained nor waxed too warm, and he played to an empty house. The public had decided against the play before it opened.

Not only do producers find the public a vague, unpredictable monster in general, but its individual response in different localities varies. New York loved "The Spider." London, on the other hand, will not have at any price, a play in which the audience takes part. Boston, says Mr. Clive, is like London in this regard. It has paid its money to see a play, and simply does not care to help give one.

He told of an opening night in an

English city where a drama of this type, "The Big Drum," was given. The scene was a play within a play. On the make-believe vaudeville stage murder, foul and most unnatural, was duly done. Police rushed through the aisles to the stage, and after the usual period of excitement, a police officer turned to the audience and said: "Perhaps the best thing for you all to do is to go home." This suggestion brought the first burst of enthusiastic applause. Much later in the play the heroine groped her way on a darkened stage,

peered through the dim light, and said, hesitatingly: "Is anybody there?" A Cockney voice from the pit replied: "Yes, miss, there're still one or two of us left."

But one general trait Mr. Clive has observed in his audiences. The fashion for weeping has passed, with leg-o-mutton sleeves and peg-top trousers. The t.b.m. of today finds life quite nerve-racking enough, and does not care to be harrowed in the theatre. "And why should he?" says Mr. Clive. Women, as well, no longer come to the theatre

for a good old cry. Twenty-five years ago you went to "East Lynne" well provided with handkerchiefs, ready to indulge yourself in a flood of synthetic grief, and to feel all the better for it as you cooked your husband's dinner. Now the tempo has changed. Women want excitement, thrills, from the theatre, but they do not care to cry. If the play approaches that delicate border line between farce and tragedy, they will give way to nervous laughter rather than to tears—a trick highly disconcerting and displeasing to the actor

who fancies himself spinning a delicate web of beauty. Therefore Mr. Clive avoids such plays as may easily pass from the sublime to the ridiculous with one hysterical titter.

In 20 years of America, Mr. Clive has become completely Americanized. He no longer craves tea in bed at 7:30, for breakfast, at 10:30 in the morning, 5 in the afternoon, and 10:30 at night. In fact, he has no tea at all. English producers may read plays from 12 to 3:30 A. M., but it hardly seems likely that they do. For all that, Mr. Clive

feels no sense of rush, of fatigue. "Perhaps I've become too American to notice it." He married a Montana girl, that may help. Even his accent has become less English than once it was, and only when he insists that in "you know?" we hear the original Briton. coming Repertory venture of next March the actor who was "lead" today shall play "bits" tomorrow, or in a particular inflection of the phrase "Do Long distance in place of 'trunk call' dictation, instead of tea, Mr. Clive is with us to stay.

#### METHODS OF BARBARISM

(According to Sir Henry Hadow "a person cannot be in a bad temper when singing.")

Comrades, if you hear me calling  
In an unmelodious strain,  
If, in fact, you find me bawling  
Like a peacock with a pain,  
Don't assume that my intention  
Is to harass and annoy—  
This commotion, let me mention,  
Represents the quest for joy.

When, in moods that irk and bore us,  
Tempers turn a trifle sour,  
That's the time with song and chorus  
To improve the peevish hour;  
When I feel a dismal fellow,  
Angry, grumpy, or depressed,  
I begin to bawl and bellow  
Just to get it off my chest.

Though perhaps I seem unfitted  
For an operatic choice,  
It must surely be admitted  
That I didn't choose my voice.  
Why should I be blamed if sneerers  
Say my efforts in this line  
Shift my temper to my hearers?  
That is their affair, not mine.

LUCIO, in the Manchester Guardian.

Frederick Jacobi's Suite of Indian Dances will be performed for the first time at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge tonight and in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

While Mr. Jacobi does not insist, does not believe that "American" music must derive its thematic material only from Indian, creole, negro, or cowboy tunes, he has found that songs and dance tunes of the North American Indians are well adapted to musical composition.

The dances to be performed this week were composed in 1927-28. Mr. Jacobi heard the themes or fragments of themes, utilized by him while he was sojourning among the Indians in New Mexico. He has written to us:

"All the Indian dances partake, to a greater or lesser degree, of a religious character. The buffalo-dance, danced by the young men was, no doubt, originally a prayer for a successful chase. Naked to the waist, their long black hair falling wildly over their blackened faces, buffalo horns on their heads, they imitate the slow, ungainly motions of the grazing buffalo. It must be said, though, that with the Indians every gesture is a conventionalization; Indian art is not realistic but symbolic. The butterfly-dance is danced by the maidens when they have reached maturity. The war-dance, it would seem, is a premature enactment of the future triumph, an instilling of confidence and courage into the hearts of those about to engage in battle. The rain-dance is the invocation of that, in those arid countries, most desired of natural blessings. The Indians still believe in the potency of their prayer; and it is amazing how many of their rain-dances, starting on a scorched and cloudless day, (and lasting, as do most of the Indian dances, all day) are overtaken by storms and end in a drenching and beneficent

downpour. The corn-dance is a dance of thanksgiving and rejoicing." The treatment of the themes Mr. Jacobi writes is "completely free, for the composer has felt that the least photographic method would bring him closest to the essence, the spirit, he was seeking. A sparing use has been made of Indian instruments of percussion; drums and rattles."

The other pieces to be heard at the symphony concerts this week are the third symphony of Sibelius (first time here) and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy."

Mr. Jacobi's string quartet, based on Indian themes, has been played in Boston by the Flonzaley, also the Lenox quartet. Born at San Francisco, he is now living in Northampton.

Compositions based on Indian themes have been performed here at Symphony concerts: MacDowell's "Indian" Suite with its noble Dirge; Skilton's "Flute Sirenade" and "Moccasin Game" from his "Suite Primeval"; Gilbert's "Indian Sketches." Mr. Converse introduced "The Indian Victory Dance" of Arizona in his "California," performed here last April, but as a "remembered impression, not an attempt to use authentic Indian tunes."

The late Frederick R. Burton made a brave attempt in Boston to interest the public in the music of the Ojibway Indians. He had spent much of his life after graduation at Harvard in studying Indian music.

Mr. Louis M. Grice of Baltimore, Md., has written this sonnet "On Hearing Koussevitzky's Recital on the Double Bass Viol":

The mystic music horn of babbling brooks;  
The robin's roundelay at mating time;  
The sound of dulcet bells in silvery chime;  
The sighs of lovers lost in shady nooks;  
The homing call of migratory rooks;  
The distant rumble of a storm sublime;  
The tonal beauty of the poet's rhyme;  
That sings exquisitely from ancient books:—

All these I hear when Koussevitzky swings  
His rhythmic bow across the double bass,  
And from the tall, forbidding viol wrings  
Such themes of pathos; flights of airy grace—  
Reveals his soul upon the vibrant strings,  
And takes among the great his lofty place.

Dorothy George, mezzo-soprano, will sing in Jordan hall tonight, songs by Respighi, Scarlatti, Marcello, Debussy, Marx, Ilgenfritz, Gebhard, Schumann, Brahms, Gulesian, Worth and the Frog and the Crow arranged by Mackinley. Reginald Boardman will be the accompanist, but Gebhard's new songs, Ms. to be sung for the first time in public, will be accompanied by the composer.

Roland Hayes will sing in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon. His program will include a group of Schubert's songs.

Other concerts of next week:

Monday night, Symphony hall, Boston Symphony orchestra.

Tuesday: Steinert hall, 10:45 A. M., Music Lovers' Club; Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano; Nicolas Slonimsky, pianist.

Wednesday: Statler Hotel ballroom, 11 A. M., Mr. Gabrilowitch, pianist; Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Emma Roberts, contralto.

Thursday: Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Betty Gray, contralto.

Friday: Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra. Schubert Anniversary concert. Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M., Sergei Barsukoff, pianist.

Saturday: Steinert hall, 3 P. M., Musical Art String Quartet of New York.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra.

Discussing Harold Ridge's book "Stage Lighting." W. Bridge-Adams does not see why Mr. Ridge should say in "The Psychological Lighting of Shakespeare," that the "Spirit of Love" should be expressed by front lighting of pink and back lighting of blue, or why "drunken revelry" should be conveyed by front lighting of blue and back lighting of magenta. "At this point I feared that Mr. Ridge possessed of devils was about to follow the herd of Art Theatre scribes down a steep place into a sea of dreadful and pretentious nonsense."

#### A. JOSEF ALEXANDER

A. Josef Alexander, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan hall: Capriccio, Scarlatti; Gavotte and Variations, Rameau; Prelude and Fugue C sharp major, Bach; Sonata in B flat minor, Opus 74, Glazounow; Nocturne in D flat, opus 27, Chopin; Ballade in G minor, Chopin; The Maiden and the Nightingale, Granados; Etude in F sharp

major, Stravinsky; The Hurdy-Gurdy Man, Goossens; Etude (Printemps), Chabrier; Mephisto Valse, Liszt.

The time had come, presumably, when Mr. Alexander's music master believed it desirable for the young man to show his friends and acquaintances just what he can do and what he has to do with.

He can play with extremely good tone. This is his first and his greatest accomplishment; his scales he lets ripple, he lends richness to his chords. When he will, furthermore—and he will so tolerably often—he can let loose a dashing passage in scales that brightens his performance in the way a banner of red bunting enlivens the blankness of a bare white-washed wall.

Brilliance—that is one of the qualities Mr. Alexander has to do with. Lavishly he distributes it, in the form of scales, arpeggios, passages in broken sixths, and let us not forget his trills. He makes it tell, this brilliance; he glories in it, and therefore he makes his hearers glory with him.

For Mr. Alexander is blessed with temperament; what he feels he communicates to his audience. If at present he feels most deeply the pleasures of tumult and bustle, he, at his age, is none the worse for that; poetry, perhaps, and gravity, he will develop in good time.

For the development, however, of the fundamentals of music—rhythm, harmonic clarity and melodic form—Mr. Alexander had better not trust to time, but rather to hard study right at this present moment. The Russian's sonata, indeed, where dash and effect would serve, he played effectively enough. But with Rameau and with Bach, composers exacting musical knowledge absolutely exact, Mr. Alexander managed less happily. If, too, he would buttress his brilliance with the technical solidity that Czerny provides, or Dr. Gradus, that brilliance would sparkle even brighter.

He was rousinglly applauded by an audience of excellent size. R. R. G.

#### CHANDELIER

(For As the World Wags)

O'er the black table-top  
The prism's bright finger  
Marks glistering  
Moonpath of memory  
On dark sea water  
Where wavelets  
Crinkle into incandescence  
Neath the small boat's stern.

Now a frail wind blows  
And the table holds  
Swift shards of light  
Packed in a city's hill  
Glitter and  
Above the amaranthine dusk  
Where two figures watch  
Together.

MARGARET LLOYD.

It is a pleasure to find the French discussing other problems than those directly associated with the world war. Luncheon-dejeuner a la fourchette: Should the good old custom of giving two hours to it be maintained, or should there be quick gobbling and guzzling? The advocates of leisure say that the luncheon interval is "the active family meeting, which would be ill replaced by a hurried breakfast or a dinner at the tired end of the day." It is also said that the average Frenchman dislikes restaurants and restaurant cooking. That is the reason probably why the Paris restaurants were crowded at the luncheon hour, or were during the two years we knew student life in the city of Light.

The statement is also made that the Frenchman's tradition of good health "is based on eating his chief meal in the middle of the day, as it is part of that tradition of health that the meal must always include a raw green vegetable in the form of a salad. He believes that it is unwholesome to break the fast with more than cafe au lait, as he also believes it is unwholesome to demand his interior mechanism to digest a heavy meal at the end of the day."

No doubt the great majority of Americans, men, women and girls, who work in shops or in offices give little time to luncheon, eat rapidly and injudiciously. Many of them do not sit down for their food; many when they sit are perched on stools. In the good old days at Speidel's in Boston, where roast beef sandwiches were on the counter and beer was always flowing, many men would stoke up on a sandwich, two or three glasses of beer, and add the enormity of a chocolate éclair; then rush back to the office, wiping their mouths in the street or sporting a wooden toothpick between their teeth. "Twas a sad sight. No wonder that some restaurants displayed the sign "Electric Lunch."

If the luncheon is a hearty one, the snatchers, gobblers and runners say, a man is unfitted for work in the afternoon. There's something in this; but if there is a "European" breakfast one is hungry by noon. There should be at least an hour for the noonday meal.



whether it is served in the home of harassing domesticity, in a restaurant or at a club. At a club one finds agreeable companionship—that is, if the conversation is not exclusively about politics or the state of the market. Since the Volstead act came into force, since the passing of the cocktail hour, many of our clubs founded for the cultivation of arts, letters and social amenities are nothing but lunch clubs with the motto: "Eat and Run."

The French are also exercised over the question of smoking during meals. They object strongly to the practice of Americans, male and female after their kind, who puff cigarettes just before the first course and between the courses. The objection is that the smokers have no taste for the niceties of cookery, and cannot enjoy wine even when it is of a comel year.

Our American women should paraphrase the old maid's saying when she was rebuked for her reticence: "When I cats I cats, When I talks, I talks." There is a time for smoking; there is a time for eating.

#### ARMISTICE DAY—1928 (For As the World Wags)

Ten years ago.  
When I think—  
Blue Mondays—  
Gasless Sundays—  
And just ten short years ago.  
You say you'll remember  
Forever and ever—  
I wonder—  
And just ten short years ago.  
You saw  
The long lists and black.  
The shock—ten years ago.  
The streets—  
The crutches and the bandages,  
The hospitals and the flu.  
Do you remember—ten years ago?  
God help us  
To remember those  
Who cannot forget  
Just ten short years ago!  
FRANCIS DEVLIN.

#### ON A BLUE PLATE

As the World Wags:  
El Pequeno Larousse Illustrado defines cafeteria as a Mexican word meaning a shop where coffee is sold at retail.  
C. B.

As the World Wags:

In your column last Saturday, you mentioned a German woman who when a sudden squall arose, looking out for her own safety, pushed her betrothed out of the boat in which they were taking their pleasure—how she was exonerated by the court. Would the same thing happen in America?

If so, then it occurs to me that if Clyde Griffith could have been aided by some such cataclysm of nature in his predicament with the sweetheart whom he wished to be rid of, it might have been possible for him later to achieve his ambition of social eminence without further embarrassment, and Dreiser's "American Tragedy" might have had a "happy" ending. But in that case, what would have become of the "moral" of the book?

I beg your pardon. I am mistrustful that I am calling attention to something that cannot interest many of your readers, as this notable novel is on the censor's blacklist and very likely is not much known in Boston.  
M. S. D.

The voice of the people is not necessarily the voice of God; it is quite as often the voice of Satan.—Norman Angell.

The Anglican never talks about his soul to anybody at all, and dies as if he had a secret with his Maker.—Dean Inge.

The following advertisement taken from the Nashua Telegraph is of more than parochial interest:

#### POETRY, MUSIC AND ODON

As the Autumn leaves are falling, let your Bad Teeth fade away, and you'll have a Healthy Winter, with no feelings of dismay. (I wrote this myself) Thanatopsis is my favorite Poem, La Boheme, the most delightful Opera I know. The Poet and Peasant, played by a military band, sets my Blood on Fire, but "THE SPIRIT OF ODONTUNDER" beats them all for pulling Teeth with NO PAIN.  
DR. BALDWIN, Dentist

As the World Wags:

New England Conservatory graduates of the war years may, conceivably, feel that alma mater has become a little less godly than it was in 1917 and thereafter, when two prominent members of the student body were Christian Books and Church Gates; they will at least be glad for the Bible Institute of Los Angeles that Prof. Christian Books is now a member of its admirable faculty.  
C. W. F.

By PHILIP HALE

#### Tremont Theatre

First performance in Boston of "Blackbirds," a revue; lyrics by Dorothy Fields; music by Jimmy McHugh. Presented and staged by Lew Leslie. Produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, on May 9, 1928. The company last night included Harriett Calloway, Jessie Zackery, Mary Clemens, Myrtle Watkins, Hamtree Harrington, Beebe Joyner, Emmett Anthony, Clarence Foster, Barrington Guy, John Worthly, Ed. Thompson, Aarons Palmer, Willie Green, Sherman Robinson, S. H. Dudley, Jr., and others. There was Cecil Mack's "Blackbird" chorus. The Plantation orchestra, was conducted by Allie Ross.

Here was a good old-fashioned show-dancing, singing and amusing scenes that reminded one of the negro minstrels in the 70s. There was no foolish and futile imitation of the white man's musical comedy; the "Blackbirds" were themselves; and for that reason all the more entertaining. Let a surprising fact be stated at once; no one of the comedians imitated the lamented Bert Williams; they had their own methods; they did not come upon the stage with the familiar drooping shoulders and lethargic shuffling gait that were peculiar to Williams, nor was there any endeavor to imitate his manner of speech.

Among the best sketches were "We Must Have It," the poker game in "Playing According to Hoyle," and "A Happy Business Man," with the surprising twist at the end. More elaborate and longer drawn out was the scene in the cemetery, "Picking a Plot," while "Magnolia's Wedding Day," was chiefly a spectacle.

The dancing was uncommonly good, and not only by reason of the frenzied, barbaric dancing of the girls in "Way Down South," dancing that by its wildness recalled certain descriptions in Andre Gide's two books about the Congo, or pages in Paul Morand's "Black Magic." The frenzy of these young women, many of them decidedly comely of face, with beautifully trim figures, was contagious. The madness of this savage dance with the persistent beating of the drum, and the feverish, delirious music, excited the audience that crowded the Tremont Theatre. For once a dancing chorus was not seen in perfunctory evolutions. Here was spontaneous expression of intense rhythmic enjoyment.

There were noteworthy steppers

among the men, especially Messrs. Worthy, Thompson, Green and Dudley. The choral singing was impressive in the parody of a scene from "Porgy." My Guy has an agreeable voice. Miss Zackery's singing pleased the audience, while Miss Calloway, a young girl, was arch, now frank, now insinuating in her songs; a girl who has individuality as a singer and in comedy. One will not soon forget the roguish Miss Clemens and Miss Watkins, and their enjoyment in the wildest moments of the ensemble dancing; nor the smiling pretty faces and charming figures of the dancing girls. There were many encores; there was enthusiastic applause.

#### DOROTHY GEORGE

Dorothy George, mezzo-soprano, sang this program last night in Jordan hall well accompanied by Reginald Boardman: Bella Porta di Rubini, Ballata Respighi; Se Florindo e Fedele, Scarlatti; De Fleurs, Debussy; Valse de Chopin, Marx; Ivesse de Salome, Ilgenfritz; There Was a Knight of Bethlehem, Ballad for Epiphany, The Flower's Complaint, Gebhard; April; Mit Myrthen und Rosen, Der Sandmann, Schumann; Die Mainacht, Lied, Brahms; Midwinter Madness, Gerrard Williams; A Brittany Love Song, Grace Gulesian; Midsummer, Amy Worth.

There was comedy last night as well as song, comedy such as never was. Mr. Gebhard, it must be known, who was present in person to play the accompaniments to his four brand new songs, had another new song in reserve. Since the audience liked the songs announced extremely well, Miss George and Mr. Gebhard brought out the reserve, a ballad about cats and kittens, a catty sort of ballet in a Cincinnati alley.

To make sure the words made good, Miss George recited them before she sang them. So adroitly she recited them, with characterization so keen and with pointing so neat, easily one would believe she had devoted months and years to the pursuit of polite vaudeville. Then she sang the song, amazingly skilfully. The audience called her back to the stage, Mr. Gebhard too. Behold then the chief usher there at hand with a stuffed cat in his arms, big as any catamount, and black. Laughingly Miss George accepted it. But quickly her laughter turned to rue; the cat was Mr. Gebhard's Consolation followed, though; the usher had a little cat to give Miss George. So all ended well.

In Mr. Gebhard's first song about the Knight of Bethlehem, he contrived, by the curious combination of simple melody, rhythm savoring of very early

tunes, and harmony distinctly of the present, to evoke an atmosphere like that of the backgrounds to pre-Renaissance Italian paintings—an atmosphere of formal poetry, naive, conjoined with all the realism then technically possible. Though not free of over-sophistication, the song has charm, and so has the second song of the same quality, though in character more robust.

In his setting of the song about the flowers, Mr. Gebhard liked best to make a point of Mrs. Gebhard's excellent words, with the help of a very brilliant accompaniment. In "April" he cared more for melody, but even here he put much trust in an accompaniment that not every pianist can play effectively.

These songs he wrote with so admirable a musical and rhetorical intelligence, with declamation so discreet that, it is much to be hoped, Mr. Gebhard will presently come to feel that on one quality above all, when all is said and done, the success of a song must be—melody. He can write well-rounded melody if he chooses, and expressive, too. Let us hope he will so choose.

To the concert-giver, Miss George, once more one must pay respects for her mastery of the type of technique she holds most efficacious, her musical security, her commendable determination to make the most of every song she essays. A large audience, braving slippery streets, turned out last night to hear her—a true compliment to Miss George.  
R. R. G.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Jacobini, Indian Dances. Sibelius, Symphony No. 3. Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstasy." The symphony and the Indian Dances were performed for the first time in Boston. The first performance of the latter anywhere was by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge last Thursday night.

It has been asked why the third symphony of Sibelius did not attract the attention of successive conductors in Boston. The Finnish composer has long been a favorite here. Conductors in other American cities have passed this symphony by. The only performance we have been able to note in this country was by the Russian Symphony Society in New York early in 1908, the year after the symphony was composed. That performance, if the local critics at the time did not err, was wholly inadequate; wretched, as one wrote.

Hearing this noble work yesterday, one was the more surprised at the long delay. There are possibly two reasons, say, rather excuses. The symphony is technically difficult. A conductor, no matter how excellent he was in other respects, lacking imagination, not detecting the fine qualities of the music, might have thought that the labor of rehearsal was not worth while; that the audience would fail to appreciate the symphony, as he had failed, and applause, dear to conductors in every land, would not follow the final movement; that there would be a fourth movement viz: That of bored and disgusted hearers from the hall.

Today the Boston Symphony Orchestra is more euphonious and plastic, more a body of virtuosos musicians than ever before. Its conductor, Mr. Koussevitzky, is richly endowed with imagination. He has the skill, the art of bringing his poetic conception of a work into vivid realization. He found in this symphony what others had failed to find or did not try to find. And what was the reward of his ability and courage? How was the orchestra repaid for its eloquent performance?

The great audience listened to the music as to a revelation of something strangely beautiful in its own sombre, now exciting moods; it recalled the conductor enthusiastically and compelled the players to acknowledge the tribute paid them. Those who in past years knew Sibelius, the symphonist, only by his first two symphonies, hearing the third would hardly have recognized the composer: The plan and the carrying of it out are so different. The customary Andante or Adagio and Scherzo are here one movement with music of an elegant nature; a repetition for the most part of insistent measures adroitly changed from time to time, but with the same idea. This constant repetition does not breed monotony, but holds the hearer fast, hypnotizes him even against his will; nor would he have Sibelius introduce contrasting episodes. This movement is not a mere tour de force; it is a constant impressive reiteration of a tragic mood, not starkly austere, never lachrymose, but heroic with an underlying tenderness.

The opening movement is a masterpiece of conciseness. There are no themes of sugary sensuousness, no themes that bid for immediate popularity, but from the very beginning the virility of the music with its arousing expectation, with its exciting melody, its sudden changes of thought

all contributing to the sweep and at times the fury of the movement—the avoidance of tiresome overdevelopment and distracting ornamentation—these make this allegro remarkable. There is also now and then a wildness of expression as Nature herself is often wild, but even in these moments Sibelius is himself, as one "master of the spasms of the sky and of the shatter of the sea, master of nature and passion and death." Perhaps the finale does not attain an equal height, but it is a fitting ending for an uncommon work.

Mr. Jacobi, having sojourned with Indians in New Mexico, is greatly interested in their music. His string quartet in which Indian themes are employed has been played here by the Flonzaley and the Lenox quartets. Auber said of Felicien David, who was influenced by oriental music, as shown in his symphonic ode "The Desert" and his opera "Lalla Rookh": "I wish he would get off his camel"; but Mr. Jacobi does not go so far as to insist that music to be genuinely "Amur-r-rican" must be based on Indian or negro themes. These orchestral dances as a

whole have more of ethnological than universal musical interest. We are not told whether the themes are presented in their bald simplicity or have been shaped somewhat for sophisticated ears. Some of the themes in the Five Dances have a primitive charm, as in the Buffalo Dance and the Rain Dance. The orchestration of the Butterfly Dance is ingenious. There is appropriate savagery in the dance of warriors. The suite was warmly applauded. Mr. Jacobi was in the hall and bowed in return.

Mr. Koussevitzky was an intimate friend of Scriabin; they made musical tours together. It is natural that he, as other Russians who loved Scriabin as man, composer and mystic, should hold him in lively admiration and conduct his huge works with a peculiar gusto. Yesterday's performance of "The Poem of Ecstasy," the third conducted here by Mr. Koussevitzky, was extremely brilliant. The reception by the audience was enthusiastic.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the programs have been arranged with a view to the Schubert centenary: Friday afternoon Schubert's "Unfinished" and "Tragic" symphonies with songs to be sung by Hulda Lashanka; Saturday night the Symphony in B flat major, the great symphony in C major and a group of songs, different from those on Friday, to be sung by Mme. Lashanka.

In order that all subscribers may hear both the "Unfinished" and the C major symphonies, these works will be repeated later in the season.

#### IN OTHER FIELDS

(For As the World Wags)

Peace reigns supreme throughout the world.

The flag of friendship is unfurled;  
Dark Anger's voice cannot be heard  
Above the pinnings of a bird  
That sits with pinions curled.

We live in peace. Short years ago  
We strove in war, struck blow for blow,  
Killed and were killed  
In Flanders fields.

The world must not see war again—  
Men must not kill their kind in vain;  
The world must keep itself from strife,  
Human from taking human life,  
Lest blood the roots of peopies stain  
In other fields!  
FRANZ DENGHAUSEN.

This is contributors' day. They come, panting, excited, from far and near with their "copy" wrapped in oilskin safe in their inside pockets. We had purposed to write for this morning's Herald an article on Einstein's latest discovery and its relation to his present proficiency as a violinist, but this article, necessarily of a somewhat technical nature, can wait, must wait, until we are able to obtain important data from Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

As the World Wags:

Does it not give one a sense of security to know that Mr. Harry L. Addition of Manchester, N. H., is secretary of the New Hampshire Bankers' Association, and that Mr. B. Q. Bond of Rochester, N. H., is on the executive committee?  
DYER NEEDHAM.

#### OUR GREEK SCHOLAR

As the World Wags:

In your column for Nov. 6 I notice a correspondent states that Boose (sic) Brothers operated the first cafeteria in Los Angeles. Those gentlemen have entertained me many times, and I can offer my Alfred David that I never once found any "booze" in their establishments. The name is spelled "Boos"—at least thus in Los Angeles. I understand they were Greeks. Hence I deduce Bo-oo, the poetic form for our more familiar "Boos." I can assure you, they may have passed the "bull," but never, to my knowledge, the "booze." FREDERICK JOHNSON.



## UNEXPECTED POPULARITY

As the World Wags:

Last Tuesday was a great day for me. I was little more than up when the most charming voice in all Greater Boston asked over the radio for my name and address.

At voting time I passed a group of three ladies, all of mature judgment. "Your name, please," said one lady, "and your address," added another, and as I walked away I saw a third make an entry in her notebook. I went down the street jettling under advanced plums.

X. X. X.

Brave Laurel!  
You wear your yellow leaves  
Like jewels, half hid in your bosom.  
Would I dared wear  
My sorrows so!

ROSLINDALE.

## IN THE CHAIR

As the World Wags:

When your old time barber dies it is a distinct personal loss. There was John, who ran his own shop near Newspaper row. He knew just what you wanted and you could drop off to sleep in his chair with no fear of waking to face in the mirror a hideous travesty of a gentleman or a monstrous bill for shampoos, massages and anointments. To be sure, he tried to talk and might keep you awake if you didn't immediately drop off, or pretend to do so. When he couldn't talk, he might make uncouth noises which he fondly thought was singing and if you cursed him out for it he would only smile pityingly and charge you an extra dime, according to his printed schedule:

Shave with music.....20c.  
Shave without music.....30c.

And there was Joe, quiet, gentlemanly Joe, who liked to ask you just how you wished your hair cut, but wouldn't have varied a jot or tittle from your regulation pattern even if you had begged on bended knees for pompadour or bang. He knew, even if you did not, what was becoming and proper, not faddish and not too old-fashioned. He, too, has crossed the Great Divide.

And now, an hour or two after my morning shave, good enough for anyone if the bathroom was not too dark, but with a frownsed and bushy head of hair, I stroll into a barber shop fitted out with all the new-fangled contrivances, am assigned to a chair in some sort of regular rotation, and am blandly asked if I wish a shave or a hair cut. Sleep? No! Rigidly awake every minute, since even a single nod would be taken as the assent to a suggested olive oil shampoo, (\$1.00), a scalp and facial massage (\$1.00 each) and a drenching with a smelly tonic (50c).

Whv, I know a man who went to sleep in a barber's chair—it was in an American plan hotel—and on waking was aghast with all the above and also th lodging and two meals. There is even a charge of 50c for pressing ousers, but that he flatly refused to pay.

All of which reminds me of dear old "Bucky," dean of the book salesmen some years ago, who went into a barber shop in Butte, Mont., for a shave. The barber was sort of pre-occupied, gashed him a little and left a few ridges of beard here and there, but, being in Butte, Mont., "Bucky" uttered no criticism or remonstrance.

When, however, all was finished, the blood stanching, the bill paid and the executioner unduly tipped, "Bucky" looked in the glass, passed a pudgy hand over his chin, sat down in an adjoining chair and meekly but distinctly requested, "Shave, please." C. H. C.

Even the fact that you are not a scholar does not justify you in claiming infallibility.—The Bishop of Gloucester.

If you give a girl an inch nowadays she will make a dress of it.—Dr. H. R. Pickard.

As the World Wags:

What is the name of that nice little Spanish song, the words of which are somewhat as follows:

Oh, Augustus Thomas, Augustus Thomas, Augustus Thomas, the General.

Married Hester Nuby, married Hester Nuby, Hester Ruby of Augusta, Mass.

JOSCELYN.

As the World Wags:

I count it one of life's major injustices that the roster of the Hall of Fame makes no mention of the "lights that failed." Unconscious onomatopoeia ought to confer a ticket of membership as well as appropriate nomenclature. Listen now:

"Still the brass clang of wild alarms;  
Hush the deep funeral knell;  
Hark how the mellow music charms  
Of Carlyle Summerbell."  
And I called it stark tragedy when I had to infer from a recent Herald that Bella Walsh did not keep a soft-drink parlor. Can't these two personages sit on the lowest marble step?  
Waltham. I. O. PINE.

We have in England the ridiculous situation of more and more writers determined to write books, and more and more people not very anxious to read them.—Hugh Walpole.

## METROPOLITAN

### "The Wedding March"

A screen drama written and directed by Erich von Stroheim, photographed by Hal Mohr and B. Sorenson, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:  
Prince von Wildebebe-Raufenbourg.....George Fawcett  
Princess von Wildebebe-Raufenbourg.....Naudie George  
Prince Nicki.....Erich von Stroheim  
Fortunat Schweisser.....Zasu Pitts  
Cecelia Schweisser.....Hushie Mack  
Anton Eberle.....Mathew Betz  
Schani Eberle.....Cesare Gravina  
Martin Schrammell.....Dale Fuller  
Mrs. Schrammell.....Far Wray  
Mitzi Schrammell.....Sydney Bracey  
Navratil.....

Expectation—keen, long enduring;  
fulfilment—abundant to overflowing.

This may be said of Erich von Stroheim's remarkable picture, "The Wedding March," unfolded yesterday at the Metropolitan Theatre. For two years this erratic genius of the cinema had toiled and reared and torn down and reared anew, spending a small fortune wrung from producers ever hopeful that ultimately something epochal might come of it all. In those two years von Stroheim ran his picture up to 26 reels, more than three times the length of the average feature film. As now presented it represents 14 reels. Von Stroheim himself recently had this to say, when asked to give a complete showing of the film: "The length of 'The Wedding March' when fully assembled was in 26 reels. Rather than reduce this to the usual length, and possibly destroy work of potential worth the distributors decided to cut the picture in half and show each half as a separate production. In consequence the second half of what was originally 'The Wedding March' is to be released in a few months under the title of 'The Honeymoon.' Consequently it is beyond my power to grant a showing of the entire picture. At any rate, I am most flattered at your request."

"The Wedding March" has a story which could be outlined in few words—the fickle love of an Austrian prince, the honest love of a beautiful girl planted in some mysterious way in the midst of squalor and brutishness; the consequences of such a mutual passion which left the girl prey of a loutish butcher lover and sent the selfish prince on a loveless honeymoon with a limping princess-elect, for the sake of a million kronen. With routine treatment such a tale could be spread in scenes of an hour's duration. Under von Stroheim, always seeking detail, and more detail, it requires the best part of two hours. The synchronized musical accompaniment is a helpful adjunct.

Von Stroheim sets his stage deliberately. He shows the Vienna of 1914 with a series of broad pictures. He establishes first his secondary characters, then the chief figures in the drama. He stages a pageant, in colors, for observance of the feast of Corpus Christi, and for setting for the first flirtatious meeting of Mitzi, sidewalk spectator, and Nicki, insolent, cold, on his black charger. He indicates the coarse nature of Schani, who towers over Mitzi as if he owned her, tilting his hat at rakish angles, spitting contemptuously as if at royalty. So, in varied strokes, deft, subtle, sure, he sketches the beetle-eyed old prince, his consort, colder than her son, more familiar with the ironies of life, more competent to cope with them, employing facial packs at night, smoking cigars at midday; Mitzi's father and mother, the one submissive, kindly, the other hard, mercenary; and finally, old Schweisser, the corn plaster millionaire, and Cecelia, his crippled daughter with a tragic mask for a face. Then, clandestine meetings, with pigs wallowing nearby but fragrant apple blossoms overhead, until the mischief is done; bargaining by two old men over a moneyed marriage, easily won consent by the

prince, final despair for Mitzi; the pomp and circumstance of the wedding, Mitzi's last look at Nicki, who stares her down; his ride with the wistful bride, still a stranger to him; she with an armful of apple blossoms, he with his deadly monochrome, his cigarette. "Won't apple blossoms always remind you—" she asks. "Always," he replies, looking away from her. He removes the monochrome, and one little tear trickles downward. By so much did this peculiar lover pay his tribute to something lost.

Performance, closely linked with direction, counts for much in "The Wedding March." With such a cast it was reasonable to expect satisfying char-

The American Symphonic Ensemble, an orchestra without a conductor, following the example of the Persifans of Moscow, gave its first concert Nov. 4 in New York. It is said that 16 rehearsals were found necessary. It is also said that this was the first performance of a conductorless orchestra in this country; but instances of one or two previous concerts of this nature have been cited.

We heard in Munich many years ago Hans von Buelow play Raff's piano concerto while his Meiningen orchestra played with him but without signals and directions from any one.

Is it probable that an orchestra, lacking a controlling and stimulating conductor, will ever give in this country performances that are more than a perfunctory reading of the notes and at times lacking precision? We doubt it. Surely not so long as audiences regard a conductor as the chief feature in the musical show; so long as they are interested first of all in his dress, gesture, aesthetic opinions expressed outside the concert hall, his table manners and his morals.

One naturally likes to observe a conductor at work—likes to see "the wheels go round." Even his personal appearance on the platform, his dress, his physique, have much to do with his success.

Dress? Yes, the board of tax appeals decided recently that an actor's costumes when they were provided at his own expense and destroyed or ruined "by the character of use required" were tools of his trade, and the cost might be allowed as "an ordinary and necessary business expense."

Although even the most violent conductors may not rip their coats or trousers, consider for a moment what their washing bills must be for dress shirts and collars; cuffs detachable or riveted to the shirt. It was said that the passionate operatic conductor, Arturo Vigna, of the Metropolitan Opera House, had a repertory of 70 shirts and would often put 30 or 40 in the week's wash.

Recall the conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, their dress and behavior on the platform. When Mr. Nikisch came his concert uniform had been manufactured by a Leipsic tailor. We still see the trousers he wore the night of his first concert. They were of the accordion pattern and were at half-mast. Mr. Nikisch thus resembled in his climbing nether garments the excellent Cesar Franck and the gruff Johannes Brahms. But Mr. Nikisch's admirers, the women especially, looked above his waist and were excited to the point of swooning by the romantic pallor of his Hungarian face and his manicured lily-white left hand. Soon afterward in the first season, he shed the Leipsic trousers and became an approved man of what Artemus Ward called "Boston dressing."

Mr. Emil Paur dressed according to the mode, but attention was called to his feet by his beating the platform with them when there was a question of emphasis or rhythm. He did not take kindly to the suggestion that he wear rubber-soled shoes, or, when he was conducting Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," a pair of rubber boots.

Mr. Gericke, with a disciplining military air, was well dressed because no one noticed what he wore.

As for Dr. Muck, his evening coat was admirably cut and fitted; while his genteel trousers called attention to the sculptural legs which were greatly admired by ladies, local and visiting. Like Theodore Thomas, conducting, Dr. Muck had a good back.

Mr. Rabaud, a fine musician and orthodox conductor, was a gentleman on the stage, as well as a man of authority, thinking first of the composer and his music. Mr. Monteux was unfortunate in his entrance: he came on with an almost apologetic air. He, too, was interested first of all in the music he conducted.

Miss Betty Gray's program for next Thursday evening includes "Ah! Rendimi" by Rossi; but Rossi never wrote this air nor the opera "Mitrane" from which the air is said to be derived. "Ah! Rendimi" is beyond doubt and peradventure an air of the 19th century, composed by some one in Paris for one of Fetis's concerts. Stradella's famous air, also brought out at one of these concerts in Paris was probably written by Fetis or Niedermeyer, perhaps by Rossini; certainly not by Stradella.

Sergei Barsukoff's piano recital, which was announced for next Friday evening in Steinert Hall has been abandoned on account of his serious illness.

The Herald last Thursday published a sonnet written by Louis M. Grice of Baltimore, Md., a sonnet inspired by Mr. Koussevitzky's playing the double bass. Mr. Koussevitzky is a rich source of inspiration for the Baltimorean Muse. Here is Mr. Grice's sonnet on Mr. Koussevitzky as a conductor:

The wings of Inspiration soar outspread  
On tonal waves with harmonies imbued,  
Born of a great composer's splendid mood  
Caught and revealed by one to music wed,  
Whose magic baton wakes, as from the dead,  
The master's soul with Orphic grace endued,  
To speak again unto the multitude,  
In chords that now anew their glories shed.

Serge Koussevitzky, 'neath your waving hand  
The pleading strings and horns heroic speak  
In symphonies that sound at your command,  
Responsive unto genius, as you seek  
To read the master's soul, sublimely grand,  
And thus attain the Muse's loftiest peak.



Mr. St. John Ervine in the New York World: "A first-night in New York is a vastly different business from a first-night in London. To begin with, evening dress is less worn here than it is in London, and I was told by a junior critic that Mr. George Jean Nathan is the only critic in America who puts on a dress suit when he goes to see a play. 'It is the privilege of the critic,' my young informant said, 'not to wear evening dress.' I thought to myself that the privilege was scarcely worth possessing. There are regular first-nighters here, but they appear not to be numerous, and I am delighted to learn that my eyes shall not be afflicted by the spectacle of the same dismal people nightly going to their stalls that one sees in London."

We are indebted to Mrs. Gertrude Holyoke French of Boxford for a copy of the Boston Evening Star of Jan. 21, 1884. What were the plays then to be seen at the Boston theatres? Boston Museum, "Little Emily," Park Theatre, "The Rajah," Globe, "Confusion," with Sadie Martinot, Annie Russell, Stella Boniface, May Silvie and Messrs. Kelsey, Mordaunt, Woods, Ince, Ross and Jones. Also "Old Love Letters" (Sara Jewett and Lewis Morrison). Mrs. Langtry was announced for Jan. 28. Bijou Theatre, "Beggar Student," with Mme. Januschowsky, Adelaide Randall, Edith Abell and Messrs. Fessenden, Travener, Kammerlee, Wilkinson. First appearance of the famous comedian, Harry Brown. The Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty Company was at the Howard; there was a variety show at the Boylston Museum. Austin and Stone's Dime Museum: Armless and legless Walter Stuart; the Beauty of the Harem; the Wild Boy, the Zulus, the Buffalo Horse, the German Rose, General Totman, the Man Ostreich; grand stage performance introducing G. W. Hardy's sketch, "The Policemen's Ball."

These were the only places of amusement advertised in this issue of the Star, except Roller Skating at Institute Rink, Huntington avenue. To W. B. S.: "Blackbirds of 1928," the Harlem revue, was first seen at the Liberty Theatre, New York, on May 9, 1928. The revue was rebuilt several times.

A few weeks ago Sir Thomas Beecham excited discussion by his novel interpretation of Handel's "Messiah." Apropos of the performances by the Handel and Haydn Society on Dec. 16, 17. Thompson Stone, the conductor of the society, promises a new "Messiah."

"The orchestral version he will use will not be the familiar one that Robert Franz was commissioned by the society to write in 1876, but the Handel-Mozart version. Besides the indispensable horns and trumpets, the score calls for violins, half as many oboes, harpsichord and organ. The effect of the orchestration should be to make the choral quality more brilliant."

"The oratorio will also be cut, rearranged to make it more suitable for the Christmas season. You believe that you know this work," Mr. Stone tells his choir. "Only have patience and you will discover a new Messiah."

P. H.

Characterizations. Without exception they are forthcoming. Looking back hurriedly, though, our own personal impression is that to Miss Wray should go the palm for finest endeavor. Sincerity, simplicity, charm—these were her tools, a memorable characterization was her achievement. W. E. G.

Nov 12 1928

#### SWINBURNE'S VILLON

For splendid wings so frayed and soiled and torn!  
Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with light quick tears!  
For perfect voice, most blithe when most forlorn,  
That rings athwart the sea whence no man steers  
Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells in our ears!  
That far delight has cooled the fierce desire  
That like some ravenous bird was strong to tire  
On that frail flesh and soul consumed with flame,  
That left more sweet than roses to respire,  
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name?

Pierre Jannet in his preface to an edition of Villon's poems, published many years ago, wrote: "One knows scarcely anything about the life of Francois Villon except what he has told about it, and one knows only too much of that. I should like to dispense with writing, after others, about this life which is not at all edifying, but I have not been able to do this, for the subject of his poems is Villon himself: his biography is the key to them." But Auguste Longnon came after Jannet and was not so easily shocked. He was on Longnon's biographical study of Villon based his essay on the poet, an essay that is as hesitating, timid, superficial as his essays on Chateaubriand and Walt Whitman. Then came the researches of Marcel Schwob and the monumental work of Pierre Champion published 15 years ago.

There are books and essays planned but not written—death is never so happy as when interfering and frustrating. We miss, for example, the life of Villon by Marcel Schwob and are not content with his sketches; we miss the essays that Henley was to write for the Tudor edition of the Bible and for "Slang and its Analogues"; and "Edwin Drood" and "Denis Duval" were left unfinished. The lives of illustrious blackguards are singularly fascinating. There are, of course, a few, for example, Villon, Cellini, for example,

all men of genius in their respective ways. They tell of the world in which they lived. And Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis in his "Francois Villon," for which Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written a preface—he had already included a fine chapter about Villon in his "Avril"—does not write as one centuries removed from the vagabond poet, but as if he had lived in the old Paris, seen the bodies of malefactors swinging from the gibbet on Montfaucon, known Katherine de Vauzelles and the Belle Heaulmiere, joined the band of robbers and cut-throats, seen Villon pimping for "Grosse Margot."

This book of extraordinary interest and surprising scholarship is published in a handsome form by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, and Edwin V. Mitchell, Inc., Hartford. It is a pity that the volume, which with the study and the translations of the poems and with the appendices, contains 407 large octavo pages, is not provided with an index.

Mr. Lewis says his book is not for "a rabble of pedants nuzzled in the Brabbling-shop of Sophists, but for those dear souls who love high poetry and the unfortunate—for if it is not in the nature of misfortune to be shoved into prison at regular intervals, to be forced to absorb huge and unreasonable quantities of water and to be banged on two known occasions at least, what is?"

His book begins with a description of bells sounding in Paris: "A little before 9 o'clock of a bitter night in Paris, on the threshold of Christmas, 1456, the sacristan or minor beadle of the university whose duty it was to ring the bell of Sorbonne for the night Angelus, climbed into the rope chamber, grasped his rope and jerked it, and set the tongue in the steeple above him swinging. Bome, Bome, Bome." If Mr. Lewis can write simply yet vividly, he can also write in the manner of Sir Thomas Urquhart translating Rabelais. He loves to catalogue the comrades of Villon; not only the students, the wenches, but members of the Coquille: "the best card-sharpers, brigands, footpads, dice-coggers, crimps, Mohocks, mumpers, pimps, ponces, horse-stealers, confidence men, bruisers, thugs, lock-pickers, coin-clippers, house-breakers, hired assassins and all-round desperadoes in Europe, true children of wing-heeled Mercury, patron of thieves and politicians."

Read the amazing description of Villon's wanderings when he was forced from Paris, and you will not be surprised to find Mr. Lewis contemptuous of the belated recognition of Villon's genius in England: "The Rossetti School in England, hear of him a little later as well and adopt him, among the lilies and flames and ladies with long awkward necks, among the refined perversities, the decorative but muzzy mysticism, the hand-woven aesthetics and

what not of their academy. . . . when Mr. Lewis comes to the valuable pages describing fully Villon's poems, although he takes it to be "axiomatic that to translate great poetry into great poetry is impossible, Dryden and Pope notwithstanding," he includes poetic renderings by Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Swinburne. Nor is Mr. Lewis squeamish about "The Regrets of the Fair Heaulmiere" or the "Ballade of the Fat Margot," which "obviously exhales a sort of despair and echoes a cry out of Hell, contradicting its swagger." (There was a time when Schwob thought, collecting material for his projected life of Villon, that "Grosse Margot" was not the blowy, drunken keeper "En ce bordel ou tenons nostre estat," but only a tavern sign. Schwob, M. Champion tells us, afterwards thought otherwise.) "It is not very pretty," says Mr. Lewis of this poem that Stevenson found grimy, "but it is very frank. I esteem it higher of its kind than the peep-bo indecencies of the Reverend Laurence Sterne; and it is a good thing no Bowdler has ever cast it out of the editions of Villon's poems, for it is valuable and consoling to see human sinners in the round, and not posing with their best side to the footlights." Let us remember that if another famous vagabond, Paul Verlaine, wrote "Parallèlement," he also wrote devotional verses of the highest spirituality, as Villon the "Ballade" in which his mother prays to the Virgin Mary.

Villon shivered at the thought of the gallows. "And then to dangle there and rot. Rain to wash your bones, and sun to dry and blacken you, and the birds to peck out your eyes, and all the tongs of Paris bringing their mop-sies out to laugh at you! He hears the dry creek of the rope chafing in the pulley-block again, and the rattle of Colin as a breeze takes him and dances him round and round. . . . And Christophe Turgis? He is dead years ago, screaming in a bath of hot oil. And the Wolf? God knows. Chole? God knows. All his friends are gone. And the girls? Kissing and whispering on some other fool's knee, the drabs of hell. And Katherine? A spasm of pain shakes his body. Katherine! If it were not for her cruelty would he be lying here now; waiting for the birds to stab his eyes out? He covers his face with his hands, and his soul passes down into the nether darkness. . . . But whether he died swiftly by the knife or the rope, and was thrust carelessly into his unknown grave; or whether he died calmly in his bed, fortified for his longest journey with the Viaticum; or whether he lingered miserably and alone and saw Death beckoning hollow-eyed, terrible squalor, from a muddy ditch? no one knows—not even Mr. Wyndham Lewis, whose knowledge of Villon, and the life he led as student, roisterer, scoundrel, genius is prodigious.

#### ROLAND HAYES

Roland Hayes, tenor, discreetly accompanied by Percival Parham, sang this program yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled Symphony hall: Gasparini, Caro Laccio; Scarlatti, "Chi Vuole Innamorarsi"; Handel, "Oft On a Plat of Rising Ground," from "L'Allegro"; Schubert, "Die Krahe," "Die Post," "Die Nebensonnen," "Wohin"; Gerald Tyler, "Ships that Pass in the Night"; Quilter, "I Will Go With My Father A-Ploughing"; Avery Robinson, "Shadow"; Quilter, "The Night Piece"; Storey-Smith, "Where My Heart Used to Beat"; negro spirituals, "When I Get Home," "Ezekiel Saw de Wheel," "In-a-Dat-Mornin'"; "My God Is so High."

At the unpleasant cost of wrath descending, let us venture the truth, as we see it, about the present case of Mr. Hayes. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he has let his vocal technique slip till he has brought his voice to unhappy state.

Because he can command no longer an even scale, he has lost, at least for the moment, his faculty for shaping exquisite phrases, uniformity of tone, varied in color and force, comes not now at call. Of that quick, calm, breath, furthermore, on which continuity of vital tone depends and the free flow of a phrase, Mr. Hayes cannot at present feel secure. Because, to go on, of his injudicious blending of various registers, Mr. Hayes just now emits full many tones unpleasantly nasal, dry.

Too much harping on mere technique! Many people will counter, on the unhappy loss of the voice's sensuous beauty, the art remains, the emotion. But to put into execution the artistic aims of Sembrich herself without a medium firmly under control—that is no easy matter. Because of his present lack of technical control Mr. Hayes is not at this moment able to give his melodies the lovely line he knows, beyond all question, their composers had in mind. Their rhythms, too, if forceful, he cannot now make telling. Art, in truth, without technique—it can hardly be.

Emotion without technique—that may answer very well. But Mr. Hayes, to meet his diminishing powers, has reduced his scale of expressiveness almost to the vanishing point. Consider yesterday's program. Where reciting the words would do—Mr. Hayes still enunciates with exemplary distinctness—as in the spirituals and the song about the ships, the words made their effect. Otherwise, however, two Schubert songs excepted, few songs there were that called for more than reguiness, or placidity. Mr. Hayes is not the singer with whom vividness of emotion can take the place of art.

Small pretty songs, those especially he has long been singing. Mr. Hayes sang delightfully yesterday, in his half voice lovely as ever, with a shaping of melody fit to ravish the ear, with an entrancing rhythm too. Since this half voice remains to Mr. Hayes in all its glory, surely this admirable singer holds it in his power, if he will, to recover his mastery of technique and thereby his beauty of voice, as well as his mastery of musical interpretation.

R. R. G.

#### MODERN AND BEACON

##### "The Cavalier"

A screen drama adapted by Doane Harrison and Victor Iwan from the novel "The Black Rider," by Max Brand, photographed by John Stevens and Harry Cooper, directed by Irvin Willat and presented by Tiffany Stahl Productions, Inc., with the following cast:

El Caballero (Taki)	Richard Talmadge
Lucia D'Arquista	Barbara Bedford
Her aunt	Sally Gray
Ramon Torreno	David Trench
Carlos Torreno	David Mir
Serg. Juan Dugero	Stuart Holmes
Pierre Gaston	Christian Frank
The padre	Oliver Eckhardt

For several politely modulated laughs any two lusty shrieks, see "The Cavalier." This quaint little two-by-four picture, presented in all seriousness by a producing company which has done some worthwhile things, is one of the oddities which now and then creep into notice without heralding, or warning. With due regard to these same producers, we submit that it would be fairer to regard the film as rich and racy burlesque, a satire on Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, "Hoot" Gibson, Robin Hood, D'Artagnan, and every other swashbuckling knight from mediaeval to modern times. Surely, Mr. Talmadge, who seems a stranger to eastern audiences, has each and all of the aforesaid mentioned celebrities looking foolish when it comes to stunts.

Mr. Talmadge has the title role, and he earns it. He is El Caballero, whom the poor love, the rich hate, the haughty disdain. It is his chief mission in life to rescue the beautiful Lucia from a distasteful marriage to Carlos Torreno, idle, useless, vacuous son of a cruel Spanish landholder. Sometimes Mr. Talmadge appears magically from nowhere draped in a long black coat, a black hat, and a trusty sword. He is El Caballero. Presto, you behold a gente-mannered shepherd of the hills, in goat-skin garments, hair nicely parted in the middle, mind you. This is Taki, friend and protector of the downtrodden Indians, of a friendless maid. The stage being set, come the stunts. Twenty-foot jumps from wall to wall, leaps from a wall to an unsaddled horse, swinging recklessly from tree to tree, ape-like; bowling over a dozen peons more or less in football formation; outrunning a pack of hounds sent out to kill him; out-fencing a score of swordsmen, on stairways, on parapets, in the open. Overtaking and tossing from horse to the ground a lecherous villain who has fled with the harassed Lucia on the moment of her betrothal ceremony to Carlos. These glorious feats, accomplished with ease, dexterity and abandon, coupled with the story itself and the grandiloquent phrases of the subtitles, make "The Cavalier" something beyond ordinary. If only Mr. Talmadge would not stand still. In reposeful closeup his glamorous robes fall from him, he becomes merely a dull youth, incapable of expressing emotion. Miss Bedford, pulled and hauled all over a cluttered studio, contrived to retain an immobility of feature which told little of the thoughts she was supposed to project. The two shrieks! Oh, yes. One, when Taki slides down the cliffs ahead of the baying hounds; the other when a horse and rider somersault down a steep chasm. Tricks, of course, but tricks well done.

W. E. G.

#### SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA

##### "Plastered in Paris"

A screen comedy supervised by William Conselman, directed by Benjamin Stoloff, and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Sammy Nosenbloom	Sammy Cohen
Bud Swenson	Jack Pennick
Marcelline	Lola Solari
Hugh Allan	Hugh Allen
Mimi	Marion Byron
Dr. Faive	August Tolaire
Abou Ben Abed	Albert Conti
Serg. Cou-Cou	Ivan Linow

This picture is significant for at least two reasons. It demonstrates how difficult it is to build a screen farce around one man's nose, however conspicuous may be that appendage. Also it indicates that in screen pantomime, the six reels are the hardest. Taking a view separately or yoking them.



laws of deduction prove beyond quibble that "Plastered in Paris" will acquire no medals for brilliance of humor, for continuity of story or, for that matter, for first-class clowning. Sammy Cohen's admirers probably will rise up in resentment at any aspersions on his histrionic abilities. They will assert earnestly that he is funny, that he can get a laugh just by running full tilt into a stone wall or, arrayed in the scant habiliments of a harem lassie, by cavorting acrobatically on a huge bed the while the master of the harem pursues him in mock eagerness. Aeon ago such simple antics might have been deemed funny. In these modern days they seem desperate endeavors to squeeze a laugh from those who, having laughed, wonder why the dickens they did it.

Sammy and Bud were in the world war. Both emerged with their features, unmistakable in any crowd, intact. Sammy, as a result of shell shock, has become an incorrigible kleptomaniac. So, when the Legion has a reunion, years later, in Paris, the loyal Bud takes Sammy there with hopes that a

famous specialist can cure Sammy. From this point on the picture runs wild, as if Sammy and Bud and the director exclaimed, "Here's a good one, let's put it in here," and in it went. When these ideas were not forthcoming, Sammy called for a close-up of his commercialized face and with stock grimaces undertook to indicate that the desire to pick a pocket was about to overwhelm him. At one point, Sammy pulls a necktie from a companion in argument. The idea becomes contagious and quickly you see bewildered men in a Parisian drinking place wrestling their neighbors neckties. When Sammy and Bud join the French Legion and are marched across the desert to fight the Rifis, one recognizes a feeble effort to burlesque "Beau Geste." There are interminable drill scenes, wherein Sammy loses a shoe, finally retrieving it in magic fashion. There are captures and escapes, achieved in old-time slapstick ways. For those who can find humor in such antics "Plastered in Paris" probably will yield amusement. Each to his own taste. As Mark Twain wisely remarked, horse races would not be popular were it not for differences of opinion which they arouse. W. E. G.

Nov 13 1924

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M. P., who holds a bacon and egg breakfast in horror and so rails against a glorious British institution, told the Universal Cookery and Food Association in London that "the great revolutionary forces in British cooking are the woman who is slimming and the woman who is busy."

"Slimming"? Is there a verb "to slim"? Yes, in English dialect, meaning to proceed at a snail's pace, to slink; also to blunt the teeth—"to slim the teeth of pigs by giving them their meat too hot."

But we do find the word used, as by Miss Wilkinson, by the Honorable Caroline Norton, in "The Lady of La Garaye":

"The rich purple of her velvet vest  
Slims the young waist, and rounds the graceful breast."

The Honorable Mrs. Norton! Our maiden aunt used to sing with great expression Mrs. Norton's "Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay." We quote from memory—the daughters of clay or the children of clay may thus be warned, as we were in our childhood by this romantic aunt with flashing black eyes. Did she sing from bitter-sweet experience? Whether she knew of what she sang or exercised a lively fancy stirred by suppressed desires, the song scared us. It is our impression that some musician without a sense of humor turned the song into the "Love Not Quickstep," with a sentimental picture on the title page.

There are other verbs "to slim" to waste time, to scamp one's work. A comparatively recent use of "slim" the adjective came from the South African Dutch: "sly, cunning, crafty."

Do these "slimming" ladies of London import the Irish slim-cakes: plain soda cakes often made with butter-milk and baked on a griddle, or the slim cake of Ulster made from flour and potatoes?

Cakes. This reminds us that "literary circles" will soon be intellectually revolting here: poems, essays, with hope of something afterwards. Mr. Christopher Morley translated from the Chinese certain

#### MEDITATIONS ON POETRY

Poets seem to be much in demand. Drawing room evenings, women's club meetings, Literary luncheons, Chamber of Commerce dinners.

Wherever two or three sandwiches are gathered together  
There is always a poet  
Exchanging his "message"  
For an equivalent bulk  
Of chicken chow mein  
And jellied sharks' fins.  
All this is proof  
Of a widespread hunger  
And not merely on the part of the poet.

Alas for the worth of human testimony! A few weeks ago some one asked this question through a London newspaper: "What painter, when he was asked with what he mixed his colors, replied, 'With brains?'"

Five persons rushed to name this wise-cracker. Five different artists were named, Opie, Etty, Fuseli, Turner, Reynolds. Two of the answers were cocksure; one wrote "Father told me," etc.; another prefaced his letter with "I have always understood."

M. P. may have been shy about naming the painter, but he boldly declared that the chrysanthemum petal salad was introduced by the president of the old Sphinx Club of London in 1910. And again we are reminded:

#### GIFT

If I had a yellow salad bowl  
(A very large, yellow salad bowl,  
Pale and cool as a November sunset!)  
I would carry it in the night  
To the hill where winds lie waving.  
And with it, one by one,  
I would catch the falling stars  
Till all the skies were bare,  
And while the earth wondered in darkness,  
You could watch the flickering things  
Slip through your fingers—  
(Warm gold in cold hands.)

JEANNE DE LAMARTER.

#### BRASS TACKS

As the World Wags:

I often wish that people who are always coming down to brass tacks would find them sharp end up. JOSCELYN.

At the Royal Horticultural Society's show one exhibitor displayed 140 different kinds of apples. It is not easy to find one satisfactory kind in the fruit shops of Boston that recalls the apples of one's boyhood. The fairest to the eye are dry as chips, wholly without flavor. It's years since we have seen a Northern Spy, a Pomme d'or, a Greening, a Pippin, a genuine Russet. Among the new English "dessert" apples are the King George V, the Lord Lambourne, the Superb. Mr. E. V. Lucas writes entertainingly about these new apples—when does he ever write otherwise? He asks: "Who was James Grieve, who gave his whole name—both Christian and sur—to the very excellent apple which the other day I devoured?" Mr. Lucas thinks that the best writing about apples is by John Burroughs in "Winter Sunshine" and he prefaces his own pleasant article in the Sunday Times (London) with the first verse of a lyric in Wilfred Gibson's "The Golden Room": "The sailor plucked an apple from an orchard as he passed,  
On a bright October morning that brought him home at last,  
And, as he munched, he muttered—  
'Why can't I always be  
Where a lad can pluck an apple from an overhanging tree?'"

#### VIRTUE'S VORTEX

As the World Wags:

Scene 1—(Near the bottom of the pile in a subway train.)

Flapper—Say, whatcha think you're doin'? Get off my toe, you old calf!  
Innocent Old Bachelor—I'm very sorry, my dear lady, I—

Flapper—Lookit, I'm no lady, see? Don't try t' get dodo with me!

Another Flapper—Leave her alone, you bloody old skunk, or I'll call a—

First Young Man (rising for a bow)—Why, you—what's he trying, sister?—you old buzzard, you! I'll fry you, you old—

Second Young Man—Slip him a crack on th' conk, Ralph.

Innocent Old Bachelor—But—but—

First Young Man—Shut up, you old toad, or I'll kick ya head off!

(Cries of "Sack him! Step on him! Throw him out!")

(The train stops at a station, where the innocent old bachelor is kicked out through a turnstile.)

Subway Guard—Crawl away! No souses around here!

Scene 2—(The Mystic river at midnight.)

(There is a low moan not caused by the wind, a little splash that is not a rising fish. And a few bubbles rise to the surface . . . as in ginger ale.)

VICE-VERSA.

I am afraid the clergyman's God is too often the Head of the clerical profession.—Dean Inge.

Much has been written of late about Dr. Spooner and Spoonerism. Mr. C. L. Barnes has discovered a "Spooner" in Rabelais (Book I, Chap. V—"How they chirped over their cups"). There is a footnote to "I am prester Mace." "Je suis pretre mace; he would say maitre passe, but his tongue tripped,

being fuddled. As if anyone in his cups should say 'The Chichop of Bichester loves beags and acorn, instead of 'The Bishop of Chichester loves eggs and bacon.' A play on words on the Benedictine Rene Mace, Chronicler of Francis I."

### "Marigold" at the Copley Has Agreeably Familiar Characters

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE: First performance in the United States by the Copley Producing Company, Mr. Clive, director—by arrangement with David Belasco—"Marigold," a comedy in three acts by F. R. Pryor.

The last night was as follows:

Robina MacFarrlane (Beenie)	Grace Hampton
Miss Valencia Dunlop	Dorothy Fane
Miss Sarah Dunlop	Patricia Calvert
Mrs. Pringle	Elspeth Dudgeon
Marigold	Gaby Fay
Peter Gloag	E. E. Clive
Madame Marly	Diane de Brett
James Payton	David Clyde
Archie Forsyth	Ian Emery
Maj. Andrew Sellar	W. H. Sams
Mordan	Gerald Rogers
Sir Nigel Lumsden	Richard Whorf
Bobbie Townsend	Edmund George
St. Leger Carlington	W. E. Watts

On Nov. 24, 1924, a comedy "Marigold" by David Gill was produced at the Grand Theatre, Putney Bridge. The wife of one Peter Lucy left him for a rich and rakish baronet, Lucy, calling himself Lowrie went to a Wiltshire village, took orders and devoted himself to gardening. Twenty years passed. A pretty actress came to the village and bewitched him. She had been the victim of a gay youth, but a scoundrel, who was Lowrie's son. The wicked baronet turned up and was driven away by the clergyman with a pistol in his hand.

Was the play produced at the Copley last night the earlier one rewritten; with the scene transferred to Scotland; with the actress the mother of Marigold, the girl who runs away to Edinburgh to see the Queen and in her innocence proposes to spend the night at the castle? Whatever the origin, the present "Marigold" on Sept. 18 of this year ended at the Kingsway, London, a run of 649 performances.

It is a comedy that introduces Maj. Sellar, whose wife ran away and became an actress, leaving her daughter Marigold in the care of a sympathetic aunt, Mrs. Pringle. The mother returns, meets her daughter, but does not disclose the tender relationship. (The spectator sees a disclosure and a reconciliation scene before the final curtain falls.) There is the important man of the county, betrothed to Marigold, who is in her heart dismayed at the prospect of boresome years, forced to listen to the reading of Carlyle's complete works. In comes, not unexpectedly, a gallant young officer. Love at first sight. There is a humorous character, this time, Peter Gloag, a divinity student; a second comic character, the officer's man, Mordan. Throw in a few minor characters, the Dunlop sisters in the first act to make conversation—which, by the way, was much too prolonged, and not constantly interesting.

But an old story—even the girl's escape from a prosaic village and an impossible bridegroom-to-be may be found with variations in many French farces and no doubt in English comedies of an ancient vintage—is told, for the most part, in a pleasant and refreshing manner. Our old friend the peppy servant in the vicarage is busy in the first act protesting against Miss Valencia's interference in kitchen matters—this same interference had contributed years before to the flight of the major's wife.

The first act could be cut to advantage, or at least played at a faster pace. The second act is the important one, with the arrival of Marigold at the castle, the consternation of the officer, who had invited her but only to see the procession from his window—the sudden appearance of the major as his daughter is romping through a reel with Archie and fellow-officers.

Miss Fay gave a capital portrayal of the innocent heroine, innocent but by no means stupid. She was fair to the eye, girlish without laborious effort, not at all "kittenish," natural when pouting at Archie's unaccountable and suding shyness at the castle. Seeing her, hearing her, one forgot that she was playing a part. Miss Dudgeon was human as the aunt, shrewd, mindful of the penes, sensible, and at heart romantic and loving romance in others. Miss Hampton's broad performance as the easily vexed cook amused the audience. Miss Diane de Brett, a woman of personal distinction and an appealing voice, was conscious of her arms and hands. Mr. Clive's characterization of Peter was eloquent in facial expression, walk, and general behavior. Mr. Sams was the gruff, unreasonable, soured major to the life. Mr. Clyde was sufficiently narrow-minded, pig-headed and self-satisfied as the purse-proud Peyton, while Mr. Emery had the advantage of

a youthful appearance.

An audience that filled the theatre was mightily pleased. It will be surprising if "Marigold" has not entered on a prosperous run.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

##### "The Ladder"

"The Ladder," a drama in three acts. The cast was as follows:

Raymond Jarno	Raymond Jarno
Minnie Milne	Minnie Milne
Florence Malone	Florence Malone
Maria Ascarra	Maria Ascarra
Mary Wall	Mary Wall
Julius McVicker	Julius McVicker
Edward J. McNamara	Edward J. McNamara
Curtis Arnall	Curtis Arnall
Edgar Stehl	Edgar Stehl
Henry Mortner	Henry Mortner
William C. Masson	William C. Masson

"The Ladder" has had so much publicity as a play with an angel that we entirely forget that it's a play with a message. This "philosophical drama with music" has a prologue and seven scenes, and teaches any one caring to pay from 25 cents to \$1 that simple faith is more than coronets, and if you want to get the man you love, never poison your grandmother. In New York Mr. Eogar W. Davis poured out the same sound advice for 117 performances, rec, but the provinces are different.

In act 1, to enter into the spirit of the play, we see Margaret Newell on the top rung but one of the ladder of progress. Ten years after the war, that would be 1928, the basic weakness in Margaret's character comes out in a French hotel bedroom. It's not what you think, but Pride that ruins Margaret's happiness. She has seen her fiancé dining in one of those Paris cafes with someone who is, well—not quite, and the very next day, on returning to Roger's room for one of those lost hand bags, she has caught Roger in the arms of the same lady, who is at that moment saying "I love you." Margaret demands an explanation. Roger cannot give one. His mouth is sealed through honor, but he swears the lady has been no more than a friend to him for 10 years. Margaret thereupon shows her true colors and breaks her engagement.

The sympathy of the audience might seem to be with Rogers at this point, except for the fact that any one who had known Roger for 10 minutes, much less for 10 months, would know that he was the reincarnation of Sir Galahad.

During act II we descend the ladder of time and Margaret's character, and find her getting worse and worse the further we fade into the mists of antiquity. In 1850 she steals a poor musician's play, and loses her man, in the days of the Restoration she deceives her husband for the king and the king for her husband, and loses her man, and in the 11th century she does a little poisoning to inherit a little estate and not only loses her man, but gets a stiletto in the back. Those were the days of direct action.

In act III the wise old doctor brings her out of a Freudian malady a wiser and more trusting Margaret. She replies to the French hussy, "You lie!" instead of "Roger, what does this mean!" Her wicked will is broken and she falls into the arms of Galahad, to live happily ever after. Civilization

does mean progress. Schopenhauer, please notice.

The main floor of the Opera House was filled with a varied and well behaved audience. Men of all types were there, even in hunting costume. Though the play advertised "Your money back if you're not satisfied," no waiting line was observed at 11 o'clock.

"The Ladder" moves quickly, with a crisis every three minutes. It is sprinkled with humour, in spite of its discussion of the March of Civilization Through the Ages, and the cast is good. In fact, if you have nothing to do some evening, it's well worth risking a dollar. You can always get it back.

#### PLYMOUTH THEATRE

##### "Straight Thru the Door"

A comedy in three acts, by William Hodge. The cast:

Jack C. Connolly	Jack C. Connolly
Abbott Adams	Abbott Adams
Jack Cheatham	Jack Cheatham
Margaret Muller	Margaret Muller
William de Rosa	William de Rosa
John Edwards	John Edwards
Marjorie Littel	Marjorie Littel
Leland Chandler	Leland Chandler
Arthur Donaldson	Arthur Donaldson
Edith Sharpe	Edith Sharpe
Anna Roth	Anna Roth
William Hodge	William Hodge
Franklin Fox	Franklin Fox
William Cullen	William Cullen
Augustin	Augustin
Maurice Barrett	Maurice Barrett
Rose Lermer	Rose Lermer

It is small wonder that Mr. Hodge has turned his tribulations into a play. Not everyone can have that satisfaction. The most that is left for similarly suffering humanity is to pour forth our wrath in the public forums of our metropolitan newspapers. For be it known that Mr. Hodge seized on the idea while his home in Greenwich, Ct., was being remodelled, of putting his experiences on paper and then venturing forth on the stage with the script.



Now there is no doubt that Mr. Hodge as well has called upon his imagination. His affairs with the journeyman would hardly make a play, but they are what is known in the vernacular as comic relief, so with a skillful touch he has skinned the realm of mystery and evolved a very substantial plot that has the very essence of what a mystery should eventually develop, i. e., a surprise with a resounding whack. Were there those in the audience last evening, witnessing the performance for the first time, who could at any moment in the development, point even the finger of suspicion on the architect as the murderer of the contractor? Silence is the compliment that must be awarded to Mr. Hodge.

For our part we would have preferred to have had Mr. Hodge adamant to the repeated calls of this large audience to make a speech. Now we don't imply that Mr. Hodge cannot make a speech. He did just that. But in so doing he became Mr. Hodge, whereas we like to think of him as Eugene Thomas. Miss Mullen, too, made a gracious speech, and in so doing, she also left the picture.

Mr. Hodge played in his characteristic style, fascinating in his drollery, commanding this and that situation convincingly. Never at a loss to understand the import of the emphasis of understatement, and setting forth the humors of his character with as much skill as was ever the judge's husband or that glorious inebriate, Mr. Stebbins.

Miss Mullen, a product of Boston, and on whom Boston may well plume itself, played the role of the scarlet interior decorator, and from the hectic promise of her initial scenes tapered her part to the point of vanishing as the subjection of her character demanded.

That Mr. Hodge has no inconsiderable public might be affirmed in the gentle thunder of the laconic Caleb Hope from the interesting gallery of Mr. Kelland: "Seems as though." T.A.R.

ST. JAMES THEATRE  
"The Rose of Picardy"

In three acts, prologue and epilogue, by DeWitt Newing. First time in Boston. The cast:  
Robert Blake.....John Warner  
Jack Wellington.....Don Beddoe  
O'Connor.....George R. Taylor  
Dignan.....John Junior  
Weinheimer.....George L. Taylor  
Smith.....Thomas McKnight  
Fenton.....Paul Rush  
Sherman.....Frank Riley  
Marie Rose.....Marion Grant  
Mrs. Blake-Wellington.....Jessamine Newcomb  
Tony.....Adrienne Earle  
Grande Mere.....Georgia Neese

This is another war play, with all the familiar scenes, circumstances and characters in evidence. Its author calls it "a romance," and the designation fits, if we allow a liberal admixture of comedy as well.

The action takes place in a rest billet, behind the lines in Picardy, and centres about pretty Marie Rose who, alone with her grandmother, occupies a liberally rose embowered dwelling. To these enter a bunch of doughboys, just out of the trenches, rough of tongue and primitive in their manners. A stream of army wisecracks civilizes the dialogue, but never, no never, a word or phrase that might be deemed even improper. It looks as though a censor, with an eye to a Boston production, had been exceedingly busy.

As was to be expected, the charming Marie makes havoc of soldierly hearts. M. le Capitaine falls as hard as anyone and bears off the prize. If private Smith, the villain of the piece, had not, in stocking feet, crept into the house just after the gallant officer and Marie had vowed eternal devotion (with her strains of the well known song, "Roses of Picardy" heard off stage, and Corporal Dignan, coming to the girl's rescue, had not been quite wrongly suspected of carrying on an amour with the girl by the officer, suddenly returning, it would have ended in the most conventional manner possible. But the captain, refusing to hear any explanations, rushes off to the front and gets wounded so that the "romance" apparently comes to an inglorious end.

Here is where the epilogue counts, for after the war is over Marie and her hero meet, quite by accident, of course, in New York, and all's right immediately with the best of all possible worlds.

There is plenty of good characterization. Mr. Warner is a soldierly young man and Miss Grant makes a captivating Marie Rose who puts life into a rather insipid role. But what the audience really enjoyed was the antics of Mr. George Taylor as a Jewish soldier and the robust Irishism of O'Connor, valet and butler. "Smith" is a prop villain and the only disappointment is that he does not get what old New Englanders used to call "his umppance" right then and there, the glare of the footlights, instead of us hearing about it incidentally. "Realistic?" No. The sayings, doings and general behavior are too exaggerated and artificial to be considered a picture of things as they actually

were in France. There is nothing in the least military about it. But there is "human interest" enough to entertain the theatregoer who is not too particular about such matters.  
J. E. P.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE OFFERINGS

COLEY—"Marigold," comedy.  
HOLLIS STREET—"The Bachelor Father," comedy (last week).  
PLYMOUTH—"Straight Thru the Door," comedy, with William Hodge.  
REPERTORY—"S. S. Incorporated," 1925 prize play (last week).  
SHUBERT—"The Red Robe," musical comedy.  
ST. JAMES—"The Rose of Picardy," drama.  
TREMONT—"Blackbirds," all-colored revue.  
WILBUR—"Coquette," drama, with Helen Hayes.  
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Ladder," drama.

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE  
"The Woman Disputed"

A screen drama, adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan from the play by Dennison Clift. Photographed by Oliver Marsh, directed by Henry King and Sam Taylor, and presented by United Artists with the following cast:  
Mary Ann Wagner.....Norma Talmadge  
St. Paul Hartmann.....Gilbert Roland  
St. Nika Turgenov.....Arnold Kent  
The Passer-by.....Boris De Foa  
Father Roche.....Michael Vavitch  
Otto Krueger.....Gustav von Severitz  
The Countess.....Gladys Brockwell

In Mr. Clift's play, the hero was an American, not an Austrian; the ultimate villain was a German, not a Russian. The heroine was a French girl. In pictures, however, nationalities are of slight consequence. What is not strictly original may be amiably disguised. "The Woman Disputed" is a carefully constructed film story, leading up to a climax contained not in one but in two episodes. As a play the story resembled a sardonic narrative written by Guy de Maupassant, entitled "Boule de Suif." Mr. Clift undoubtedly was willing at the time to acknowledge to that extent the source of his plot. In the motion picture, however, the ironic touch is lacking. Mary Ann Wagner's act of bodily surrender is treated seriously, so seriously, in fact, that it comes dangerously near becoming buncombe instead of good drama.

Two handsome young officers, Paul, the Austrian, and Nika, the Russian, befriend Mary Ann Wagner, a woman of the streets, when Paul's crazed uncle selects her cheap room in which to commit suicide. Their story of the tragedy quiets the police. "You haven't been in this business long?" asks Paul, naively, and Mary Ann answers "no." She does not tell just how long, or why she ever resorted to it. The two men shelter her and both learn to love her. Each keeps silence, however, and it is not until war is declared and Paul and Nika are summoned to join their respective armies that Mary Ann declares her preference for Paul. Nika, furious at what he interprets as treacherous tactics on Paul's part, cries, "This is your hour—I will have mine when the Russian army enters Lemberg."

Up to this scene the picture has moved tranquilly. Now comes a series of admirably arranged war scenes, old tableaux re-animated by masterly direction. Paul and Mary Ann have never married, but she wears his mother's wedding ring. In their hearts they are as one. The day they plan to meet Nika leads a Russian force into Lemberg, in desperate search of one Liebert, an Austrian spy who has repeatedly discomfited the Russians. Nika orders shot any person attempting to leave the city. Several, thus caught, are killed. Prisoners are brought before him. Among them, Krueger, a bigot, who has encountered Mary Ann twice, each time reviling her as a shameless creature of the streets. Also there is a rich count, his wife, proud of her virtuous state; a priest, and Mary Ann. Nika, after an impassioned interview with Mary Ann, announces to the others that if she submits herself voluntarily to him, within 20 minutes, they may go free. So the bigot, fingering his watch, appeals to Mary Ann—it means life or death. The count is rich, he will pay any sum she asks. The countess suggests artfully that Russian officers are reputed as fascinating. Mary Ann, horrified, still refuses. Then the priest makes her take an oath never to repeat what goes on that night, and confesses that he is Liebert, the spy. She must save them, must save the nation, that he may get to the Austrian lines with his information. Mary Ann prays, surrenders her precious ring, and yields.

When the Austrians rout the Russians, and Paul meets Mary Ann he is overjoyed, she is fearful. Nika, fatally hurt by gun fire, staggers upon them, tells Paul that he has had his hour, and dies. It is only when, later, an eloquent Austrian general publicly lauds Mary Ann as the saviour of her country that Paul relents. Here was a patriotic act of sin.

Miss Talmadge, Mr. Roland and Mr. Kent acted intelligently and for the most part without over emphasis. It

is noteworthy that Mr. Kent, whose characterization was particularly fine, has left a posthumous performance. He was killed recently in an automobile accident.  
W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE THEATRE  
"Captain Swagger"

A screen comedy-drama written by Leonard Praskin and adapted by Adelaide Heathron, directed by Edward H. Griffith and presented by Pathe with the following cast:  
Capt. Hugh Drummond.....Rod La Rocque  
Sue Arnold.....Sue Carol  
Phil Poole.....Richard Tucker  
Von Stahl.....Ulrich Haupt  
Jean.....Victor Potel

"Capt. Swagger" is one of those made-to-order vehicles which requires no great imaginative strain on the part of those shaping it, or any inspired performance by those engaged in it. Its theme, like the details which surround it, is no more improbable than scores which have preceded it. In this instance it is snatched from tiresome mediocrity solely by the easy methods, the wholesome personality of Mr. La Rocque. As the American world war ace who returns home "broke," to meet a little girl who likewise is without funds, and with her to pass through experiences both comic and exciting, Mr. La Rocque presents so disarming a front that much of the weakness of the picture as a whole is forgiven.

Hugh Drummond brings down Baron von Stahl, a German ace, in an air duel during the war. Then he drags him from his blazing plane, and accepts for his gracious act a Mauser gun inscribed with von Stahl's name and title. When they next meet Hugh is pawning the gun to obtain money for breakfast for himself and Sue, whom he has befriended the night before. Later Hugh and Sue are hired to do a Russian dancing specialty in a nightclub. Sue, a simple creature, has accepted from Poole what she terms "a string of beads," worth \$15,000. Hugh, who already had tried to be a hold-up man, tells Sue he will try it again if she does not return the pearls. As she is about to do so, a gang of bone-fide hold-up-men raid the club. Von Stahl, their leader, is wounded, and is aided in his escape by Hugh. There are some dizzying flashes of a wild automobile flight, and pursuit by police. The pearls continue to play a part, nearly ruining Hugh's chances with Sue, until von Stahl steps in and tells Sue the truth. On his way out of Hugh's apartment von Stahl returns the pearls to Poole, waiting at the curb in his car, for Sue. And that's all there is.

Aside from Mr. La Rocque, the acting was as perfunctory as the story. The picture has been given musical synchronization and sound effects. When the two planes were battling in the air, it sounded as if 16 saw-mills were in operation simultaneously. The musical accompaniment was louder than any we have heard yet. What a pity that some of these sound-recording devices have no soft pedals.  
W. E. G.

FILMS NEW AND FAMILIAR  
METROPOLITAN—"The Wedding March."  
E. F. KEITH MEMORIAL—"Take Me Home."  
LOEW'S STATE—"The Woman Disputed."  
KEITH-ALBEE—"Captain Swagger."  
MODERN AND BEACON—"The Cavalier."  
SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA—"Plastered."  
OLYMPIA-FENWAY—"The Singing Fool."  
LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"Submarine."  
DOWDWIN SQUARE—"Lucie Tom's Cabin."  
LANCASTER—"Le Miserables." "Detectives." first half: "The Night Bird." "Dearth to Heart." balance of week.  
EXETER—"The Head Man." "Jazz Mad." first half: "Our Dancing Daughters." "The Cameraman." balance of week.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
For the first symphony concert of the season—last night in Symphony hall—Mr. Koussevitzky arranged an extremely judicious program. To do it justice the players were there in all their finest fettle. And to direct the players to do their wonderful best there was Mr. Koussevitzky in his own finest fettle. A concert resulted truly superb.

Not so enamored as sometimes of strident brass or the racing pace that kills, Mr. Koussevitzky, when he made his moderate use last night of stridency and haste, employed both those musical means to advantage. Thus the exultant final pages of Beethoven's Leonore No. 3, with which the concert began, gained the brilliancy that comes of audible strings as well as tearing brass. The last movement of Schumann's B-flat symphony, not driven but buoyantly led, rejoiced all hearers like the very burst of spring itself. The first movement, too, gave hint, last night, of spring, not of sultry August, with its thunder storms and dog days.

Between the classic there ought always to be at a symphony concert and the romantic music sure to please, came the new piece subscribers ought to be made to hear, whether they will or no. Stravinsky's ballet, on this occasion, "Apollon Musagete." "A Gothic Apollo," said Hawthorne, or words to that effect, "seems ludicrous at first." What would he have said to a Muscovite Apollo, or a knowing one of Paris? Pretty music, at all events, Stravinsky did write, though it seems a trifle over-

weighted with the responsibility of half an hour's entertainment alone; of course it counted on the aid of Russian dancers, graceful and deft-footed.

And for full measure there were the two nocturnes of Debussy. For the musical sweet reasonableness that characterizes the first, the amazing combination of brilliancy and poetry transfixing the Pates, who can equal Mr. Koussevitzky. And yet—let us make bold to prophesy of the next 10 recital-givers who essay a Debussy piano piece or a song, nine of them will perform that piece or song as though Debussy wrote mush, void of rhyme or reason, melody or rhythm.

A better way they could have learned if they were on hand last night. Let us hope they were, for the delight the evening afforded, let alone the instruction.  
R. R. G.

4 1928  
Opening "Lorenzo Dow: The Bearer of the Word," by Charles Coleman Sellers—the book is published by Minton, Balch & Company of New York—one finds on page 258 that the eldest son in some pious families is still named after this preacher, while a host of babies bore his name before he died in 1834 at the age of 56. "Large families were the order of the age, making it difficult to name all the children for relatives. Some gave rein to their originality in this matter, as did the Rev. Timothy Dewey . . . among whose numerous offspring were Anna Diadema, Armenian Philadelphus, Almira Melpomene, Pleiades Arastarcus, Octavia Ammonia, and the youngest, a girl, Encyclopedia Britannica." (Is there not a preacher to-day who was christened Arcturus Zodiac?)

Is "Lorenzo Dow's Family Medicine" still sold in country stores? In 1821 "this medicine . . . of general utility and efficacy in all those disorders called Bilious, and affections of the Liver exceeding common credibility was for sale in Boston at Henry Bates's 3 Middle street or John Stevens's 68 Prince street."

Has any one a complete set of Dow's writings, from "Exemplified Experience" (1804), above all the "Cosmopolite's Muse," containing these lines:  
"O! that poor sinners did but know  
What I for them do undergo!"

From God I'm call'd to bear the news  
To Heathens, Gentiles, and the Jews!

The clouds arise and thunders break,  
I feel the ground beneath me shake;  
The mountains tremble at the sound,  
And wet all through I'm often found.  
Sometimes in open chambers sleep,  
Or on some little place I creep!  
I cannot sleep for want of clothes;  
Smothered with smoke or almost froze.

Then when I've done my work below,  
I'll gladly quit this vale of woe;  
And soar above the ethereal sky,  
To dwell with Christ eternally."

The catalogue of these writings reminds one by their titles of the books put by Rabelais in the stately and magnificent library of St. Victor, or Marcel Schwob's "One Hundred Good Books for a Journalist."

Whether Lorenzo was wandering, shabby, sick, in Ireland anxious to save souls when he was only twenty-three years old, or giving advice to Andrew Jackson in the White House, he was a singular apparition. As a boy he dreamed strange dreams, saw the heavens opened and Gabriel with a golden trumpet calling to him; or he saw the "blue blazes of hell" and heard the "screeches and groans of the damned spirits." These visions, his conversion, his physical pain led him to wander as a preacher.

It was a time when Elder Swan of New London shouted to his sleepy congregation: "You won't sulk in Hell! If you won't make God, Jesus, the angels and saints in Heaven, and the church on earth glad by getting religion, you will make us all glad, by and by, with your shrieks and groans in torment. We will all of us together laugh, mock, shout and dance when the smoke of your hell ascends up before us forever and ever!"

Itinerant preachers would call from house to house. Fr. Gilmore would ask: "Have you any religion here?" If the answer did not satisfy him he would say: "You must repent or you will go to hell. Good-by."

There were the roaring camp meetings, at which the hysterical disorders of a revival were shown by the "jerks," the "barks," the "holy laughs." While the camp meeting was a great social event in the rural districts, the profane and profligate were drawn to it. The older generation of today may remember Joseph Keppler's double page cartoon in Puck of a camp meeting, an audacious representation of scenes that were not uncommon even in the '70's and early '80's. Many a ribald jest was inspired by camp meeting life, stories that Lincoln might have told with guffaws when he was at a tavern with his fellow-lawyers.

Lorenzo in his early years as a preacher, known as "Crazy Dow," went about, sallow, shaggy, ungainly, asking



for a crust at some farmhouse. He was dirty, ragged. In Georgia his toes were seen protruding from his moccasins. He held Universalists and Presbyterians in abhorrence. Thousands heard him gladly and were generous in gifts. Little by little his native Yankee shrewdness was developed, and he began to venture the publication of his writings. He was a famous man, "loved and feared and stared upon," when he rode into the village of Western to claim his Peggy Holcomb, a simple, placid woman, meek and honest, "plain as a pipstern." Their little child died when they were in England. The devoted Peggy died in 1820. Her tombstone stated that she had shared the vicissitudes of Lorenzo. Three months after her death, he wedded Lucy Dolbeare of a well-to-do family. It is said that when she was asked to promise love, honor and obedience, she replied: "No, I will be a thorn in his flesh and a Satan to buffet him as long as I live." This was in 1820. She kept her word. It was in 1820 that Dow, the self-called "Cosmopolite," patented his "Family Medicine."

Preachers in those days, as now, were willing to advertise and add by worldly means to their income. One preacher, wishing to interest godless southern planters, placed this notice in the local newspaper:

"Religious notice—The Rev. Mr. Blaney will preach next Sunday in Dempsey's Grove, at 10 o'clock A.M. and at 4 o'clock P.M., Providence permitting. Between the sermons the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region for a purse of one hundred dollars."

Lorenzo would choose an unusual text. He would hold his watch on high and shout: "Watch! Watch!! Watch!!! That is my text." He would be now direct and homely in speech, now pompous as in his "Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem," where he asked, "What is death?" "To leave the Prison and prison yard; the body, the house of clay, which confines man to the Terraqueous ball through the power of gravitation." (Yale students in the seventies remember Elder Lutz, who announced strange texts, as "The Battering-Ram of Hell.") There would sometimes be riots at the meetings when some "mighty man of Methodism" would make a congregation drop stiff or senseless one by one, or set them to jerking, barking, dancing, laughing, or "revive them to a joyous sense of salvation when they lay screaming, cursing and foaming at the mouth in the agonies of demoniac possession."

Lorenzo was fearless, even in southern cities defending negroes against the whites. He would speculate in land; he would often be cheated in trading horses. When at Charleston he was sued for libel, having said that a Mr. Hammet had died drunk. Hayne, the opponent of Webster, was the attorney-general, but the jailer, a Jew, befriended the preacher. Dow's account of the trial was published at Boston in 1821; his life with his wife inspired "Of Petticoat Law," exposing the deplorable influence of irreligious women. He would spell "hog" in eight letters, taking the maiden name of his wife—"D O L B E A R E." He really believed that His Holiness the Pope was at work to destroy American liberty. As Dow was dying he said that his horse must have a bolus. His widow would not grant, on account of the expense, his request to be buried by Peggy's side.

An extraordinary man living in years of extraordinary religious excitement, liberal in his views of religion, entertaining deistic opinions, warring against sectarianism. Mr. Sellers has told with great gusto a romantic story, valuable as a historical document. There are illustrations and a bibliography, but no index.

## "Take Me Home" at B. F. Keith Memorial

### B. F. KEITH MEMORIAL THEATRE "Take Me Home"

A screen comedy-drama, adapted by Ethel Doherty from a story written by Grover Jones and Tom Cruzer; photographed by J. Roy Hunt, directed by Marshall Neilan and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Peggy Lane.....Bebe Daniels  
David North.....Neil Hamilton  
Dorothy Devore.....Lillian Tashman  
Alice Moore.....Doris Hill  
Bunny.....Joe E. Brown  
Al Marks.....Ernie Wood

Stories, plays and films depicting back-stage life are plentiful. Some are good, some just passable, others unspeakably bad. "Take Me Home," thanks to Mr. Neilan, Miss Daniels, in fact about every one concerned with it, might well be classed with the good ones. It has atmosphere, characterization, and splendid photography, especially of that same back-stage life. Its story isn't profound, nor is it dull; it is a frame on which director and players combine to work out a neat, humorous and human picture.

Miss Daniels, as Peggy, the chorus girl hoofer, has ventured into new depths, but she has kept her head above water and come out smiling. While still

her own vehement self, she is less boisterous. There are evidences that she is trying hard to prove that she is more than a slap-stick comedienne, and that she can score her comic points, and dramatic points as well, by legitimate methods. Certainly she is a new Bebe in this picture.

David North, sturdy and a bit stolid, has quit his father's big farm to become another Houdini or Thurston the Great. Back home they said he was good at tricks. When he tries to balance a table and three chairs on one end of a pole, the other end resting on his chin, something slips and some fallen plastering ruins Peggy's garments in her room below. That is how this theatrical boarding house romance starts. Peggy discourages the trick racket, but gets David into a show as one of six dancing harmonica players. When Dorothy Devore, once a chorus girl and now a prima donna with a wicked temper, takes notice of David, clouds gather, for by this time Peggy has fallen in love. Matters come to a climax when Peggy, discharged through spite, storms into Devore's dressing room on opening night and beats her up. David, a most diffident lover, knows at least what loyalty is. He promptly turns in his notice. Thanks to Bunny, the assistant stage manager, certain little complexities are cleared away, and five years later we see Peggy and David on the farm, with two little ones, boy and girl, being spanked for trying to dance and do card tricks. Peggy isn't going to raise a vaudeville team.

Joe E. Brown, as Bunny, was funny in the little he had to do. Recently, in "The Hit of the Show," he carried the burden of comedy and tragedy. In "Take Me Home" he has little to do, but enough to demonstrate that he can do character bits with the best of them. Miss Tashman was a sinuous vampire, seductive enough to turn a country boy's head. But it was Miss Daniels's picture, first and last. And what a relief it was not to hear any marring sound effects. When we saw the picture, Mr. Weidner was at the organ, and we noted that he timed his accompaniment truly and appropriately to the screen action. That was synchronization of the most satisfying order. W. E. G.

Nov 15 1928

Mr. Ivor Brown, seeing "Virginia," a musical comedy, welcomed a new designer of dances: "To find fresh patterns for the synchronized physical jerks which are so important a part of current musical comedy must be hard work in these days."

Notes and Lines:  
"Lest we forget," the 50th anniversary of the first performance of "Pinafore" in America, at the Boston Museum, Nov. 25, 1878, is near. George Wilson is probably the only surviving member of the cast. The original bill and photographs of all the cast are in Mr. Shaw's collection at Harvard.  
FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

With reference to the repertory of the American Opera Company which will give performances at the Colonial Theatre beginning Nov. 26, Alfred H. Meyer of the Evening Transcript will talk tomorrow afternoon at 5:15 o'clock in the hall of the Boston Public Library about "The Marriage of Figaro." This talk will be one of a series arranged by the state division of university extension, co-operating with the music section of the Boston Public Library.

The movie screen was depicting a vibrant, throbbing drama of monumental passions, a great human epic of bursting hearts and shattered love dreams. She loves him, he loves another, and that one loves still another. See? Well, he abandons her and her heart is sad. Tearfully she packs her prettiest and prepares to leave the little love nest where she has known ecstasy for one brief moment. With infinite tenderness and streaming glycerin she opens the little bird cage where her dear little canary—so cunning!—has had his room and bath. Leaning out the window, she kisses her little feathered friend farewell and he flutters away to freedom with a joyous chirrup. Ah, symbolic! Moving! Stupendous! And then a voice back of me confided to a friend: "Lissen, they don't turn loose no real canary birds in them pictures. I read it in a magazine. That's just a sparrow, painted yellow." Yeah, just a sparrow, painted yellow. I walked on his bunions on the way out.

OSWALD.

As Franz Schubert died on Nov. 19, 1828, publishers of music, makers of records for mechanical musical instruments, lecturers on music and writers

about music are busy in celebration of the centenary, all sweating and working overtime and in shifts. It was to be expected that orchestras would present Schubert programs to their audiences.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will perform on Friday afternoon the "Unfinished" and "Tragic" symphonies and Mme. Hulda Lashanska will sing a group of songs. For Saturday evening, the program will be wholly different: The symphony in B flat major No. 5; the great—and long—one in C major and other songs than those of Friday.

Mme. Lashanska, born in New York, in 1892, studied in that city and in Paris. In 1913 she was married to Harold A. Rosenbaum. She sang for the first time in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Jan. 28, 1921 (Pamina's air from "The Magic Flute" and "Depuis le jour" from "Loulou").

Eugene Gruenberg who died last Sunday night in Cambridge City Hospital, had undergone a severe operation, so serious a one that in a letter we received from him, while he was hopeful of recovery, he wrote in a semi-ironical way about the possibilities. We knew him first as a viola player in the Boston Symphony orchestra. His associates in that section when he left the orchestra in 1895 or 1896, were Messrs. Svecenski, Zach. H. Heindl, Saur, Kolster, Hoyer, Kluge, Krauss, Barleben.

Our friend was not only a well-grounded, excellent musician, he was a man of liberal education, versed in ancient and modern literature, interested in branches of science, a lover of all that is beautiful in art and nature. He was an entertaining companion, witty, anecdotal, but never boresome. It was his pleasure, and the pleasure of some now living, to sit with Arthur Nikisch, Franz Kneisel, Anton Hekking, the violinist, in the back room of the Old Elm after a concert. There was then good talk about music; there was gossip about musicians, nor was the conversation always thus narrowed.

In his later years Gruenberg led a useful life in Boston as a teacher. His work as editor of music and instructive writer was highly valued; his companionship was sought by those who could appreciate frankness of opinion, original views, hatred of injustice, and faithfulness and tolerance in friendship.

Sunday will not be a day of rest for those who feel it their duty to attend concerts, though it is the Lord's day. Many will look upon the performance of the Ninth Symphony in the afternoon as a religious ceremony, and not without reason. The Boston Symphony orchestra will then be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Ratcliffe Choral Society. The soloists will be Mmes. Vreeland and Van Der Vere; Messrs. Althouse and Gange. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct this concert in aid of the pension fund of the orchestra.

The People's Symphony orchestra will give a concert in the afternoon at the Hotel Statler. At night Mischa Elman will give a recital in Symphony hall; Horace Britt, violinist, and Lewis Richards, harpsichordist, will play in the Copley-Plaza ballroom.

There has been a dispute in London whether a false beard or moustache, if it is properly put on, interferes with an actor's enunciation or audibility. Mr. Percy Walsh writes: "The moustache is cut in two, in order to leave the centre of the upper lip free, and when the moustache is being pressed on during the setting of the gum, the lips should be worked continuously as in saying 'oo-ee,' and the result is no interference whatever with the flexibility of the lip. The same thing should also be done with the beard."

Mr. Walsh adds that audiences suffer much from what mars so many companies, especially Shakespearean ones, in these days, the person who "can neither act nor make-up, both being arts that need a very considerable amount of inborn talent, craftsmanship, experience, and native wit."

Betty Gray contralto, accompanied by Inez Day, will sing in Jordan hall tonight, songs by Mozart, Schubert, Duparc, Debussy, Augusta Holmes, Fourdrain, Massenet, Campbell-Tipton, Reger, Curran, Ballantine, Kountz and the aria "Ah! Rendimi," falsely attributed to Rossi.

Max Mohr's new play, "Rampa," has a strange subject. An explorer, lost in the Arctic, becomes an animal. He is rescued. Taken back to civilization, he is exhibited in a circus as a freak. His human intelligence then begins to return. We are not told whether he falls in love with the bearded lady or the two-headed prima donna.

The Musical Art quartet of New York will play Beethoven's quartet, in G major, Op. 18, and Cesar Franck's quartet in Steinert Hall next Saturday afternoon.

## MR. GABRILOWITSCH

By PHILIP HALE

Ossip Gabrilowitsch played the piano yesterday morning in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler. His recital was the first of a series in aid of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. There was a large audience. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, C minor, op. 10, No. 1. Schubert, Impromptu, C minor, E flat major and F minor. Brahms, Rhapsody, op. 119. Chopin, Nocturne, D major, Fantasia-Impromptu, C sharp minor, Ballade, G minor. Ravel, Jeux d'Eau. Debussy, L'Isle Joyeuse.

There was no composition of such an unusual nature that it would paralyze or annoy a conservative listener. The pieces by Ravel and Debussy were accepted some years ago, though only after a spell of hesitation. Even now the relatives of Mr. Gradgrind may ask for the geographical situation of the island whose inhabitants were so bacchanalianly disposed, so riotous in their shouts of joy. Could this joyous isle be Bimini?

Schubert's Impromptu in C minor and F minor are seldom heard in our concert halls. If they were not so spun out! Schubert's besetting sin, diffuseness, his reluctance to leave a beautiful musical thought before worrying it to death, is here plainly shown. What a pity that some friend seated behind him when he rose to make impromptu remarks did not tug at his coat-tails when he did not know enough to stop when he was intoxicated by his musical verbosity!

Mr. Gabrilowitsch is always a welcome visitor. He is pre-eminently a lyric pianist, who can sing a composer's melodies; who respects the limitations of a piano and does not treat it as if it were only a percussion instrument of kin to the xylophone. He is enamored of beautiful sounds; of discreet coloring. While he is an accomplished technician, he puts music before virtuosity. Not that he is effeminate, though occasionally yesterday in his miniature interpretations his delicacy was well-nigh inaudible. This probably would not have been noticeable in a smaller hall. It is to his credit that the size of the ballroom did not urge him to force tone and go in for "thunder an' guns an' all that." It was to be expected of his fine taste that he did not try to play the sonata as if it were in Beethoven's later manner. His marked intelligence as well as his taste kept him from this error. There are pianists who detect the "Titan" in his simplest compositions, and so hurl platitudes with the fury of a thunderbolt.

The next recital of the series on Wednesday morning, Dec. 5, will bring Mme. Sophie Braslau, the singer.

## EMMA ROBERTS

Emma Roberts, contralto, sang this program last night in Jordan hall, before a large audience:

My Soul is like a Mountain Crest, The Old Mother, A Vision, St. John's Eve, Grieg; Lied der Braut, Schumann; Och, Moder ich well en Ding han, Brahms; Verborgeneheit, Wolf; Liebestrunken, Pataky; Cécile, Strauss; Der Heilige Joseph singt, Wolf; Song of the Madonna, Willby; The Knight of Bethlehem, Thompson; Les Trois Oiscaux, Cui; Colombine, Poldowski; A Dream, Rachmaninoff; Love has Come to my Heart, Balakireff; Cree Indian, Chattering Squaw, arranged by Loomis; Swing Low, arranged by Burleigh; I Got a Robe, arranged by Manney.

Something like a year ago Miss Roberts, with the help of the masterly Frank Bibb, gave a recital in Jordan hall that proved one of the events of the season. For the vitality that quickened it, the power of characterization, the perfect accord between singer and player—the like of it is not to be had every day for the asking.

Something quite as engrossing we might reasonably have counted on at last night's concert. But Mr. Bibb, ill luck would have it, because of an accident could not make his engagement good. At very short notice, presumably, Mr. F. Motte-Lacroix did his best to fill his place.

His best was extremely good; only a pianist of rare parts could have mastered so quickly a program cruelly taxing. But though he had the notes technically quite in hand, and of course the music, too, Mr. Motte-Lacroix could not, in such short time, come to terms of full understanding with a singer, even a singer of Miss Roberts's musical soundness. So the needful give and take, the support when support was needed, were not always there at all.

Miss Roberts, under conditions all untoward, sang bravely. Her fine intelligence she had with her to use, her voice at times so beautiful, also her unusual skill at characterization. The warmth



tion, however, the actor, that she  
 apart from others—these  
 last night she could not sum-  
 Only in the three Christmas  
 to Mr. Albert Snow's admirable  
 a companion, did she appear  
 at case to show what she  
 And those songs were not the  
 grateful on the list  
 was all unfortunate, with nobody  
 me. Mr. Bibb probably did not  
 an accident from choice. Miss  
 surely did her best to supply  
 deficiency. And Mr. Motté-Lacroix  
 plished a musical and technical  
 beyond the powers of most pianists.  
 those of surpassing skill. But the  
 complete understanding that comes of  
 rough rehearsal could not be. That  
 a pity.  
 R. R. G.

Wm 16 1928

stand the large hearts of heroes,  
 courage of present times and all  
 mes,  
 the skipper saw the crowded and  
 derless wreck of the steamship,  
 and Death chasing it up and down  
 the storm,  
 he knuckled tight and gave not  
 an inch, and was faithful of  
 days and faithful of nights,  
 chalk'd in large letters on a board,  
 Be of good cheer, we will not de-  
 part you".  
 he follow'd with them and tack'd  
 with them three days and would  
 not give it up,  
 he saved the drifting company at  
 last.  
 the lank, loose-gown'd women  
 look'd when boated from the side  
 of their prepared graves,  
 the silent old-faced infants and  
 the lifted sick, and the sharp-  
 pp'd, unshaved men;  
 his I swallow, it tastes good, I like  
 it well, it becomes mine,  
 the man, I suffer'd, I was there.  
 WALT WHITMAN.

I. O. Pine has recommended Mr.  
 and Avis for membership in our  
 of Fame. Mr. Avis gives "Bird  
 Recitals."

Mr. William Fox of Brockton writes:  
 the son of one of the old elastic  
 ing weavers—a trade that is, as you  
 w, almost dead—I have been think-  
 what an interesting story could be  
 about the coming to the United  
 States of the trade; its progress and  
 ally its going out, or almost so, for, I  
 eve, there are a few looms running.  
 Most of the weavers have passed  
 There is still one left who worked  
 the trade in England and has fol-  
 lowed it to the almost finish in the  
 United States. I speak of Mr. Joseph  
 Wiley of Brockton, who, if he were  
 led in a diplomatic way could write  
 most interesting story. He was inti-  
 mate with most all of the manufactur-  
 as well as hundreds of the weavers."

The choir will now sing:  
 "I said to her, 'What is your trade?'  
 Says she to me, 'I'm a weaver's  
 maid.'"

#### ANOTHER CANDIDATE

the World Wags:  
 What about Mr. Ivory Drybread for  
 our Hall of Fame? Isn't he entitled to  
 seat among the Immortals? Us poor  
 distance operators don't get no  
 empathy. Yesterday we were trying  
 to make the Greenville, N. C., informa-  
 tion operator understand us. She kept  
 repeating "Ivory Ryebread?" and we  
 shouted, "No! Ivory Drybread," and she  
 repeated "Ivory Dryhead," and we said  
 "No! Drybread." Does he make the  
 grade for your Hall of Fame? L. D.

#### FROM A. H. FOX-STRANGWAYS

"An audience gets the music it de-  
 serves, and as long as it chooses not to  
 discriminate, it will be served just as it  
 served in a shop—it will have the in-  
 ferior, flyblown article palmed off on  
 Who ever complimented the butcher  
 on the tough mutton he sent? And  
 why should people applaud scamped  
 performance, short rehearsal, musical  
 ignorance, stale convention, slavery to  
 fashion, the obtrusion of the player be-  
 tween them and the composer? Why  
 on earth, except that they do not know  
 when mutton has been properly hung—  
 or care? It may be good psychology to  
 say that applause is the natural re-  
 sponse to emotion, but it is bad sense;  
 for we may see any day A coming late  
 into the room and clapping as he walks  
 the piece he didn't hear, and B sitting  
 mute and motionless through music he  
 did and didn't like. Applause is a  
 kindly thing expressing the sympathy  
 and modesty of the hearer. But, with  
 that, it is also a vote, an Ay or No; and,  
 if indiscriminately given or entirely  
 withheld, we shall pay for it later in a  
 lowering of the standard."

Not long ago Prof. Theremin waving  
 his hands in Boston drew, with the aid  
 of his machine, music from the air.  
 Last month a Russian professor named  
 Dyunkowsky was arrested in Berlin on

the ground that he had been connec-  
 ted with a jewel robbery three years ago.  
 "In August last, Dyunkowsky gave a  
 public demonstration in Berlin of 'ether  
 wave' music, and Prof. Theremin, an-  
 other Russian, who had already given  
 a demonstration of this discovery in the  
 Albert hall, London, declared that his  
 patents and methods had been stolen,  
 and his appliances plagiarized. Dyun-  
 kowsky's apparatus was confiscated by  
 the police, but the question whether he  
 had stolen Prof. Theremin's invention is  
 not yet decided.

"Dyunkowsky is a youngish-looking  
 man, who is said to have been an air  
 pilot, and to have served for a time in  
 the British army of occupation."

They (the Americans) have a per-  
 fectly mad desire for individualism that  
 makes them nearly riotous in their  
 clothing. Some of the "men's wear"  
 that I saw on board the Leviathan, the  
 sports clothes, the plus fours, looked as  
 if they were intended to be worn by the  
 choristers in a musical comedy. For  
 two days I followed one man round and  
 round the deck in the belief, after seeing  
 his suits, that he was an eccentric  
 comedian who, at any moment, would  
 do a breakdown dance or sing a comic  
 song. All that, of course, is mere  
 exuberance. America is absurdly  
 wealthy at present, and money is  
 wilfully, and sometimes fatuously, spent.  
 The people whom we call profiteers  
 flourish here more abundantly than  
 anywhere else because there is more  
 room for them to flourish. And they  
 offer a singularly displeasing sight to  
 the sensitive eye, though no more dis-  
 pleasing than the sight offered by  
 similar gentry in England.—St. John  
 Ervine in the London Observer.

#### BIRD TALKS

##### As the World Wags:

First of all, children, we will go down  
 to the railroad tracks, and hunt for a  
 rail bird. I have never seen one but a  
 commercial traveller who has been all  
 over the state told me that they are steel  
 gray in color, very fond of iron rust,  
 and make their nest of railroad spikes,  
 often in the switches, which have been  
 known to derail trains. He was a nice  
 young man, and played the Jews harp  
 beautifully.

I do hope we will see a nut-scratch.  
 This intelligent bird can hold a nut in  
 one claw and scratch the back of his  
 head with the other. The wonders of  
 nature are past belief. No, Eddie, that is  
 not a Bird of Paradise. It is a Shanghai  
 rooster. Your frequent absence from the  
 walks has had a bad effect. Besides,  
 you are looking through the wrong end  
 of your bird glasses.

Listen, that low plaintive sound is  
 the love note of a mating loon. No, Min-  
 nie, a loon is not a human, it is a bird.  
 Alfred, please do not dispute me. It is  
 not an auto from across the marshes;  
 my cars are attuned to nature's music.  
 Now, children, we will sit down and  
 make out the bird scores.

"How many have you seen, Elsie?  
 Ten? Very good, indeed. And you, Wil-  
 lie? Fifteen? Very good, also. Here comes  
 Izzy Goldberg. How many have you  
 seen? Forty-one? What were they? Forty  
 starlings and one crow? That can only  
 count as two; different varieties only  
 count. Don't cry, Izzy, there are no cash  
 prizes."

Sandy McGregor will now sing us his  
 favorite song, "The best things in life  
 are free." No, Bennie, Mr. Volstead did  
 not compose, "I love the swallows." I  
 think it was big brother. It is time we  
 all ate a slice of whole wheat bread. Eat  
 slowly, chew finely, and think good  
 thoughts.

I read in the papers today that a man  
 in Coon Hollow had a bird dog. I think  
 this is nature's masterpiece. I wonder  
 if it has hair or feathers, or barks or  
 sings like a thrush. We shall go to see it  
 on next week's walk.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

#### BETTY GRAY

Betty Gray, mezzo-contralto, very  
 well accompanied by Inez Day, sang this  
 program last night in Jordan hall:  
 Alleluja, Mozart; Ah! Rendimi, Rossi;  
 Der Lindenbaum, Auf dem Wasser zu  
 Singen, Aufenthalt, Schubert; Phidyle,  
 Duparc; Aquarelle, Debussy; L'Heure  
 Rose, Holmes; La Foret Magique,  
 Foudrain; Pleurez, pleurez mes yeux,  
 Massenet; The Crying of Water, Camp-  
 bell-Tipton; The Virgin's Slumber Song,  
 Reger; What Is a Song, Curran; Night  
 at the Mission, Ballantine; The Sleigh,  
 Kountz.

In two years' time, it may be, Miss  
 Gray has developed a very pretty voice  
 into a voice of unusual beauty. A con-  
 tralto—why bother with the unnecessary  
 qualification of "mezzo"?—long in range,  
 it is blessed, in its medium and low  
 registers, with a texture like that of a  
 deep purple pansy. To these self-same  
 splendid tones, when the fancy takes  
 her, Miss Gray can lend a surface quite  
 different yet flower-like still, a surface  
 suggesting the exquisite delicacy of a  
 perfect Pernet rose.

A glorious voice, at its best, Miss  
 Gray, by intelligent work, has brought  
 to high cultivation. Sometimes, how-  
 ever, if the truth may be told, she lets

it sink below its best. Her high note,  
 at present, she cannot always deliver in  
 quality that is fine. In her grand low  
 tones, on the other hand, she feels such  
 full content—small wonder—that she  
 carries them at times too high, to the  
 loss of their sonority and a break in the  
 vocal line.

This over-use of chest tones is too  
 bad, for, when love of their richness  
 does not lead her astray, Miss Gray  
 shows a clear understanding of melody.  
 Her admirable smoothness of delivery,  
 Her admirable smoothness of delivery,  
 Furthermore, a musical virtue not too  
 easily acquired, she should not allow  
 to suffer from an unwise disparity of  
 registers—the less so since she proved  
 last night that she knows how, as well  
 as the best, to blend her registers when  
 she will.

In songs where her suavely smooth  
 utterance told the most, Miss Gray, last  
 night, found herself most successful.  
 Her nice sense of melody, too, stood  
 her in excellent stead in songs so  
 melodically far apart as Debussy's  
 "Green" and the song by Augusta  
 Holmes. If, presently, Miss Gray can  
 lift her interpretative power to the  
 high level of her voice, we shall re-  
 joice in a singer of consequence. She  
 can, of course, if she sets her mind to  
 the task.  
 R. R. G.



